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PERSISTENCY OF FAMILY FEATURES.

It is well known that personal peculiarities of all kinds, defects as well as beauties, casts of features, and traits of expression, are transmitted from parents to their children. The fact stares us in the face whenever we enter a family parlour; for there it is invariably seen that the young people bear a resemblance in one respect or another to either their father or mother, or to both. This is a subject which has never, as far as we are aware, been honoured with more than a transient notice at the hands of the learned; yet it might be worthy of philosophical investigation. We merely propose, in this place, to illustrate it by a few facts which we have picked up either from personal observation, or from books.

Sometimes the reproduction of face and figure in the child seems almost perfect. Sometimes face is borrowed from one parent, and form of head, or of body, or of some of the limbs, from the other. Occasionally, there is a remarkable blending of the two throughout the whole, or parts of the person. Even peculiarities in the carriage of the head or of the mode of walking are transmitted, and a family voice is nearly as common a marvel as a family face. A man, in a place distant from his home, and where he was totally unknown, has been distinguished as the brother of one known there by the sound of his voice, heard in a neighbouring apartment. But the almost perfect reproduction of the elder Kean's voice in the younger is perhaps the most convincing illustration we could adduce upon this point. It will also be found that children resembling either parent externally, have a stronger affinity of mental character to that parent than to the other. A gentleman, very intimately known to us, is strikingly like his father, who has been deceased since his early youth: he also exhibits the same dispositions and intellectual tendencies in a remarkable degree, delights in the same studies, has the same turn for the perception of human character; nay, he often feels, in the simplest procedure of common life, so absolute an identity with what he remembers of his father in the same circumstances, and at the same period of life, as expressed by gesture and conversation, that it seems to him, as if he were the same person. Nor can this, he says, be a result of imitation; it is something which takes place independently of all design, and which he only remarks, in general, after the act, or feeling, or movement which recalls his father, has passed.

But it is not parents alone who are thus reproduced in new generations. In a large family familiarly known to us, as are all its relationships, we see, in some of the young persons, resemblances at once to the father and mother, and to one or other of the two grandfathers and

grandmothers, notwithstanding that, in one or two instances, the intermediate generation did not bear those features of the first which are traced in the third. It thus appears that a peculiarity will survive in one generation, and re-appear in the next. Sometimes more generations than one are occasionally passed over. In this family, several of the children are totally different from the rest; complexion, form, gesticulations, voices, all peculiar. This seems to be owing to their 'taking after' different parents, or the families to which the different parents belonged. What makes this the more remarkable is, that one of these children, while in all respects unlike certain brothers and sisters, has one feature strikingly recalling the image of a distant cousin—a character of feature not seen in any other existing member of the family, and not remembered of any that are deceased. It would appear as if these minutiae of family characters flitted about fitfully and vaguely, and only settled now and then upon individuals in a clan—sometimes upon not more than two, or perhaps upon one only, in the same age. From all of these facts, it may be inferred that the strong resemblances sometimes remarked between cousins are indications of their representing a common original, and of their being in reality more consanguineous than are many brothers and sisters. The unsuitableness of such relations for matrimonial alliances, must of course be affected by this consideration. Where resemblances exist, their union may be held as even more decisively condemned by nature, than is that between brothers and sisters who are not observably alike.

The limitation of portrait-painting as to time, is a bar to our knowledge with regard to instances of long transmission of family faces and features. Yet enough is ascertained to establish the law of the case. In our own royal family, a certain fulness of the lower and lateral parts of the face is conspicuous in the portraits of the whole series of sovereigns, from George I. to Victoria. It has been equally seen in other members of the family. The Duke of Cumberland, who figured at Culloden, presents generally the same visage as several of the sons of William IV. This physiognomy may be traced back to Sophia, the mother of George I.; how much farther, we cannot tell. It is equally certain that a thickness of the under lip, peculiar to the imperial family of Austria (Maria Louisa is said to be characterised by it), has been hereditary in the race since a marriage some centuries ago with the Polish house of Jagellon, whence it came.

A remarkable anecdote illustrative of this subject was told us, some years ago, by a gentleman who has since distinguished himself in the walk of fictitious literature. Born in Nova Scotia, where his family, originally Scotch, had been settled for the greater part of a century, he had not an opportunity of visiting our

Thomson dedicated his *Summer*, and we find him there invested with those excellences with which the imagination of poets is accustomed to endow their patrons. Amongst the rest,

Triumphant honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, liberty, and man!

These pictures were once in the possession of David Garrick, having been purchased by him from the painter. Sir John Soane bought them for 1650 guineas, when the effects of the actor's widow were sold. In another series of eight pictures, the *Rake's Progress* is delineated with fearful truthfulness. Repeated engravings have made these paintings well known. As course, tainted even at the beginning with depravity, then cursed with riches, is traced through darker and darker profligacy to a prison, and from that depth to a still lower—to the furthest point and most loathsome form of human degradation—madness. The moral of Hogarth's pictures it is needless to comment on. The lessons our pictorial Crabbe teaches are obvious to every eye. 'Never did I derive,' says Mr Hartley Coleridge in one of his charming essays—'never did I derive from Hogarth's paintings an unfriendly feeling towards my kind—never did they shake my faith in the true nobility of man's nature, which is ennobled not by what it is, but by what it should be. So far from it, I affirm that they bear irrefragable testimony to a principle, a moral law in man, that is above the understanding—not begotten upon sense, nor constructed by custom, self-love, or animal sensibility, but implanted by the Divinity as the key and counterpart to the law from on high.' This series was purchased from Alderman Beckford for only £598. If now brought into the market, they would probably fetch six times that sum. Mr Beckford was also the possessor of six pictures representing the *Harlot's Progress*; but these were unfortunately consumed in the fire which destroyed old Fonthill in 1755. In this room may be seen the masterpiece of Canaletto. A fine work of his hangs in the National Gallery; but this is still finer. Indeed it would have been impossible for him to surpass the natural appearance here given to the surface of the water. The eye runs up the grand canal (the scene is Venetian) with astonishment at the illusive perspective, and the figures managing a boat in the foreground are brought out with wonderful distinctness. Above are two small Canalettos, one of the Bridge of the Rialto, the other of St Mark and its tall campanile. The clear precision with which Canaletto is able to place objects upon canvas, and to show them through an atmosphere of the utmost purity, make his pictures at first look almost as hard as an architect's plan; but their mannerism is soon forgotten, and their truthful representation meets with its merited applause. He may be styled the most poetical of architectural limners. His works have always been great favourites in England, where there are in consequence many vile imitations. An Italian lake is the subject of a large picture by Sir Augustus Calcott, but to us it appears unfortunate in its tone of colour. There are several other paintings by Fuseli, Daubigny, and others. Four designs drawn by the founder of this museum are a display, to use his own language, 'of the architectural visions of early fancy, and wild effusions of a mind glowing with an ardent and enthusiastic desire to attain professional distinction in the gay morning of youth.'

We may now descend into the cellarage, stuffed as full as the upper storeys, and divided into apartments fantastically termed 'the Monks' Parlor, Oratory,' &c. Here are to be found numerous antique objects, such as carvings in ivory, painted glass, and Etruscan vases. Passing into the adjacent corridor and anteroom, we behold numerous fragments and casts in plaster of classic statuary and architecture. But by far the most interesting object is the Egyptian sarcophagus, discovered by Belzoni in 1816 in a tomb, in the valley of Baban-el-Malook, near Gournou. Its length is nine feet four inches, and its greatest width three feet eight

inches, with an average depth of two feet and a half. It is cut out of a single piece of Arragonite, of such transparency, that the rays of a candle penetrate through it where it is three inches thick. 'What we found in the centre of the saloon,' says Belzoni in his narrative, 'merits the most particular attention, not having its equal in the world, and being such as we had no idea could exist. It is a sarcophagus of the finest Oriental alabaster, and is transparent when a light is placed in the inside of it. It is minutely sculptured, within and without, with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height, and represent, as I suppose, the whole of 'the funeral procession and ceremonies relating to the deceased, &c. I cannot give an adequate idea of this beautiful and invaluable piece of antiquity,' and can only say that nothing has been brought into Europe from Egypt that can be compared with it. The cover was not there; it had been taken out and broken into several pieces, which we found in digging before the first entrance. I may call this a fortunate day—one of the best perhaps of my life. I do not mean to say that fortune has made me rich, for I do not consider all rich men fortunate; but she has given me that satisfaction, that extreme pleasure, which wealth cannot purchase—the pleasure of discovering what has been long sought in vain.' The learned scholars who have attempted to unlock the meaning of its hieroglyphic carvings, very provokingly arrive at different interpretations; therefore the laity may be allowed to suppose that their true import has not yet been fathomed. When first brought to England, the sarcophagus, or cenotaph be it, was offered to the trustees of the British Museum for £2000, and when they declined the purchase, Sir John Soane eagerly paid the sum demanded.

Returning to the ground-floor of the museum, and entering the gallery under the dome, amongst the variety of things to attract attention, a fine cast from the Apollo Belvidere, 'the lord of the unerring bow,' and an excellent bust in white marble of Soane, by Chantrey, are conspicuous. Without pausing longer here to contemplate the tastefully-disposed vases, urns, and fragments of architectural decoration, or even the cast from Michael Angelo in the adjacent lobby, let us enter the breakfast-room, a small but beautiful apartment, lighted by a miniature dome. Here is a portrait of General Bonaparte, and another of the fallen emperor, painted at St Helena. Between them is a curiously-mounted pistol, chiefly of silver. It is said to have been taken by Peter the Great from the bey, commander of the Turkish army, at Azof, 1696, and presented by the Emperor Alexander to Napoleon at the treaty of Tilsit in 1807, who took it with him to St Helena, where he gave it to a French officer. A picture by Howard, R. A., of the contention between Oberon and Titania, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is characterised by his usual gaudy colouring. We proceed in the next place up stairs, but pause a moment at the foot to admire Flaxman's noble group of the Archangel Michael overcoming Satan—

Him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from heaven cast
With all his army.

From this model a large group was cut in marble for Lord Egmont, which is now at Petworth. A little higher in the staircase is one of the pictures 'painted for the purpose of illustrating the dramatic works of Shakespeare, by the artists of Great Britain,' at the instance of Alderman Boydell, in which laudable employment all the great artists of the day, including Reynolds, Romney, Fuseli, and Northcote, were enlisted. This picture, by Durio, is of no great merit. The scene is from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff, in women's clothes, is ejected from Ford's house. 'I like not when a woman has a great beard; I spy a great beard under her muffler.' Passing a recess, in which two pictures by Howard are enconced (the best point for viewing them is a few steps higher) we come to a small Mercury in bronze, by Giovanni de Bologna, in-

stinct with exquisite and characteristic grace, reminding us irresistibly of that

herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,

which haunted the imagination of Hamlet. Beside it is a small model by Bailey, R. A., representing, with Miltonic beauty, our first parent extended on the earth after his fall, crushed by the oppression of inextinguishable guilt, and beseeching death, in his agony of grief, as the most gracious of boons—

On the ground,
Ontstretched, he lay—on the cold ground—and oft
Cursed his creation, death as oft accused
Of tardy execution.

We then enter the south drawing-room, on the table in the centre of which is a series of medals, 140 in number, struck in France during the consulate and the reign of Napoleon. These medals were once in the possession of the Empress Josephine, having been selected for her by the Baron Denon. The ivory table and the four ivory chairs round it were formerly in Tipoo Sahib's palace at Seringapatam. Two other curiosities in this room are worth mentioning—namely, Sir Christopher Wren's watch, the face of which is 'with centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,' and a piece of jewellery found amongst the royal baggage after the disastrous battle of Naseby. There are several of Flaxman's models in this apartment, and on the walls are drawings after Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican. In the next room, connected with the last by folding-doors, are several paintings by Eastlake, Hilton, and others, but they are very inferior specimens of the handicraft of these artists. There is, however, a good picture by J. M. W. Turner—Van Tromp's barge entering the Texel in 1645, painted before he adopted the plan of obscuring his design by throwing the prismatic colours upon his canvas. There is also a beautiful little scene of greenery by Ruysdael. The glazed cases under the window contain a collection of gems, cameos, intaglios, &c. part of which were formerly the property of an Italian archbishop; many of them are very beautiful. At the foot of the next flight of stairs is a bust by Flaxman of the prime minister Pitt, in which, though merely a head, the commanding attitude of the orator is apparent. In the recess half way up is a plaster cast from Flaxman's 'Shield of Achilles,' executed for George IV. at a cost of 2000 guineas. A second was also made for the king as a present to his brother the Duke of York, a third is at Lowther castle in Westmoreland, and a fourth belongs to the Duke of Northumberland. The artist endeavoured to display in material forms Homer's famous description in the Iliad—

Rich various artifice emblazoned the field;
Five ample pinnas the broad expanse compose,
And godlike labours on the surface rose.

'Round the border of the shield,' says Allan Cunningham, 'in describing this magnificent work of art, "he first wrought the sea, in breadth about three fingers; wave follows wave in quiet undulation. He knew that a boisterous ocean would disturb the harmony of the rest of his work. On the central boss he has represented Apollo, or the Sun in his chariot; the horses seem starting forward, and the god bursting out in beauty to give light to the universe around. On the twelve celebrated scenes which fill that space in the shield between the ocean border and the central representation of the universe, he exhausted all his learning, and expended all his strength. We have the labours of commerce and agriculture, hunting, war, marriage, religious rites—all, in short, that makes up the circle of social existence. The figures are generally about six inches in height, and vary in relief from the smallest perceptible swell to half an inch. There is a convexity of six inches from the plane, and the whole contains not less than a hundred figures.' On the staircase are some casts from the antique, the originals of which are in the Vatican museum, and some bas-reliefs by Flaxman. Amongst a variety

of pictures and drawings in the room beyond, are Calcott's View of the Thames below Greenwich, the Smoking-Room at Chelsea Hospital by Jones, two drawings of landscape by Ruysdael, which formerly belonged to Louis XVI., and a sketch of a dog by Rubens. There is here also a cabinet, said to have been presented by Philip of Spain to Mary of England. The adjoining room contains numerous models, chiefly in cork, of the famous buildings of antiquity—such as the Temple of Venus at Basilica, the Temple of Neptune at Palmyra, the ruins of Pompeii, and the temples at Paestum,

That stand between the mountains and the sea,
Awful monuments, but of whom we know not.

There are several objects of value and rarity preserved in this museum, which are not shown to strangers without special permission. Amongst them is the manuscript of Tasso's great poem, the Jerusalem Delivered; a Latin manuscript, embellished with exquisite miniatures by Giulio Clovio, famous for his works in this line—a book containing the Psalms, illuminated by him, was sold for a large sum at the Strawberry Hill sale; a missal of the fifteenth century, containing nearly a hundred miniatures by Lucas von Leyden and his scholars, very finely finished in the Dutch style, but in other respects much inferior to the productions of Clovio; the four first folio editions of Shakspeare, which belonged to John Philip Kemble, &c. &c.

We think we have now said enough to prove that the Soane Museum is a place of great interest and attraction, and that a few hours spent amongst its accumulated wealth will neither be unpleasantly nor unprofitably occupied. In truth, there are many single objects which would be quite sufficient to attract any lover of art or archaeology. It is scarcely necessary to name the Belzoni sarcophagus, the two series of Hogarths, the Canaletto, the Clovio illumination, and the Tasso manuscript, as belonging to this class.

Sir John Soane, to whom the public is indebted for assembling and preserving this collection at a great expense, was the son of a bricklayer. In his profession of an architect he acquired considerable fame, with wealth that enabled him to indulge his taste in accumulating rarities and works of art. He died in 1837, at the age of 84, having, a few years before his decease, obtained an act of parliament for settling and preserving his museum, library, and works of art for the benefit of the public, and for establishing a sufficient endowment for the maintenance of the same. Under this act the property was vested in a body of trustees, and the dividend of a sum of £30,000 stock are applied under their direction in its support. The curator, Mr George Bailey, resides at the museum, and all who have occasion to trouble him personally must thankfully acknowledge his attentive offices.

LUCY FENNEL.

A TALE OF HUMBLE HEROISM.

IN a small village near the town of Honiton, in Devonshire, there lived a widow and her son. The old woman had, till her sight failed her, not only earned a sufficient livelihood, but had saved a little money, by making that kind of lace for the manufacture of which Honiton is so widely famed. When, from the infirmities of age, she could no longer ply her vocation successfully, it happened fortunately that her son, by his labour as a farm servant, was able to make up the deficiency. He was a fine, spirited young fellow, who went through his laborious occupations with a good-will and cheerfulness which was so satisfactory to his employer, that he determined to advance, whenever opportunities offered, so assiduous a servant and good a son.

Some two years before our story opens, it happened that a young woman, the daughter of a decayed farmer in the southern part of the county, came to superintend the dairy of Luke Damerel's master. It was not un-

natural that the buxom lass and the young man should form a mutual attachment. As they were both very well conducted persons, their love passages were looked upon with a favourable eye both by Dame Damerel and by the farmer's wife, Mrs Modbury, though neither openly sanctioned it, for prudence' sake. Luke and Lucy, however, loved on, as they thought, in secret, determining not to reveal their mutual affection till they should be placed in circumstances to get married. Things remained thus for more than a year and a half, when Farmer Modbury's wife died, and other circumstances occurred which induced him to promote Luke to a more lucrative and responsible situation on the farm. Shortly after the demise of his wife also, he found it expedient to give Lucy, in addition to her dairy duties, the sole charge of the housekeeping.

With the rise in his fortunes, Luke's thoughts were directed to the accomplishment of his dearest hope, and he revealed his passion to his mother, consulting her on the propriety of the step he wished to take; which was simply to marry Lucy, and bring her to live in the cottage. The old dame was not surprised at the proposal, for she expected it to be made from the day Luke's wages were increased. She had made up her mind what to advise, and did not shrink from advising it, although it would not be agreeable to her son. 'Luke,' she said, 'you must still wait. Your earnings are not sufficient to keep Lucy comfortably; and she, you know, would have to give up her place, which is now a good one. So you would not only be injuring yourself, but her also.'

Luke fired up at this, and unkindly hinted that his mother did not wish to have a companion to share their home. The old dame, though much hurt, denied that any such feeling swayed her, and advised him to consult Lucy herself. Dame Damerel had that confidence in the girl's good sense and prudence, that she was sure even Lucy would not consent to marry so soon as Luke wished.

In no very amiable mood the lover sought his mistress at the farm-house. He went into the kitchen, and not finding Lucy there, inquired of one of the maids where she was. With a sly ominous expression the girl replied 'that Miss Lucy was in the best parlour making tea for master.' This information gave poor Luke a sort of panic. He trembled, turned pale, and hastily retreated from the house. Discontented thoughts filled his mind. 'No doubt,' he said almost aloud, as he walked homewards—'no doubt she'll not consent when I propose to marry her, though I can keep her. Farmer Modbury will be a better match for her than a poor hard-working lad like me. But I'll see about that—it shall be now or never. If she won't marry me in a week, she never shall!' In truth, Luke had been feeling a pang of jealousy creep over him ever since Lucy was promoted to be Modbury's housekeeper; and that she should be admitted alone with him into the best parlour to make his tea, confirmed what were previously only suspicions. On entering the cottage, his wild looks almost frightened his mother; but he was silent as to the cause, and went sullenly to bed.

Farmer Modbury kept up the good old Devonshire custom of dining with all the people in his employment; and the day after, when Luke with the rest of his companions sat at the table, he watched the actions and countenances of Lucy and her master, to catch new causes for the tormenting feeling which possessed him. The meal concluded, he followed the girl to the dairy, as was his custom; for a short and sweet interview could always be snatched at that time. The present one was, however, the reverse. In a hard tone of voice, and with an abrupt manner, Luke inquired if she were ready to have him? The girl frankly answered, 'Of course I am, Luke, but what should make you ask the question on such a sudden?'

Luke's jealousy was a little assuaged by Lucy's open and confiding manner, and becoming more calm, he told her his plans. 'It will never do, Luke,' she replied.

'Besides, my father, whom I must send to about it, would not consent. No, no, we must wait.'

'Wait! for what, I should like to know? To give master, I suppose, a chance of—of—'

'Of what, Luke?'

'Why,' said Luke, worked up into a sort of frenzy by the very thought—'why, of asking you to take poor dead-and-gone missus's place!'

The colour mounted to Lucy Fennel's face. She cast a reproachful look on her lover, and seemed ready to cry; but woman's pride came to her aid, and she left the dairy, as if afraid to hear another of Luke's terrible words. Had the young man not gone out immediately, he might have heard ill-suppressed sobs issuing from the room into which the maiden had shut herself. 'She is afraid to face me,' said Luke to himself as he crossed the courtyard. 'No, no, she can't deceive me, though she is trying.'

The directions Damerel gave to the workmen that afternoon were so injudicious, that his master happening to overhear him tell a ditcher to fill up a drain which ought to have been opened, gave him a severe reprimand. Luke received what was said with the worst feelings, continually repeating to himself, 'Ah, he has a spite against me now. He did not make that girl his housekeeper for nothing. I'm not waffled here, I can see.'

When work was over, it happened that as Luke was returning to his own cottage he met young Larkin, a neighbouring farmer's son, who asked him to accompany him to Honiton, where he was going to 'see the soldiers,' a regiment being about to pass through the town on its way to form part of Plymouth garrison. To beguile the care which tormented him, he gladly consented, and having gone home to put on his Sunday clothes, was soon equipped for the evening's expedition. The two friends had to pass Modbury's parlour window, and it was tea-time. Luke cast an inquisitive glance towards it, and trembled when he saw the blind being slowly pulled up. Presently it revealed the figure of Lucy, very nicely dressed with a new and handsome cap. Something having prevented the blind from being drawn quite to the top, Lucy mounted on the window-seat to adjust it, and when about to descend, Luke plainly saw his master come forward, give her one hand, while with the other he assisted her down by the waist! Damerel grasped the tree he was resting against for support; a film came over his eyes; but a few rough jokes from Larkin recovered him, and hearing the military band in the distance, he endeavoured to forget his cares, and trudged on towards Honiton.

Meanwhile, the moment Lucy had finished her duties at the tea-table, she hastened to Damerel's cottage, in the hope, not of seeing her lover, but his mother, alone. The old dame, perceiving her pale and in low spirits, thought she divined the cause, by supposing the girl was sorrowing at the imprudence of the step Luke had proposed to her. 'Well, well,' said the kind old woman, 'things may not be so bad after all, Lucy. And since Luke has set his heart so much upon it, and you, I am sure, are nothing loath, we must try and manage it. I'll tell you what I've been thinking, girl. You see the great mischief will be your being obliged to give up your place at the farm; now, I know a plan by which that loss may be mended. You are a quick, handy maid; and suppose—suppose—and here the good old woman took Lucy's hands in hers—'suppose I teach you lace-making?'

These words poured a light into Lucy's heart which seemed to banish all her grief. The means of rendering herself independent of her present situation was all she wished for. She loved Luke tenderly, dearly, and with a fervent, virtuous desire, wished to become his wife. This wish had grown much stronger since her painful interview with him, not only because she wished to prove she was ready to sacrifice everything for his sake, but for another and more perplexing reason. Her master had paid her attentions that evening which

left no doubt on her mind that he desired her for his wife.

When Mrs Damerel heard the news, she was much distressed. 'Oh, it is too bad!' she exclaimed, 'to think that my Luke should be the means of preventing you from marrying so well—you who are worthy of any man.'

'Do not think of that; I could not be happy with one I do not love. So now, dear mother—for I will always call you so—let me hear what plan you propose.'

'Well, instead of talking idly, as we always do when you come to see us, you shall let me teach you the lace-making. Come every night, and in a month or two I shall be able to put you in a way to earn quite as much as you do now at Farmer Modbury's. When this is the case, we must see about getting yourself and Luke asked in church, for surely both your earnings put together will be enough to keep you comfortably.'

'But will not the farmer bear some enmity to poor Luke?'

'I will answer for him, girl. I have known him longer than he has known himself. I nursed him, and I can say with truth that a better hearted man does not live. Should he again offer you any civilities, tell him the whole truth, and I'll warrant he will not repeat them.'

That evening Lucy tripped home with a light heart. When she retired to rest, she built many an air-castle of future happiness.

The next morning, as the home-servants of Modbury's farm were going to their daily toil, they found a crowd round Damerel's cottage door. On inquiring into the cause, they were told that Luke had in a fit of despair enlisted as a soldier, and that the news had wrought so violently on the feelings of his mother, that it was thought she could never recover!

The scene inside the cottage was painfully distressing. The old dame was lying on a bed with her clothes still about her, showing that she had not gone to rest the whole night. The village doctor was by her side, having just bled her, whilst everything strewn about the room indicated that the always revolting operation had but recently been performed. The neighbours, as they crowded round the door, denounced Luke's conduct as rash and heartless. In the midst of their denunciations they were joined by another, to whom every word they uttered was as a death-wound. It was Lucy.

Whoever has had the misfortune of often seeing women placed in sudden difficulties, or overtaken by an unforeseen misfortune, must have remarked that they occasionally act with unexpected firmness. They frequently show a calmness of manner and a directness of purpose, forming quite an exception to their everyday demeanour. It is after the danger is over, or the first crisis past, that they break down, as it were, and show themselves to belong to the weaker sex. Thus it was with Lucy. When she entered the cottage, she had a full knowledge of the death-blow which had been inflicted on her hopes of future happiness. Still, she seemed calm and collected. When she took the basin from the surgeon to bathe Mrs Damerel's temples herself, her hand shook not, and she performed the kindly office as neatly as if no misfortune had befallen her. When she went to the door to intertreat the neighbours to stand away from it, that sufficient air might be admitted into the room, her voice, though rather deeper in tone than usual, was calm and firm. Had she not occasionally pressed her hand tightly against her brow, as if to cool its burning agony, you would have thought that she suffered no further anxiety than that which is usually felt whilst attending the sick.

It was, however, when she was left alone with the exhausted, almost senseless mother, that the tide of grief took its full course. Lucy wept like one distraught. Through the deep, black future which lay before her, she could see no gleam of hope or sunlight. She unjustly upbraided herself for having, however innocently, given Luke cause of suspicion. The weight of blame which she took to herself was almost inap-

portable. 'I have been his ruin!' she exclaimed, burying her face in his mother's bosom.

When the old dame had strength to speak, she whispered Lucy not to give way, but to bear up against it. The past she wisely said was incurable; 'We must keep our senses whole for the future. While we keep heart, there is no fear of our seeing him again yet.'

The story reached Farmer Modbury as he was sitting down to breakfast. He was deeply shocked even when he knew no more than that Luke had enlisted; but when, on visiting the cottage, the whole truth was explained to him by Lucy, he felt both grief and disappointment. He was, however, determined not to abandon his suit as hopeless, and returning home, wrote to her father (he was a widower), explaining what had happened, and giving a frank exposition of his own honourable views as regarded Lucy. 'No doubt,' he concluded his epistle, 'she will soon forget this early and unhappy attachment.' Modbury was a shrewd man, and a clever farmer, but he knew very little about women's hearts.

From that day he was extremely kind and considerate to Lucy. Perceiving how much happier the girl was when she returned from visiting Mrs Damerel than at other times, Modbury diminished her labours by employing another dairymaid, so that Lucy might have more leisure, which he had no objection should be spent with the invalid.

One morning while Lucy was preparing the household dinner, a message arrived from the cottage. Her presence was desired there immediately. Lucy lost no time, and was soon in her accustomed seat at the bed-head. Mrs Damerel placed a letter in her hands. It was from her son. With beating heart Lucy opened it, and after time sufficient to master the emotions which the sight of Luke's handwriting caused her, she proceeded to read it aloud. It ran thus:—

'Maidstone Barracks, Kent.'

MY DEAREST MOTHER—I have at last found enough courage to take up my pen, hoping this will find you in good health, as it leaves me at present. I hope you have forgiven me for what I have done. I send you two pounds, part of the bounty I received for enlisting. Do not be afraid, my dear mother, that whilst I live you shall want.

When I went to Honiton, I was persuaded to enlist, after the soldiers had passed through, by a sergeant of a horse regiment, and I took the king's money; so I am now a private in the —th dragoons. I am rough-riding every day, and expect to be passed as fit for regular duty soon, when I shall be draughted off to the Indies, where our head-quarters are. I should be very comfortable if it was not for thinking about home so much. They have found out I am a good judge of horses, and know all about their complaints, so the sergeant-major told me yesterday I shall get on very well in the Indies, if I keep a sharp look out.

Dear mother, I shall see you again when I come back—I know I shall; and we shall be happy together; for now I have nobody else to care about upon the earth. I hope she will be happy, for she deserves all this world can afford, and I have always found Mr Modbury a kind master, so I am sure he will make her a kind husband. Dear mother, there is Tom Larkin, who promised me, after I had listed, that he and his sister Sarah would look in upon you sometimes, and help you. May God bless you, my dear mother. My heart was well nigh broken; but my comrades have been very kind to me, and I want for nothing. Good-by, mother, and believe me your ever affectionate son, LUKE DAMEREL.

P.S.—I do not know when we shall sail for the Indies; but in case, please to direct to Private Damerel, —th Regiment, Light Dragoons, Maidstone, or elsewhere; and the letter will be sure to come to hand. Once more, God bless you, and may God bless her too, dear mother.'

To describe Lucy's feelings while she read this simply-

worded epistle would be impossible. All the love and tenderness which she had felt for Luke during the time she had known him, seemed to be concentrated within her at that moment. At first she mourned the step he had taken as hopeless and irreparable; but, casting her eyes upon the lace-work she had the day before been doing, a sudden thought seized her. By means of that, something might be eventually accomplished. With these thoughts she quietly folded the letter, placed it on the table beside the bed, and resumed the lace-work, scarcely speaking a word.

Mrs Damerel mistook this action for indifference, and in her sincere desire for the girl's welfare, urged—not for the first time—plans and sentiments which, though well meant, were utterly revolting to Lucy. Luke had, she argued, no doubt behaved very ill, by rashly and without explanation tearing himself not only from her, but from every person to whom he was dear. On the other hand Farmer Modbury's advances were very flattering, and she could hardly blame a girl who had been so cruelly treated, even by her own son, were she to accept the good fortune that lay before her.

Still Lucy went on practising her lace-work, her heart beating, and her averted eyes swimming with tears. At length she exclaimed, 'Dame, you will break my heart if you ever talk in this way again. To you I look for comfort and strength in loving Luke, which I shall never cease to do. I, whether innocent or not, am the cause of depriving you of the comfort of his company, and I am determined to restore him to us both. You may think it impossible, but it is not. I have thought, and thought, and reckoned up everything, and am quite sure it can be done.'

'I cannot make out what you mean?' said Mrs Damerel.

'Why, that I intend, as soon as I am able to do it well enough, to take work from the town, to leave Farmer Modbury, and come and be with you. We can live on very little, and every spare shilling we will put into the savings' bank, until it amounts to a sufficient sum to buy Luke off.' She then industriously resumed her work. It was some time before Mrs Damerel could comprehend the full intent and meaning of the sacrifice the girl proposed. At first she thought it was a mere slight resolution, that would not hold long; and even when she was made to understand that it was unshaken, she looked at the achievement as impossible; for at that time the prices for lace-work were falling, in consequence of the recent introduction of machinery.

About a week after this all her doubts vanished, for on Michaelmas day, when Lucy's term of service with Farmer Modbury expired, sure enough she brought her box, and declared she had come to stay with her adopted mother. She had previously been to a master manufacturer in Honiton with a specimen of her lace, and it was so well approved, that she obtained a commission for a large quantity on the spot. By this time the old dame had completely recovered from her illness, and was able to move about, so as to attend to the little domestic concerns of the cottage; Lucy could therefore give her undivided attention to her work.

Her proceedings were by no means agreeable to her father or to Modbury. The former wrote enjoining her by no means to leave the farmer's house; but the letter came too late, for she had already taken her departure. Modbury, however, in replying to an epistle in which Fennel had given him free consent to marry his daughter, expressed a thorough conviction of the firmness of the girl's purpose, and that at present it was impossible to shake it. Though she had left his roof, he should continue to watch over her, and hoped, by persevering kindness and attention, eventually to win her affections. Under these circumstances Lucy quietly established herself in Mrs Damerel's cottage.

At first she found it a hard matter to gain sufficient money for her labour to recompense the dame for her board and lodging, which she insisted upon doing every time she was paid by her employers. Still she wrought

on, although her savings were small, and at the end of several months they bore a hopeless proportion to the large sum which was required. 'But time seemed a small object to her: she looked forward to the end, and in it she saw such a world of reward and happiness, that no toil would be too much to arrive at it. She had answered Luke's letter with her own hand, assuring him of her unshaken attachment, in spite of all that had happened; but unfortunately he had sailed for India, and it was sent thither after him, in obedience to the vague 'elsewhere' which had been added to the superscription according to his wish.

Slow progress was not the only trouble Lucy had to contend with. Modbury's attentions pained her as much as Luke's absence; the more so because they were so full of consideration for her welfare. She knew she never could return his kindness, and felt that she did not deserve it. She often told Dame Damerel that a show of hostility from the worthy farmer would not have pained her so much as his unremitting attentions.

Then, when the neighbours came in to gossip, they sometimes spoke against Luke. They would tell her that a man who would suspect her on such slight grounds, and act as he did, could never be true to her; that he would see some other whom he would prefer, and some day send home word that he was married; neither was it likely that he would ever come home alive from the Indies. These poisoned arrows, which were meant as comfort, glanced harmlessly from Lucy, who was invulnerably shielded by trusting love and hope. She would answer 'very likely,' or 'it may be,' or 'there is no knowing what may happen in this world of trouble,' and still rattle about her lace-peggs over the pillow on which it was made with the quickness of magic. Amongst her visitors, however, there were two who invariably offered her better consolation; these were Larkin and his sister. Tom 'stuck up,' as he expressed it, for his friend Luke, and always put the blame of the enlistment on the wiles and arts of the recruiting sergeant, who regularly entrapped him into the deed. Many a happy winter evening was spent in that humble cottage by Lucy and her friends. Luke was never forgotten in their conversations; for there was the lace which was being unweariedly made for his release to remind them of him. When Modbury made his appearance (and this was very often), the subject was of course dropped.

A year passed away. Neither Lucy nor Modbury had made much progress in their several aims; scarcely a tithe of the requisite sum for Luke's discharge had been saved; neither could Modbury perceive that his suit advanced. Lucy's conduct sorely perplexed him. She always seemed delighted when he came in, and received him with every mark of cordiality; but whenever he dropped the slightest plea in his own behalf, tears would come into her eyes, and she intreated him to desist. He began to remark also, that besides the presence of the old dame, which was surely a sufficient safeguard against any warmth of manner he might be betrayed into, Lucy always contrived to have Susan Larkin with her. Should she be absent, Lucy would be telling Modbury what a good, industrious, excellent girl she was; which, indeed, was the truth.

No letter came from Luke, and there was no proof that he had received hers. Lucy began gradually to despond; for work became slack, and at times she only got enough to employ her half the day. Not to lose ground, however, she hired herself to the neighbouring farmers' wives to sew during her spare time, leaving Dame Damerel to the occasional care of Susan Larkin. While she was sitting at work during one of these engagements, she compared her own cheerless lot with the happiness which surrounded her. The farmer was reading the newspaper, his wife and daughter assisting her in the work she was doing. As she made this comparison, and thought of Luke, banished as it were from his home, and enduring perhaps severe hardships, she could scarcely refrain from weeping.

Now and then the farmer read a paragraph from the paper, and presently exclaimed—'Ah, our young squire has got safe to his regiment in India.' At these words Lucy trembled, but went on rapidly with her work, lest her emotion should be noticed. She had previously heard that the son of a neighbouring proprietor had bought a commission in Luke's regiment, and this was almost like having news of Luke himself. Presently the reader went on with the paragraph—'We understand there has been a fatal disease which has carried off many of the—' The farmer made a pause here, and Lucy's heart sank within her. 'Oh, I see,' the old gentleman ejaculated; 'the corper is turned down'—'has carried off many'—yes—many of the—horses.'

This little incident produced such strong emotions in Lucy's frame, that though she felt, upon the whole, much gratified by merely hearing about Luke's regiment and its horses, yet she became too ill to proceed with her work, and found it necessary to return to the cottage.

Lucy soon altered her plan of engaging herself out; for the idea struck her, that if she were to make lace on a sort of speculation, and keep it by her till it was wanted, she would in the end make a greater profit. Having, when her father was in good circumstances, been partly educated at an Exeter boarding-school, she had acquired there some knowledge of drawing, and by exercising her pencil, she now invented some very pretty lace patterns.

Lucy wrought and hoped on for another year. Still nothing was heard from Luke. A new calamity had fallen upon Lucy. Her father, a broken and decayed man, had come to live near her, and was now nearly dependent on her for support. Both Modbury and Farmer Larkin gave him little jobs to do, for which they liberally recompensed him. The quantity of lace Lucy was employed to make was so small, that it just sufficed to keep her and her father; while her little capital, instead of increasing, was gradually absorbed by the purchase of materials for the stock her industry accumulated. Susan Larkin frequently visited her, and Modbury was seldom absent.

No ill fortune seemed to depress the persevering girl. Even though she was working almost night and day, she still kept up her spirits. Indeed, at every new misfortune, a fresh accession of firmness and resolution seemed to nerve her. About this time her father died, invoking blessings on her for having been so good a daughter. After the first shock of grief had passed, she continued her task amidst the most hopeless circumstances. The lace-trade sunk lower and lower; still Lucy wrought on, under a strong presentiment that it would improve. She did not relax one hour's labour, although she was now receiving much less for it than when she began. She accumulated so large a stock, that at last every shilling of her savings was spent for materials. In exchange, however, she possessed a large quantity of beautiful lace, that even, if it sold at the present low prices, would have yielded a small profit. At last things became so bad, that a sale seemed unavoidable, disadvantageous as it might be. Lucy, now an object of commiseration amongst the neighbours, still retained her cheerfulness. That so much patience, modesty, and firmness of purpose should not meet its reward, seemed almost impossible; and fortune smiled on Lucy when nearly every hope seemed to have left her.

It is well known by what trifles in the mercantile world fortunes are lost and won. The detention of a ship, the non-arrival of a mail, has ruined hundreds; whilst some equally unforeseen caprice of fashion or similar accident has made as many fortunes. It happened, when Lucy had the greatest cause for despondency, that within a short period two members of the royal family died. Mourning lace was then much in request, and it happened that most of Lucy's stock was of that kind. Suddenly, commissions from Honiton flowed in, and Lucy was kept constantly at work, at

wages much higher than before—her own stock acquiring fresh value while the price continued to rise. Young Larkin, who was a shrewd fellow, advised her to 'hold' it till the value increased still more. She took the advice, and at the proper moment sold it at a price she never hoped to realise. At the end of a week she found herself in possession of a sum which was, within a few pounds, sufficient to procure her lover's discharge from the army.

Poor Lucy could hardly believe her eyes when the manufacturer laid down the bank-notes before her. She pinned them carefully into the bosom of her frock, and hastened to tell Dame Damerel that all their troubles were over. The old woman's eyes glistened as Lucy unpinned her treasure, and laid it on the table. It was counted, re-counted, and wondered over. What was to be done with it till the rest was procured? Who would take care of it?

This delight was, however, somewhat damped when they came to consider that, putting aside all uncertainty about his fate, it would be at least six months before Luke's discharge could reach him;—then an additional half year would elapse ere he could get back. It was a long time to wait. 'Never mind, dear mother,' said Lucy, 'the time that has passed since he left seems scarcely a year, although it is three. It is only because the twelvemonth is to come that it appears to be so long. Still,' she said, considering and heaving a deep sigh, 'we have not got his discharge yet, and great as this sum is, some more must be earned to make up the rest.'

'Leave that to me,' returned Mrs Damerel.

Next day, when Lucy returned from the post-office, where she had taken a letter for Luke, she found another lying on the table in Larkin's handwriting. On reading the superscription, she found it was addressed to the war-office. 'Yes,' said Mrs Damerel in answer to her inquiring glances, 'it is all done now, Lucy; and this letter is to be sent off to tell the great people that we can have the money ready to buy our dear Luke off again.'

Larkin had, in truth, gladly supplied the small sum which was deficient. The letter was sent, and in less than a week an immense despatch found its way to the village, which excited universal wonderment. It was a great oblong missive, with the words 'On his majesty's service' printed at the top. It had an enormous seal, and was directed to 'Mr Thomas Larkin.' A crowd of idlers followed the postman with this epistolary phenomenon, in the hope of getting some knowledge of its contents. Tom, however, when he read it, coolly put it into his pocket, and walked to the cottage without saying a word to anybody.

This letter seemed like a climax to Lucy's good fortune, and 'begged to inform Mr Larkin that Corporal Farrier Damerel was on his way to England to superintend the selection of troop horses, and that his discharge should be made out when he had arrived and performed that duty.'

Scarcely a month after the arrival of the official despatch, a corporal of dragoons was seen trespassing on Farmer Modbury's fields, by crossing them in great haste without any regard to the footpaths. An old ploughman roughly warned him off, threatening personal ejection. 'What, Roger Dart?' exclaimed the soldier, 'is this the way you welcome a man home after a long absence?' The ploughman stared, and said he did not know him. 'Do you know,' rejoined the corporal with a trembling voice and anxious countenance, 'do you know Lucy Fennel?'

'Of course I do,' returned Roger; 'everybody knows her, and, if I may make so bold, loves her too! Why, sure enough, there she is sitting—don't you see?—there, sitting at Dame Damerel's door making lace for the life of her.'

The stranger flew across the field, and the ploughman saw him bound over the hedge, take Lucy into his arms, and drag her, bewildered and enraptured, into the

cottage. 'Why, dang me if it bea'n't Luke Damerel!' exclaimed the rustic, slapping the thighs of his leather breeches; 'how main glad the folks will be to see 'un!—I know what I'll do.' Whereupon Roger traiged across the fields towards the church. He happened to be one of the parish ringers, and calling his mates from the fields, they all trudged off to the bell-tower, and rang out as merry a peal as ever was heard. The whole country was in a commotion; the news ran like wildfire from lip to lip and ear to ear, till the cottage was beset with visitors within and without. But Luke heard no welcome, felt no grasp, but that of Lucy and his mother. As to Lucy, an intense happiness thrilled through her, which absorbed all her faculties, except that of feeling the full extent of her bliss.

This story of patience, endurance, and faith in humble life is almost ended. Luke's furlough only extended to a week, which he spent as an inmate of the farm, at Modbury's earnest intreaty; for he now gave up all hope of Lucy, and determined to help in rewarding her patience by promoting the match with his rival. At the end of that time Luke was obliged to depart for Yorkshire, to meet the veterinary surgeon and purchase horses, in which he was found of the utmost use; but this, together with his excellent character, operated most unfavourably for his discharge. The authorities were unwilling to lose so good a soldier. The interest of the 'squire,' however, whose son was a cornet in Luke's troop, was set to work, the hard-earned money paid, and the discharge obtained. Damerel got a farm let to him on advantageous terms, close to his native village, and was married amidst more noisy demonstrations by Roger and his company of ringers. Modbury had taken to wife Lucy's friend, Susan Larkin.

The last time I was in Devonshire I called on Mr and Mrs Damerel. They are an interesting old couple, who have brought up a large family in comfort and respectability.

THE POSITION OF LITERARY MEN.

MRS S. C. HALL, in a short paper in the *Art-Union*, on recently deceased men of genius, speaks a few poignant words respecting the condition of the literary labourer in this country. Mr Laman Blanchard perished in the most miserable manner at forty-one, for want of a kind friend to enable him to take that rest which was required for his overwrought brain. Thomas Hood, during his last illness, was obliged to 'write wit while propped by pillows,' and produced the chapters of an unfinished novel 'between the intervals and beatings of heart disease.' Well may Mrs Hall add, 'Alas, what do those endure who write for bread!' The fact of these two men—men of amiable, virtuous, and even prudent conduct—dying in the prime of life, without having been able to raise themselves above the pressure of immediate want, or make any provision for their families, is calculated to awaken a strong feeling respecting the position of literary men generally. Can it be quite right that, while commerce rewards its votaries so handsomely, the man of superior mind, if he chooses to obey its impulse to the gratification and instruction of his fellow-creatures, is almost sure of a life of mean struggles, a premature death, and the rendition of his widow and children into the mercy of the charitable? The proportion of service to the general cause surely demands some other distribution of the general wealth. Yet how is such a change to be, even in the slightest degree, effected? The arrangement established in society for the reward of all its industrious members is, that they receive a price for *what they have to sell*. The author endeavours to take advantage of the plan by throwing the productions of his brain into the form of books. But the lucrativeness of books is a matter of perfect accident, and nearly altogether irrespective of their utility to the public. There is nothing like an assurance, but rather the reverse, that a literary work of great excellence and originality shall be well

rewarded in this manner. The most exquisite short poem, on which the world is to hang delighted for ever, and which is to make for its author an undying reputation, will bring only a few pounds from a magazine at the most; a meritorious history, costing years of labour, will be ten before the public without returning one penny to the writer; while novels that only serve to amuse the passing hour, or compilations of no merit but that of being adroitly addressed to a public need, will be comparatively well remunerated. There was a great noise a few years ago about extension of copyright, as favourable to the interests of authors; but if one in a thousand ever receive benefit from it, it will be a wonder. Even of successful books, except in a few brilliant instances, the profits are little, compared with the gains of successful business. The author, unlike the man of trade, can depute no share of his work. He cannot profit by those huge combinations of the labour of others which make the factory man a kind of baron among his retainers. He must work out the whole for himself; and, after all, if he can induce a bookseller to publish for him, taking the one half of the profits for the risk attending all literary speculations, he is considered as well off. Thus it is that the author, while in society a prominent and important being far beyond most traders and factors, cannot live on a level with even the mediocre of that class, cannot indeed emerge for a moment from a humble obscurity, without the greatest danger. He can hardly return a cup of tea for the profuse dinner to which the shopkeeper invites him, except at the hazard of degrading embarrassments. Society brings him forward for its own gratification, or from a sense that he deserves a high social place; but when it hears that he has been tempted by the common and natural wish to reciprocate civilities with it, and has fallen into pecuniary difficulties in consequence, it condemns him mercilessly, according to the prevalent rule in this country with regard to everything in the form of debt. In short, the fate of a literary man chancing to have the extraordinary prudential gifts that would be required of him, and having nothing beyond his pen to look to, is—there is no disguising the fact—a cottage or a garret. He is condemned to personal obscurity of the most profound shade, while nominally blazing in the light of day. Could there be a greater anomaly? We expect the self-denial of those rare beings—the Cincinnatuses, the Dentatuses, the Andrew Marvels—from a large class, living unavoidably in a constant exposure to the temptations of the most luxurious community on earth. It is the merest silliness to look for such fruit from such circumstances. We may deplore, we may often see special reason to condemn, but we must also be fully sensible that the arrangements made by society for the remuneration and sustenance of authors are, in the first place, blameable, and that, while human nature is what it is, we have no title to hope that these men, as a class, will ever be greatly different from what they are.

The utter falsity of the position of the literary class is shown by one painful fact, that the booksellers, the men who are most connected with them in business, have universally, in London at least, a low opinion of them. It is one of the facts never told in print, but everywhere heard in private, that the literary men residing in the metropolis are generally regarded by their publishers with the utmost degree of distrust. To show how truly this is the case, we shall relate a little anecdote. A publisher of high standing said one day to his head clerk, 'Why, there is — [mentioning the name of a retail bookseller who had been in business for some time, but who was also a writer of books]; he seems to be doing well. I think we might subscribe with him'—[that is, let him have new books upon an open account]. 'Oh, sir,' said the official, with a hard knowing look, but in the simplest earnest, 'don't you know? He's an author.' 'Oh,' said the other; 'to be sure he is. I had quite forgot.' No more was said, because it was understood that, as a matter of

course, the man's being an author was a proof of his not being entitled to credit. We cannot believe, no one having any faith in human nature can believe, that it is natural and unavoidable for the highest intellects to be deficient in *moral*; it must be mainly the effect of erroneous circumstances pressing unduly on those minds.

The unsoundness is manifest. What is to be the cure? Unfortunately, in England, all remedies for great public evils are Utopian. We therefore suggest none, but leave the evil, for the meantime, to be digested in the public mind.

DYSPEPSIA.

A DARKLY poetical notion was current amongst our forefathers, that a person of a morose, unamiable disposition was possessed of a devil. They believed that he was merely the outer casing, the sheep's clothing of a sort of supernatural wolf; that if the visible shell, in the likeness of man, could be removed, there would appear to the terrified visions of the multitude a figure with horns, hoofs, a tail, and the very sharp goad with which it was supposed to prick on its victim to say spiteful things, and to do bad actions. This idea of our forefathers has been proved by anatomy and physiology (of which they knew nothing) to be quite erroneous as far as regards the bodily presence of the evil spirit. Science has robbed us of the horns, the hoofs, and the tail; but it has, with all its poetry-spoiling discoveries, still left us the essential demon. The monster is called by nosologists 'dyspepsia,' and by the rest of the world, indigestion.

Many a snappish, disagreeable man, who is feared at home as a domestic tyrant, shunned abroad as a social Tartar, and denounced everywhere as the wilful incarnation of ill-temper, is nothing more than the victim of the demon dyspepsia. Perhaps he was in his early years as good-humoured and kind a being as ever breathed. Gradually, his friends and relations perceived a change in his disposition. This began, in all probability, by snappishness to his wife, scolding his children, and occasionally kicking his dog. When expostulated with for allowing these causeless improprieties to grow upon him, he is ready enough to own his faults, but at the same time equally ready to make excuses for them. He declares business is going wrong, though you know it never prospered better; or that his children worry him, though it is evident he has terrified them into taciturnity and shrinking obedience. He makes every excuse but the right one; because, poor wretch, he is perfectly ignorant of the real cause. He really believes what he says, and thinks that he is on the road to the bankrupt court, and that his offspring really are disobedient. Alas! it is one of the characteristics of the insidious demon he is possessed with to hide itself from the ken of its victim. Even when the monster deranges his bodily health, and drives him to the doctor, he describes every symptom but these which are indicative of the real disease. The skilful physician, however, finds it out in spite of, or rather in consequence of, his mystifications, and proceeds to exorcise the evil spirit—not after the ancient plan with bell, book, and candle—but with pill, draught, and plenty of exercise.

When, therefore, we meet with such a man as we have described, let us be a little charitable. Don't let us denounce him without remorse or mitigation. Pity is the proper sentiment which he should awaken. Human nature is not so innately vicious as some philosophers imagine; instinctively, our good impulses predominate, and would remain dominant, were they not so often blunted, checked, and strangled by dyspepsia. Imagine yourself in a dyspeptic condition, and then ask whether you could be amiable to your fellow-creatures, or be able to assume that virtue when you have it not? Fancy yourself in a state which, when asked about it, you are obliged to describe as a something which makes you wretchedly uncomfortable, but you don't know what;

a condition which, nevertheless, unfits you for occupation; a feeling which imparts a distressing craving for food, combined with a disgust at the very idea of eating it; a constant drowsiness, without the power of sleeping; a sensation of overwhelming fatigue and weakness, with a longing to take exercise; a weight over the brow, a weight at each joint, a weight at every extremity, and a still greater weight in the stomach. Then as to the state of your nerves: conceive yourself in the lowest of low spirits; in hourly dread of some misfortune; haunted with suspicions concerning your dearest friends; looking upon your whole household as a set of conspirators against your comfort: feeling all this, I say, with a thorough conviction that such sensations mislead you; that in reality no misfortune impends; and that your family love you dearly. Then at night, instead of enjoying the benefit of

'Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,'

you are visited by your attendant demon's terrible ally, nightmare, who inflicts even greater tortures on you than his day-time colleague. 'In a half-waking or intersomnious condition,' saith the learned Dr Von Druffel of Berlin, 'you behold a monster of some kind—a goblin, a fiery horse, a wild gigantic man—glide slowly towards you. This apparition seats itself on the pit of your stomach, and presses you with such a crushing weight, that you can neither breathe nor move a limb.' You are not asleep; you are sufficiently awake to know that could you but move your little finger the charm would be broken, and the vile nightmare gallop away. But you cannot: all power is removed, and there the imaginary quadruped remains, caprioling upon your devoted breast like a heavily-shod war-horse on parade. Even when you fall asleep you are no better off. You have horrid visions. You dream yourself to be the most detestable villain in existence. In the short space of an hour's nap, you inflict tortures on some dear friend which would have frightened a Spanish inquisitor. You commit crimes of unheard-of atrocity, and only escape the gibbet by waking, the victim of remorse and despair.

After enduring all this, picture yourself seated at breakfast, and though surrounded with every comfort administered by a most affectionate household, just say whether you think it to be within the pale of human probability that you could look, speak, or behave pleasantly? If your wife were to offer you the sincerest sympathy, and the tenderest condolences, would not the internal demon 'dyspepsia' incite you to accuse her of 'teasing' you? Can you for a moment believe that, in such a state of mind and stomach, your expostulation would be mild and Christian-like, if the butter were bad, or the egg you had just broken somewhat too odouriferous? Would you, if ever so coaxingly asked, hand over a cheque for your wife's milliner's bill without grumbling? If you could do all these things, you are more than mortal.

Let me repeat, therefore, when you hear an individual denounced as a monster of ill-humour, do not be too harsh upon his moral character before you have inquired into his physical symptoms. Many a man who is accused of having a bad heart, ought rather to be described as having a bad stomach, for the immense influence which that organ exercises over the worldly conduct of mankind is greatly overlooked. A female patient of the celebrated French physician Pinel, who was fully possessed with the demon dyspepsia, and knew it, thus details her condition:—'The foundation of all my misfortunes is in my stomach. It is so sensitive, that pain, grief, pleasure, and, in a word, all sorts of moral affections, seem to take their origin in it. Even a frown from a friend wounds me so sensibly, that my whole system is disagreeably affected by it. I think by means of my stomach, if I may be allowed so to express myself. How many apparently evil-disposed persons whom one meets with may be precisely in this lady's condition, and think and act from the dictates of the stomach, or rather from those of the demon contained

in it—dyspepsia! How frequently, therefore, may not our judgment err in the matter of first causes regarding petty cruelties and small tyrannies? When, for example, a rich debtor refuses a poor creditor a long-deferred payment, may not this piece of injustice be the result, not so much of sheer dishonesty, as of deranged digestive organs? May we not attribute it less to a defect in the moral sentiments, than to evil influences diffused over his nervous system by a piece of undigested pigeon-pie? I knew a whole family whose happiness seemed to depend upon what the head of it ate for dinner. His dietary was watched, especially by the younger branches, with incessant anxiety. After mutton-chops and boiled rice, they could—providing he abstained from pudding—coax papa out of anything. Boiled beef boded evil; and in that case they cared very little to come in as usual to take their share of dessert. When lobster-salad had been partaken of, they crept about the house like mice, and kept as much as possible out of papa's way. During his paroxysms of ill-humour, reasoning was vain; neither the expostulations of his brother the rector, nor the kind intreaties of a wife whom he devotedly loved, were effectual in restraining his tetchy ebullitions of spleen. The demon within grew daily more influential, till he began to be shunned by his friends. No good effect was produced even by that. At length a medical adviser was consulted respecting his cadaverous appearance and certain pains which 'shot' across the shoulders. The doctor ordered him to Cheltenham, placed him on a strict regimen, enjoined frequent visits to the pump-room, and in three months our friend returned, to all appearance an angel of good temper. The banished roses returned to his cheeks—he felt strong and hearty, and never spoke a cross word. His meals were no longer watched, for the juveniles found him ever kind and complying, no matter what was for dinner. It was, however, observed that he ate much more sparingly than formerly, and never would allow such a thing as a round of salt beef or a lobster to enter his door.

It is not too much to affirm, that half the crimes to which human frailty is liable are concocted in the stomach. The poor are incited to mischief by the cravings of their digestive organs for something to do; whilst the rich are often impelled to wrong, because they give their digestive powers more than they *can* do. If the former could keep fuller stomachs, and the latter emptier ones, there would assuredly be fewer evil deeds in the world than are perpetrated at present.

THE FUEGIANS.

SEPARATED from the mainland of South America by the narrow Strait of Magellan, and extending southward for several hundred miles to Cape Horn, lies the Archipelago of Terra del Fuego. This name, literally signifying Land of Fire, was given to it by the early Spanish navigators, from the appearance which the whole coast presented of recent volcanic action. Subsequent voyagers, however, have been unable to detect any lava, pumice, obsidian, or other volcanic product, but have found the prevalent rock to be a trachytic trap, thus carrying us back to the geological epoch which gave birth to the Alps, Apennines, and coniform hills of Auvergne. The group consists of one large island, four others of moderate extent, and a great number of rocky islets and reefs—the area of the whole being perhaps not less than that of Great Britain. The larger island, which forms the eastern and north-eastern portion, and occupies considerably more than half of the entire superficies, is generally known as King Charles's Southland; the four minor islands, which lie to the south and west, are Navarin, Hoste, South Desolation, and Clarence.

The physical aspect of the Archipelago is mountainous, rugged, and barren—consisting of a succession of hills and valleys, precipices and ravines. The shores are indented by deep but narrow arms of the sea, on whose

sides rise the mountains to an elevation of from 2000 to 3000 feet—the highest being Sarmiento, on the west coast of Charles's Southland, and which attains the altitude of 6000 feet. During the greater part of the year the summits of the mountains are covered with snow—the snow line in that region being found so low as 3500 feet. This, together with the heavy rains which generally prevail, and the absence of sheltering forests, gives to the country a cold and inhospitable aspect. It must not be supposed, however, that the whole comes absolutely under this description, for the western district of the great island consists of a plain studded with a number of low hills, which are clothed with dwarf trees and creeping evergreens—the level grounds yielding a harsh dry grass, on which feed large flocks of the guanaco, or wild alpaca.

The climate of Terra del Fuego is much colder than that of North Britain, though both are respectively situated at about the same distance from the antarctic and arctic circles. 'The difference,' says one authority, 'is perhaps best indicated by the different elevations at which the snow line occurs. In North Britain, it is supposed to be at an elevation of 5000 feet; but in Terra del Fuego, it occurs between 3000 and 3500 feet. The climate of Bergen, in Norway, is perhaps very similar to that of Terra del Fuego, where, as at Bergen, cloudy weather, rain, and wind, prevail throughout the year, and fine days are very rare. No season is quite free from frost: the thermometer, even in February, which corresponds to our August, descends occasionally some degrees below the freezing point; though during the winter the mean temperature is said to be 2½ degrees above that point. It seems that this peculiarity of the climate is to be attributed to the high temperature of the sea, which at its surface is never lower than 45 degrees Fahrenheit, especially in the Straits of Magellan, where the observations were made. The coasts that are exposed to the influence of the open ocean have probably a much colder climate, as during the winter they are surrounded by large fields of ice, which at that season occur as far north as 54 degrees south latitude, along the coast of King Charles's Southland. The level portion of that island suffers rather from want than from abundance of moisture, like the eastern coast of Patagonia.' This plain, indeed, is the only district that presents a habitable aspect; though, from the unsteadiness of the climate, it is very questionable if any agricultural operations could succeed.

Respecting the natural productions of the group very little is known. The United States Expedition found the lower hills covered with dense forests of beech, birch, willow, and winter-bark, but none fit for timber, the trees being not more than forty feet in extreme height. All of them had their tops bent to the north-east by the prevailing south-west winds, and looked at a distance more like heath than forest trees. Dry harsh grasses are prevalent in the lower valleys, among which occur the far-famed tussack so characteristic of the Falkland Islands; and plenty of scurvy-grass and wild celery were found close to the beach. The shores abound in fish and shell-fish; numbers of sea-fowl visit them periodically; and at certain seasons shoals of the humpback whale crowd the surrounding seas. The guanaco is the only land animal of importance; but the natives do not seem capable either of entrapping it for food or for domestication, though it might be as serviceable to them in these respects as the llamas to the Peruvians, or the rein-deer to the Esquimaux. Such are the natural features of this distant region, which, however uninviting, is not without its share of the human race, respecting whom we are enabled to glean some information from the recently published account of the United States Exploring Expedition under Captain Wilkes.

The natives belong to the Petcheree or Yacancu tribe of Indians, a very scanty race, who are confined to the group and some of the adjacent portions of the continental coast. They lead a miserable life, only to be

compared with that of some of the native Australians; they live on shell-fish, and squat themselves in places where these are found most abundantly, moving their habitations only when the supply is exhausted. 'During our stay,' says Captain Wilkes, 'we had at various times visits from the natives.' They were all at first very shy, but after they found our friendly disposition towards them, they became more sociable and confiding. Before our departure from Orange Harbour, a bark canoe came alongside with an Indian, his squaw, and four children. They were entirely naked, with the exception of a small piece of seal-skin, only sufficient to cover one shoulder, and which is generally worn on the side from which the wind blows, affording them some little shelter against its piercing influence.

The Petcherees are not more than five feet high, of a light copper colour, which is much concealed by smut and dirt, particularly on their faces, which they mark vertically with charcoal. They have short faces, narrow foreheads, and high cheek-bones. Their eyes are small, and usually black, the upper eyelids in the inner corner overlapping the under one, and bear a strong resemblance to those of the Chinese. Their nose is broad and flat, with wide-spread nostrils, mouth large, teeth white, large, and regular. The hair is long, lank, and black, hanging over the face, and is covered with white ashes, which gives them a hideous appearance. The whole face is compressed. Their bodies are remarkable, from the great development of the chest, shoulders, and vertebral column; their arms are long, and out of proportion; their legs small, and ill-made. There is, in fact, little difference between the size of the ankle and leg; and when standing, the skin at the knee hangs in a large loose fold. In some, the muscles of the leg appear almost wanting, and possess very little strength. This want of development in the muscles of the leg is owing to their constant sitting posture, both in their huts and canoes. Their skin is sensibly colder than ours. It is impossible to fancy anything in human nature more filthy. They are an ill-shapen and ugly race. They have little or no idea of the relative value of articles, even of those that one would suppose were of the utmost use to them, such as iron and glass-ware. A glass bottle broken into pieces is valued as much as a knife. Red flannel, torn into strips, pleases them more than in the piece; they wound it around their heads as a kind of turban; and it was amusing to see their satisfaction at this small acquisition.

The children were quite small, and nestled in the bottom of the canoe on some dry grass. The woman and eldest boy paddled the canoe, the man being employed to bail out the water and attend to the fire, which is always carried in the bottom of the canoe, on a few stones and ashes, which the water surrounds.

Their canoes are constructed of bark, are very frail, and sewed with shreds of whalebone, seal-skin, and twigs. They are sharp at both ends, and are kept in shape, as well as strengthened, by a number of stretchers lashed to the gunwale. These Indians seldom venture outside the kelp, by the aid of which they pull themselves along; and their paddles are so small, as to be of little use in propelling their canoes, unless it is calm. Some of the officers thought they recognised a party on the Hermit Islands that had been on board ship at Orange Harbour. If this was the case, they must have ventured across the Bay of Nassau, a distance of some ten or twelve miles. This, if correct, would go to prove that there is more intercourse among them than their frail barks would lead one to expect.

Their huts are generally found built close to the shore, at the head of some small bay, in a secluded spot, and sheltered from the prevailing winds. They are built of boughs or small trees, stuck in the earth, and brought together at the top, where they are firmly bound by bark, sedge, and twigs. Smaller branches are then interlaced, forming a tolerably compact wicker-work, and on this grass, turf, and bark are laid, making the hut quite warm, and impervious to the wind and snow,

though not quite so to the rain. The usual dimensions of these huts are seven or eight feet in diameter, and about four or five feet in height. They have an oval hole to creep in at. The fire is built in a small excavation in the middle of the hut. The floor is of clay, which has the appearance of having been well kneaded. The usual accompaniment of a hut is a conical pile of shells opposite the door, nearly as large as the hut itself. Their occupancy of a hut seems to be limited to the supply of shell-fish, consisting of mussels and limpets, in the neighbourhood.

These natives are never seen but in their huts or canoes. The impediments to their communication by land are great, growing out of the mountainous and rocky character of the country, intersected with inlets deep and impassable, and in most places bounded by abrupt precipices, together with a soil which may be termed a quagmire, on which it is difficult to walk. This prevails on the hills as well as in the plains and valleys. The impenetrable nature of the forest, with the dense undergrowth of thorny bushes, renders it impossible for them to overcome or contend with these difficulties. They appear to live in families, and not in tribes, and do not seem to acknowledge any chief.

On the 11th of March three bark canoes arrived, containing four men, four women, a girl about sixteen years old, four little boys, and four infants, one of the latter about a week old, and quite naked. The thermometer was at 46 degrees Fahrenheit. They had rude weapons; namely, slings to throw stones, three rude spears pointed at the end with bone, and notched on one side with barbed teeth. With this they catch their fish, which are in great quantities among the kelp. Two of the natives were induced to come on board, after they had been alongside for upwards of an hour, and received many presents, for which they gave their spears, a dog, and some of their rude native trinkets. They did not show or express surprise at anything on board, except when seeing one of the carpenters engaged in boring a hole with a screw-awg through a plank, which would have been a long task for them. They were very talkative, smiling when spoken to, and often bursting into loud laughter, but instantly settling into their natural serious and sober cast.

They were found to be great mimics, both in gesture and sound, and would repeat any word of our language with great correctness of pronunciation. Their imitations of sounds were truly astonishing. One of them ascended and descended the octave perfectly, following the sounds of the violin correctly. It was then found he could sound the common chords, and follow through the semitone scale with scarcely an error. They have all musical voices, speak in the note G sharp, ending with the semitone A, when asking for presents, and were continually singing.

Their mimicry became annoying, and precluded our getting at any of their words or ideas. It not only extended to words or sounds, but actions also, and was at times truly ridiculous. The usual manner for interrogating for names was quite unsuccessful. On pointing to the nose, for instance, they did the same. Anything they saw done they would mimic, and with an extraordinary degree of accuracy. On these canoes approaching the ship, the principal one of the family, or chief, standing up in his canoe, made a harangue. He spoke in G natural, and did not vary his voice more than a semitone. The pitch of the voice of the female is an octave higher. Although they have been heard to shout quite loud, yet they cannot endure a noise. When the drum beat, or a gun was fired, they invariably stopped their ears. They always speak to each other in a whisper. Their cautious manner and movements prove them to be a timid race. The men are exceedingly jealous of their women, and will not allow any one, if they can help it, to enter their huts, particularly boys.

The women were never suffered to come on board. They appeared modest in the presence of strangers. They never move from a sitting posture, or rather a squat,

with their knees close together, reaching to their chin, their feet in contact, and touching the lower part of the body. They are extremely ugly. Their hands and feet were small, and well-shaped, and from appearance, they were not accustomed to do any hard work. They appear very fond, and seem careful of, their young children, though on several occasions they offered them for sale for a trifle. They have their faces smutted all over, and it was thought, from the hideous appearance of the females, produced in part by their being painted, and smutted, that they had been disfigured by the men previous to coming alongside. The men are employed in building the huts, obtaining food, and providing for their other wants. The women were generally seen paddling their canoes.

When this party of natives left the ship and reached the shore, the women remained in their canoes, and the men began building their temporary huts. The little children were seen capering quite naked on the beach, although the thermometer was at 40 degrees. On the hut being finished, which occupied about an hour, the women went on shore to take possession of it. They all seemed quite happy and contented.

Towards evening Messrs Waldron and Drayton visited their huts. Before they reached the shore, the natives were seen making a fire on the beach for their reception, evidently to avoid their entering the huts. On landing, one of the men seemed anxious to talk with them. He pointed to the ship, and tried to express many things by gestures; then pointed to the south-east, and then again to the ship, after which, clasping his hands, as in our mode of prayer, he said "Eloah, Eloah," as though he thought we had come from God.

After a little time they gained admittance to the hut. The men creeping in first, squatted themselves directly in front of the women, all holding out the small piece of seal-skin, to allow the heat to reach their bodies. The women were squatted three deep behind the men, the oldest in front nestling the infants. After being in the hut, Mr Drayton endeavoured to call the attention of the man who had made signs to him before entering, to know whether they had any idea of a Supreme Being. The same man then put his hands together, repeating as before, "Eloah, Eloah." From his manner it was inferred that they had some idea of God or a Supreme Being.

Their mode of expressing friendship is by jumping up and down. They made Messrs Waldron and Drayton jump with them on the beach before entering the hut, took hold of their arms, facing them, and, jumping two or three inches from the ground, making them keep time to some simple song which they chanted.

All our endeavours to find out how they ignited their fire proved unavailing. It must be exceedingly difficult for them to accomplish, judging from the care they take of it, always carrying it with them in their canoes, and the danger they thus run of injuring themselves by it.

Their food consists of limpets, mussels, and other shell-fish. Quantities of fish, and some seals, are now and then taken among the kelp, and, with berries of various kinds, and wild celery, they do not want. They seldom cook their food much. The shell-fish are detached from the shell by heat, and the fish are partly roasted in their skins, without being cleaned.

When on board, one of them was induced to sit at the dinner-table: after a few lessons, he handled his knife and fork with much dexterity. He refused both spirits and wine, but was very fond of sweetened water. Salt provisions were not at all to his liking, but rice and plumpudding were agreeable to his taste, and he literally crammed them into his mouth. After his appetite had been satisfied, he was in great good humour, singing his "Hey neh leh," dancing, and laughing. His mimicry prevented any satisfactory inquiries being made of him relative to a vocabulary.

One of these natives remained on board for upwards of a week, and, being washed and combed, he became

two or three shades lighter in colour. Clothes were put on him. He was about twenty-three years of age, and was unwell the whole time he was on board, from eating such quantities of rice, &c. His astonishment was very great on attending divine service. The moment the chaplain began to read from the book, his eyes were riveted upon him, where they remained as long as he continued to read. At the end of the week he became dissatisfied, and was set on shore, and soon appeared naked again. It was observed on presents being made, that those who did not receive any began a sort of whining cry, putting on the most doleful-looking countenances imaginable.

They are much addicted to theft if any opportunity offers. The night before they left the bay, they stole and cut up one of the wind-sails, which had been scrubbed and hung up on shore to dry.

Although we had no absolute proof of it, we are inclined to the belief that they bury their dead in caves.

Such is the amount of our information respecting this simple and primitive people. We know nothing of their origin, of their social manners and customs, of their language, or of their religion. They are a little section of the human race removed perhaps the farthest of any from civilisation, and in whom, from that very circumstance, we take all the deeper interest. External conditions seem to detain them at the lowest verge of human existence; and yet we believe they might make progress to a better state of being, notwithstanding the apparently insuperable difficulties which now oppose it.

ARTIFICIAL DUCK-HATCHING IN CHINA.

ONE of the greatest lions in Chusan (for we have lions here as well as you in London) is an old Chinaman, who hatches duck eggs in thousands every spring by artificial heat. The first question put to a sight-seeing stranger who comes here is, whether he has seen the hatching process; and if he has not, he is immediately taken out to see the old Chinaman and his ducks. An account of the house and the process will probably interest you, and I therefore send you a leaf of my private journal, which I wrote on the morning of my first visit.

It was a beautiful morning in the end of May, just such a morning as we have in the same month in England, perhaps a little warmer; the sun was upon the grass, the breeze was cool and refreshing, and altogether the effect produced upon the system was of the most invigorating kind, and I suppose I felt it more, having just arrived from Hong-Kong, and suffering slightly from the unhealthy atmosphere of that island. The mist and vapour were rolling lazily along the sides of the hills which surround the plain on which the city of Ninghai is built; the Chinese, who are generally early risers, were already proceeding to their daily labours; and although the greater part of the labouring population are very poor, yet they seem contented and happy. Walking through the city, out at the north gate, and leaving the ramparts behind, I passed through some rice fields, the first crop of which is just planted, and a five minutes' walk brought me to the poor man's cottage. He received me with Chinese politeness; asked me to sit down; offered me tea and his pipe, two things always at hand in a Chinese house, and perfectly indispensable. Having civilly declined his offer, I asked permission to examine his hatching-house, to which he immediately led the way, and gave me the following account of the process. First, however, let me describe the house.

The Chinese cottages generally are wretched buildings of mud and stone, with damp earthen floors, scarcely fit for cattle to sleep in, and remind one of what the Scottish cottages were a few years ago; which now, however, are happily among the things that were. The present one was no exception to the general rule: bad fitting, loose, creaking doors; paper windows, dirty and torn; ducks, geese, fowls, dogs, and pigs in the house and at the doors, seemingly as important, and having equal rights with their masters; then there were children, grandchildren, and, for aught that I know, great-grandchildren, all together, forming a most motley group, which, with their shaved heads, long tails, and strange costume, would be a capital subject for the pencil of Cruikshank or H. B.

The hatching-house is built at the side of the cottage, and in a kind of long shed, with mud walls, and thickly thatched with straw. Along the ends and down one side of the building are a number of round straw baskets, well plastered with mud, to prevent them from taking fire. In the bottom of each basket there is a tile placed, or rather the tile forms the bottom of the basket; upon this the fire acts, a small fireplace being below each basket. The top is open, having of course a straw cover, which fits closely, and which covers the eggs when the process is going on, the whole having the appearance of a vase which we sometimes see placed upon a pedestal at home, or rather exactly like the Chinese manure tanks, which perhaps are less known. In the centre of the shed there are a number of large shelves placed one above another, upon which the eggs are laid at a certain stage of the process.

When the eggs are brought, they are put into the baskets described above, the fire is lighted below, and, according to some observations made with a thermometer, the heat kept up seeming to range from 95 to 102 degrees; but the Chinamen regulate the heat by their own feelings, and not by thermometer, and therefore it will of course vary considerably. In four or five days after the eggs have been subject to this temperature, they are taken carefully out, one by one, to a door in which a number of holes have been bored exactly the size of the eggs; they are then held in these holes, and the Chinamen look through to the light, and are able to tell whether they are good or not. If good, they are taken back, and replaced in their former quarters; if bad, they are of course excluded. In nine or ten days after this, that is, about fourteen days from the commencement, the eggs are taken out of the baskets, and spread out on the shelves which I have already noticed. Here no fire-heat is applied, but they are covered over with cotton and a kind of blanket, remaining in these circumstances about fourteen days more, when the young ducks burst their shells, and the poor Chinaman's shed teems with life. These shelves are large, and capable of holding many thousands of eggs; and it is really a curious sight, particularly during the two last days, when the hatching takes place. The Chinese who rear the young ducks in the surrounding country know exactly the day when they will be ready for removal, and in two days after the shells burst, the whole of these little creatures are sold, and conveyed to their new quarters. —*Correspondent of Athenæum.*

MONASTIC LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

Their mode of living may be summed up in a sentence—an utter neglect of the duty of religious teachers, and the untrammelled gratification of every passion. Hunting was a favourite pastime of theirs, and of none of their privileges were they more jealous. Their dependents were dragged before their courts, to endure temporal punishment in this world, and to have directed against them anathemas as to the next, for the smallest infraction of their hunting or fishing privileges. With regard to nobles as powerful as themselves, complaints are made to the sovereign, and solemn obligations are taken for the security of these sacred rights. Hart and hind, boar and roe, the cries of falcons and tereels, are to be preserved intact; and hunting with hounds or nets, or setting traps to destroy game, were sins which scarcely repentance could atone for. The monks themselves, too, appear to have been given somewhat to poaching, if we may judge from the jealousy of the neighbouring proprietors. The dull monotony of a religious life they pleasantly variegated by such exhilarating sports, and the contemporary literature is rich in the glowing descriptions of their skill. On rising at the matin bell, the monk, after his orisons were said, would, if of a placid disposition, take his rod, and on the banks of the classic Tweed, or at the Falls of Clyde, he could with great benefit pass the forenoon. But if, again, of a more energetic disposition, his hounds and his nets would do effectual execution upon the game of the monastic preserves. On the monk's return, he would shrieve any unfortunate victim, who, like John de Graham, was ignorant of the law, and susceptible of flattery, and, with an appetite sharpened by his forenoon's exercise, he would sit down to the plentiful repast which his hunting or fishing skill had catered. Whether bread was provided by the fidelity of his flock; a flagon of wine, too, was not wanting to wash down the repast; and from a transaction with certain Florentine merchants, it would appear that the priests of Glasgow had acquired a refined taste for foreign luxuries. Good living, however,

did not always thrive with the monkish constitution. Pious as they were, they still were subject to the ills of life, and not above the aid of the *Materia Medica*. The Glasgow fathers especially appear to have been very much troubled with peculiar affections of the stomach, and have formally preserved in their cartulary a famous pill, to prevent flatulency. The peculiar ingredients of this composition are stated in detail; but as our medical knowledge is not so extensive as to enable us to speak decidedly of its merits, we think it better not to quote the receipt, in case it may be incautiously applied. Another celebrated pill is given, with the recommendation that Pope Alexander (the Sixth?) frequently used it, and which had the great advantage of not compelling the patient to intermit his usual diet or his flagon of wine. The religious service of the day, it might be thought, would break up for a little the hilarity of the jolly brotherhood. But this opinion is founded on mistake. They threw a pleasant air even over the gloom of devotion, and in their religious duties they were unable to restrain their jokes. This having apparently scandalised the vulgar, certain rules were enacted, by which their conduct in this respect was to be regulated. The cartulary of Moray contains the *Constitutiones Lynceolenses*, inserted as proper rules for the priests of that northern province, from which we learn that they were to enter the place of worship, not with insolent looks, but decently, and in order; and were to be guilty of no laughing, or of attempting the perpetration of any base jokes (*turpi risu and joco*), and at the same time were to conduct their whisperings in an under tone. Nature, however, will have its way. A full stomach is not the best provocative to lively attention, and it is therefore far from wonderful that the fathers dozed. Ingenuity provided a remedy even for this, and the curious visitor will find in the niches of the ruined walls of the ecclesiastical edifices of other days oscillating seats, which turn upon a pivot, and require the utmost care of the sifter to keep steady. The poor monk who would dare to indulge in one short nap, would, by this most cruel contrivance, be thrown forward upon the stone floor of the edifice, to the great danger of his neck, and be covered at the same time with 'the base laughter and joking' of his brethren. —*North British Review.*

SLOW PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENTS.

The *Times*, a few months ago, had some remarks on this subject, in which there is too much truth. After alluding to the number of associations for public improvement which every day gives birth to, and which seem to imply that there is no government to take up such public matters, it proceeds to say—'The reports of commissioners published within these ten years are a perfect encyclopedia of commercial, statistical, and sanitary lore. There are blue books enough to remodel a world, if a world could be found tractable enough for the process. But there it ends. As for any good that's done, parliament might as well be a club of *survins*. It ostentatiously proclaims its knowledge. It perceives and commends improvement, but acquiesces in deterioration. Three sessions have passed away since the report from the Poor Law Commissioners on the sanitary condition of the labouring population. The volume is fast sinking down the gulf of time, and nothing is done. Other reports on the same subject have followed, and still remain, what for the present they are likely to remain, virgin reports, wedded to no legislation. Our respectable scoundrels might as well amuse themselves with dropping straws into a stream, and watching their downward progress, as in putting out blue books, destined only for the rage of oblivion. The absurdity must stare our legislators in the very face, when they find themselves announcing truisms and notoriety acknowledged and known by all the world years and years. Why do people who, in their place and legitimate post, can remedy ill-content themselves with proclaiming them to those who cannot? All the world knows, of course, that Harley Street is not only a pleasant, but a healthier locality than Houndsditch; that streets are better than lanes, lanes than courts and alleys; that one family in a tenement is better than ten, one bed in a room better than half-a-dozen, and so on; that air, water, and fire, are as necessary to health as to comfort; that sewers under ground are better than noonday filth. Since there were cities, these truths have been matters of painful recognition. The recent reports only show, with details and circumstances, that what is true everywhere, and especially of all populous cities, is true in the most populous city of all. My lords and gentlemen, we know it—everybody

knows it: what then? The answer is, that we are to have a society to further these objects. Why! what are members of parliament made for, if they are to delegate the economical functions of government to No. 7, two pair to the right, Exeter Hall? The legislature can effect these objects—a Society can not! Every year only strengthens the conviction of sensible men, that governments must give a higher place to questions of social economy, and undertake them with a stronger hand, a wider aim, and more uniform system. The great object of government is the common weal. Whatever the state can recognise and pronounce to be hurtful to the public, ought to be considered a crime. Nay, it should not allow a man to hurt himself if it can prevent it, for wilful self-injury is only a degree of self-destruction. An undrained street, an uncovered sewer, a crowded gurnet, want of water, an atmosphere needlessly vitiated with miasma or smoke, are all so many wholesale slaughters which kill their thousands to the ones that die less silently by the knife or the bludgeon; by careless carters or uncovered machinery. We know the jealousy which stands between sovereign power and private liberty; but we venture to predict a time when people will pronounce a liberty to foster hotbeds of moral crime and physical infection, or to poison the air breathed by myriads, as a more enormous license than the toleration of pirates or banditti.

INFLUENCE OF ACCIDENT ON GREAT MEN.

It is a curious coincidence that the two greatest Chancery lawyers of their day should both have been forced into the profession by incidental circumstances. Romilly says, that what principally influenced his decision was the being thus enabled to leave his small fortune in his father's hands, instead of buying a sworn clerk's seat with it. 'At a later period of my life—after a success at the bar which my wildest and most sanguine dreams had never painted to me—when I was gaining an income of £8000 or £9000 a-year—I have often reflected how all that prosperity had arisen out of the pecuniary difficulties and confined circumstances of my father.' Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough) began as an advocate at the Scotch bar. In the course of an altercation with the Lord President, he was provoked to tell his lordship that he had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman. Being ordered to make an apology, he refused, and left the Scotch for the English bar. What every one thought his ruin, turned out the best thing that could happen to him—

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may.'

Lord Tenterden's early destination was changed by a disappointment. When he and Mr Justice Richards were going the home circuit, they visited the cathedral at Canterbury together. Richards commended the voice of a singing man in the choir. 'Ah,' said Lord Tenterden, 'that is the only man I ever envied! When at school in this town, we were candidates for a chorister's place, and he obtained it.' It is now well known that the Duke of Wellington, when a subaltern, was anxious to retire from the army, and actually applied to Lord Camden (then lord-lieutenant of Ireland) for a commissionership of customs! It is not always true, then, that men destined to play conspicuous parts in the world have a consciousness of their coming greatness, or patience to bide their time. Their hopes grow as their capacity expands with circumstances; honours on honours arise like Alps on Alps; in ascending one they catch a glimpse of another, till the last and highest, which was veiled in mist when they started, stands out in bold relief against the sky.—*Edinburgh Review.*

IMITATION.

Amongst the causes assigned for the continuance and diffusion of the same moral sentiments amongst mankind, may be mentioned imitation. The efficacy of this principle is most observable in children: indeed, if there be anything in them which deserves the name of an instinct, it is their propensity to imitation. Now, there is nothing which children imitate, or apply more readily, than expressions of affection and aversion, of approbation, hatred, resentment, and the like; and when these passions and expressions are once connected, which they soon will be by the same association which unites words with their ideas, the passion will follow the expression, and attach upon the object to which the child has been accustomed to apply the epithet.—*Paley.*

GOOD SEED.

Like seeds deep hid in the thankless earth,
Or buried in dead men's tombs,
'Till the spade of the labourer casts them forth,
Or the traveller's search exhumes—
Revived again in the upper air,
Not one of their powers is lost;
Plant them, they root and flourish fair,
And bring forth a goodly host
Of offspring, though centuries may have past
Since they in their darksome cells were cast.

So is the word the poet preaches:
The good seed may seem to die,
And the fruit of the holy creed he teaches
Be hidden from human eye:
If the vital germ of truth be there,
It never can perish wholly,
Rich blossom and fruit it will surely bear,
Though for long years buried lowly:
Other hands may bring it to light, and tend;
But the seed of good thoughts has a fruitful end.

D. M. M.

ROOKS BREEDING IN NOVEMBER.

In the month of November 1844, writes a correspondent of the Zoologist, my attention was attracted to a large solitary nest in the outermost branches of an old elm tree, not far from the park entrance to Broughton Castle, Oxfordshire; at first I concluded it must be a magpie's, which had become exposed by the fall of the leaf; however, on looking again, I discovered that it was inhabited by a pair of rooks; and was afterwards told by some labourers, who had watched its building, that the rooks were now sitting. By the assistance of a glass, I was soon able to confirm their statement, as well as to watch the process of incubation. I think it must have been on the 18th of November that the young were hatched, at least I judged so from seeing the old ones carry up food (grain &c. which seemed plentiful) for several days after that date. The frosty mornings of the following week made the young ones cry out bitterly; when the weather becoming more and more severe, put an end to their sufferings. It seemed some time before the old ones could believe it; at any rate they were very unwilling to quit the branches near their nest. The situation which they had selected was several hundred yards from the regular rookery, and, during the time of incubation, six or seven other rooks might be seen looking on in mute astonishment at their neighbours' mistake. I do not recollect ever having seen on record such an instance as the above. Was it the second brood of the year, or the brood of birds which were hatched in the early spring? [We are aware of a pair of house-sparrows having commenced building for their second brood on the 11th of September in the same year. The nest, which was among the higher branches of a plane, was completed in a day or two from an abundance of dried hay and knot-grass at hand, and the female began to sit on the 25th or 26th. A few days after, the branches were stripped of their decaying leaves, and the nest thrown to the ground, showing the remains of five eggs, four of which would have been productive.]

THE REVENUES OF THE MIND.

The ear and the eye are the mind's receivers: but the tongue is only busied in expending the treasure received. If, therefore, the revenues of the mind be uttered as fast or faster than they are received, it cannot be but that the mind must needs be bare, and can never lay up for purchase. But if the receivers take in still with no utterance, the mind may soon grow a burden to itself, and unprofitable to others. I will not lay up too much, and utter nothing, lest I be covetous: nor spend much, and store up little, lest I be prodigal and poor.—*Bishop Hall.*

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NEW FACTS RESPECTING MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A RUSSIAN noble, Prince Labanoff, has devoted fourteen years to the collection of documents respecting Mary Queen of Scots, including her own letters, and the communications of her ambassadors, and the result of his labours has just appeared in seven goodly octavos. The degree of originality pertaining to this publication may be partly estimated from the fact, that it presents four hundred of the queen's own letters, hitherto unknown to the public. The most remarkable feature of the work is its tendency to clear Mary's name of much of the reproach that has hitherto rested upon it, and to add to the likelihood which formerly an acute, and at the same time impartial person, might have apprehended, that the common view of this lady's character is in a great measure a piece of party fiction. We propose here to run over a few of the new matters which combine in Prince Labanoff's collection to this effect, not with any design to consider the question critically, which indeed in our short space would be a vain attempt, but merely to help a little towards the gratification of the public curiosity on a point which will be adverted to in many quarters where the perusal of the entire book is unattainable.

What appears most broadly and strikingly in this collection is, the zeal and firmness of Mary in her religion. From first to last—as the queen of two states, and as a hopeless captive in a foreign land—she maintains but one tone as a sincere Catholic, ready alike to use power when she has it, and when she has not, to sacrifice her life, for the restoration of that form of faith in her own country and in England. It appears that, at the close of her life, having no hope of her son siding with the Catholic party, and having been heartlessly deserted by him, she bequeathed all her interest in the English succession to Philip II. of Spain; an impotent act of course, but showing will. Seeing this determination of her mind, and remembering the atrocious acts done in those days for the objects cherished by her—and by none were more wicked deeds done than by her own uncles of the house of Guise—we are not to wonder that she should have had so little friendship from the partisans of the opposite faith, or that men of their stamp in such an age should have been governed by no nice scruples in their conduct towards her. It is not our part, however, to regard the motives or objects of parties: we are called on solely to consider their acts, to ascertain what these truly were, and to judge of them according to the abiding and universal rules of justice.

The more controverted part of Mary's life commences with her marriage to Lord Darnley in 1565. It now clearly appears that she was led to marriage at this time against her will, and as a measure of political

expediency; and that she chose Darnley from no personal preference, no romantic attachment, as has been thought, but because he was a Stuart, next to herself in the English succession, and, as a Catholic, agreeable to that section of her subjects which she was most anxious to gratify. One powerful consideration in this marriage was its enabling her to bear her part against the machinations of her natural brother, the Earl of Murray, whose ambition it was to be in one shape or another the actual ruler of Scotland. The marriage was disappointing to Murray and to Elizabeth; and the former, with the secret aid of the latter, immediately raised a rebellion against his sister. Defeated by Mary and the faithful part of her subjects, he fled to the English court, where he received protection. The concern which Randolph, the English resident at Edinburgh, had in Murray's rebellion, is shown in a letter of Mary to her English ambassador, Robert Melville, now published for the first time: 'Melville,' she says, 'it is not unknown to you how, before your departing, we had granted our pardon to John Johnstown, who coming home, and this same day being before us, we inquired of him the cause of his departing. He answered, that in the middle of August last he was sent for by Master Randolph to come and speak with him at his lodging, at David Forrester's, whither he came; and after some declaration made to him by Mr Randolph, how he was my Lord of Murray's servant, and one whom he would specially trust, Master Randolph delivered to him three sacks of money sealed, wherein was contained (as was said) three thousand crowns, which he, at Randolph's desire, conveyed to St Andrews, and delivered the same to my Lady Murray, receiving her receipt for it, which he carried back to Randolph. And fearing that the matter might be discovered, he (Johnstown) durst not remain, but departed. And at the very time that we were receiving this declaration, Mr Randolph happening to be present with our council discussing matters relating to the borders, we thought it not inconvenient to report to him the report made to us, and show him plainly that in consideration the queen, our good sister, his mistress, had not only to our dearest brother, the king of France, and to his ambassador resident there, but also to Monsieur Ramboulet, his late ambassador here, and by Randolph to ourselves declared, that she had neither aided, nor was willing to aid and support our rebels with men, money, or otherwise, to our displeasure; which we take to be undoubtedly true, and will look for no other at her hands; such account do we make of her and her declaration, given on that behalf, which we can in no wise mistrust. Yet that he, her servant and minister, occupying a peaceable charge, contrary to her will and meaning, should undertake a thing so prejudicial to the peace, we could not but think very strange of it, and had right good occasion to be offended

with his misbehaviour, that within our own realm had comforted them with money to our displeasure, who were our rebels, and with whom we had just cause to be offended.* Randolph, she adds, first denied the charge, but when evidence was brought against him, he stood at bay, and announced that he held himself as only answerable for his conduct to his own mistress. The crookedness of policy thus shown in Mary's enemies contrasts strongly with her implicit, unsuspecting faith in the good feeling and conscientiousness of Elizabeth.

The documents here adduced respecting the murder of Riccio, make clear the motives of the various parties; Darnley having none besides his wish to secure the crown matrimonial, in which the poor Italian had opposed him. Randolph wrote at the time to Cecil a scandalous letter impeaching the queen's honour. His credibility as a witness against her so soon after she had convicted him of the basest duplicity, might be safely left to impartial consideration; but it is well to know that, from the various documents now brought forward, there cannot remain the slightest shade of suspicion against Mary on this score. The assassination of Riccio, over and above the personal motive of Darnley, was a Protestant move necessary to turn affairs at the Scottish court, so as to allow of Murray and his friends being pardoned for their rebellion. It was, in the sixteenth century, what a change of ministry through a vote in the House of Commons is at the present day. The religious feelings of that time, so far from forbidding, stimulated such barbarities.

The whole behaviour of Darnley from this time was such as to alienate the affections of the queen. He seems to have been an utter fool, with all the qualities of intractableness and waywardness which that term implies. Yet all the evidence that appears represents Mary as submitting to his follies with patience. In November 1566, four months after the birth of her son, her principal lords—Murray, Bothwell, Huntley, Argyle, and Maitland of Lethington—came formally to her at Craigmillar, to propose that she should divorce Darnley; but she told them that she would abide the will of Providence to be relieved from her present sufferings, and positively refused to go into the scheme. One reason for this resolution on Mary's part may have been of a political nature. In her communications at this time with Elizabeth, it is evident that her predominant aim was to secure her being declared the heir-presumptive of the English throne. It might seem to her that the English people were not the more likely to favour her hopes, if they saw her engaged in suing a divorce from her husband, not only from a consideration of the indecorum which always attends such an act, but because it lessened her prospect of heirs of her own body. Within a month of the death of Darnley, namely, on the 13th January 1567, she is found writing a complaisant letter to Elizabeth, urging her pretensions to be declared the heir of the English crown. 'Always,' she says, 'have we commended us and the equity of our cause to you, and have certainly looked for your friendship therein; whereon we have continually trusted; and now we think us fully assured of the same, having thereof so large proof by knowledge of your good mind and entire affection, declared by your said ambassador, as also by our servant Robert Melville; not doubting but in time convenient you will proceed to the perfecting and consummation of that which you have begun to utter, as well to your own people as to other nations, the opinion you have of the equity of our cause and your affection toward us; and namely, in the examining of the will supposed to be made by the king your father, which some would lay as a bar in our way; according to your own promise to us, as well contained in your letter sent by our servant Robert Melville, whereof he has made us report that you would proceed therein before your

nobility (being at this present assembly) departed towards their own houses.' At the date of this letter, Darnley was sick of small-pox. Immediately after, Mary was informed of a plot which he was alleged to have formed for seizing the infant prince, and getting himself made regent in his name. Even while having such grounds of suspicion against him, she is found writing to her ambassador in France, the Archbishop of Glasgow—'Always we perceive him occupied and busy enough to have inquisition of our doings; which, God willing, shall always be such as none shall have occasion to be offended with them, or to report of us any way but honourably; howsoever he, his father, and their favourers speak, who we know want no good will to give us trouble, if their power equalled their inclinations.' It need hardly be asked, if a person with such reasons for standing well with the world, and who gives such incontestable evidence of her having been alive to those reasons, was at all likely to be engaged in a conspiracy for the murder of her husband? an event which, whether she had any concern in it or not, could not but be damaging to her immediate affairs, as well as her prospects.

A letter of Mary to the Archbishop of Glasgow, written the morning after the murder of Darnley, adverts to some information he had communicated to her as to designs against herself; and she expresses her belief that the explosion of the house was designed for herself likewise, as she had slept in it three out of the seven preceding days, and was only prevented from sleeping in it that night by the chance of having had to attend a masque at Holyroodhouse. Bothwell, the actual murderer, now comes prominently forward. The common supposition is, that Mary favoured his escape from the trial to which he was subjected at the instance of Darnley's father. It appears that he was in reality protected by a confederation of nobles, amongst whom were those who soon afterwards deposed the queen. These men now associated in a bond for the purpose of procuring a marriage between Mary and this atrocious member of their corps. And it is remarkable of this association that its leader, Morton, had been concerned in the murder of Darnley. That the queen had any inclination to the proposed match, there is not a particle of sound evidence; for the celebrated letters afterwards produced in a casket are manifestly a base and clumsy forgery. That it was, on religious grounds, objectionable to Mary, is indubitable, for Bothwell was a Protestant. See, then, the actual progress of events. Bothwell, armed with the bond favouring his suit of Mary's hand, seized her person as she was travelling from Stirling to Edinburgh, and immediately conducted her to his castle of Dunbar, where she was kept a prisoner for several days. Let it be remembered that, at that time, there was no standing army, not even a regiment of guards, to support the head of the government in Scotland. Mary depended, for the means of maintaining her place and function, upon the good-will of the nobility. Is it surprising that, sinking under this indignity, to which her chief nobles appeared to have conspired, she should have been induced, for the sake of her reputation as a woman, as well as for maintaining her place as a queen, to consent to the odious match which was soon after carried into effect? And can we have any doubt of the real views of Morton and his confederates in promoting the marriage, when we find them immediately after taking advantage of the infamy which it produced, to raise the standard of revolt against her, and in brief space effecting her dethronement? In the whole series of proceedings, Mary appears as the victim of force. At the marriage, she was habited in deep mourning. The state of her feelings on the evening of the day of the nuptials, is evinced by De Croc, the French ambassador, who visited her at her own request. 'I perceived,' says he, 'a strange formality between her and her husband, which she begged me to excuse, saying that if I saw her sad it was because she did not wish to be happy, as she said she never could be, wishing only for death. Yesterday,' he adds, 'being all alone in a

* For the translation of this and some of the ensuing extracts from the queen's correspondence, we are indebted to the Atholium.

closet with the Earl of Bothwell, she called aloud for them to give her a knife to kill herself with. Those who were in the room adjoining the closet heard her.* There is also evidence of Bothwell regarding her as a person requiring to be watched, that he might work out his ends successfully. In her own communication to the French court respecting the marriage, she speaks as follows:—'When he saw us like to reject all his suit and offers, in the end he showed us how far he had proceeded with our whole nobility and principals of our estates, and what they had promised him under their own handwriting. If we had cause, then, to be astonished, we remit us to the judgment of the king, the queen, and others our friends. Seeing myself in his power, sequestered from the company of our servants and others of whom we might ask counsel; yea, seeing them upon whose counsel and fidelity we had before depended, whose force ought and must maintain our authority, without whom in a manner we are nothing, beforehand already won over to his wishes, and so we left alone as it were a prey unto him; many things we resolved with myself, but could never find a way of escape. And yet gave he us little space to meditate with myself, ever pressing us with continual and importunate suit.' It may be asked if this is the language in which she could have been expected to write to a friendly potentate respecting a husband whom she had married under the influence of an infatuated passion, as represented by her enemies. In short, while there is no worthy evidence of any love on Mary's part towards Bothwell, or of a single motive of another kind which she could have for such a marriage; while, on the contrary, it was, as the event proved, likely to be most injurious to her; there is abundant evidence of the affair having sprung from the ambition of this profligate man, and been effected by the assistance of a set of his accomplices, who saw in this step a sure means of effecting an object long desired by them—the destruction of a ruler opposed to them in faith, and whose continuance in power was dangerous to the Protestant cause. In five weeks from the marriage these men had immured the queen in Lochleven, while Bothwell was an outlaw roaming through the northern seas.

The whole subsequent conduct of Mary respecting Bothwell is accordant with the supposition of the marriage having been contrary to her will. She parted with him at Carberry without a sigh. In her letters after that event, she is not found alluding to him. That she declined a proposed divorce the month after their parting, may be considered as owing to her having been pregnant of a daughter, now ascertained to have been born at Lochleven, and who died a nun in France. The trial got up between Elizabeth and the Scotch lords, during her imprisonment in England, with a view to establish her guilt, ended, as is well known, in a complete failure. But the crowning evidence on the exculpatory side is in the circumstances connected with the death of Bothwell. This wretched man perished in a Danish prison ten years after his fall. Mary then wrote as follows to the Archbishop of Glasgow:—'Information has been received here of the death of the Earl of Bothwell, and that before his decease he made an ample confession of his crime, and declared himself the guilty author of the assassination of the late king, my husband, of which he expressly acquitted me, testifying to my innocence on the peril of his soul's damnation; and since, if this be true, this testimony would be of the greatest value to me against the false calumnies of my enemies, I beg of you to investigate the truth by all the means possible. Those who were present at this declaration, which was afterwards signed and sealed by them in the form of a last will and testament, are Otto Braw, of the castle of Elcembro; Park Braw, of the castle of Vascut; Mr Gullunstame, of the castle of Fulkenster; the Bishop of Skonen,

and four magistrates of that town. If De Monceaux, who has formerly trafficked in that country, would make a voyage thither to inquire more particularly, I would be glad to employ him for the purpose, and to furnish money for his travelling expenses.' Now this document, which Mary wished to be produced, was sent to Elizabeth, but by her suppressed. Morton, who was now regent in Scotland, is at the same time found imprisoning a man for spreading a report of the existence of such a document. Prince Labanoff has, however, obtained an original and undoubted copy of Bothwell's declaration, showing that the account which Mary had heard of it was correct. A man in Bothwell's circumstances could have no motive to clear the character of Mary, if she had actually been guilty. The publication of this important document is deferred by the prince till he shall give us an eighth and final volume, stating his own impressions from the interesting series of papers contained in the seven already published.

Such are the leading points of the evidence now brought out in favour of the innocence of Mary. It is an evidence which will not be satisfactory to the sectarian spirit still alive respecting the history of her times; but to minds independent of that influence, it will carry much weight. The wonder with candid persons will now be, that they did not long ago suspect the soundness of the prevalent views respecting Mary, seeing that she was exactly in those circumstances which make fair treatment next to impossible. All monarchs succeeded by new and hostile dynasties, all statesmen and all political ideas superseded by others of an opposite stamp, are sure to be misrepresented. Knowing these things, it appears strange that we did not long since suspect the vulgar history of Queen Mary, merely from the circumstance that the representatives of opposite religious and political systems had been in possession of power ever since her time. We might have been startled, if by nothing else, by reflecting that Mary is held infamous on a merely suspected connexion with the crime of murder, while Elizabeth, who is known for certain to have taken measures to have Mary assassinated, who called Sir A. Pawlett a precise fellow, because he would not do the deed, and who actually did murder Mary under form of law, is handed down as a paragon of excellence. The impartial public has been deficient in shrewdness, but we trust it will not be deficient in manfulness to express its sense of the new bearing of this question.

FARMING PAST AND PRESENT.

Nothing could be more erroneous than the attempt which is sometimes made to draw a line of distinction between the principle of raising food and the production of wares in wool, in linen, in wood, or in iron. The one is about as much a manufacture as the other; a trading with capital, an endeavour to accumulate profits, from the supply of a marketable commodity, in the shortest time, and by the cheapest process. It is true that at one time a wider difference existed between the culture of the soil and those arts which are usually termed manufactures; but that period has long since passed, and the two great branches of industry are every day more closely approximating. The farmer—we speak more particularly of Scotland—no longer builds his own sheds, makes his own harness, or fashions the implements by which he prepares the soil, but calls in the assistance of the mason, the joiner, mechanist, and chemist, himself taking only the last division of the labour by which the commodity is produced. Thus it is that farming, as a branch of industry, differs in no respect from cotton weaving: it is an art, to the perfection of which other arts must contribute their share; its demands upon their aid becoming numerous in proportion to the demands upon its produce. Nothing could be more conclusive of this view than a contrast between the realities of British farming in 1845, and those which existed sixty or eighty years ago.

* Translation in W. Turnbull's edition of *Letters of Mary Stuart*. Dobson: 1845.

Let us take, in the first place, the erections of the farm-stead, as these in every case must form the first step towards an establishment. At the period to which we refer these were little better than mud-huts, being constructed of turf, or of alternate layers of turf and stone, and covered with straw, heath, or rushes. There might be some small necessity for carpentry in the framing of the roof or door, but otherwise the whole could be accomplished by the hands on the farm. Now, a first-rate Scottish farm-stead will cost several thousand pounds, requiring the joint labour of the architect, builder, joiner, slater, plumber, and ironsmith. The walls are of well-worked stone, the woodwork usually of foreign timber, thereby calling in the assistance of the timber-merchant and ship-owner, and the slates or tiles also imply the work of another class of artisans. Indeed, a well-appointed farm-stead, with all its officer, its water-pipes, liquid manure-tanks, boiling and steaming apparatus, slicing, chopping, and thrashing machines, requires in every respect as great a variety of labour and mechanical skill as does the erection of any other factory. Or let us look at the interior of the buildings, and compare the rough rude finish of a century ago with the finely-paved, plastered, and partitioned stalls of the present day. Then, the cow-houses and stables were dark, dingy, ill-cleaned hovels; now, they are lighted and ventilated, and their inmates fed and curried with a care exceeding that—we are ashamed to own it—which some would grudge to bestow on their peasantry. In the mere erections of a farm, therefore, there is scarcely a point in common between the two periods; no comparison between the frail hovel of turf and straw, and the substantial structure calculated to endure for centuries. We never look, in fact, from the top of the passing coach at a farm-stead, with its symmetrical lines of elegant architecture and its tall chimney-stalk, but we feel we have a factory before us, as much as if a spinning-mill or iron-foundry formed the prospect.

Again, in directing our attention to the soil, either as regards the amount under culture, or the style of cultivation, nothing could be more strikingly different. Eighty years ago, only a few fields around the home-stead came under the plough, the rest were left in rough pasture, heather, or furze, as laid down by the hand of nature. Nothing could be more truly primitive than the agriculture of our grandfathers. Fences were few, and these of turf or dry stones; hedges and beltings of wood were only coming into fashion round the mansions of the proprietors. Draining was unknown; the dry knolls and slopes alone were tilled; the meadows were left for hay; any spring or superabundance of water on ploughed land was let off by an open furrow, to expend itself in the next lower level; trenching was never thought of; and altogether, culture, in the literal acceptance of the term, was of the most imperfect description. Nor were the crops aimed at anything beyond what might have been expected from such a style of cultivation. Oats, peas, barley or bigg, and an attempt at wheat on some of the better lands, may be said to have constituted the whole agricultural produce of Scotland; for potatoes were merely known as a novelty, and turnips, beet-root, carrots, the artificial grasses, and other green crops, were heard of only as things peculiar to more favoured climates. At present, what is the state of matters, at least in the more available districts? Every acre that the plough and spade can reach is under culture; substantial fences of stone and lime, hedgerows and ornamental paling, are things quite common; and beltings and clumps of wood are thickly scattered over the face of the country, alike for shelter and ornament. Draining and trenching are working wonders on the soil and climate; every rough place is made smooth; the furze, heath, and broom are supplanted by crops of grain; and bogs and mosses are converted into fertile fields. Crops that our forefathers never could have dreamed of, are now reared luxuriantly under the climate of Scotland, creating a total revolution both in our style of living and in

the capabilities of the country as to population. Wheat and potatoes may be said to be the staple support of the populace; turnips, beet-root, and the artificial grasses, are the basis of that enormous amount of butcher-meat which is now consumed; oats and barley are now subordinate articles of food. By this high advancement the rental of the land has in some cases been trebled; the farmer is compelled to seek from every square yard its produce; and owing to the equality to which he has brought it by modern skill, he can calculate upon its capabilities with about as much certainty as the engineer can calculate the power of his steam engine, or the printer the number of sheets which his machine will throw off in a given time.

This high state of cultivation could not, however, have been brought about except by improved implements and machinery—without, in fact, the aid of the mechanic, engineer, chemist, and naturalist. Eighty years ago, a few spades and mattocks, rude wooden ploughs and harrows, a wain or two of wicker or of boards, some pack-saddles and rope harness, a flail and a set of winnowing riddles, constituted the sum total of a farmer's mechanical outfit: now, how different is the picture! His ploughs are of iron, and fashioned upon scientific principles as to draught, width and depth of furrow; and we have at this moment upwards of a score of models before us, each laying claim to some advantage as to draught, drilling, subsoiling, trenching, or even to draining, for this process can now be executed by the plough alone. Nay, we have seen the steam plough at work, and have faith in the prediction that, as the surface of the country becomes more easy and regular under the present systems of culture, this gigantic machine will come into very general operation. As with the plough so with the harrow; the wooden implement has been superseded by one of iron, and by other instruments of the same family, as the grubber, the scarifier, the horse-shoe, &c. each being applicable to some special purpose. The clodpole and mallet, which were applied to the refractory glebe of former years, have generally given way to rollers of various kinds; and the hand that used to scatter the seed broadcast, has in many cases only to tend a machine that will do the work with a precision, regularity, and economy, setting the human instrument at defiance. We often wonder what would be the surprise of a departed grand-uncle, who was wont to sow his little acre of turnip by shaking a bottle of seed along the drills, the discharge being regulated by a bit of perforated paper tied over the mouth of the vessel, were he to revisit the world, and see a first-rate turnip machine taking four drills at once, and not only sowing and covering the seed, but dropping and earthing the manure at the same time. Nothing certainly could more excite his simple wonder; and yet the turnip-sowing machine is but one of a hundred similar inventions, all calculated to lessen the sum of rural labour. In former times, the mechanical skill of the country joiner and blacksmith was quite sufficient for the wants of the farmer; nay, these men were mere labourers, fashioning the material which he usually supplied. Now, the system is totally revolutionised—we have the 'agricultural implement maker,' as a distinct profession, dwelling in cities, possessing large capital, and employing draughtsmen, joiners, turners, engineers, and braziers. New inventions are rising into notice every day; patents are rife; and few of our large towns but have museums, in which the results are displayed for the study of the agriculturist.

It would be fruitless to attempt an enumeration of modern agricultural implements and inventions, and yet there are two or three which cannot be omitted in a contrast like the present. In the matter of vehicles and their outfit, nothing could be more widely dissimilar than the attainments of the two periods. For want of good roads, pack-saddles were more numerous than wains or cars; and wains were rude sledges, dragged slowly along by oxen. The harness of the

cattle—whether horses or oxen—was generally made at by-hours by the ploughmen or farmer himself, and consisted of an assortment of straw or tow-ropes, wooden frames, and thongs of untanned skins. Now, the carts and wagons are of light and elegant construction, requiring the labour of a special class of artisans; and nothing could be more complete than the harness of the saddler, which calls in the skill of the tanner and currier, and the art of the brazier and silversmith. Could we recall the shaggy farm-horse of 1745, with his rude furniture, and place him alongside of the sleek stately animal of the present day, caparisoned in his elegant harness, the contrast would be as decidedly startling as that between the savage in his tattered blanket and the well-dressed gentleman. Again, if we compare the simple flail of our ancestors with the improved steam thrashing-mill of the present day, we shall find a difference even more astonishing. Sixty years ago, the ploughman prepared two rods of well-dried ash, pierced an eye in each, connected them by a free hinge of cord or dried eel-skin, and this constituted the flail, the only thrashing implement till a recent period which Britain could boast of. Slow, tedious, and expensive, this implement could no more have met our present requirements than could the spinning-wheel of our grandmothers. The thrashing-machine took its place, at first small and imperfect, but now on many farms a complete instrument—moved by steam, and not only thrashing out the grain, but winnowing it, dressing it, and sacking it quite ready for the market. The farmer need never unyoke his horses from their ordinary field-work, so far as thrashing is concerned; he has only to light his furnace in the morning, by breakfast the steam is up, and before dinner as much grain is thrashed, cleaned, and ready for sale, as a dozen flailmen could have prepared in a month. In fact, the thrashing-mill is one of the most obvious applications of mechanical skill to the manufacture of human food, and quite as perfect in its results as is the spinning-mill or power-loom.

It is not, however, in the mere substitution of ingenious and powerful machinery for implements simple and imperfect that agriculture is approximating more and more to the condition of a manufacture; there are inventions and appliances totally new which bear equally on this view of the matter. Take, for example, the subject of draining. The excavations are not now filled merely with stones gathered from the land or dug from the quarry, but are fitted with tiles and pipes of clay, concrete, and other substances. Nor are these tiles fashioned slowly by the hand, but are pressed and moulded into form by machines with a precision and rapidity that enables the farmer to lay down drains not by feet and yards but by miles. Or turn we to the subject of manure, the last and least thought of by our forefathers, who allowed their dung-heaps to run to waste, exposed to the sun and rain, as things of secondary importance. On this point the physiologist and chemist have created a sudden and total change of opinion, and every scrap of farm manure, and every drop of animal liquid, is now collected and preserved with as great care as is the grain that is reaped and thrashed. Not only are dung-pits and liquid manure-tanks built and carefully excluded from the causes of evaporation, but chemical substances are applied to fix the volatile principles, and an immense amount of labour bestowed in the proper preparation of the farm-yard manure. Nay, farther, bones are sought in every quarter, gathered at home, and shipped from abroad, to be crushed for manure; the droppings of sea-birds, under the name of guano, are imported from the rocky islets of Peru and South Africa at many pounds per ton, thus making the meanest of all substances the subject of the most profitable commerce. Nor does the supply of manure end here: the chemist has determined the substances entering into the composition of the various crops; he knows also the constitution of the soil, and can therefore supply to it the elements which the intended crop

shall most require. Thus we have dozens of artificial manures invented, prepared, and patented by the ablest chemists of modern times—again confirming the proposition with which we set out, that in every particular agriculture is more and more approximating to our ideas of a manufacture.

As yet we have said nothing respecting the condition of the farmer as influenced by this rapid advancement, but our comparison would be partial and imperfect without some allusion to the vast change which it has effected in this particular. Formerly, the farmhouse was a humble single-storeyed tenement, with two or three apartments at most, and these but very indifferently furnished; the walls were roughly plastered; there was either no ceiling, or one formed of boards and matting; and in a majority of instances, the floors were earthen. The dairy and poultry were either managed under the same roof, or in adjoining sheds; and the house being situated in the same range or square with the byres and stables, afforded anything but a facility for order and cleanliness. Now, how different is the arrangement! It is only the other day that we visited a Fifeshire farm, and found the dwelling-house rivaling the handsomest of our suburban villas in style and comfort. Embosomed in shrubbery, possessing a suite of public and private rooms, and having the kitchen, scullery, and dairy arranged behind, and screened from view with admirable taste, it was a mansion that might have accommodated a nobleman. Nor is this a solitary instance, for we could point to hundreds of such in the lowland counties, where eighty years ago there was nothing superior to a modern roadside cottage. Then, too, the farmer, dressed plainly in homespun woollen, toiled with his labourers, sat, and generally mealied with them in the kitchen, and altogether led a simple life, little exalted above that of his hands. His sons took their regular share of out-door labour, his wife and daughters attended to the kitchen, spun, managed the poultry and dairy, and were generally the first on the harvest-field. Now, the farmer and his family dress expensively; his duty is to conduct, not to labour with his own hands; he never mingles with his servants unless to direct; his sons are beginning to be educated in those sciences necessary to the perfection of their art; his daughters are taught every accomplishment of modern education, take no share in the labour of the farm, and only attend to such household duties as devolve upon ladies in town. The farmer keeps his thoroughbred horse, or drives his own curricle; attends market as a merchant does the Exchange; transacts his business not as of old with the consumer, but with the cornfactor, thereby saving time, and avoiding expense and trouble. Nay, so perfect is his system of marketing, that, like the clothier and tea-merchant, he can send his samples, his note of weights and prices, and can thus secure every advantage of market without leaving the duties of his farm for a moment. All this speaks of high professional attainment, and betokens an improvement still greater than we can form any idea of, once the physiologist and chemist have made their deductions to bear more directly upon the science of agriculture.

We turn in conclusion to the condition of the farm labourer, the hind, the peasant, the cottager, or by whatever other name the rural section of our population is known. Here we must confess that the picture is not so cheering: this vast improvement in agriculture has told but faintly in comparison on his position, the while it has tended to separate him immeasurably from his employer. The cotton lord who lives in his suburban palace, lolls in his carriage, and dines off silver, is not farther removed from the poor girl who stands at one of his spinning frames, than are some of our modern farmers from the hind that ploughs the soil. This seems to be an inevitable effect of the accumulation of capital, and it were indeed a cheerless and staggering one, had we not faith in human progress towards a condition of less toil and greater comfort. R

must not, however, be supposed that all this recent advance in agriculture has left the labourer in his position of eighty years ago. The draining and treading of the soil have rendered it dry and smooth, and he treads over it more lightly; he has less of rheumatism, and never suffers from ague; machinery has removed in a great degree the necessity of long-continued work and heavy lifts; he is better clothed, and more regularly fed; and on well-managed estates, has a neat and comfortable cottage to dwell in. As improvements proceed, so will his condition be farther improved; every additional appropriation of machinery will lessen his manual labour; and the general advancement of the country will put in his, as in other men's possession, the little luxuries of food and clothing which are so essential to our ideas of comfort. Intellectually, too, he is a superior being; he enjoys a greater amount of freedom; and the expertness he has acquired from moving amid so much improvement and machinery, has fitted him to enter upon other pursuits with greater chance of success than he could possibly have done during the primitive ignorance of a century ago. These are great advantages certainly; and though they do not place the labourer in the proximity to the farmer that existed in former times, still they ought to be regarded as a lengthening of that lever which men, with proper attention, and care, and self-respect, may apply to their own elevation.

Altogether, therefore, it would seem that agriculture, though somewhat later in taking the start, is not in any degree behind the general advance of other industrial pursuits; and that it is every day more closely approximating to them in its modes of operation, in its requirements, and in its results.

BENONI'S MOURNING.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

In the five thousand five hundred and fifty-fifth year of the world, Rabbi Benjamin Benoni, chief doctor of the dispersed of Israel, dwelling in the Gentile city of Granada, made a vow to fast and mourn two days at every full moon for the sins and iniquities of his household.

Rabbi Benjamin Benoni was learned in all the wisdom of the Talmud. He knew to a hair's-breadth how near a Gentile might be approached without pollution, and had written three folio volumes on the proper posture for eating the passover; but the principal exploit of his life was the refutation, in public controversy, of the doctrine maintained by Rabbi Joseph Benjamin Joshua, of Malaga, that it was lawful for a Jew to lift a pin which he saw at his feet on the Sabbath day, which raised his reputation for knowledge and piety to such a height among the Jews of Spain, that they sought his advice and assistance in all difficult cases of conscience, and called him the Solomon of the dispersed. Nor was the rabbi esteemed less righteous than wise. In common with all his people since the Roman ploughshare passed over Zion, he was a man of commerce, and noted for the justice of his dealings with both Jew and Gentile. His zeal against the idolatry of the latter might have rivalled that of the ancient Jehu, had he lived in an age more conducive to its display; but as things were, Benoni had suffered much and often for the faith of his fathers. Born in Poland about the time of his people's banishment from that country by Cassimer the Great, he had early become a wanderer, and persecution had tracked the course of his after years, pursuing him from city to city over the length and breadth of Europe; till, in the sunset of his days, he found a peaceful asylum in the once Moorish, but now Christian city of Granada. Blameless in his life, and most scrupulous in his piety, Rabbi Benjamin Benoni, in the judgment of his people, was entitled to expect every promised blessing annexed to the law of Moses; and some blessings he had received. His business had prospered in every land where he had sought a temporary refuge from Gentile oppression; and his wealth was then believed to exceed that of any

merchant in the city. But a strange affliction had fallen upon the rabbi in his latter days. Of the four children of his youth that grew to years of maturity, there was not one who cared for his age, or loved him as a father: all were gone from him, and he was alone; for the wife of his early choice had died in her summer, and her grave was far away among the hills of Hungary. One was a youth of promise and high hopes, who had become great and famous among the Gentiles for his knowledge of their lore. But he had forgotten his father, and, it seemed, his father's faith also; for he had long ceased to observe the ceremonies of the law, and now dwelt in the city of Salamanca, where he was renowned as a scholar, and much in favour with the Spanish nobility. The other had humbler aspirations. He wedded the maid of his heart, and dwelt in peace among his people, following their path of commerce. Love lit up his hearth, riches increased around him, and men esteemed him liberal and just; yet he never sought the house of his father, nor paused to inquire if it were well with him. The next was a daughter, deemed comeliest among the maids of Israel, fair and stately like the queens of Judah before she was made desolate. But the girl forsook her early faith and kindred for the name and the love of a noble Nazarene, and passed her father on the city streets in all her Christian splendour, as one who dreaded not his wrath, and sought not his friendship. The last was a maiden wise and gentle, but not fair. None had sought her, and she remained unwedded, but left her father in early youth to watch over the orphan children and home of an aged rabbi, and returned to his house no more.

Benoni's heart grew heavy within him as he thought of these things in his lonely chamber. Dust was on his gray locks, and sackcloth was his garment; for it was the time of the full moon, and he mourned, according to his vow, for the great and strange sin of his children. The evening of the second day was come, the hush of the dying twilight had fallen on the great city, and all was silent where the rabbi prayed, looking to the east, the place of morning, and the still promised land to which his fathers had turned through the prayers and wanderings of ages. He prayed long and wept sore; for sorrow was upon him, and he found no comfort. But when the last light was fading, there came a low knock to the chamber door, and a voice of earnest intreaty, which said, 'Benjamin Benoni, for the sake of Jerusalem arise and follow me!'

The rabbi rose astonished, for the voice was strange, and spoke in the old language of the Hebrews, that had long been silent on earth. Without, there stood a man tall and dark, and in the vigour of his years; his garb was of an ancient fashion, his beard long and flowing, and his countenance expressed majesty mixed with sweetness. He beckoned with his hand, and Benoni followed him, though he knew not whither, yet felt as if impelled to go. They left the home of his solitude behind them, and passed through the streets and gates of the city, and then along a great road leading northward, which Benoni, in all his wanderings, had never trod before. It was broad and lonely, and led far away over hill and valley, through forest and desert plain; and by the full bright moon, which shone upon their journey, the rabbi discerned with amazement the long-remembered features of many a far-distant landscape seen in his early journeys: but the ground was smooth beneath his steps, and his feet seemed swift as the wings of an eagle; for he felt no weariness, but journeyed on with that silent guide leagues after leagues, till it seemed to him they had tracked the boundaries of many a Christian realm: they paused at last, where the moon shed her silver rays on the spires of a slumbering city, and the rabbi well remembered the good old town of Presburg.

Midnight lay clear and still on the city of the Magyars; for all its thousands slept, and Benoni's guide conducted him in silence from street to street, till they reached a large but neglected house, whose doors seemed

to open before them; and on entering, the rabbi recognised it as the same which he had occupied twenty years before, when his children were young, and their mother dwelt with him. Benoni would have spoken his surprise, but a spell of silence was upon his lips, and he could utter no sound. The house was still inhabited, but its dwellers saw neither the rabbi nor his guide; though days and nights seemed to pass, and they were with them from hour to hour, marking the manner of their lives at hearth, and board, and prayer. The family were Israelites, and oh how like his own as they once had been! There was a father in the noon of life, a mother fair and gentle, and four young children beautiful and fresh as the first leaves of the vine. Without they had peace, and they felt no want within; yet their home was unhappy; its chambers were solitary and cheerless, for their echoes never woke with the joy of the young, nor the sound of festal gladness: there was a shadow on the mother's beauty cast by unquiet days. The children had sad and thoughtful faces, that told of precocious care; and there were harsh words and fierce disputes that came often among them, as if the thorns of life had grown up early, and choked the flowers of childhood. But Benoni marvelled not; for he saw that the taresower was the high priest of the hearth. The man was one to be well spoken of in the city for grave carriage and integrity; but he sat amid his household as a reprover and a judge, who had no sympathy with their hearts, and no regard to their wishes. None among the doctors of Judah could better interpret the law, and few were more strict in its outward observance; but he made it wearisome to his household by enforcing its thousand ceremonies, and neglecting the 'weightier matters,' which his own example should have taught them by the law of love. Benoni marked the canker working its way to the hearts of the young: he saw the dew of their spring days, the keen relish of life's first enjoyments, that comes no more to those who taste the wormwood, and the blameless desires of childhood, so earnest yet so easily fulfilled, sacrificed day by day to the pride of their father's profitless wisdom, to the folly of his false devotion, and the bent of an evil nature that delighted to rebuke.

The dark seed bore its fruit: the children shunned his presence, and beheld his approach with fear: their laughter died at the sound of his step, and they learned to look upon him as an enemy, whilst round their gentle but simple-hearted mother their gathered affections were twined. She, too, felt her home unblest, and her life weary, for the manner of the husband and father was the same. The tree which she had chosen she found to be a brier. Years of hopeless discontent brought early withering, and at last disease came upon her. She heard the summons of the grave, and grieved not to go, for her wedded life had known no comfort; yet she sorrowed to leave her children, but not to part from the spouse of her youth. He saw his work, but knew it not, for his trust was still unshaken in the power of his vain wisdom and the pride of his long prayers. Benoni grew sad; for, as that fair face faded, its features grew more and more like to those of his lost Jemima, and at length it was his very self. The guide, however, again beckoned him away, and he felt constrained to follow. They left the dwelling and journeyed on; the same great road still stretched before them; but now it wound away like a long river to the west. Again the rabbi found himself passing swiftly through lands traversed before. Many a stately city, the long-deared goal of far-sailing ships and weary caravans; many a dark fortress, that guarded the boundaries of hostile nations, they passed as the wind in its unseen flight; till, fair among her vines, and crowned with the glory of canturies, rose to their view the city of the Seine. The glare of torches and the roll of chariots swept along the never-silent streets, as the gay and noble of the land returned from their long, late revels. Benoni's conductor led him on to a low but open door, far from such scenes, in the quarter inhabited by the sons of toil and Israel.

Well the rabbi knew that house and its narrow chambers, for there, in his wanderings westward, he had once dwelt with his children; but seven long winters had passed over him since then, and days and nights again seemed to glide swiftly by as he and that silent guide beheld the unconscious household. They were the same forms and faces he had seen at Presburg, though changed as if by the march of many years. The children had grown to stately youths and dark-haired maidens; but the mother's glance was wanting, for the light of her love might shine on their path no more. Grayness had come upon the father's locks, and furrows on his brow, but he had learned no lesson from the voice of time: age had only deepened the darkness of his soul, and strengthened in its shadow the love of power and gold. He barred his sons from the love of the Gentile nations, deeming it forbidden, because beyond his knowledge. One was a gifted spirit, strong to think and question, and he despised the faith of Israel because of him who taught it. The other had no gifts, but many graces, and his father esteemed him little, because he had no part in the praise of men. He denied to his daughters the ornaments of youth, and called them sinful vanities; but it was because he valued the smallest coin in his coffers more than the pleasures of his children. Yet he looked with pride on one who walked in beauty; but his glance was cold and careless on her sister, who, though less fair of face, was far more fair in soul. The tares which the old man had planted so early were ripening fast around him; his children already scorned his rebukes, and scarcely heard his counsels, for they had outgrown the fears of childhood, and he had not won the love of their youth: he had made their home solitary, and long habit had rendered them unsocial. Their sphere of society was bounded by each other; and their dwelling was indeed a world to them, but a world which contained in its narrow limits all the evils of the outer earth. The contentions of jarring opinions, the discord of opposing tempers, and the strife of conflicting, though petty interests, banished love and peace from the hearth which should have been their altar—darkened the gray of age, and withered the green of youth.

The rabbi saw, and rejoiced for the gentle mother who had escaped so much in the hush of her early grave; but once more that voiceless conductor beckoned him away from the cheerless dwelling of that joyous city. Their journey was still on the same broad and lonely path towards the place of the setting sun. Swifter still, but still unwearied, Benoni found himself speeding on, rather like one borne upon the waves of a rapid river, than the traveller of the solid earth. But now the way-marks grew more familiar; he knew the white sierras and dark-green woods of Spain, and at last entered at the very gate by which he went forth, the lost but long-beloved city of the Moors. The stranger guided him on through the hushed but well-known streets, till they reached the silence of his own forsaken dwelling. The full moon was still bright above the towers of Granada—though it seemed as if that midnight journey had tracked the course of years—and poured the full flood of her silvery splendour on a solitary chamber where an aged man sat silent and alone. Well the rabbi knew that face, though the furrows were deepened, and the eye dimmed with the shadows of life's closing twilight, since he beheld it last. It was the same he had seen among the children at Presburg and the young at Paris. But the old man's household had gone from him one by one, and left him alone in the winter of his days, like a desert to which the pilgrim desires not to look back; for the place which he filled was the dark spot of their memory. Through all its withering and changes, that form had been to Benoni as one familiar, though without a name; yet now, as he gazed on the forsaken man, the rabbi seemed to be transformed strangely and suddenly as men are in their dreams, till it was himself that stood in the moonlit chamber, with all that weight of solitude and years. 'Benjamin Benoni,' said the

glorious guide, who still stood by him. 'I am the angel of wisdom who guided Solomon in his search for hidden truth. The way which thou hast trodden is the path of memory, in which the steps of the aged wax not slow, nor the eyes of the slumberer dim. By it thou hast retraced the wastes of thy many wanderings; thou hast seen the working of thy boasted wisdom, and looked on the gems of life, the trampled and cast from thee, where they lie far away in the wilderness of time. Learn from these things what sins thou shouldst lament, and tell thy tale, that others may learn from thee.' As the last words fell on the ear of the rabbi, the angel of wisdom passed from his dwelling, and we know not if he ever returned: from that hour Benjamin Benoni mourned no more for the sins of his children, but he sorely mourned for his own.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DISINTERESTED LEGATEES.

ABOUT forty years ago, an old man of Scottish birth, who had realised a large fortune in England, and from time to time made purchases of landed property in his native county, died after a protracted life of miserable penury, leaving only collateral relations. These persons had fully expected to be benefited by their kinsman, so that their surprise was necessarily very great when they learned that he had executed a conveyance of his whole property to a legal practitioner of Aberdeen, who had been accustomed to manage it. It appeared that the old man, under the influence of mere crotchets, or some temporary irritation, had resolved to disappoint them; at the same time that he enriched a man who had no natural claim upon his regard.

The relations had hardly recovered from the first sense of discomfiture, and the friends of Mr C— had scarcely begun to congratulate him upon his good fortune, when he announced to the heirs that he had destroyed the deed, and that the property would consequently pass to them as if the deceased had been intestate. He had with reluctance, he said, consented to allow of the deed being drawn up, and only for the purpose of securing the property for the rightful heirs. These individuals consequently entered upon full possession of the old man's estates and effects. They pressed upon the agent's acceptance a gift of about six thousand pounds, in gratitude for his honourable conduct. It is pleasant to record that he is still living, and a considerable land proprietor in the district where he originally practised as a solicitor or agent.

More recently, a circumstance somewhat similar took place. Two aged sisters were joint-proprietors of an estate in Perthshire. The elder was married, and had a son; the other was unmarried. The elder dying first, her share of the property was inherited by her son, then an officer in the Guards. The second lady, having some groundless dislike to this gentleman, bequeathed her share to a favourite nephew, far down in the family tree, and who had no expectation of such an inheritance. Finding, after the death of the old lady, how the property was destined, this gentleman lost no time in writing to his cousin—a person, we may mention, with whom he was but slightly acquainted, for they had been living at a distance from each other, and were in totally different walks in life—informing him that he could not for a moment think of taking advantage of such a will, but begged to surrender his right, without any reserve, into the hands of the heir-at-law. What added to the merit of this action, the legatees considered the whole matter as a private family affair, and said not a word about it to any besides the party principally concerned. It only became known in consequence of legal proceedings for the transference of the property to the heir-at-law, an opinion from counsel having decided that it was best to proceed upon the will, instead of holding it as null, which was the wish of the legatee.

These examples of a high conscientiousness will be admired by all. They are felt to be the nobler, that public opinion would not have greatly resented a more selfish procedure in either instance. The agent might have appropriated the estate of his client, to the preclusion of the natural heirs, and still more might the junior cousin have sat quietly down in possession of his aunt's property, without forfeiting the esteem of society, seeing that they only did what the law allowed, and what hundreds would have done in their case. We therefore unavoidably accord high praise to their conduct, which we see to have sprung entirely from a genuine integrity and unselfishness of nature. But, it may be asked, is this approbation of such conduct a good sign of the public morality? We fear not, for absolutely the course taken by these two men was precisely what ought to have been taken, and no more. Their conduct only shines by reason of our believing that most men would have acted differently. Let us fully admit, then, the relative merit, seeing that most men feel as if they were well enough if they only act as their neighbours generally do, and any exception from common selfishness argues a superior nature. But still let us also understand that such actions ought not to be rare, nor their merit felt as calling for unusual notice or commendation.

For what are all such eccentric bequests? Are they not in almost all cases the result of mere dotage—not, perhaps, a proveable insanity, but a prave state of the natural feelings arising from age or disease, and dictating a destination of goods which the testator would himself, in an ordinary condition, view with horror? A testator, in such circumstances, is a man at issue with himself. He does now, in his seventieth year, we shall say, what, throughout the previous sixty-nine, he would have condemned in the strongest terms. He, therefore, who takes advantage of the bequest of a testator ascertained to be of this character, may be said to assist him in outraging his own normal feelings, and rendering his name a by-word, and a reproach. The part which he acts is little better than that of a man who accepts some costly gift which a child in the simplicity of its heart has offered, not knowing its value, and unrecking that its parents were the true owners. Nor is this all; for all such conduct tends to lower and keep down the standard of the public morality. It gives a disgusting sanction to the maxim of every man for himself, which is the purest essence of barbarism, and tends more than anything else to retard the happiness of mankind.

PUNCTUALITY.

Punctuality to engagements is a species of conscientiousness—a conscientiousness towards our neighbours' time. The gentler sex are sadly deficient in it, probably from their being less accustomed to business arrangements than men. A whimsical friend used to recommend those having appointments with ladies always to go an hour too late. 'You thus have the moderate revenge of keeping them waiting a quarter of an hour, for the three quarters which they would have been sure to keep you waiting, if you had been punctual.'

GUNPOWDER CELEBRATIONS.

Does it never occur to any one that the firing of cannon to mark distinguished events and their anniversaries is far from being a rational practice? What is most objectionable about this folly of the grown-up world, it sanctions similar practices on a smaller scale among boys, who, on several days of every year are a source of danger both to themselves and others. Many a quiet family are little aware of the gunpowder plot carried on in cellar, closet, or garret, by the male juveniles of their establishment for several days before the royal birthday, or that the son whom they suppose to be at school, or at least enjoying some innocent recreation, is busied in some coarse mob not far from their home firing off pigmy ordnance, squibs, crackers, and other examples

of pyrotechny. Hardly a year passes without its gunpowder victims, and sometimes the spirit of the fire-worshippers leads to actual rioting and destructive violence. We must really take leave to doubt that any benefits can be derived from a sulphureous celebration of great days, comparable to the evils which it entails; and we cannot doubt that amusements of a rational and harmless kind could easily be substituted, such as the visiting of museums, zoological gardens, picture galleries, and 'show places' generally. The first step in reform is one belonging to persons in authority: the firing of cannon on such days ought to be given up.

THE GIBBET.

The gibbet has not fifteen years' life in it. If in 1860, fifteen years hence, there shall be a death punishment existing, if we shall still be in this world together, reproach me with being the falsest prophet, the veriest fool, that ever presumed to talk of the advancing spirit of the times.—*Lord Nugent.*

We cordially agree with Lord Nugent, and undertake a share of the hazards to which he here exposes himself.

RESUSCITATION.

The purpose of respiration is to expose the portion of the blood which has returned to the heart, after it has circulated through the body, and which has acquired during that circulation the properties of dark or venous blood, to the influence of atmospheric air in the lungs. The oxygenous portion of the air so received into the lungs converts this venous blood into florid or arterial blood; that is, into a state for being again circulated through all parts of the system. Any interruption to this process—by submersion in water, exposure to choke-damp, strangulation, and the like—if continued beyond a few minutes, is destructive of life. Recovery is, however, possible within certain limits; hence the resuscitative appliances to cases of 'suspended animation.'

The restoratives generally resorted to are warmth, friction, electricity, and, above all, supplying of the lungs with fresh or properly oxygenated air, either by free exposure to an external current, or by artificial injection. The cause of the latter appliance is sufficiently obvious, as the cessation of the heart's action—technically called *asphyxia*—is occasioned by the interruption of respiration, or rather by the interruption of the effect produced by that function on the blood. Any means, therefore, that can restore the process of respiration, or otherwise supply its place, till the action of the heart has been established, must be of value in resuscitation, and especially so where they can be applied with ease and rapidity. Various apparatus have been invented for the injection of common air; but as this fluid contains only about twenty parts in the hundred of pure oxygen, its effect upon the blood in the lungs cannot be so rapid as that of a mixture containing a greater proportion, and still less so than oxygen itself. This gas has accordingly been long recommended; but the difficulty of obtaining it with sufficient rapidity has hitherto proved a barrier to its application. A new mode has, however, been proposed by Dr George Wilson of Edinburgh, by which an unlimited supply can be obtained and administered in a few minutes, and it is to this that we would direct more general attention.

It has been some time known that the chlorate of potash, if mixed with a metallic oxide—such as the peroxide of iron, or the black oxide of manganese—and heated to redness, will give off oxygen in a copious stream, and without any interruption, so long as there is any of that gas in the compound. The proportion of the metallic oxide to the chlorate is a matter of difference among chemists; but Dr Wilson has found by repeated experiment that about one of the former to five of the latter is the most advantageous. We were recently invited to witness in his chemical class-room an exhibition of the apparatus by which he proposes to administer the gas, and which, in the opinion of medical men, is likely to prove efficacious. In this case the supply was

on a limited scale only—some 600 or 800 cubic inches in four minutes—but from the rapidity and certainty with which the gas was produced and administered to a fictitious patient, it left the most favourable impression upon the minds of the spectators. A glass retort containing four or six ounces of the mixture was heated with a spirit-lamp, and in a few seconds the gas began to be evolved, the evolution increasing in rapidity, till at the second minute it flowed over in a continuous stream, and was conveyed into an ordinary telescope gasometer. From this reservoir it was extracted by means of injection bellows fitted with flexible tubes, and then conveyed to the lungs of the supposed patient. This contrivance was next abandoned, and the head of the patient placed in an air-tight box, into which the gas was conveyed from the gasometer. This box was fitted with a glass-clip for watching the changes produced on the countenance of the patient; and the necessary inspirations and expirations were caused by external pressure on the chest, as is done in ordinary cases of administering atmospheric air. Indeed several methods of applying the gas were suggested; but to these we need not advert, as the great merit of the proposal consists in the rapidity with which the supply can be produced and administered. On this head we think Dr Wilson deserving of the thanks of the public, and especially for the pains he has taken in laying it before the medical faculty, the directors of humane societies, and others capable of making the application. Of the individuals who are asphyxiated by submersion, exposure to choke-damp, &c. only a small per centage are resuscitated by the appliances at present in use; but there is every reason to conclude that if a supply of oxygen were obtained by the means above proposed, and kept in readiness at the offices of humane societies and otherwise, the recoveries would be trebled, or even quadrupled. It is agreed on all hands that pure oxygen is more efficacious in asphyxia than common air; and certainly no plan could be more rapid or more economical than that proposed by Dr Wilson.

THE POETRY OF ALFRED TENNYSON.*

Among the assertions most often made in the present day, is one, that the age of poetry is past, or passing. It is said that men are so engrossed with material interests and the struggle for subsistence, that they have little time or inclination to listen to the voices of the poets; and that even if the contrary were the case, they would not prefer the poets of the present day. These opinions have become an article of faith with many, and book-sellers especially cling to them with a pertinacity which can only result from conviction. Whether they are right, and whether the age deserves this character, we shall not stop to inquire; we merely allude to the subject, to introduce the name of Alfred Tennyson, and to cite his popularity, either as a great exception to the charge, if it be, generally, a true one, or as a great proof of its falsehood, if it be a false one.

In the year 1830, Mr Tennyson, then a very young man, published a small volume of poems, which met with rather severe treatment from one or more of the most influential reviews. Four years later, he issued another volume, which met a reception as unfavourable. For ten years after this he ceased to publish; his name did not appear in magazines or annuals as a contributor, neither was he mentioned in any way in the catalogues of the publishers. He was not, however, forgotten. During the interval, there had been growing in many minds a sense of his merits: the number so

* This article has been written at our request, in order to convey to our readers some idea of the writings of Mr Tennyson, now rising into repute. Having ourselves had no opportunity of forming an opinion of his merits as a poet, we have to request that our readers will consider the criticism in the present paper as not ours, but that of a gentleman in whose judgment we have general reason to place confidence.—Ed.

affected was constantly increasing; and there existed, in short, a large class of well-informed men, who considered that he was a true poet. In the year 1842 appeared a reprint of the most of his pieces, some having been omitted, in consequence probably of the strictures of the reviewers, and some of them having been slightly altered, together with a series of new poems, the whole forming two small octavo volumes. Without any aid from literary cliques, without any resort to the aids of puffery now so common—arts without which even merit itself hardly appears able to obtain a hearing—these volumes found favour with the public, and in three years have run through as many editions. Suddenly, it has become the fashion to consider Alfred Tennyson as a great poet, if not as the 'poet of the age.' It must be allowed that in these days, when the multitude of competitors renders fame so much more difficult of acquisition than it was in days gone by, there must be rare merit in the writer, who, living apart from the busy world as Mr Tennyson does, and either scorning or being too indolent to employ the machinery by which reputations are partly to be made, has assumed so high a position in the eyes of his contemporaries. A careful study of Mr Tennyson's poems has numbered us in the ranks of his warm admirers; not among that unthinking portion who repeat their praise at second-hand, and who, without knowing why, exalt the object of it greatly beyond his merits, but among those who see in what he has done a very rare excellence, and the promise of still higher achievements, if he will only remain true to his vocation.

Mr Tennyson, we must admit, is inferior to no poet of the present generation; and if we were called upon to state his equal, we should have some difficulty, among the many vigorous spirits whose names are rising one after the other upon the literary horizon, to prove the immortality of the poetic spirit, in pointing out one who has written uniformly so well, and who has proved himself so capable of still greater triumphs.

Those who consider him the poet of the age, have, we think, fallen into a mistake. He may perhaps be the best the age has produced; but the poet whose genius shall reflect and be reflected by this age has yet to make himself known. With all his power and beauty, Mr Tennyson is not that man, if his claim is to rest upon what he has already done. The spirit of this age is that of hope. It is a spirit of action and of enterprise—a spirit of keen inquiry, which would have nothing hidden from its scrutiny either in the present or in the past, the more especially if any lessons can be learned from either for the improvement of the actual, or the attainment of the possible. It is a spirit of energy, of material progress, of free examination—a spirit of movement among the masses of mankind—a spirit from the operations of which we may anticipate, without being over-sanguine, that each successive generation will be wiser and happier than the generation that preceded it. The character of Mr Tennyson's muse is very different. He clings to the memories of the past, and although occasionally his aspirations for the future are elevated and ennobling, they are not so frequent as to form the pervading characteristic of his mind. His muse is one of contemplation more than of action—a muse attuned to the harmonies of nature; sweet, plaintive, and melancholy, with a classical elegance and purity, and a simplicity of loveliness that wins upon every reader the more he studies it. In an age that examines all things, questions all things, experimentalises upon all things, overthrows old systems before it has devised new ones, and whose motto is, 'On—for ever on,' Mr Tennyson anchors his poetical bark upon the traditions of yore, and allows the winds of the present or of the future to blow around him, but not to urge him to any progress. He has a deep knowledge of the human heart, great clearness of mind, a consummate mastery of the art of versification, and sympathies that are ever on the side of the multitude; but too deeply impressed with the beauty of the classics, and with the exquisitely

poetical mythology of the Greeks, he has become the poet of scholars, and not, as he might have been under a ruder and more comprehensive training, the poet of the people.

The prevailing characteristic of his style is a quaint and quiet elegance, and of his mind a gentle melancholy, with now and then touches of strong dramatic power, the whole coloured by the peculiar scenery of that part of England where he has long resided. Any attentive reader of his poetry, who may have been ignorant that he is a dweller amid the fens of Lincolnshire, would soon suspect this to be the case, when he found such constant pictures of fens and morasses, quiet meres, and sighing feeds, as he so beautifully introduces. We shall not quote as a specimen the beautiful poem of Mariana in the Moated Grange, which must be familiar to most readers, having gone the round of almost all the newspapers and periodicals of the country, although it would exemplify all the points we have stated, but shall mention a few instances from other poems less known. The exquisitely modulated poem of the Dying Swan affords a picture drawn, we think, with wonderful delicacy:—

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will;
And far through the marish green and still,
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

The ballad of New-Year's Eve introduces similar scenery:

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night,
Which from the dry dark wold the summer air blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush in the pool.

In the fragment of an epic on the death of King Arthur full of most mournful beauty, we have—

I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds,

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds.

The barge, with oar and sail,
Moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan,
That fluting a wild carol ere her death
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere,
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the walling died away.

Many similar pictures and expressions might be cited, to show how thoroughly the poet's mind has been tinted by the scenery amid which he has studied. We find constantly throughout the volumes such expressions as 'waste fens,' 'windy fields,' 'glooming flats,' 'sullen pools,' 'sluices with blackened waters,' 'sedges dank,' 'water-lilies, and all the other accessories wanting to complete a Lincolnshire landscape. These expressions, constant as they are, never weary. They are never introduced inopportunistly; and they impress the mind of the reader almost as vividly as the objects referred to must have impressed that of the writer, and are besides a relief to the constant sameness of English scenery, as depicted in the pages of other poets.

Another characteristic of Mr Tennyson's style is his beautiful simplicity. Let no one underrate so great a merit. The first poetry of barbarism, and the most refined poetry of advancing civilisation, have it in common. As a specimen of great power and great simplicity, we make the following extracts from his poem on the old legend of the Lady Godiva:—

She sought her lord, and found him where he stood
About the hall, among his dogs, alone.
She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.

Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
*'You would not let your little finger ache
 For such as these?'* *'But I would die,'* said she.
 He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
 Then flung at the diamond in her ear:
'Oh ay, oh ay, you talk!' *'Alas!'* she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
 And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
 He answered, *'Ride you naked through the town,
 And I repeat it;'* and nodding, as in scorn,
 He parted.

So, left alone, the passions of her mind—
 As winds from all the compass shift and blow—
 Made war upon each other for an hour,
 Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
 And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
 The hard condition; but that she would loose
 The people. Therefore, as they loved her well,
 From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
 No eye look down, she passing; but that all
 Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.
 Then fled she to her innermost bower, and there
 Unclasped the wadded eagles of her belt,
 The grim earl's gift; but ever at a breath
 She lingered, looking like a summer moon
 Half dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
 And showered the rippled ringlets to her knees;
 Unloosed herself in haste; adown the stair
 Stole on; and, like a creeping gunbeam, slid
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
 The gateway: there she found her palfrey trapped
 In purple, blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed o'er with chastity;
 The deep air listened round her as she rode,
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
 The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spouts
 Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
 Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
 Light horrors through her pulses: the blind walls
 Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but she
 Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
 The white-flowered elder thicket from the field
 Gloom through the Gothic archways in the wall.
 Then she rode back clothed on with chastity;
 And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
 The fatal byword of all years to come,
 Boring a little finger hole in fear,
 Peeped; but his eyes, before they had their will,
 Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
 And drooped before him. So the powers, who wait
 On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
 And she that knew not, passed; and all at once,
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
 Was clashed and hammersed from a hundred towers,
 One after one; but even then she gained
 Her bower: whence releasing, robed and crowned,
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
 And built herself an everlasting name.

The ballad of *'Lady Clara Vere de Vere'* might also be cited as a specimen of extreme simplicity united with great force; but as it has lately gone the round of the journals, we shall make an extract from a poem less known, and the length of which has saved it from so much newspaper publicity. *'The Talking Oak'* is the title of a fanciful and beautiful ballad of seventy-five stanzas, in which a lover and an oak tree converse upon the charms of a sweet maiden named Olivia. The oak tree thus describes to the lover her visit to the park in which it grew:—

*'Then ran she, game some as the colt,
 And livelier than the lark,
 She sent her voice through all the bolt
 Before her, and the park.'*

*'And here she came and round me played,
 And sang to me the whole
 Of those three stanzas that you shade
 About my "giant bole."*

*'And in a fit of frolic mirth,
 She strove to span my waist;
 Alas! I was so broad of girth,
 I could not be embraced.'*

*'I wished myself the fair young beech,
 That here beside me stands,
 That round me, clasping each in each,
 She might have looked her hands.'*

*'Oh muffle round thy knees with fern,
 And shadow Summer chase,
 Long may thy topmost branch discern
 The roofs of Summer place!'*

*'But tell me, did she read the name
 I carved with many vows,
 When late with throbbing heart I came
 To rest beneath thy boughs?'*

*'Oh yes; she wandered round and round
 These knotted knees of mine,
 And found, and kissed the name she found,
 And sweetly murmured thine.'*

*'A tear-drop trembled from its source,
 And down my surface crept;
 My sense of touch is something coarse,
 But I believe she wept.'*

*'Then flushed her cheek with rosy light;
 She glanced across the plain,
 But not a creature was in sight—
 She kissed me once again.'*

*'Her kisses were so close and kind,
 That, trust me, on my word,
 Hard wood I am, and wrinkled rind,
 But yet my sap was stirred.'*

*'And even into my innermost ring
 A pleasure I discerned,
 Like those blind motions of the spring
 That show the year is turned.'*

*'I, rooted here among the groves,
 But languidly adjust
 My vapid vegetable loves
 With anthers and with dust;*

*'For ah! the Dryad days were brief
 Whereof the poets talk,
 When that which breathes within the bark
 Could slip its bark and walk.'*

*'But could I, as in times foregone,
 From spray, and branch, and stem,
 Have sucked and gathered into one
 The life that spread in them,'*

*'She had not found me so rcmlis;
 But lightly leaping through,
 I would have paid her kiss for kiss,
 With usury thereto.'*

*'Oh flourish high with leafy towers,
 And overlook the lee;
 Pursue thy loves among the bowers,
 But leave thou mine to me.'*

*'Oh flourish, hidden deep in fern:
 Old oak, I love thee well;
 A thousand thanks for what I learn,
 And what remains to tell.'*

The poem of *'Saint Simeon Stylites'* is of another character, and portrays the spiritual pride of an ancient fanatic, with a simple and savage grandeur of words and imagery which we have never seen surpassed. It is too long for entire quotation, but the following extracts will show its beauty:—

*'Although I be the basest of mankind,
 From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin;
 Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
 For troops of devils mad with blasphemy,
 I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
 Of sainthood, and to clamour, mourn, and sob,
 Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer—
 Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.
 Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God;
 This not be all in vain; that thrice ten years,
 Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs
 In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold;
 In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps;
 A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,
 Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
 Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow;
 And I had hoped that ere this period closed,
 Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,
 Denying not these weather-beaten limbs
 The mood of saints—the white robe and the palm.
 Oh! take the meaning, Lord: I do not breathe,
 Nor whisper any murmur of complaint.
 Pain heaped ten hundredfold to this were still
 Less burden, by ten hundredfold, to bear
 Than were those lead-like tons of sin, that crushed
 My spirit flat before thee.'*

*'Oh Lord, Lord!
 Thou knowest I bore this better at the first;
 For I was strong and hale of body then,'*

And though my teeth, which now are dropt away,
Would shatter with the cold, and all my beard
Was tagged with icy fringes in the moon,
I drowned the whoopings of the owl, with sound
Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw
An angel stand and watch me as I sang.

Good people, you do bid me kneel to me.
What is it I have done to merit this?
I am a sinner viler than you all.
It may be I have wrought some miracles,
And cured some halt and maimed; but what of that?
It may be no one, even among the saints,
May match his pains with mine; but what of that?
Yet do not rise; for you may look on me,
And in your looking you may kneel to God.
Speak, is there any of you halt or maimed?
I think you know I have some power with Heaven
From my long penance: let him speak his wish,
For I can heal him. Power goes forth from me.
They say that they are healed. Ah, hark! they shout
"Saint Simeon Stylites." Why, if so,
God reaps a harvest to me.
It cannot be but that I shall be saved,
For, crowned a saint. They shout "Behold a saint!"
And lower voices saint me from above.
Courage, Saint Simeon; this dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings.

Oh, my sons, my sons!
I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
Stylites among men—I, Simeon
The watcher on the column till the end—
I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes—
I, whose bald brows in silent hours become
Unnaturally hoar with rime—do now,
From my high nest of penance, here proclaim
That Pontius and Iscariot by my side
Showed fair like scorpions.

While I spake then, a sting of shrewd pain
Ran shivelling through me, and a cloud-like change
In passing, with a grosser film made thick
These heavy, horny eyes. The end! the end!
Surely the end! What's here? a shape, a shade,
A flash of light. Is that the angel there
That holds a crown? Come, blessed brother, come!
I know thy glittering face. I've waited long!
My brows are ready! What! deny it now?
'Tis gone—'tis here again: the crown! the crown!
So, now, 'tis fitted on, and grows to me,
And from it melt the dews of Paradise.

Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God
Among you there, and let him presently
Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,
And climbing up into mine airy home,
Deliver me the blessed sacrament:
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost
I prophesy that I shall die to-night
A quarter before twelve.

But thou, oh Lord,
Aid all this foolish people: let them take
Example, pattern—lead them to Thy light.

One more extract from the 'Lotos Eaters' will give a specimen of our poet's exquisite modulation of rhythm. This poem represents the luxurious lazy sleepiness of mind and body supposed to be produced in those who feed upon the lotos, and contains passages not surpassed by the finest descriptions in the Castle of Indolence. It is rich in striking and appropriate imagery, and is sung to a rhythm which is music itself.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest. Why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown.

Lo! in the middle of the wood
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
Falls and floats adown the air.
Soft sweetened with the summer light,
The full-ripened apple, waxing over mellow,
Drops in silent autumn night.

All is allotted length of days;
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens, and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripe towards the grave;
In silence ripen, fall, and cease;
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To hear each other's whispered speech;
Kissing the lotos, day by day;
To watch the rippling ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood, and live again in memory
With those old faces of our infancy,
Heaped over with a mould of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.

We have not space for further extracts, but the beauty of these will show that Alfred Tennyson has not acquired fame without deserving it, and that he is not to be classed among the mob of mere verse-mongers, whose pertinacious pretensions are often a sore discomfort to the critic in the present day. Among his other pieces, we must mention the names of a few, which abound in beautiful passages, and are excellent both in design and execution. Of these our principal favourites are, 'The Two Voices,' 'Locksley Hall,' 'The Vision of Sin,' and 'Enone.' The first-named is perhaps the finest specimen of versification in the volumes: the thoughts are noble in themselves, and nobly expressed, and the argument is worthy of the high strain in which it is sung. The Two Voices are the conflicting opinions in the breast of a man who is half inclined to be weary of the load of existence, and to throw it off; and hope and despair, certainty and doubt, are pitted against each other to decide the great question of the value of existence. The victory in the argument is given at last where it ought to be given; and the man walks forth on a Sabbath morning into the fields, reconciled to himself and to his kind, and wondering, amid the beauties of nature, how he could have ever communed with a voice so barren as that of despair. Locksley Hall is a bold original ballad, constructed in a metre somewhat unusual and cumbrous at first sight, but wonderfully pliant and musical in the hands of our author; in which a lover having been jilted by a false lady, repels her memory from his heart with bitter scorn, and goes over the whole catalogue of possible excitements into which he may rush to forget her for ever, and at the same time give the world an impetus in the onward career of improvement. The poem is far too long for quotation; but any reader who may not have seen it, and who may be tempted by our praise to read and study it, will find it a masterpiece, and be convinced by every stanza that none but a poet of high and original powers could have produced it. The Vision of Sin is chiefly remarkable for the exquisite art displayed in the versification of the introductory passage, and the skilful harmonising of sound to sense, showing how thoroughly the author has studied the art of poetry; and what power is in him, if he would but wield it; whilst Enone is full of melancholy beauty and classic dignity.

In conclusion, we must express our hope that ere long English literature will again be enriched with a new volume from the pen of this author. Though not yet the poet of the age, he may perhaps become so. To reach this eminence, however, he must not linger too much upon the memories of the past; neither must he eat of the lotos, nor stray in the gardens of the Castle of

Indolence, in which we hear he takes more delight than becomes a man so gifted as he is. Whenever he does again appear before the world, a hearty welcome will greet him in every circle where poetry is still appreciated.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

SOME weeks ago we had the gratification of inspecting that wonder of modern ship-building, the Great Britain; but before we describe the interesting things we then saw, it may be advisable to give a general account of the rise and progress of steam navigation across the Atlantic.

Before the first steamer made its way over the 3000 miles of sea which divides us from New York, communication was chiefly maintained by a fleet of sailing vessels—most of them built in America—called 'liners,' from their keeping up a regular line of communication between the two countries. They are considered, for fast sailing and skilful management, amongst the best ships on the high seas, taking on the average only thirty-two days to cross the Atlantic with heavy burdens. Yet, despite their general merits, they were liable, through the same causes that worse ships suffer from, to vexatious delays. During the stormy winter of 1836-1837, west winds prevailed with such strength and constancy, that for six weeks all the liners which started from the British ports were baffled by contrary winds, and at one time no fewer than eighteen mails were due at New York. Such delays were productive of something more than commercial inconvenience. In unusually protracted voyages, the passengers suffered extremely from want of food. So late as February 1837, the British ship *Diamond* arrived at New York from Liverpool, having been 100 days from port to port. There were 180 passengers, of whom 17 died, not from any disorder, but from mere starvation. The principal suffering was among the steerage passengers, the crew having been put upon allowance, and supplied to the last with food, though in small quantities. The description of the appearance of these poor wretches on their arrival, given by an eye-witness, is heart-rending. One man lived nine days on potato-peelings soaked in his scanty allowance of water; although, for any ordinary voyage, the supplies were abundant. Some, who had extra quantities, sold their stock of food to their less provident fellow-passengers, first at moderate rates, but, as the scarcity more fully developed itself, at enhanced prices, until finally half a sovereign was asked for a pint of meal. Before the arrival of the vessel, a sovereign had been offered and refused for a potato, as it was roasting before the fire.

The amount of commercial disaster arising from the frequent but unforeseen delays of sailing vessels may be judged of from the fact, that during 1837 a general break-up took place among the American merchants in London, solely occasioned by the ruthless winds, which kept back their ships and remittances.

It was natural, therefore, that steam should be earnestly looked to as a means of mitigating, or, if possible, of obviating such disastrous delays. Some such effort was in reality demanded, by the rapid increase of commerce between Great Britain and America.* Steam had long been most advantageously employed in river and coast navigation, though no successful voyage had been made across the main.

When it was first proposed to send a steam-vessel across the Atlantic, scientific men, who were looked up to as authorities on the point, declared that, if attempted, it would be found impracticable. Despite this opinion, however, some spirited merchants of Bristol determined to try the experiment, and forthwith laid down the

hull of a steamer which it was their intention to send over the ocean at all hazards. While the ship was being built, it happened that the British Association for the Advancement of Science met at Bristol, and one of its members demonstrated theoretically that a steam voyage direct to New York would be quite impracticable. And here we shall take leave to relate a story quite in point to this unfulfilled prophecy:—An English nobleman, who was staying in France, proposed to run his fleetest race-horse against time. The *savants* immediately set to work to calculate whether the feat were possible or not. They reckoned the volume of air the horse should displace at each bound, multiplied the weight of this by the necessary velocity, ascertained the strength of the horse by a dynamometer—and, putting w for the weight, v for the velocity, and p for the power, proved, without running far into the calculation, that the achievement was impossible ($w \times v > p$). The Englishman was puzzled, admitted the demonstration to be irrefragable, but nevertheless ran his horse—and won!

This was nearly what happened to the Great Western and her premature critics. The mathematician alluded to computed that, for each horse-power of steam, one ton of coals would be required for every 1425 miles. 'Taking this as a basis of the calculation,' said he, 'and allowing one-fourth of a ton of coals per horse-power as spare fuel, the tonnage necessary for the fuel and machinery of a voyage from England to New York would be 370 tons per horse-power, which, for a vessel with engines of 400 horse-power, would be 1480 tons.* Now, as the ship referred to was only intended to be 1200 tons' burden, the voyage was demonstrably impracticable.

The owners, however, placed more confidence in the practical skill of their engineers and ship-builders, than in the theoretical calculations of the philosopher. The ship was completed, and proved to be of the following dimensions:—Length of deck 230 feet; breadth, including paddle-boxes, 58 feet 4 inches; depth of the hold 23 feet; the vessel, when laden, drawing 16 feet of water. The paddle-wheels were 28 feet in diameter, each paddle-board being 10 feet long. There were two engines, of 225 horse-power each, weighing together 200 tons; the boilers—of which there were four—100 tons additional. Instead of 1200 tons, as at first intended, the tonnage had been increased to 1340 tons. The total cost of the ship was about £63,000. When ready for sea, she was freighted; seven adventurous persons became passengers; and on the 8th of April 1838, the Great Western started from Bristol to solve the great problem of ocean steam navigation.

A few snatches from the journal of one of the passengers were published in the Quarterly Review.† From them we learn that the new steamer had only been three days at sea when she overtook a brave old 'liner,' which had sailed from Liverpool seven days earlier, 'careering and plunging to a lively foam and a fair wind.' The Great Western dashed a-head, soon leaving the sailing-vessel astern. The new wonder of the deep continued her voyage without interruption, and arrived off New York on the afternoon of St George's day, having performed the voyage in the unprecedentedly short space of 15 days and 10 hours, without let or hindrance, and with several tons of coals to spare.

It is necessary to state here, that three days before the Great Western set out, the *Sirius*—a steamer which usually plied between London and Cork—was despatched, and arrived on the morning of the same day (23d of April). The wharfs and shores within view of New York harbour were crowded with thousands of spectators who had welcomed the arrival of the *Sirius*, and tarried anxiously for the approach of the Great Western. They had not long to wait, for a few hours after the *Sirius* had dropped anchor, a long trail of smoke was seen in the distance, and the hull of the expected steamer appeared. The sight afforded to those on board the Great Western was peculiarly exciting. From the time of her crossing the bar of the harbour,

* Of the total produce and manufactures exported from Great Britain and Ireland in 1836 (valued at £13,308,873), as much as was declared to be worth £12,486,608 sterling went to the United States—that is to say, the Americans were our customers to the extent of above 83 per cent. of our entire exports for that year!

* Report of Proceedings of British Association. — *Athenæum*, vol. ix. p. 654. See also *Edinburgh Review*.

† Volume lxii.

all her 'poles' were set aloft, and flags gaily streaming at each—the foreign ensign at the stern, and at the fore a combination of the British and American. 'At 3 p.m.' continues the passenger above referred to, 'we passed the Narrows, opening the bay of New York, sails all furled, and the engines at their topmost speed. The city reposed in the distance, scarcely discernible. As we proceeded, an exciting scene awaited us. Coming abreast of Bradlow's Island, we were saluted by the light with twenty-six guns (the number of the States): we were taking a festive glass on deck. The health of the British Queen had just been proposed, the toast drunk, and, amid the cheers that followed, the arm was just raised to consummate the naming, when the fort opened its fire. The effect was electrical—down came the colours, and a burst of exultation arose, in the midst of which the President's health was proposed. The city now grew distinct: masts, buildings, spires, trees, streets, were discerned; the wharves appeared, black with myriads of the population hurrying down, at the signal of the telegraph, to every point of view. And then came shoals of boats—the whole harbour covered with them. And now the new-comer reaches the Sirius, lying at anchor in North River, gay with flowing streamers, and literally crammed with spectators—her decks, paddle-boxes, rigging, mast-head high. We passed round her, giving and receiving three hearty cheers, then turned towards the Battery. Here myriads again were collected: boats crowded round us in countless confusion: flags were flying, guns firing and bells ringing. The vast multitude set up a shout—a long enthusiastic cheer—echoed from point to point, and from boat to boat, till it seemed as though they never would have done.'

So much for the first transports; and after them a little dry investigation into the wherefore of two ships crossing the broad Atlantic in defiance of mathematical calculation, will not come amiss. On examination, it turned out that, although the computations were correct enough, the scientific men were out in their data. The voyage did not require nearly four tons of coals per horsepower, as was proved by the consumption on board each vessel. The Sirius carried no more than 453 tons of coals; but she was also provided with 43 barrels of resin, which is said to equal 21½ tons of coals. On taking stock at New York, it was found that 22 tons of coals were still on board. Instead of the 1480 tons which it was predicted the Great Western would have to burn, she took out less than half that quantity (660 tons), of which 450 tons only were consumed! The distance she had run was 3111 nautical miles.

The Great Western having remained a fortnight in harbour, started on her homeward voyage on the 7th of May, when, at the lowest computation, one hundred thousand New Yorkers turned out to witness her departure. Sixty-six passengers had now courage to venture in her. After steaming for exactly a fortnight, and over 3218 nautical miles, she arrived at Bristol on the 22d of May. An immense multitude assembled to welcome her back into the 'king's road,' which they did with tremendous cheers. To show some of the results to be expected from this approximation in point of time of the two continents, one of the passengers, on landing, presented a splendid bouquet of American flowers to the lady of Captain Claxton, the manager of the Great Western Steam Navigation Company. They appeared as fresh as if the dew had been still on them. At a grand dinner of the Bristol citizens two days after, specimens of flax and cotton yarn were exhibited, the raw material of which had been shipped eighteen days previously, and manufactured in a recently-established mill in Bristol.

Thus the great problem of crossing the Atlantic by steam was solved, in spite of the winds, the waves, and the philosophers. 'But this is only one voyage,' said the sceptic; 'let us see the effect of the enormous wear and tear the Great Western will have yet to encounter.' That was soon tested, and the result is as follows:—Between the 29th of April 1838, and the 23d of November 1844, she performed seventy passages, in the course of which she had run 246,000 statute miles, at an average speed of

a fraction more than ten miles per hour.* She had conveyed 5774 passengers, besides an immense quantity of goods: she had not been favoured by the weather, that having been in some instances severely stormy: she has not met with any serious accident: yet we learn from the report of a surveyor appointed by government to examine her, and from the frequent reports of the Surveyor-General at Lloyd's, that she is as sound in material, and as perfect in form, as on the day she was launched.

When the practicability of this long voyage was fully established, other vessels were speedily put on the same track. The Sirius, having come back in safety, was replaced on her own station, between London and Cork; but was succeeded by the Royal William, which, however, only made a few voyages, and was likewise placed on another passage. In 1838, a British and American Steam Navigation Company was formed in London, and built a steam-ship of larger dimensions than the Great Western, at an expense of £100,000, calling her the British Queen. Her burthen in tons was 2018. She sailed from Portsmouth on the 12th July 1839, and reached New York in 15½ days. Although she performed so well, that in the year 1840 she made five voyages to, and five from, New York, yet, from want of patronage, the company resolved, in 1841, to sell her, which they did to the Belgian government. The vessel which this company built to succeed her brings us to the most melancholy passage that occurs in the history of steam navigation. She was called the President, and registered to carry 2000 tons. In 1840 she made two complete voyages from and back to Liverpool, without any material accident.

In April 1841 the President left New York for Liverpool, with thirty passengers on board, and up to this day no satisfactory intelligence has been received regarding her fate. Her non-arrival at the usual time caused great excitement in this country; and for days and weeks, and even months, it was conjectured that she might have been driven by stress of weather to the Bermudas, or to some other islands in the Atlantic Ocean. Some thought that she might have been forced on the coast of Africa; others that she had been struck by an iceberg; but the general opinion was, after months of anxious expectancy, that she had foundered at sea during the very severe gales which then prevailed. It was remarkable that no vessel had spoken with her on such a well-frequented route as the Atlantic. The only ship that reported having seen any craft like the President was a Portuguese brig, which, on 23d April 1841, while in latitude 31 degrees north and longitude 40 degrees west, or about the middle of the Atlantic, saw a very large steamer under sails, going at the rate of three or four miles an hour. No smoke issued from the funnel, and the paddle-wheels were not in motion. The captain of the brig saw the steamer both on that and the following day, and even approached within three or four miles of her while pursuing his own homeward route. She did not hail the brig, nor did she appear to be at all in a disabled state. A British man-of-war and two Portuguese vessels were sent to cruise in search of the President, but without success; and all hope for her safety was abandoned.

The prevailing conjecture is, that she 'broke her back;' that is, had been severed in the middle in a violent storm which raged while she was at sea, and that she must have sunk bodily at a moment's warning.

A third company was formed in Liverpool, called the Transatlantic Steam Navigation Company, in whose service there are at present five vessels employed to sail between various parts of North America and Liverpool. They are named the Britannia, the Caledonia, the Hibernia, the Cambria, and the Acadia. All these ships were built in the river Clyde, and are of the same model and dimensions, carrying engines of 500 horsepower, and burdens of 1200 tons. To them the government intrusts the transmission of the mails to the United States and Canada, for which it pays the Transatlantic

* Till the year 1845, the Great Western sailed from Bristol; since then, her port of departure has been Liverpool.

Company £80,000 per annum. Except two rather severe accidents to the *Caledonia*, which happened respectively in May 1842 and the 2d July 1843, nothing has occurred to these vessels to prevent their regularly fulfilling their engagements to the post-office and the public. They sail twice each month from the beginning of April to the end of November, and once during December, January, February, and March.

Meanwhile, the *Great Western* continues her voyages, and keeps up her fame, having her glory brightened rather than dimmed by competition with rivals. The spirited company to which she belongs have recently made another bold experiment. They have built an iron ship, which is a hundred feet longer than a first-rate man-of-war, and is propelled without side-paddles. She was named the *Great Britain*—a visit to her we intend to describe in a succeeding paper.

STRUGGLES OF YOUTH, IN THE CASE OF JAMES CORSON.

It has often been said that an earnest desire, steadily persevered in, is sure to bring about in time its own accomplishment, however improbable such an event may appear at first; and there has perhaps rarely occurred a more striking proof of there being some truth in this remark than in the following history.

It was the earnest wish of James Corson, when a boy of little more than seven years of age, to be a 'doctor' in England; and certainly when the wish was first uttered, there appeared very little prospect of its accomplishment. The father of the boy, who was gardener to a gentleman at Dalscairth, in Dumfriesshire, had a large family, with so small a salary, that he could scarcely spare his boys to attend the parish school; and it was with a heavy heart that 'Jamie' was often compelled to leave his books to attend to the manual labours in which his father found it necessary to employ him. When he was ten years of age, however, a heavier blow fell upon him. His father left Dalscairth, and took a situation in Yorkshire, where, as he found education much dearer than in Scotland, he was no longer able to send James to school. Still, however, the boy remained unshaken in his determination to be a doctor in England; and he spent every leisure moment in poring over his books. His perseverance and his ambition began to attract the notice of the house servants of the gentleman with whom the elder Corson was gardener. He excited a particular interest in the butler, who, being a great favourite with his master, easily obtained permission to take the boy into the family as his assistant. This step, however, at first was the occasion of pain rather than pleasure to James, as his fellow-servants, who had heard of his ambitious desires, never ceased jeering him about them; and indeed the contrast they afforded to his actual situation was sufficiently striking. He was now about fourteen, tall, and well grown for his age, but shy and awkward in his manners, and speaking with a strong Scotch accent, which the Yorkshiremen, though they perhaps speak worse English than is met with in any other county, were particularly severe upon. The jeering of his companions, however, had no other effect on James Corson than to give him another object for his ambition, for he now determined that he would conquer his Scotch accent, and learn to speak pure English, which he did do in the end.

James Corson, during the four years that he remained as assistant to the butler, contrived, with that person's assistance, to perfect himself in writing and accounts; and as he never omitted any opportunity that occurred of acquiring knowledge, he was able, when he left Yorkshire, to take the situation of usher in a school in Wigtownshire. Here he stayed two years, during which he learnt Latin and Greek, and the rudiments of French; but as his salary was very small, he took the first opportunity that occurred of removing to Whitehaven, where also he was usher in a school. In both these situations he saved all the money he could, in the hope

that he might at last realise the project that had never once been absent from his thoughts.

At Christmas 1835, James Corson left his situation at Whitehaven, and returned to his father's cottage, previously to visiting London, where he had at last determined to push his fortune. He found, however, upon inquiry, that what he possessed would be nothing in London, and would but barely maintain him there while he was studying as a surgeon, without leaving him any money to pay the fees. This information depressed his spirits exceedingly, and when he returned home, after consulting with a friend at Leeds, he told his father that he began for the first time to fear his wishes never would be accomplished. The elder Corson took in the *Gardeners' Magazine*; and as it was lying on the table, James listlessly opened it, when his attention was caught by an advertisement for an amanuensis, which had been inserted by Mr Loudon for himself. The countenance of the young man brightened up, and he exclaimed, 'Then I'll see London at last!' His father and friends laughed at him, and argued the improbability of his succeeding in obtaining the situation. But his presentiment had been right; and though Mr Loudon had about a hundred and thirty answers to his advertisement, James Corson's letter was so well expressed, and written in such a manly, yet modest style, that he was preferred. It may easily be conceived that young Corson's delight, when he received Mr Loudon's letter, was beyond description. His father says he was wild with joy.

Mr Loudon at that time was engaged in writing his great work, the *Arboretum Britannicum*; and as he had also three magazines appearing monthly, a great many persons were employed in his office; but of these Mr Corson only became intimate with two; namely, Mr Rauch, a young German, who was one of the draughtsmen, and Mr W. Baxter, son to the curator of the botanic garden at Oxford, who was an amanuensis. Mr Corson's salary was a pound a-week, for which he was engaged in Mr Loudon's office from eight in the morning till six, and he had to find his own lodgings and food, with the exception of some bread and cheese and beer, which all the young men had at one o'clock. Notwithstanding his moderate salary, and the length of time he was occupied every day, young Corson now saw all his wishes on the point of being realised, and he immediately entered a class of students in surgery with a Mr Demott of Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury. He found, however, that, to enable him to pay the fees out of his small salary, it would be necessary for him to practise the most rigid economy; and he accordingly ate nothing but oatmeal porridge, which he made himself, in addition to the very moderate lunch which he ate at Bayswater. To increase his funds, he also took in writing to do at night, after he had finished his medical studies. A very strong constitution, and the most determined perseverance, enabled him to continue these exertions for two years; during the whole of which time he never took a single day's pleasure, or indulged himself with more than four hours' sleep in each night. It may also be added, that during this period, notwithstanding the severity of his medical studies, he never neglected in the slightest degree Mr Loudon's business; and that he always stayed his full time, of from eight till six, in the office at Bayswater, where his indefatigable industry, joined to his quiet and amiable disposition, rendered him a general favourite.

Now young men who have studied surgery under the most favourable circumstances have ever passed their examination with more credit than Mr Corson; and he was even praised by the examining surgeons for the very great care and attention with which he gave his answers. He had now so far attained the long desired object of his ambition, that he was a surgeon in England; but he was at a loss how to turn his newly attained honours to account, as he had no money to purchase a business, or even to fit up a surgery. In this dilemma Mr Rauch, the young German, with whom Mr Corson had formed an acquaintance at Mr Loudon's,

came to his assistance, and detailed the circumstances of the case to a friend, who happened to be a ship-owner. 'I have no interest in the medical line on land,' said this gentleman; 'but if the young Scotchman does not object to the sea, I think I could get him appointed surgeon to a South-Sea whaler; and if he is careful, he may possibly save L.70 or L.100 out of his pay during the three years the ship will be on her voyage, and that will be enough to set him up as a surgeon anywhere.' It may easily be conceived that Mr Corson made no objection to the sea, and, in fact, he sailed with Captain Benson, master of the *Kitty*, in the autumn of 1838.

Up to this time all had gone well with Mr Corson. He had succeeded in everything he undertook; and he had so nearly attained the summit of his ambition, that even those who had laughed at his projects as wild and impracticable, were now compelled to own that all he had wished for lay almost within his grasp. The voyage out of the whaler was also highly successful; and Corson not only fulfilled all the ordinary duties of his station most satisfactorily, but on one occasion, when a seaman had had his leg lacerated by a shark, he had performed amputation in a masterly manner. Half the voyage had been performed, and they were on their road homeward. Corson had made a collection of plants for Mr Loudon, and of shells, partly for his kind friend Mr Rauch, and partly for Mrs Loudon; and he had, besides, saved upwards of L.70 towards the L.100 he was to accumulate.

The remainder of the tale is soon told. While in the tropics, Mr Corson had occupied himself in clearing the shells he had collected from the animals they contained; and from fatigue, or perhaps from the noxious effluvia evolved by the decaying animals, he was taken ill of fever, which carried him off in fourteen days. He died on the 16th of June 1841, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, a striking illustration of what may be done by industry and perseverance.

[It will be understood that the proceedings here detailed are not held up as an example to be followed, but only as a remarkable instance of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Mr Corson's application to duty and study was so far beyond what our natural powers justify, that it is surprising he did not sink under it. His not doing so may be attributed to an unusually vigorous constitution. All ordinary endowed persons must be in the greatest danger from such over-taskings; and even of those who are constituted most favourably, the greater number would fail to survive such a course as that passed through by Mr Corson while studying for his profession.—Ed.]

ORIGIN OF THE TERM 'MERRY ANDREW.'

This term, with which every child out of the nursery is so familiar, and which is inseparably associated with his ideas of grins, grimaces, and humorous sayings, has a much more exalted origin than many may suppose. The medical profession, which has given rise to more nicknames and slang phrases than almost any other, has the paternity of this one also to answer for. During the time of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary, there lived and practised as a physician in London one Andrew Borde, who to his vast learning and knowledge of foreign parts, added the most whimsical and facetious characteristics. This individual was originally a Carthusian monk, but the severities of the order being rather inconsistent with his irrepressible propensity to humour, he abandoned the brotherhood, and betook himself to physic. After travelling the European continent and some parts of Africa, he settled in the metropolis, where he became a physician to Henry VIII., and author of several works on medicine, poetry, and literature. 'He was a man,' says a contemporary, 'and of a whimsical head; he frequented fairs and markets, and harangued the populace in public; he made humorous speeches, couched in such language as caused mirth, and wonderfully propagated his fame.' From his use of such speeches at markets and fairs, he came to be better known as Merry Andrew than as Dr Borde; and thus those who in after times imitated the same humorous jocular language were styled

'Merry Andrews.' Though weak in these respects, he is otherwise acknowledged to have been a learned man, a good poet, and perhaps the best physician of his time. He was the author of the *Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham*; the *Introduction to Knowledge*, a poem; the *Miller of Abington*; the *Principles of Astronomical Prognostications*; the *Doctrine of Health*; the *Promptuary of Medicine*; a book of *Jests*; and other pamphlets. Dr Borde died a prisoner in the Fleet, April 1549; yet, it is said, not for debt, as he left considerable inheritance behind him. The conduct of Merry Andrews conveys to us certainly no very exalted notion of the medical profession three hundred years ago; though, all other progress considered, it was not then one whit more degraded by Borde and his brethren with their mountebanks, than it is now by the quacks and pill venders who batten on the credulity of the public.

AN AVIARY ON A GREAT SCALE.

It is a pleasing thing to witness, says a correspondent of the *Zoologist* for March, the confidence and familiarity of the nightingale when protected; as, for instance, in the promenade at Gradenfeld, in Prussia, a beautiful planted piece of ground, extending nearly a quarter of a mile along both banks of a small stream. In addition to the penalties denounced by Prussian law against those who rob the nests of the nightingale, a watchman is stationed here during the breeding season for additional security. This may perhaps appear singular in our matter-of-fact age; but I am confident that no lover of nature who had resided in Gradenfeld, and enjoyed the delicious concerts which these birds maintain both day and night, except from about two to five o'clock p.m., would refuse his aid to such a custom. Many a bird-fancier is at much greater expense, not to speak of trouble, in keeping a ghost of a nightingale caged, and why should we wonder at the inhabitants of Gradenfeld, with their open-air habits, taking care that their favourite resort shall never become songless? Seated on a broad-leaved jessamine, the shrub which generally conceals the nest, the male bird will sing although you pass within four feet of him, eyeing you as if perfectly aware that he is a privileged character. Besides the nightingales, a great variety of other birds find shelter in this privileged place, and being never molested, afford the naturalist excellent opportunities of observing their habits. Amongst others, the hoopoes generally build here; the golden oriole suspends its curious nest from the highest branches of the aspen, and breathes out its cheerful flute-notes at evening; the Bohemian wax-wing is a regular and plentiful winter visitant; whilst a variety of finches and warblers of less note complete this real 'happy family.'

THE TWO ROSES.

Being with my friend in a garden, we gathered each of us a rose. He handled his tenderly; smelt it but seldom, and sparingly. I always kept mine to my nose, or squeezed it in my hand, whereby in a very short time it lost both its colour and sweetness; but his still remained as sweet and fragrant as if it had been growing upon its own root. These roses, said I, are the true emblems of the best and sweetest creature enjoyments in the world, which, being moderately and cautiously used and enjoyed, may for a long time yield sweetness to the possessor of them; but if once the affections seize too greedily upon them, and squeeze them too hard, they quickly wither in our hands, and we lose the comfort of them; and that either through the soul surfeiting upon them, or their just removal, because of the excess of our affections to them. It is a point of excellent wisdom to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon all the affections we exercise on earthly things.—*Flavel*.

UNION.

Science, the partisan of no country, but the beneficent patroness of all, has liberally opened a temple where all may meet. Her influence on the mind, like that of the sun on the chilled earth, has long been preparing it for higher cultivation and further improvement. The philosopher of one country sees not an enemy in the philosopher of another; he takes his seat in the temple of science, and asks not who sits beside him.

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BARGAIN-HUNTERS.

THERE is a large class of persons who are so inveterately prone to bargain-hunting, that they seldom or never purchase anything of an abateable nature which they do not cheapen as much as possible. This habit is not so much attributable to any lack of means in the buyers, as to a childish love of obtaining a maximum quantity at a minimum value, which affords them the additional gratification of boasting afterwards of their bargains, and complimenting themselves on their own shrewdness. With such persons the purchase of sixpennyworth of oranges is as eagerly seized to gratify their favourite propensity as the order for a set of plate; and we have known instances of individuals, possessed of ample pecuniary resources, so confirmed in this habit, as to wander in anxious uncertainty from stall to stall before they could decide the momentous question as to which was the most eligible pennyworth of apples.

This habit of bargain-hunting, while we laugh at it for its folly, deserves to be denounced for its mischief. It holds out a premium to unfair trading, to trickery and lying: it is a cruel oppression of him who buys upon him who sells, and powerfully assists in lowering the hard-earned wages of the poor mechanic. The manufacturer is compelled, in order to gratify the morbid love of cheapness, to produce goods of the most trashy and useless description, and to reduce the wages of those whom he employs to the lowest fraction. The shopkeeper, in order to secure this description of customers, is forced to adulterate his articles; to profess them to be what he knows they are not; to exert himself, by short weight, lying puffs, inferior substitutions, and a thousand unworthy artifices, to keep on a fair equality with his neighbours. No sooner does a new shop open, the owner of which professes to sell cheaper than usual, than he is patronised by the bargain-hunters, to the great injury and often ruin of his more conscientious competitors. Whether he himself ever intend to pay for his stock is not inquired into; whether he intend to pursue an honest and honourable course, is held to be no business of the customers: he sells cheapest, and this supercedes every other consideration. The consequence too often is, that the bargain-offering tradesman, after having injured many a respectable shopkeeper around him, suddenly decamps at the expiration of a few months, and the secret of his bargains is at length apparent; namely, that never having intended to pay for the goods himself, any receipt must be a clear gain to him, and he could thus afford to sell at prices which must be ruinous to the upright dealer.

This cheapening mania exercises also a most pernicious influence in producing distrust, duplicity, and unmanly feeling between seller and buyer. The seller, sharpened by past experience, is in self-defence com-

polled, in order to obtain remunerating profit, to ask more than the real value of the article, in order to leave room for the abatement which he expects as a matter of course to follow. The offer by the buyer of less than is asked is really an insult, for it virtually implies that the seller is either a fool or a rogue—a fool to take so little, or a rogue to ask so much; and thus the straightforward honesty and integrity which should characterise dealings in the market or the shop, as much as anywhere else, is set aside, and seller and buyer meet together with a feeling that confidence and honour are out of place there, and that cunning and overreaching are among the recognised moralities of trade. The seller, while he introduces the article to his customer, feels a conviction that unless he adds an untruth to the specification of the price, unless an assertion is made or a warranty given which it would be absurd to believe, the article will be rejected, and the hesitating customer will not purchase it, but patronise some other less scrupulous tradesman. The bargain-hunter, on his side, turns the article over in a contemptuous manner, exerts his ingenuity to find some fault in it which shall afford a pretext for a lower offer, and having found a real or an imaginary one, bids something below what he often must know is its real value. The poor tradesman wants ready money, the article really cost him more, he knows of other shops where it may be had at that price, and, with a sickening heart and an inward condemnation of the selfishness of man, he accepts the offer, and the purchaser departs with his bargain. But, strange metamorphosis, the article so recently pronounced almost worthless, the purchaser now boasts of as excellent, worth double the money, and delights to hear his friends innocently express their surprise how it could possibly have been made for the price. Such a mode of dealing is unmanly, ungenerous, and unjust, and requires but to be candidly considered to be denounced by all who think and feel rightly.

The influence of this pernicious system upon the labouring part of the community is cruel and disastrous. Some time ago, the public were presented with accounts of the misery prevalent among a large class of women in the metropolis, whose occupation consisted in the making of shirts at the insignificant sum of three half-pence each. Indignation, as it appears to us, was on this occasion levelled at the wrong parties. The blame, we are persuaded, lay less with the immediate than the remote employers. The public, which vented its anger on the shopkeeper, was the real transgressor; for the dealer thereby obeyed the popular demand. Pressed upon by the insane cry for low-priced articles, as well as by a general competition, the manufacturer and shopkeeper, if they would do business at all, must reduce their expenses to the lowest point in order to obtain any profit, and to this end are compelled to wring from

their workpeople the utmost amount of work for the least possible remuneration. Unreasonably protracted hours are resorted to, toil is not allowed to cease with the day, the labour of the woman is introduced to supersede that of the man, and that of the child to supersede both, education is necessarily neglected, deformity produced, stimulants resorted to, vicious habits formed, and squalor and disease are induced; and all this too often that the purchaser may procure an article at a fractional abatement. The occasional subscription and the cold donation of charity are but a poor reparation for depriving the workman of his honest earnings, and the manly independence of pocket and of character which it is so desirable he should possess. It is true that the payment of fair prices by the buyer will not always secure fair remuneration to the operative, but the habit of cheapening must have a tendency to low wages and inflict misery on the producers.

The pernicious practice of bargain-hunting is, we fear, by no means confined to the rougher sex. It is to be lamented that the practice is far too common among that sex whose kindness of heart and sensibility need no eulogy, and whose propensity in this respect we can attribute to no other source than thoughtlessness. It is perhaps also partly to be accounted for by the fact, that females generally have less money at command than men, and therefore when they spend it are perhaps somewhat more unreasonable in their exchanging expectations. A little thought as to the amount of misery to others which must result from the gratification of this propensity, would surely be sufficient to convince them of its unreasonableness and inhumanity. Little do ladies think, while they are cheapening the thread and the tape, or the shawls or the linens they purchase, how much poverty and misery they are assisting to entail on the sickly operative who makes them, and how much of the ignorance and destitution and vice, the bare mention of which shocks their sensibilities, is traceable to this baneful practice.

The habit we have denounced is also very fallacious in a pecuniary point of view. The most shrewd and practised cheapener is often deceived, and finds, after he has secured the bargain, that, to use the common phrase, 'it is too cheap to be good,' or that he did not really want it, and therefore it was dear at any price. He discovers too late that what he has bought was made to be looked at rather than used, to deceive rather than satisfy, and that the little he gave for it was far too much for such an article, as it was really worth nothing. The cheapest things may be very dear, and the dearest very cheap, and good articles cannot reasonably be expected at any other than fair prices. Independently therefore of the injury which the habit of cheapening inflicts upon the workman, it is deceptive and unprofitable even to the purchaser. The prices of shopkeepers are certainly not always to be paid without demur, for this would be to hold out a premium to imposition and extortion, but there should be consideration on the part of the purchaser as to what ought to be the fair price of such an article. To deal as much as possible with tradesmen who are known for their integrity and uprightness, without being seduced by every unprincipled adventurer who professes to be 'selling off under prime cost,' and closing business at a 'tremendous sacrifice,' will be found in the long-run not only the truest economy, and the most satisfactory to the purchaser, but also the most advantageous to the wellbeing of society and the general interests of honesty and honour.

NOTICE OF TWO OLD PERIODICAL WORKS.

We have chanced to be lately introduced to two local predecessors of our own—that is, two Edinburgh periodicals of light literature—published upwards of a century ago; and which, to the best of our knowledge, are entirely unknown to the present generation. One is entitled *The Réveur*,* and was commenced on Friday the 18th November 1737; the last number possessed by us—which, however, does not seem to be the last published—is dated May 19, 1738. The other paper takes the name of *Letters of the Critical Club*. To evade the duty of a halfpenny then exacted from weekly papers, it was published monthly, the various articles nevertheless being dated on particular days. We possess only the numbers of the first half of the year 1738. The *Réveur* is a large quarto, each number comprising two leaves: it is stamped, and the price was 2s. 6d. per quarter. It appears to have been 'printed for A. Kincaid, and sold at his shop opposite to the Parliament Cross, where subscriptions and advertisements are taken in.' The *Letters of the Critical Club* appear in a duodecimo form, at sixpence per monthly number: they are 'sold by A. Martin, and other booksellers in town.' At the end of our copy of the former work, there is an odd number of another Edinburgh periodical of the same character, entitled *The Conjuror*, and dated January 16, 1736. The *Critical Club* also speak of 'several attempts made in this place of publishing papers of this kind,' adding, 'and frequently with very indifferent success.' It thus appears that the spirit for such literary undertakings was much more active in our northern capital, about the time of the Porteous Riot, than might have been supposed. It is amusing, however, to mark the small scale on which these publications proceeded. The *Réveur* states in his thirteenth number, that the demand for his paper is so great, that his bookseller 'thinks of getting another servant.' In the case of the present journal, an analogous boast would, we suppose, relate to a few more horse-power for the engine driving the printing-machines.

At the date of the *Réveur* and *Critical Letters*, elegant literature had hardly an existence in Scotland. The Blairs, Robertsons, Humes, and Smiths, who first successfully competed with English authors, were youths barely emerged from college. Allan Ramsay is almost the only literary name of the period now remembered, and his department was that of familiar Scottish verse. We must therefore expect that any literary essays produced in Edinburgh at such a time would only show tendencies or aspirations towards those qualities which command respectful attention. The effort is certainly made in both of the papers under our notice, but with a very moderate degree of success. And in one respect, we have even to regret that such an exertion was made, for it has caused an almost total absence of such national and local allusions as would have now of themselves given the papers a value. The social features alluded to are English as much as Scotch, and there is not one vernacular expression used throughout the whole of either book. There is the appearance, however, of scholarship and reflection, especially in the *Réveur*; and in both, the cause of virtue and of rational manners is zealously maintained.† Several writers

* *Fr.—The Dreamer.*

† By a strange coincidence, a friend whom we met on the day on which the above article was written, mentioned that David Ritchie, of Manor, the original of the 'Black Dwarf,' had heard of the *Letters of the Critical Club* as an excellent book, there being no 'debasement' in it. The poor dwarf, who had a strong literary taste; though of a limited kind, actually interested his neighbours, Professor Adam Ferguson and Sir James Montgomery, to write to Edinburgh and London for a copy. They were not successful; but David ultimately, our friend thinks, obtained the book.

seem to have been at work; but all conjecture as to their names is now nearly in vain. Hamilton of Bangour might have been suggested as a probable contributor, if not editor, did not the politics of both lean to the Whig side. And this reminds us to mention that the Letters bear a courteous, but not fulsome dedication to President Forbes, a generous patron of literature in those days, as the author of the Seasons well knew.

The Critical Club is described in the first number as composed of Will Portly, Dick Crotchet, Lady Courtly, her daughter Miss Jeanie, and other fictitious characters; and it is, in fact, of their letters that the subsequent papers consist. One trait of Crotchet is Scottishly characteristic, that, by his habit of humming songs, 'he has offended many good people on Sundays.' Miss Jeanie Courtly is an admirer of romances: she reads Cassandra by the parlour fire. She 'is far from having anything of the prude in her character; yet she is a very modest girl; she will allow one kiss before company, but is highly offended if he [her lover] attempts to steal it in a corner.'

In the second letter, Will Portly remarks with surprise, what is still liable to similar remark, that mirthfulness should take such possession of the public at the close of the year, when all men are so apt to complain of the shortness of life, and the rapid transit of time. 'Among the vulgar,' says our essayist, 'there is scarce a man but thinks it an incumbent duty on him to be drunk at this occasion. In these days there is no work done, no business minded, and every one gives a full swing to joy. Ask any man why he was so joyful, for instance, last occasion of this kind, he will scarce be able to give a better answer than this, "that the old year has come to a close, and the new one is begun." As if he had grounds to rejoice because so much more time has passed over his head, and because he is nearer his grave by one whole year than he was at the last occasion of this kind.'

The subjects treated in the Critical Letters are by no means *recherchées*. First we have the treatise on time; next we have an essay combating the popular ideas about apparitions and omens; afterwards one on religious intolerance; and so on. In a letter respecting theatricals, the writer expresses his regret for the loss of the Edinburgh playhouse, and proceeds to defend the stage from its calumniators. His argument as to the expense it occasioned to its votaries is characteristic of those days of false political economy. The actors are such thoughtless people, that they spend as fast as they gain; and, says he, 'I reckon nothing an expense upon a place but what carries money out of it, which this does not.' 'I think,' he says in conclusion, 'I have reason to speak thus in favour of the theatre, since I have been frequently sensible of reaping considerable instruction from attending it. I remember, some time ago, I saw the tragedy of Cato performed here; everything before the scenes seemed to be very solemn and serious, and I was taken as much with it as if I had beheld the real persons of Cato and the other Romans concerned: but taking it into my head to stop behind the scenes between acts, into the dressing-room, how different was their appearance from what it had been on the stage. There I heard Lucia and the virtuous Marcia scolding like oyster-wenchies; Juba, the Numidian prince, was exercising the office of barber to his general Syllax; Marcus and Portius were adjusting their full-bottomed periwigs at a glass, and making up a mixture of a Roman and a modern beau; Cato and Sempronius were very amicably drinking a mug of porter together; and Lucius was taking a chaw of tobacco. This difference in the behaviour of the actors behind and before the scenes, raised in my mind a very useful reflection, for I took this to be an emblem of the world, and of mankind in general, who appear in very different shapes, according as they act in public or in private.'

In a paper on friendship, the feeling is said to have a range of objects without limits. 'Though some may

affirm that it is confined to one's family, fellow-citizens, acquaintances, or countrymen, yet I am of opinion,' says the writer, 'that the passion extends in some degree to all mankind. For instance, place a Scotsman in England, where all are strangers to him, should he meet a Scotsman there whom he never saw in his own country, he will be fond of making up a friendship with him; place him next in Germany, if he meets an Englishman, he will feel the same desire; transport him next to China, if he meets there a German, or any European, he will reckon him his countryman; translate him next, if it were possible, to Saturn, or the moon, if he sees there a Chinese, or Persian, he will know his fellow-inhabitant of the same planet, and court his acquaintance.'

Miss Courtly has a waggish description of a fop lover in the tenth letter. 'Lu pops Tom, our footman. "Madam," says he, "here is Mr Crotchet, and another very sprightly gentleman, come to wait upon you." I desired him to show them in. Dick advances with his gentleman following. "Miss Jeanie," says he, "here is my good friend, Mr Starchie, come to pay his respects to you." Well, after this prologue, compliments and salutation were discussed, we took seats; but had you been there, Mr Plyant, to have observed Starchie's behaviour and dress, you would have got the picture of an accomplished beau and a complete fop. With his fine broderies and lace, he was the likeliest of anything to a man of the pastry-cook's manufacture, bedecked with gold foliage. And in all his motions and actions, he was so stiff and affected, as he seemed to be acted upon by springs, and resembled a puppet more than anything else. I should be unsufferably prolix to describe in a letter the airs, the oaths, the nonsense of the empty thing. He talked with a great deal of familiarity, as if he and I had been for ever intimate; of my cousins, Miss Fanny and Miss Charlotte, whom you know you used to visit. He told me he had once fallen so desperately in love with Miss Fanny, that he crossed the street on foot to visit her in a rainy morning; conducted her chair home with a flambeau; gave her seven serenades; stole her garter, and wore it half a year about his waist. How Miss Charlotte had played the coquette to him, after he had been at the pains to ogle her two nights running at the playhouse; but he had half a dozen of billet-doux from her, which he could show, if he had a mind to be revenged. I could scarce suffer the puppy's pertness, especially as I knew for a truth that neither of these ladies had ever spoke three words to him. The rest of the discourse was as childish, and now and then adorned with, O lord, medem! Strike me stupid! and other such elegant phrases. And then his gestures were as apish. Had you seen how he laughed at his own jests, to show his teeth; how foppish he appeared in his conversation, with his snuff-box and his cane; what methods he took to show the diamond on his little finger in taking a cup of tea; and what wry faces he made while contemplating his own dear features in the mirror above the chimney. I soon discovered, however, that Dick was playing the rogue with him; for he asked me several oddish questions, as, How I liked Mr Starchie's toupee? If he had not the most modish way of exercising the snuff-box and cane of any man in Britain? If I did not think there was an infinity of wit and humour in the choice and fashion of the fringe on his vest? To which I answering in the affirmative, the trifle at every reply made me an affected stiff bow, with, "Lard, medem, you do me too much honour. Strike me stupid, if I be not the happiest fellow upon earth, to please the ladies so, and without studying it too," &c. It strikes us as hardly conceivable that such a being as this existed in Scotland in 1738. Most probably he was one of those imaginary beings who live upon the stage and in literature, and are only supposed to have prototypes in human nature.

We have looked with care over both volumes for matters characteristic of the place and time; but our collections are extremely meagre. Here and there occurs a Scotticism, as when Shakespeare is spoken of as a man

of *acrimp* education. There are many references to the excessive drinking of the age, and a set of sots are described under the name of Solitary Benders; that is, toppers. It is stated of one gentleman, that 'he expresses such a regard for his mistress, that he will get beastly drunk in tossing of her health; he will eat her glove as a delicious morsel; nay, he can eat hay, if it comes out of her fair hand.' The morals and good taste of gentlemen of that age are shown in a history which passes through several numbers of the Critical Letters, respecting a certain Jack Towally, who courts a beautiful young lady with a profligate design, and is only argued into matrimony by a respectable old gentleman writing from Dalkeith under the name of Scoticus. Gentlemen are represented as coming every day to the Cross to meet their friends. They spend much time in coffee-houses [the Laigh Coffee-house is cited]. They 'saunter round the meadow,' meaning Hope Park, near Edinburgh. There is also frequent allusion to the Assembly, a periodical dance which reigned at that time, and is often praised in the poems of Allan Ramsay. A young spendthrift is expected soon to secure a 'perpetual dwelling for himself in the city, either in the Abbey or the Prison, according as his fancy leads him;' the abbey implying the sanctuary of Holyrood, sacred to hopeless debtors. It is surprising, however, how successful the editors have been in suppressing those special references which mark provincialism, the terror of the Scotch literati through the whole of the last century.

One of the most successful papers of the Critical Club is one slyly satirising the veneration paid to external appearances. It speaks of a new philosophy, by which the virtues and other characters of human beings are represented in material forms composed of silks, laces, clothes, linen, and other stuffs. 'For example, the philosophers of this sect tell you, that rusticity is represented by a gold or silver cord adorning a hat or a coat; wit by a broad lace and fringe; sagacity by a full-bottomed periwig; foresight by a snuff-box and a mirror in it; a plain homely taste by a Spanish Olla Podrida, or what we call hodge-podge; a polite refined taste by a French ragout; understanding by a gold-headed cane; servitude by a hat with a plain broad lace; courage by a silver-handled sword; religion by a broad-brimmed beaver; sagacity and wisdom by a scarlet cloak with large buttons; freethinking by a narrow-brimmed hat; profound humour by a pair of stockings with gold clocks; love by a gold ring; humility by a pair of high-heeled shoes; modesty by a hoop; moderation and strictness by a pair of stays straitlaced; devotion by a fan; and affability and good manners by a powdered toupée. Thus they have reduced all the moral virtues to certain substantial forms and appearances, which are more evident to the senses, and strike them in a stronger manner than when they were described in the old abstract speculative way; so that, by this new system, a man may be a judge of virtue or vice by only using his eyes; whereas the other method made it necessary for a philosopher to set his understanding, judgment, and all his reasoning faculties to work, before he could discover the nature or difference of virtue and vice. This is of singular advantage, since it points out to us the easiest way to become philosophers, and reduces the stature of the goddess philosophy to that of a little *embonpoint*; whereas before, they tell us, her head touched the stars. To know a man of virtue or merit, then, by this system, we have no more ado but to look at his outward man, without the least regard to what he has in him. For instance, should he be equipped *a-la-mode* with lace, fringe, embroidery, and brocade, well essenced and powdered, and have a genteel modish gait and air, he is company for the best; he may shine at courts or at the levees of the great; he may swear, drink, ramble, and play the fool without any questions being asked. These trifles will never diminish his character, and he will be a man of merit in spite of fate, and a pretty companion for the best man in the nation; yea, he will

be courted, cringed to, respected and adored, both in ordinary discourse and in dedications, as if he were a god; yielding crowds will fall back respectfully to make way for him at the sight of his embroidery; and vulgar wretches, who come to stare, will be cudgelled, kicked, and thrown down in heaps, to cut out a lane for his passage. Now, let us view the insipid fellow, whose character is held in as much disrespect as the other is esteemed. Should we see one with a pair of shoes and hobnails in them, a plain homely dress, and a clownish gait, shabby hair, or an old periwig, be sure he is company for nobody but scoundrels, and condemned to the obscurity of alehouses and garrets.' In this passage there are truths that ever have been, and ever will be, applicable.

The Réveur is more stiff and essay-like than the Letters, but often contains good sense, tolerably well expressed; as, for instance, in the following passage. 'Life is not to be measured by existence, but by action. Were we to apply this rule to the bulk of mankind, we should find their lives much shorter than we commonly compute them, and that many have not as yet begun to live at all. One half of our time is necessarily employed in sleeping, in eating and drinking, and in diversions and amusements, requisite for the support and for the better plight of our bodies; this is lawful and commendable. But to throw away our whole lives in the bare maintaining them, is, I may say, a sort of self-murder, or, as Seneca calls it, a breathing death, and a burying a man alive. If a man would live in a manly and becoming manner, let him exert those rational faculties which are the dignity of his nature, and which put him above the level of the beasts that perish. Let him improve every minute, and make the most of the small space which Heaven has allotted him, by rendering himself as serviceable to his fellow-creatures, and as wise and virtuous for the increase of his own happiness, as possible. He needs never sit idle for want of something to do; if the ordinary business of life be not sufficient, the search after knowledge and truth will do more than fill up all the vacancies; and if the love of fame and of happiness cannot fire his breast, the love of mankind and of his country should influence him.'

Being stamped, the Réveur fills up its odd columns with news. We have great accounts of the wars between Turkey and Austria, and of the efforts of the Corsicans under King Theodore to maintain their independence against the Genoese. There is also a strong anxiety expressed to get the ministry brought up to a declaration of war against Spain for her aggressions upon British commerce. The excellent Queen Caroline becomes dangerously ill in consequence of a cold caught by sitting in her new library; and instantly the London tailors buy up all the black cloth. She dies, and is greatly and deservedly mourned. Soon after, we hear of the Princess of Wales being in the condition which enabled her, in June 1738, to give to the world the infant who in time became George III. At that time, as is well known, the Prince of Wales, the weak but well-meaning Frederick, kept up a party in opposition to his father, and was upon the worst terms with the king. He used to have rival levees at his house in St James's Square. The present generation will learn with surprise that the following notice, signed by the lord chamberlain, and dated February 27, 1738, appeared in the London Gazette:—'His majesty having been informed that due regard has not been paid to his order of the 11th of September 1737, has thought fit to declare that no persons whatsoever, who shall go to pay their court to their royal highnesses the Prince or Princess of Wales, shall be admitted into his majesty's presence at any of his royal palaces.' We are informed that on the Wednesday after the appearance of this notice, there was a more splendid appearance at the prince's levee than usual. Good taste, not to speak of good feeling, has certainly been improved at court since those days.

We now take leave of these two curious specimens of

the literature of a former age, hopeful that we have not very much tired the reader with what has been so interesting a treat to ourselves.

AN HOUR IN NEWGATE.

THE stranger in London who may be on his way to the huge nucleus of sight-seeing, St Paul's cathedral, sometimes stops midway in his ascent of Ludgate Hill to glance down a street on the left, called the Old Bailey. He perceives that much of one side of the street is occupied by a mass of heavy blackened building; and he defers his visit to the most celebrated of churches, to take a nearer view of the most notorious of prisons—Newgate.

Passing, in his transit along the Old Bailey, two edifices, the first formerly called the New, and the further one the Old Bailey (but now the central criminal courts), he arrives before Newgate. The daily deposits of London smoke upon its walls for nearly a century, have given to the exterior a dingy aspect, quite accordant with the gloomy uses of its interior. It is a long structure, with nothing to relieve its dungeon aspect but the governor's house standing in the middle, with glazed windows and a gaily-painted door, which offer a curious contrast to the two massive and heavily-studded entrances of the prison itself, and to the monotonous extent of blackened and windowless wall. In short, the dreary look of the outside of this celebrated prison helps to call up all those recollections of crime and misery with which its interior is associated.

The origin of Newgate dates from an ancient custom of imprisoning malefactors in the houses attached to the gates of cities. So long ago as 1218, the gate on the site of which the present prison partly stands was used as a place of confinement, and was called the Chamberlain's Gate. In 1412, it was rebuilt by the executors of the famous Sir Richard Whittington, out of the effects he had allotted for works of charity: his statue, with the traditional cat, remains in a niche to its final demolition. The gate was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt, whence it obtained the name of Newgate. That, again, was intentionally demolished, to make way for the present prison, which was completed in 1780.

Should the stranger wish to have a sight of the interior of the gloomy edifice, he must provide himself with an order from one of the sheriffs of London. Such an order was, some time ago, politely handed to us by one of those officials. On arriving at the proper entrance, we mounted the steps, and knocked at a high wicket, heavily spiked at the top; and on showing the signature of the sheriff, were promptly admitted into a moderately-sized hall. The porter was far from the sort of person in outward appearance which one usually pictures as a jailer. Good humour and kindness beamed from his face, and a little circumstance which presently occurred showed that his countenance was no untrue index of his real character. It happened that a young and respectable-looking woman was seated on a bench in the hall, weeping. The moment the turnkey had asked us to wait till the proper officer came in to show us the prison, he retired to the mourner, and said something consolatory. From what we could understand, her husband had that day been committed to Newgate from one of the police-offices on some minor charge.

As the appointed cicerone was some minutes in forthcoming, we entered into conversation with the porter, who is evidently an intelligent person. It was a matter of some curiosity to us to know what the general feeling of the prison officers was regarding the moral effects of public executions, by far the greatest number of which take place within sight of where we then stood, and under their eyes. His answer to the question was, that as far as his own experience and observation went, the attracting of crowds to the place of execution had a decidedly immoral tendency upon those who attended them; and that the crowd invariably showed, from the

levity of their conduct, that they assembled to seek—not a warning against crime—but amusement for the passing hour. In this opinion he believed that most of his colleagues joined, however much they may be divided in opinion as to the expediency of abolishing capital punishment altogether. No one doubted the ill effects of the present mode of its infliction. While we were conversing, the governor of Newgate entered the hall, and going up to the young woman on the bench, desired her in the kindest tones to follow him into a small ante-room, and he would speak with her. The considerate attentions shown by the Newgate authorities from one of its lowest to its highest officer, produced impressions quite at variance with the harsh and stern ideas with which prison-keepers are usually associated.

At length the person arrived who was to show us over the jail, and under his guidance we passed through several dark passages, till we emerged into a light one. The right side of the corridor is formed by a double iron grating, beyond which is one of several small yards, in which prisoners were allowed to take exercise. At the grating, such friends as are occasionally allowed to visit them, take their stand and converse, but only in the presence of an officer; each word having, moreover, to pass between the double row of iron parallels.

By the door at the end of this gallery we entered that part of the prison set aside for females, and were received by the matron. In the first apartment, there were about half-a-dozen females sitting round a table. One was mending an apron, another was reading, but the rest were idle. They rose at our approach, and all bore such an appearance of contrition and meekness, that on leaving the ward, we asked the matron what they could have done to merit imprisonment. 'Sir,' replied the lady, 'it is the rule here to classify our inmates not so much according to the enormity of the offences they are accused of, as according to their habits and reputation. Known bad characters, who have been committed here for the third, fourth, fifth, or sixth time, are never placed with the less hardened.'

We ventured to presume that the women we had just seen had but newly entered the paths of crime. 'On the contrary,' replied the matron, 'they are the worst characters in the jail! The oldest of them, who was the first to rise with such a show of respect, has been within these walls at least twenty times before.' This was startling and melancholy intelligence. The excellent matron said, with a sorrowful countenance, that she found it to be a general rule, that the more hardened the criminal, the deeper the hypocrisy.

The chief female wards are nearly all alike, and a description of that we had just left applies with but little modification to the whole. It is a long room, lighted on one side by high semicircular windows, or 'fan-lights.' Against the opposite wall are two rows of sleeping places, one under the other, and bearing some resemblance to the cabin berths of a ship. Each was provided with two rugs and a pillow. The only furniture in the room was a long deal table and a couple of forms; a comfortable fire burned in a grate at the end. On the table were some Bibles and prayer-books.

In an upper ward into which we were shown, some half-dozen accused females were confined, whose persons were less known to the officials, and consequently whose characters were deemed somewhat better than those of the prisoners below. In demeanour and appearance, they differed but little from the other prisoners. From their ward we were ushered into another set apart for a class of prisoners which must be, from their being allotted an especial apartment, from time to time numerous—namely, servants guilty of dishonesty to their employers. In most cases theirs are 'first offences'; hence they are never mixed with females who are included in what the officers call 'the promiscuous felonies.' At the time of our visit, there were thirty-eight females 'in' on suspicion of having committed various crimes and misdemeanours.

Having finished our survey of that part of Newgate

set apart for the softer sex, we retraced our steps, and entered a spacious hall cheerfully lighted, in the centre of which is a glazed enclosure. This, we were informed, was constructed for the convenience of such prisoners as wish to consult their attorneys. Closed in there, they may confer with privacy, and at the same time within sight of, an attendant. The cheerful look of this hall confirmed an impression which took its rise from the general appearance of the apartments we had as yet seen. Except the iron bars before mentioned, we had seen nothing nearly so gloomy, inside Newgate, as its blackened and forbidding exterior. The wards were as unlike dungeons as the publicrooms of an inn. All those ideas of severity and punishment with which a stranger enters a jail were dispelled; and so far from a penal look, an air of comfort pervaded the place. The general expression which sat on the faces of the females whom we had seen was that—not of misery, dread, or remorse—but of contentment. Many of them—especially those described as the most wicked—had all the appearance of persons who were at present placed in better circumstances than they were accustomed to. This indeed must have been true of many of them. For a scanty and precarious subsistence, they were now exchanging a sufficiency of food, comfortable lodging, and, if they need it, warm clothing. Besides this, they were allowed to be just as idle as they pleased; for any work they did was for themselves, and quite voluntary. Thus, what we had as yet seen completely overturned our previous notions of the prison, and tended to banish those terrible associations which rise in the mind on hearing or seeing the word 'Newgate,' the very dread of which one had been led to think had deterred many an unhappy person from crime. What, however, we had inspected, seemed rather tempting than deterring to the poor and wretched; to many of whom Newgate must be an enviable rather than a dreadful retreat.

To account for this apparent anomaly, it must be explained, that in fact Newgate is no longer a place of punishment. It is what has been called, since the new modelling of the English criminal courts, 'a prison of transit'; in other words, a jail set apart for the safe custody of untried prisoners, whose guilt remains to be proved; of persons, in fact, who, having been examined before the magistrates, have had circumstances of suspicion brought against them sufficiently strong to warrant their being 'committed to Newgate for trial,' either at once, or in default of bail. It would therefore be a manifest injustice to render a residence in Newgate under such circumstances so irksome as to amount to a punishment, over and above the mere confinement, which is a punishment in itself. That indeed would be unduly punishing the innocent; for, by a maxim of law, every one is considered innocent until guilt be proved. Still, when the demoralising effects of complete idleness are taken into account, it surely is desirable that there should be some routine of light employment for the unhappy inmates, were it merely from tenderness towards themselves. However, whether the change from liberty and a scanty subsistence, to Newgate and good food and lodging with nothing to do, offer a premium to crime or not, the inmates cannot enjoy the change long; the periods of trial, otherwise 'the sessions,' occur so often, that the average stay of untried prisoners is only three weeks.

Another class of prisoners in transit consists of persons who have been tried and sentenced, but whom it is not convenient to remove immediately to their penal destination—such as the penitentiaries, the hulks, or the place of execution. No distinction in treatment appears to be made between them and their untried fellow-prisoners, from whom, however, they are separated. Their stay is also short.

Such were the reflections we made and the information we received in the large hall. We were now conducted to the prison chapel, which presents a very curious aspect. Ascending some dozen stairs, the stranger finds himself in what he at first imagines is a

square apartment, without pews. On closer inspection, he describes that in fact the room is oblong, at least one third being cut off at each end by iron bars that reach from the floor to the ceiling; and within them a gallery or storey affords seats for two separate sets of prisoners—the tried and the untried. The opposite grille is covered with a thick screen, so that the occupants of that compartment—the female prisoners—may not see the males, nor be seen by them. In one corner of the square space on which we stood rises the pulpit and reading-desk, and against the opposite side wall are three parallel forms. At each end of these forms stands a common mahogany chair, with a hair-stuffed seat, and the word 'Newgate' carved on the back. In these chairs sit the wretched culprits who are to forfeit their lives, and to whom the chaplain preaches the 'condemned sermon.' The fact, that only two seats should be provided for such melancholy occasions, shows how greatly the criminal code has been modified of late years. The attendant who showed us the chapel pointed out a large quadrangular mark in the floor where we stood. 'That,' he observed, 'is the place where the condemned pew formerly stood. I have,' he continued, 'not more than five-and-thirty years ago, seen as many as sixty persons in that pew at one time, who were condemned to, and most of whom afterwards suffered, death!' With these words our conductor descended the stairs, and we followed him, occupied with no very agreeable reflections on what we had just heard.

Our inspection of the part of Newgate used for males presented nothing which we had not seen in the female wards. Each opened upon an exercise yard, in which we noticed some prisoners walking up and down; others within doors were reading or writing letters to their friends. In one ward we noticed a few respectably-dressed men, who appeared more anxious and depressed than the others; another was solely allotted to persons suspected of making and issuing base coin—a crime which appears to be more successfully practised amidst the rapid exchanges of money in London than in any other commercial city at home or abroad. Our next visit was to the apartments used for juvenile offenders. About a dozen of these were waiting to be tried; a few receiving instruction from the Newgate school-master. Their ages averaged from ten to about fourteen, and more open intelligent countenances than some of them wore, it is not possible to behold. We heard them read a part of their lessons, which they did fluently. The rest, we were told, could not read, and they looked more heavy and stupid than the others. They were nearly all pickpockets, the most adroit and best known to the officers being those who were the best educated. This sort of stealing requires the utmost tact and dexterity; consequently, the cleverest of the boys were the most skilful thieves. Two of them exhibited an address and manner worthy of young noblemen, and we were told that their older confederates occasionally dressed them well, so as to pass for genteel schoolboys. In this character they push into crowds, and commit the most successful depredations. The last apartment in this section of the jail which we were shown, was one of those recently substituted for condemned cells. It is provided with a bed, a table, good fire, and indeed with accommodation superior to that found in the other places.

Our guide now bade us follow him along a short passage, when, mounting a few steps, he unlocked a door, and we presently stood in a long yard surrounded on all sides by the prison buildings. It was the 'press-yard,' which makes so prominent a figure in the newspaper accounts of public executions. The sides of the enclosure are of immense height, and as you look up at the oblong bit of sky, the thought at once strikes you how impossible escape from such a place would be; yet our companion pointed out a corner up which an escape was a few years since effected. The stones composing the wall are very much 'rusticated' or roughened, and, by the aid of the small protuberances,

one William Sweet, a chimney-sweeper, climbed to the top of the perpendicular corner, got over the roofs of some adjoining houses into the street, and escaped. That part of the wall is now carefully made smooth with plaster—a striking exemplification of the adage about 'locking the stable door after the horse is stolen.' Such a precaution can hardly be necessary; for whoever sees the place, will at once be convinced that the sweep must have been a genius in climbing. Perhaps there are not ten other men in Great Britain who could perform the feat, and it is by no means likely that either of them will ever become an inmate of the press-yard.

The condemned cells were next shown to us. They are fifteen in number, and are entered by a door from the press-yard. That which we saw was a small narrow 'pen,' for it deserves no other name, scantily lighted by a high-barred window. In one corner a metal wash-basin is fixed to the wall, and there is an iron bed which all but filled the rest of the space. In each of these dismal cells as many as four capital convicts have been, before now, confined; all heavily ironed, and deprived of the use of their limbs, unless to drag their gyves along the press-yard at intervals, by way of exercise. This is now all altered, and the condemned cells are only used to punish such of the inmates of the other parts of the building as misbehave themselves. They form, in fact, a prison within a prison.

While we were inspecting these cells, a noise was heard as if some persons who had entered the press-yard were exchanging the ordinary salutations. One man exclaimed, 'How do you find yourself to-day, sir?' To which a pleasing and somewhat cheerful voice replied, 'Pretty well, thank you. How are you?' This was so completely commonplace a circumstance, that it would have passed unnoticed, but from what our companion immediately told us. Alluding to the person who so cheerfully replied to the first salutation, he said, 'That is the man who was condemned to death last Friday. Next Monday he is to be executed.' The mere words of a being thus awfully situated naturally acquired a thrilling interest, the more so that they were so glibly and cheerfully spoken.

When we entered the yard, we saw the men leisurely parading it—the condemned and two prison attendants. The former was dressed in faded black, with an oil-skin cap partly covering his head. Both hands were in his coat-tail pockets, and he sauntered along the yard exactly as if he were taking a walk—leisurely, freely, and happily—across some field. That this man should possess the full consciousness that in three days he would cease to exist, seemed almost impossible, so calm and unconcerned did he outwardly appear. He was a slim, mild, and rather genteel-looking young man; the very reverse of what is generally conjured up as the figure of a murderer.*

From the press-yard, we were shown into the bath-rooms. Crime is, in a majority of cases, associated with filth, and before the new comers can be safely allowed to mix with other prisoners, they are thoroughly cleaned. To wash their clothing is often, from its tattered condition, impossible; and next to the bath-room is an oven in which the wretched habiliments—by being thoroughly baked—are purified of the animated filth with which they too often sward. Should the clothes remain, after this process, in a condition to be worn, the wearers are allowed to resume them; if not, they are obliged to put up with the prison-dress, to which they naturally show great reluctance.

Near to these places is the kitchen; formerly the hall in which debtors (who were confined in Newgate) were received; a door opening from it into the street. This, therefore, is the 'debtors' door,' invariably mentioned in the newspaper accounts of executions, for from its

steps malefactors tread immediately upon the scaffold. The room itself is hidden from their sight; a couple of black curtains being suspended across it, from the door of entrance to that of exit, so as to form a short passage or alley.

The kitchen is completely fitted with coppers, boilers, and other utensils necessary to cooking food for so large an establishment. Here we may properly introduce the dietary which is furnished to the transitory prisoners who are confined in Newgate. Every day each male is allowed eight ounces, and every female six ounces, of bread, with one pint of gruel for breakfast and for supper. We saw and tasted the bread; it was wholesome, quite free from adulteration (an excellence not to be relied on by honest purchasers of that article outside the prison), and answered to what bakers call 'seconds.' On Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the dinner consists of the above quantities of bread, with three ounces of meat weighed after it is dressed and without bone, with a quarter of a pound of potatoes. On other days, one pint of soup is substituted, the produce of three ounces of meat. That every prisoner may be fully aware of what he is entitled to, the dietary is legibly painted on a large black board, which is nailed up in every ward, and in case he thinks himself stinted, he may complain to the governor, to whom access is always easy. A reduction of the quantity of food is sometimes purposely resorted to as a punishment to such as may misbehave themselves during their stay in the prison, but in no other cases. Thus we perceive that the sustenance provided for the inmates of Newgate is infinitely better than that which most agricultural labourers in England, or any husbandman in Scotland, is able to obtain by the sweat of his brow.

From the kitchen we returned to the entrance-hall, and instead of egressing as we had entered, were conducted through an anteroom, in which were ranged on shelves a grim array of casts from the heads of celebrated malefactors. Passing through an office in which sits a clerk to take note of the commitments and other official matters connected with the prison, we were politely shown into the street by the governor's private door. We must confess that on reaching the open thoroughfare we breathed more freely; for, despite the improved unprison-like appearance of Newgate, it is a melancholy place to visit even for an hour.

SEEING THE COUNTRY BY STEAM.

'TO THE LOVERS OF THE ROMANTIC AND BEAUTIFUL.—One of the speediest, most delightful, and economical trips ever offered to the public, has been opened up by the running of Mr Percy's new fast coach, "Lightning," between C. and the railway station at S. The Lightning will leave the Turf Hotel every morning at six A.M., reaching the station in time for breakfast and the second morning train for B. From B. a steamer starts for L. half an hour after the arrival of the train, so that parties can be taken there, have an hour and a half for dinner, and then proceed by the six o'clock train for D., whence an evening train will convey them by the eastern line to C.; thus allowing them to pass over upwards of 200 miles of the finest country in one day.—N.B. Tickets clearing the whole route, without any extras for guards and drivers, may be had at the Lightning office.'

Captivated by this tempting notice, I rode into C., secured a ticket, put up at the Turf, and went to bed full of hope for the morrow. What a delightful thing it is to dream! None of your airy fantastic dreamings, where you are haunted with the dread of sinking through the filmy firmament into which you are exalted; none of your scenes of bustling human enjoyment, where the suspicion of insincerity is apt to intrude upon your happiest moments; but a dream of nature, where everything is bright and veritable—the waters calm and sunlit—the turf green and soft—the flowers sweetly scented—and the music—

Rap, tap, tap!

* There can be no indolence in stating that the criminal here alluded to was Hocker. He was executed on the Monday after we saw him—overpowered by fear and remorse.

Was ever dream so interrupted by the officious hand of a waiter? Come in.

Half-past five, sir—and here is hot water.

And what sort of weather?

Beautiful morning, sir—only the wind's a little in the east; but that will be nothing once the day's fairly up.

Rap, tap!

Well?

Boots, sir—allow me to fasten your straps, sir. This way, sir—cup of coffee in the parlour, sir.

Cream?

Yes, sir! Sorry—none till eight, sir; but here is some of last—

Coat, sir! That's the horn, sir—start in a minute, sir.

Why, it is not ten minutes since I got up yet.

Clock must be behind, sir—passengers all taken their seats—kept the box for you, sir. Back at ten, sir?—something hot, sir?—same bedroom, sir?

This side, sir—care of the wheel, sir—your umbrella, sir.

Thus had a quarter of an hour seen me knocked up, booted, coffee'd, coated, and seated on the Lightning; and away we rattled through the yet unawakened streets of C. Unless during the hasty minute that was grudgingly spent in picking up an additional passenger, I saw nothing of C. save rows of painted fronts, fastened window-boards, and gilded signs; and these reeled and danced and mingled in my eye like so many phantasmagoria, so rapidly were we wheeled along. For aught that I could discern, the gilded lamb might have been the brushmaker's board, and the comb-manufacturer's elephant might have been safely substituted for the hatter's beaver. I do recollect, however, of a tall chimney-stalk, to the top of which two bricklayers were being hoisted—the impression being deepened by the driver's remark, that he 'shouldn't on no account like to travel in such a vehicle.' About as safe there as in the Lightning, if you go on at such a rate. 'Bless you, no, sir; this is nothing to what we do when once clear of the town.' And true it was; for, on rounding another corner, we were spinning along at the rate of twelve miles an hour, to be in time for the nine o'clock train at S., allowing half an hour for breakfast.

The route between C. and S. is described by the guide-book as one of the most picturesque in the island, 'presenting a succession of hill and valley, well-wooded estates, castellated mansions, and abounding withal in historical associations.' As to hill and valley, these I can answer for, for a more breakneck drive could not well be imagined; but as to its beauties, I had no sooner fixed my eye on a picturesque spot, than whisk went the Lightning, and a clump of wood or a shaggy knoll blotted it out from my vision. It was of no use to attempt the landscape, so I betook myself to the country seats; but here I was even worse; for before I could learn the name, the owner, and one third of the history of number one, numbers two and three stood displaying their fronts in the morning sun, and claiming their share of attention. Besides, the dread of an overturn kept my eye about as much on the road as on the country, so that all was confusion and jumble; no calm leisurely survey, that would enable a man of ordinary capacity to receive and arrange his ideas in proper order.

'What's the clock, sir?' interrupted our driver. Twenty minutes past eight. 'Three miles yet, and only ten minutes! Come, my chieftie, this won't do; and away the cattle toiled and steamed as if another ten minutes were never to be granted us.

A little past the pointed time we were set down at S.; but before we were fairly seated in the breakfast-room of the 'Union,' it was found there was only a quarter of an hour left for what is usually the pleasantest of all meals. As is usual upon such occasions, nothing was to be had that was wanted, and everything that we did not care for was before us in profusion. Amidst orders, counter orders, the bustling of waiters, and the struggle of every one for himself, the signal bell rang,

and I had to declare myself breakfasted, though at the moment I could not for my life have told what I had ate or drank, or whether indeed I had taken anything at all. During the rush of greatcoats, carpet-bags, and umbrellas to the railway omnibus, I got a glimpse of the one street and church of S.; saw a considerable stir in the getting up of frontages; but beyond this, the little town and its trade might have as well been in the moon for anything that I could learn. In three minutes we were down at the station, and given over to the train.

Pleasant travelling by your railway train, to be sure, where one is shot along at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and where the fields, hedgerows, trees, and cattle, seem to the dizzy sight to be equally alive, and all equally intent on keeping up a merry dance to the music of the wheels. We had sixty or seventy miles before us; in other words, a three hours' trip; a pretty fair opportunity, thought I, for picking up a little knowledge of the surrounding country. I strained my eyes till their very nerves began to crack, for the purpose of observing the style of crop and culture on either side, but vain was the effort. Every field presented the same uniform green, which radiated, circled, and wheeled before the eye in misty indiscrimination. Nor was there any greater stability of form; for what was this minute square was next oblong or round; and before I could note the arrangement of the farmstead on the left, the mansion on the right was swimming away in the distance. In fact I felt as if placed on an island, with a current of country sweeping past me on both sides with extreme velocity. Baffled in my attempt to decipher the immediate, I betook myself to the remote, trusting, with the poet, that distance might lend 'enchantment to the view;' but in this quarter I was even more unfortunate, for the easterly breeze had brought a creeping fog, which robbed the heights in a 'more than azure hue,' and the level plain was far too flat to be interesting. Hedgerows, indistinct masses of trees, here a whitewashed front, and there such another, a cloud of smoke rising from the chimney of a coal-work, and vying in blackness with another sent forth by an iron-foundry, formed, so long as I had patience to look, the principal parts of the picture. Abandoning every idea of scenery, I threw myself back from the window, in the hope and with the intention of a conversation with one of my fellow-passengers. The first I attempted was a lady right opposite; but so convulsively did she grasp the hand-rail, and so broken were her replies, that it appeared absolute cruelty to force her to articulate. She had evidently read the last 'dreadful railway accident' in the newspapers, and sat expecting every minute to be the victim of a similar catastrophe. The next I turned to was evidently a cattle-dealer, a man of jolly dimensions, and to whom the habit of locomotion had rendered railway, steamboat, or stage-coach a matter of equal indifference. Eyeing my movement, he shrewdly intercepted me with a remark about the weather; and drawing his travelling cap over his ears, adjusted himself in a corner, evidently with the intention of sleeping out the rest of the journey. 'I always do so on a long stage; and it is the best thing one can do, specially if he has been over-hours the night before.' This was an extinguisher to my hopes of conversation in as far as he was concerned; and I could have no more ventured upon our only other companion, though in a public conveyance, than I would have obtruded into his counting-room. He was over head and ears among papers and calculations, evidently on some business speculation; and seemed, from the occasional glances which he stole at the surrounding country, to be grudging the time consumed in his conveyance. Three hours of travel were just to him three hours of business. He seemed, indeed, to be one of those souls who would consent to be shot from the mouth of a cannon, provided it would transport him more quickly to his destination; and had no more notion of the companionship of travel, than he would have thought of

entering into conversation with every one that walked with him the same streets. Luckily, our destination was near at hand, and in less than half an hour we were safely set down in the suburbs of B.

Now, thought I to myself, I shall have a survey of this fine thriving port—its docks, streets, and warehouses. It is half an hour yet from the time of embarkation, and a man with ready eye can do a vast deal in outline even in thirty minutes, provided he meet with no interruption. Out, therefore, I sallied, noticing the structure and arrangement of the new station and docks; but just as I was making the next turn, a fellow shouting and waving his hat came coursing behind me. 'Going with the steamer, sir?' 'Yes, half an hour hence.' 'She's goin' in a few minutes, sir, a—once they take in their coals, as the tide is fast falling, owin' to the easterly wind; and if you don't want to lose your passage, you'd better be waitin' on.' Most unaccountable again; just as I was in a fair way of enjoying one portion at least of my trip, to be thwarted in this way—was ever mortal so unfortunate! It was of no use, however, to soliloquise. I had engaged for my trip; and if I did not choose to move forward, I must either remain where I was, or wheel back at double expense the unenjoyed route I had passed. Abandoning my ramble round B., I stalked sulkily on board the steamer, and in fifteen minutes was out on the open sea. Now, said I, in a vaunting tone, I shall at least have thirty miles of delightful coasting; and so seating myself in a quiet nook, and unsheathing a pocket telescope, I began to reconnoitre the beautiful villas and snug villages that stud that sea-board. Out, out, however, the steamer held, every stroke diminishing the distinctness of my prospect, till at last I might have as well looked through a bit of horn as through the lenses of my telescope. 'What's all this for, captain, if you please?' 'Why, sir, the coast is shoal here, and the falling tide and easterly wind compel us to hold out as well as we can. It's our safest course, though not the best for your prospect.' Done again! and so I rushed, below in despair, and in ten minutes' time got gloriously sea-sick. Ugh! groaned I, and these are the pleasures of travelling. When we steered up to the pier of L., it was fully three-quarters of an hour beyond the usual time, thus leaving those who had a stomach to dine the brief space of forty minutes for that important ceremony. As for me, dinner was out of the question; so swallowing a glass of brandy and water, I threw myself on the sofa, sick, dispirited, and discontented. The sofa, like everything else, seemed to be leagued against me, for it heaved, and rocked, and swung most tremendously; and so I sallied out to the open air to await the starting of the train by the eastern route for the little seaport I had left in the morning.

Misfortune by this time had overcome my philosophy, as well as—I am sorry to own it—my good nature; so planting myself in a first class, I drew my cloak around me, pulled down my 'templar' over ears and eyes, and drew a magic circle of sleep between me and the world of my fellow-travellers. I heard no one, saw no one, and cared not whether the train passed through barren moors or paradises of fertility. All that I wished and prayed for was to be speedily set down at the spot whence I had started. In due time we drew up at the southern suburb of C.; and now shame and confusion took hold of me. How was I to reply to the hundred queries that were sure to be made as to the way in which I had enjoyed my trip? how did the country look? what thought I of B., or of L.? All these pierced me like so many daggers, till a mischievous thought shot across my brain. I shall take note of C. by gaslight, describe the magnificence of its streets, the elegance of its shops, its blaze, its beauty, and so forth, in such language that my friends at the Turf will not be able to discover their own city in the description. I shall check-mate them for once, thought I; and as I was gloating over this idea, an obsequious tap was made on my shoulder. 'Mr Brown, I suppose?' The same, if you

please. 'I have been sent, sir, from the Turf with this cab, to bring you quickly up, as Mr Jones is waiting you on business. Will you step in, sir?' I instinctively obeyed the request; alam went the door; and away went the cab like fury over rough and rattling causeway. When I recovered myself, I reflected on my gaslight survey of C., and shouted to the fellow to drive slowly; but he mistook the injunction, and only plied the whip with double effect. In ten minutes I was fairly set down at the Turf, having since morning accomplished a distance exceeding 200 miles, and, as the phrase goes, 'seen the country.' After supping with my friend Jones—whose queries I parried like a fencer—I hurried to bed, and passed the night, as I had the day, amid the bustle of coaches, railway trains, and steamers, which danced, and wheeled, and circled in my brain, till the kind hand of 'boots' knocked me up to consciousness and breakfast the following morning.

Such to me at least were the delights of modern travelling—the beauties of a 'pleasure trip' taken in glowing June for the avowed purpose of seeing the country. Reader, if by your travels you wish to see and learn, and inwardly to digest, go by some decent Christian conveyance, be it even a carrier's van; but avoid as you would an enemy railway train, steamboats, and stage-coaches that 'beat the mail.' Such whisking and shooting through space is too much for ordinary capacities; it allows no time for the mind to receive, handle, and store ideas in a proper and methodical manner. The senses must either take impressions by halves, and toss them to the memory as they come, or despairingly give up the task of receiving them at all. We who have been accustomed from our youth to a constitutional six or eight miles an hour, have no conception of thirty: our mental operations are not habituated to such haste; it is absolute cruelty to compel us to live in such a hurry. With the next generation, born and trained amid steam and bustle, it may be all very well; their perceptions will partake of the attributes that surround them, and the record of their memory may be kept in stenography, instead of, as with us, in a plain Roman hand. Train the young, say we, to as much speed as you please; but, for humanity's sake, let us who belong to a declining state of things accomplish our final stage at the pace to which we have been so long accustomed.

DISCIPLINE OF THE EYES.

THOUGH vision be one of the most important and the most comprehensive of the senses, it is one that cannot be exercised in its full efficiency without considerable practice and self-tuition. This fact, well-known in theory, was first elucidated by experiment in the case of the boy who was cured of blindness at the age of fourteen by the celebrated Cheselden. A case of equal interest occurred lately in London, a report of which by Dr Franz is given in the Philosophical Transactions. The leading results in both cases exactly coincide.

If a person totally blind from birth were, at a mature age, and in possession of all his other faculties, at once to obtain the full use of his eyes, one would be apt to imagine that he would perceive objects around him just as other grown-up persons usually do. This, however, is by no means the case. There is none of the senses so deceptive, taken by itself, as that of vision. No just idea can be formed of any object by the eye alone; and it is only by the aid and experience of the other senses, as well as by repeated practice in vision, that an accurate notion of even the simplest object can be obtained. To the inexperienced eye all objects are flat, or seen only as surfaces. All objects too, however near or distant, appear as if in one plane; so that form, size, distance, are all indistinguishable. Even colour depends upon proximity to the eye, for the brightest objects at a remote distance appear dim, and almost colourless.

The case operated upon by Dr Franz was that of a young gentleman of seventeen years of age, the son of a

physician. He had been blind from birth. His right eye was quite insensible to light, and in that state called *amaurotic*. His left eye contained an opaque lens, or cataract; with it he could distinguish a strong light, and even vivid colours, but he had no idea of the forms of objects. It was on this left eye that the operation was performed, and fortunately it proved successful. As the young man possessed an intelligent mind, and had been carefully educated as far as his condition would allow, the opportunity was a favourable one to test the accuracy of former experiments.

'On opening the eye,' says Dr Franz, 'for the first time on the third day after the operation, I asked the patient what he could see. He answered that he saw an extensive field of light, in which everything appeared dull, confused, and in motion. He could not distinguish objects, and the pain produced by the light forced him to close the eye immediately.' Two days afterwards the eye was again exposed. 'He now described what he saw as a number of opaque watery spheres, which moved with the movements of the eye; but when the eye was at rest, remained stationary, and then partially covered each other. Two days after this the eye was again opened: the same phenomena were again observed, but the spheres were less opaque, and somewhat transparent—their movements more steady, and they appeared to cover each other more than before. He was now for the first time capable, as he said, to look through the spheres, and to perceive a difference, but merely a difference, in the surrounding objects. When he directed his eye steadily towards an object, the visual impression was painful and imperfect, and the intolerance of light obliged him to desist. The appearance of spheres diminished daily; they became smaller, clearer, and more pellucid, and after two weeks disappeared. Dark brown spots (*musca volitantes*) floated before the eye every time it was opened; and when shut, especially towards evening, dark blue, violet, and red colours appeared in an upward and outward direction.'

As soon as the state of the patient permitted, the following experiments on his sense of vision were instituted. They were performed in succession, and on different days, so as not to fatigue the eye too much. In the first experiment, silk ribbons of different colours, fastened on a black ground, were employed to show, first the primitive, and then the complementary colours. The patient recognised the different colours, with the exception of yellow and green, which he frequently confounded, but could distinguish when both were exhibited at the same time. Gray pleased him best, because this colour, he said, produced an agreeable and grateful sensation. The effect of red, orange, and yellow was painful, but not disagreeable; that of violet and brown not painful, but very disagreeable; the latter he called ugly. Black produced subjectioned colours, and white occasioned the recurrence of *musca volitantes* in a most vehement degree.

In the second experiment, the patient sat with his back to the light, and kept his eye closed. A sheet of paper, on which two strong black lines had been drawn—the one horizontal, the other vertical—was placed before him at the distance of about three feet. He was now allowed to open the eye, and after attentive examination, he called the lines by their right denominations. When he was asked to point out with his finger the horizontal line, he moved his hand slowly, as if feeling, and pointed to the vertical line; but after a short time, observing his error, he corrected himself. The outline in black, of a square six inches in diameter, within which a circle had been drawn, and within the latter a triangle, was, after careful examination, recognised and correctly described by him. When he was asked to point out either of the figures, he never moved his hand directly and decidedly, but always as if feeling, and with the greatest caution: he pointed them out, however, correctly. A line consisting of angles, or a zig-zag and a spiral line, both drawn on a sheet of

paper, he observed to be different, but could not describe them otherwise than by imitating their forms with his finger in the air. He said he had no idea of these figures.

In a third experiment, light being admitted into the room at one window only, to which the patient's back was turned, a solid cube and a sphere, each four inches in diameter, were placed before and on a level with the eye at the distance of three feet. Allowing him to move the head in a lateral direction no more than was necessary to compensate the point of view of the right eye, which was visionless, he was now desired to open his eye, and say what the objects were. After attentively examining them, he said he saw a quadrangular and a circular figure, and after some consideration he pronounced the one a square and the other a disc. His eye being again closed, the cube was taken away, and a flat disc of equal size placed next to the sphere. On opening his eye, he observed no difference in these objects, but regarded them both as discs. The solid cube was now placed in a somewhat oblique position before the eye, and close beside it a figure cut out of pasteboard, representing a plain outline prospect of the cube when in this position: both objects he took to be something like flat quadrates. A pyramid placed before him with one of its sides towards his eye, he saw as a plain triangle. This object was now turned a little, so as to present two of its sides to view, but rather more of one side than of another. After considering it for a long time, he said that this was a very extraordinary figure; it was neither a triangle, nor a quadrangle, nor a circle. He had no idea of it, and could not describe it. When subsequently the three solid bodies, the sphere, the cube, and the triangle were placed in his hands, he was much surprised that he had not recognised them as such by sight, as he was well acquainted with these solid mathematical figures by touch.

There was another peculiarity in his impressions: when he first began to look at objects, they all appeared to him so near, that he was sometimes afraid of coming in contact with them, though many were in reality at a great distance. He saw everything much larger than he had supposed, from the idea obtained by his sense of touch. All moving, and especially living objects, such as men and horses, appeared to him very large. If he wished to form an estimate of the distance of objects from his own person, or of two objects from each other, without moving from his place, he examined the objects from different points of view, by turning his head to the right and to the left. Of perspective in pictures, he had of course no idea. He could distinguish the individual objects in a painting, but could not understand the meaning of the whole picture. It appeared to him unnatural, for instance, that the figure of a man represented in the front of the picture should be larger than a house or a mountain in the background. Every surface appeared to him perfectly flat. Thus, though he knew very well by his touch that the nose was prominent, and the eyes sunk deeper in the head, he saw the human face only as a plane. Though he possessed an excellent memory, this faculty was at first quite deficient as regarded vision: he was not able, for example, to recognise visitors unless he heard them speak, till he had seen them very frequently. Even when he had seen an object repeatedly, he could form no idea of its visible qualities in his imagination, without having the real objects before him. Formerly, when he had dreamt of persons—of his parents, for instance—he felt them, and heard their voices, but never saw them; but now, after having seen them frequently, he saw them also in his dreams.

The human face pleased him more than any other object presented to his view. The eyes he thought most beautiful, especially when in motion; the nose disagreeable, on account of its form and great prominence; the movement of the lower jaw in eating he considered very ugly. Although the newly-acquired sense afforded him many pleasures, the great number

of strange and extraordinary sights was often disagreeable and wearisome to him. He said that he saw too much novelty, which he could not comprehend; and even though he could see both near and remote objects very well, he would nevertheless continually have recourse to the use of the sense of touch.

Such are the nature of our impressions in early infancy, before vision becomes to us a true exposition of the forms and relative positions of objects. And such is the effect of habit and association, that the actual deceptions which the sense of sight, when taken alone, is continually presenting to us, can only be appreciated or detected by the philosophic inquirer.

THE COUNTESS IDA OF HAHN-HAHN.

DURING the last ten years, the authoress whose name heads this article has obtained an extensive popularity in Germany. Though a woman of undoubted genius, she is somewhat eccentric—a peculiarity over which her parentage and education must have exercised much influence. Her father, Count Charles Frederick von Hahn, served in the army of the Grand Duke of Mecklenberg-Schwerin in the war which was put an end to at Waterloo. Unfortunately, he had a passion for theatricals, and when peace was proclaimed, the count absented himself from his estates at Tressow, in Mecklenberg, and actually became the manager of a company of players. He so impaired his property by indulgence in his favourite pursuit, that it was found necessary to place it in the hands of trustees. Another consequence of his erratic mode of life was, that his daughter's childhood was deprived of the advantages of a settled home, and of the immediate guidance and direction of a father. She lived with her mother at Rostock, then in New Brandenburg, and, after 1821, in the Griefswald, where she was married in 1826 to the wealthy Count Frederick William Adolphus von Hahn, of the older branch of the house of Hahn, or Hahn-Baselow. This union was productive of much unhappiness, and was dissolved in the year 1829. Nor were all the countess's troubles consequent on the marriage state. It was her misfortune to be afflicted with the peculiarity of vision known as a 'squint,' and, attracted by the fame of the celebrated Dr Dieffenbach, she allowed him to operate; but the result was unfavourable. After a time she lost the use of one eye entirely, and was for some time apprehensive of becoming totally blind. This incident made a great noise in Germany, for it created a furious paper war between the oculist and his impetuous patient. He maintained that she lost her sight from imprudently reading and writing by candle-light on the very evening after the operation; she, on the other side, persisting that the whole blame was attributable to the negligence of her medical attendant after the operation was performed. So perseveringly was the dispute carried on, that the countess's eye became the current topic of conversation in all the literary and medical circles of society throughout Germany.

To console herself for her misfortunes, the countess took to literature and travelling; and those who have watched her career, must admit that, if activity and industry be any consolation for trouble, she must have completely forgotten hers. Since 1835, she has visited Switzerland, Vienna twice, Italy twice, Spain, France, Sweden, Syria, and Constantinople. Since the same date she has written seven novels and five books of travel, not one of which but has met with a large share of public attention; some of them having been translated into both French and English.

The novels of this authoress, though adapted for German tastes, would find little favour with our more matter-of-fact nation. They abound in over-wrought delineations of passion and sentiment, and with events a little too melodramatic to be probable. From her books of travel, on the contrary, much that is sensible in opinion and graphic in description is to be

gleaned, and it is our present purpose to afford our readers a few specimens of this eccentric but amusing lady's literary skill and humour as a descriptive tourist.

Among her most diverting descriptions, is that which occurs in 'A Traveller's Letters' (*Reisebriefe*) on the Spanish roads. Crossing the Pyrenees from France near the Mediterranean, she halts at Figueras to dine, and there the French vehicle in which she had been recently travelling was exchanged for a Spanish one drawn by no fewer than nine mules. 'I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the whole herd getting into motion. In Germany, we are thankful if our coachman is able to drive four in hand; but only think of a man undertaking to manage nine steeds at once! Each mule had its particular name, such as Pajarito, Galando, Amorosa, &c. The *mayoral* (so the coachman is called) kept up a constant conversation with his cattle, calling the creatures by name, scolding the lazy, praising the diligent, and guiding the whole team apparently more by his voice than with his reins. By the side ran the *zagal*, a boy with a whip, who contributed his share to the animation of the coursers, threw himself upon the front mule when we crossed a river or passed a sharp corner, and when he was tired of running, jumped up beside the *mayoral*, and rested for a few minutes on the driver's seat. The roads were frightful—indescribably so. At Perpignan they told me the *chaussée* to Barcelona was as good as a French road. This was saying little enough; but the fact is, that after we had got clear of the Pyrenees, we found no road at all, but had to ford rivers, to drive through ditches, to cross bogs, and to climb over precipices, and all that the best way we could. Roads and bridges, and everything that should be cared for by a government, are deplorably neglected.'

In an article on a book called 'Beyond the Mountains,' which we drew up some time since,* we extracted a not dissimilar passage. It turns out that the '*Man of Fashion*,' who wrote under the name of Theophile Gautier, was no other than the Countess Ida! She certainly kept up her assumed character admirably.

The work from which the above extract is taken abounds in shrewd reflections on the fallen condition of Spain. The following is piquant and true:—'Alas! to be poor is no greater hardship than to be rich, for our wants increase with our power of gratifying them; but to become poor, that is bitter; for it carries with it an involuntary feeling of a fall! How much more, then, when it is a nation that has become poor. Spain is not poor, they will tell me, for it possesses inexhaustible resources within its own soil; but of what worth are those resources to people who know not how to bring them into play? In the time of the Moors, Spain contained twenty millions of inhabitants—some say thirty—now it does not contain ten. The land was then rich and flourishing, and sufficed for all the wants of a luxurious population. Of course it must then have possessed resources that became dormant in proportion as the population melted together. The land remains uncultivated, because roads and canals are wanting for the conveyance of its produce. The plains of Castile grow the finest wheat in the world, and when grown, it is given to the pigs, because the grower has no means of conveying it to a market. There is no trade except along the coast, and even there it is almost exclusively in the hands of smugglers. The land that once monopolised the trade of both the Indies—the land that could fit out the Invincible Armada for the conquest of England—possesses at present not a single man-of-war, and has no commerce but what is carried on by smugglers!'

During her subsequent journey through Sweden, the countess visited that interesting personage, Miss Frederika Bremer, whose quiet pictures of northern domestic life have rendered her so celebrated throughout the rest of Europe. 'I visited Miss Frederika Bremer at Arsta, which is her estate. It is three Swedish miles from Stock-

* *A Man of Fashion in Spain*; vol. 12, p. 300.

holm: she lives there with her mother and younger sister during the greater part of the year. The two last-mentioned ladies passed last winter in Nizza. She remained at home: she does not like the trouble and disturbance of travelling. She remained seven months—seven Swedish winter months—all alone at Arsta, without seeing any one but the maid-servant who attended her. I would not believe that any one could endure such seclusion, if she had not told it me herself. Arsta has its little historical recollections. In the great meadow, Gustavus Adolphus assembled and mustered the army with which he first went as king to Livonia, and he dwelt with his wife and daughter in the wooden house which still stands near the present dwelling-house. The latter is of stone, square and handsome, with large lofty rooms: it was built during the thirty years' war. The surrounding country is not cheerful—at least it did not appear so to me, perhaps because it was a dull, cloudy day. The trees looked dingy, the lawn gray, and the sea was faintly seen in the distance. A walk was proposed, but I, who am generally so fond of the fresh air, preferred not going out: without there was nothing to tempt me, and within it was so comfortable. I can understand that one must feel very much attached to home here. I begged Miss Frederika to show me her room: it is as simple as a cell. To me it would be in the highest degree uncomfortable, for it is a corner room, with a window on two sides, so that there is a thorough light, and no curtains. Three square tables stand in it, entirely covered with books, papers, and writing apparatus; and the rest of the furniture is in a style which seems simply to invite one to sit down upon sofa and chair, but not to lie down, or lean or lounge upon them, as I would willingly have done. It is the same with me on a journey as at home. I take a fancy to some particular table or chair, and the want of elegance or convenience is displeasing to me. Wherever I am travelling or living, I must have everything comfortable and soft and warm about me; not so much hard wood, or so many sharp corners. On the walls of this room there are a few pictures. "That is a genuine Teniers; but I know you will not like it," said Miss Bremer, smiling, and pointing to a picture which represents a peasant filling his tobacco pipe. I said frankly that I did not. I very often said "no" when she said "yes," but that did not signify.

* She succeeded in conquering the difficulty of speaking in a language in which she is not accustomed to think, and said what she wished to say quite simply, naturally, and clearly, sometimes in French, sometimes in German. She has beautiful, thoughtful eyes, and a clear, broad, I might almost say a solid, forehead, with distinct, finely-marked eyebrows, which move when she speaks, especially when a sudden thought bursts into speech: this is very becoming to her. She has a small and light figure, and was dressed in black silk. In her antechamber there were two large book-cases filled with books in Swedish, German, French, and English: I think there were Italian also. In the schools, German is taught after Swedish. Goethe and Schiller have never been translated into Swedish, yet every one has read them. Our books have a much greater advantage in Sweden than Swedish books have with us. Translations are always colourless lithographs of the original, and sometimes they are wretched dubs. Miss Bremer draws portraits extremely well in miniature with water-colours, and has a very interesting album of such heads, all executed by herself, to which she has added mine. These two authoresses present a striking contrast. The guest a dashing, fashionable countess, fond of gaiety and the world; the hostess a humble-minded, unpretending private gentlewoman, living in peace and retirement.

None of the countess's works have met with such an extended popularity as her 'Letters of a German Countess,' written from, and on her way to, the East. Several English translations have been made from them; that before us being by the clever author of 'Caleb Stukely.' In the letter to her brother dated from Pesth, there is some useful information conveyed

with the countess's peculiar vivacity. 'We reached Pesth during the celebration of one of the four great fairs held annually in the city. The inns, coffee-houses, and restaurants of every grade are thronged with people, and the streets are one great sea of traffic. On the other side, at Ofen, matters are as quiet. Ofen is the older and smaller town, lying on the hill-side. High up, on the right, is the castle, the residence of the palatine; on the left is the observatory: various government buildings and a few convents are seen in different directions. From the heights you overlook not only the river and all Pesth, which, by the way, lies very low, and is on that account seriously exposed to inundations, but the country far and wide in its level uniformity. Pesth, in other respects, is a handsome, regularly built town, with large houses and straight streets; 60,000 inhabitants (whose trade and commerce are much facilitated by low position and proximity of water), a pretty theatre, a museum now building, and a chain-bridge in embryo. The completion of the last is impeded, as I hear, by the determination of the Hungarian nobles not to pay the toll which is indispensable to the defraying of the expenses. They maintain that the people hitherto have paid it, and that they shall continue so to do.

'Ofen and Pesth have so arranged matters, that they represent the capital of Hungary between them; for the former is the seat of the palatine of the empire, and of the high political and military authorities, whilst the latter is the central point of Hungarian commerce. As for curiosities, grand buildings, antiquities, museums, and churches, Pesth knows of no such things; nay, what is more astonishing, she is without a promenade, and that at Ofen is miserable in the extreme. Probably the folks prefer the Italian fashion of taking the air in a carriage, and if they do walk, to wander about the streets. And indeed the whole aspect of life here is very southerly. The people do not merely walk in the streets, but they actually sit, work, eat, drink, and sleep there. Every third house is a cafe, surrounded by a broad verandah, and supplied with sofas and blooming oleander trees; and an incredible quantity of fruit—grapes, plums, melons, and water-melons—the latter in heaps—are exposed for sale. Lazzaroni-like, the unemployed labourers lie upon the thresholds of the house-doors, or across their own barrows, enjoying the luxury of a mid-day slumber. Women sit gossiping before the houses and suckling their young. The dark eye, the loud deep voice, and here and there the piercing glance, all are southern. * * Since for the last two days I have done nothing but roam from street to street, gazing right and left, I can speak of nothing but what my eyes encountered there. Oh, would that I could draw! Is it not extraordinary that I can do nothing that I have been taught, at least for the teaching of which I have had masters, and that the only thing which I have not been taught, namely, to write a book, I can do? I am really surprised that painters of domestic life do not come here: they might procure the finest subjects. Under the doorway of a spacious house, a fruiterer had very carelessly spread his commodities, consisting of water-melon, upon the ground; he himself lay beside them, a beautiful oleander was above him, and in his mouth was the darling pipe, whose spiral cloud he watched intently as it ascended into air. The broad hat gave an additional shade to his already dark visage, and the contrast between his black, stern head, and the delicate rose-coloured blossoms which were waving above him, was splendid. The extensive trade in soap, entirely carried on in the open streets, is unpleasant to the eyes and nose, especially during the present melting weather. Hungary, with the Carpathian mountains to the north, is much warmer than the neighbourhood of Vienna, which lies north of the mountains of Styria. The exhibition of manufactures and works of industry, now open, was full of interest. The best productions are those of the cabinet-maker and leather-workers. The silks and minor articles of luxury look neither tasty

nor finished, as the English say, and as we Germans know not how to say, simply because the point itself is one we cannot reach.*

Arrived in Constantinople, the countess visited the slave-market, on which her observations are pointed and new. The market itself is not very inviting—an irregular space, surrounded by damp galleries. In these galleries sit the salesmen with coffee and *chibouque*, the overseers, the purchasers, and the simply curious; and in the narrow, dark, low chambers, which have a door and grated window opening to the galleries, are kept the noble wares. One group is placed in the middle of the court for inspection, or rather is seated, for they are squatted upon mats as usual. Let us contemplate them. Oh, horror! dreadful, revolting sight! Summon your whole faculty of imagination—picture to yourself monsters—and you still fail to conceive such objects as yon negroes, from whom your outraged eye recoils with loathing. But the Georgians, the Circassians—the loveliest women in the world—where are they? Not here! No, dearest brother, the white slaves are kept separate in Tophana; thence they are conducted to the harem for inspection, and only by the greatest favour, and under especial escort, can you be admitted to a view of them. Here are only blacks, and with the monstrous spectacle you must fain content yourself. There they sit! A coarse gray garment envelops the figure; coloured glass rings encircle the wrists; coloured glass beads the neck; the hair is cut short. You are struck, first, with the depressed forehead, squeezed over the eyebrows, as in the Cretians; then with the large, rolling, inexpressive eye; then with the nose, innocent of a bridge, a great misshapen mass; then with the mouth, and the frightful animal formation of projecting jaw-bone, and gaping black lips (red lips, on the Moor, is a European fancy, which reality does not sanction); then with the long-fingered, ape-like hands, and hideous colourless nails; then with the meagre spindleshanks and projecting heel; then, and most of all, with the incredible animalism of the whole thing, form and expression combined. The colour varies: here it is bright black, there somewhat brown, and here again grayish. They give out no signs of life; they stare at us with the same unconscious gaze that they fix upon each other. A purchaser approaches, examines them; women-buyers make their remarks upon them; they are indifferent to all. They are measured in their length and breadth like a bale of goods; scanned and tried in their hands, hips, feet, teeth, like a horse. They submit to everything without dislike, without anger, without sorrow. It is much that the exhibition proceeds with decency; that is to say, with so-called decency: the creatures do not lay aside their garments, which reach from the neck down to the calf of the leg. Now they are selected, bid for, cheapened. Do buyer and seller agree, the slave departs with her master or mistress. Do they not, she seats herself again upon the mat, unconcerned about her fate.

When in Egypt, the countess visited the residence of the pasha, Mehemet Ali, at Schubra, near Cairo, which is a garden on the Nile, with a country house, of which the viceroy is very fond. You can imagine nothing more pleasant and less pretending than the entrance into this garden. The gateway has acquired an irregular form from the mass of creeping plants with blue flowers which climb about it, and which give you the notion of entering beneath two trees. The garden itself does not at all resemble that of Ibrahim Pasha upon Rouda; it is more Oriental; that is to say, it is a fruit-garden, but very differently kept and tended to the wildernesses of Damascus. Firm paths, paved with shells and little pebbles, which enclose regular squares of oranges and lemons, and are bordered with lowly-cut hedges of myrtle; shady archways, that terminate at basins for water; elevated kiosks, with a prospect of the Nile, which streams through the fields like a flowing mantle of silver; such are the constituent parts. Let me, however, not forget the Great Fountain, which is really

superb. An oblong portico, borne by marble columns, surrounds a sheet of water, to which marble steps conduct, and upon which you can go about in small boats. In the four corners are fixed marble lions spouting forth water; and from the middle of the basin there rises a marble balcony upon crocodiles, who are also spitting water. Four pavilions, with chambers, are attached to the rounded edges of the portico, so that this fantastic building is really half fountain, half kiosk.* Of the pasha himself she adds, in a succeeding page: 'I wrote to you, dear Clara, how Mehemet Ali contrived to raise himself from the subordinate position of a captain of Albanian troops to be hereditary pasha of the empire of the Pharaohs. I saw the old pasha twice during my numerous promenades to Schubra, where his spring residence is situated. Everybody may visit the garden, even when he is in it; and as he always dines in the open air, amidst myrtle hedges and orange trees, close to a fountain, one can easily see him. I was once with Madame von Laurin in the beautiful marble fountain kiosk, when it was suddenly announced that he was coming. We saw no reason whatever why we should take flight, after the manner of Mahomedan women, and therefore remained as near as was permitted us. He politely greeted us. He has a small red countenance, a magnificent white beard, a somewhat stooping carriage, and the resolute but shaken gait of a robust old man. He wore the red turban, and a dark-green robe, furred with sable. He receives foreigners with pipe and coffee, without any ceremony, introduced by their consuls. I asked my travelling companion what was the prevailing expression of his countenance. "Animated and friendly." "Something of the friendliness of the cat?" I inquired again. "Yes; somewhat, certainly." He was of opinion that if one could speak Turkish with him, one might hear many uncivilised but clever things: as it was, in spite of the tedious interpretation, he answered with great readiness, and well. He speaks only his bad Albanian Turkish; he cannot write at all: he learned to read at forty years of age—is not that pretty? Ibrahim Pasha (the pasha's son) speaks and writes Turkish, Persian, and Arabic. (Appropos of this, it occurs to me to say that the Arabs have never learnt a word of Turkish. Here, if you please, is a genuine expression of hatred on the part of a people enslaved for 300 years.) Ibrahim is said to have generally a more solid judgment, more deliberation, and more consistency in his transactions, than his father, who is subject to violent fits of passion; but Ibrahim is accused of avarice. He lives very much withdrawn from affairs at his country residence, Cube, on the road to Heliopolis, and comes rarely to his palace of Caser-el-Ain.

As Germany is by no means overstocked with lively, vivacious writers, the countess has made some welcome additions to their literature. When not abroad, she resides alternately in Berlin and Dresden, receiving the homage due as much to her literary acquirements as to her rank and lineage.

BROCK THE SWIMMER.*

AMONGST the sons of labour, there are none more deserving of their hard earnings than that class of persons denominated Beachmen, on the shores of this kingdom. To those unacquainted with maritime affairs, it may be as well to observe, that these men are bred to the sea from their earliest infancy, are employed in the summer months very frequently as regular sailors or fishermen, and during the autumn, winter, and spring, when gales are most frequent on our coast, in going off in boats to vessels in distress in all weathers, at the imminent risk of their lives; fishing up lost anchors and cables, and looking out for wrecks (that is, anything abandoned or wrecked) which the winds and waves

* We gather the present account of this remarkable man from a paper in the *Sporting Magazine* for July 1838.

may have cast in their way. In our seaports these persons are usually divided into companies, between whom the greatest rivalry exists in regard to the beauty and swiftness of their boats, and their dexterity in managing them; this too often leads to feasts of the greatest daring, which the widow and the orphan have long to deplore. To one of these companies, known by the name of 'Layton's,' whose rendezvous and 'look-out' is close to Yarmouth Jetty, Brook belongs, and of him the following anecdote is recorded.

About 1 p.m., on the 6th of October 1835, a vessel was observed at sea from this station with a signal flying for a pilot, bearing east distant about twelve miles. In a space of time incredible to those who have not witnessed the launching of a large boat on a like occasion, the yawl 'Increase,' eighteen tons burden, belonging to Layton's gang, with ten men and a London branch pilot, was under weigh steering for the object of their enterprise. 'I was as near as possible being left on shore,' said Brook to me; 'for at the time the boat was getting down to the breakers, I was looking at Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of persons on a wreck then practising, and but for the "singing out" of my messmates, which caught my ear, should have been too late; but I reached in time to jump in with wet feet.' About four o'clock they came up with the vessel, which proved to be a Spanish brig, *Paquette de Bilbao*, laden with a general cargo, and bound from Hamburg to Cadiz, leaky, and both pumps at work. After a great deal of chaffering and haggling in regard to the amount of salvage (always the case with foreigners), and some little altercation with part of the boat's crew as to which of them should stay with the vessel, T. Layton (a Gatt pilot), J. Woolsey, and George Darling, boatmen, were finally chosen to assist in pumping and piloting her into Yarmouth harbour. The remainder of the crew of the yawl were then sent away. The brig at this time was about five miles to the eastward of the Newarp Floating Light, off Winterton on the Norfolk coast, the weather looking equally. On passing the light in their homeward course, a signal was made for them to go alongside, and they were requested to take on shore a sick man, and the poor fellow being comfortably placed upon some jackets and spare coats, they again shoved off and set all sail (three lugs); they had a fresh breeze from the W. S. W. And now again my readers shall have Brook's own words:—'There was little better than a pint of liquor in the boat, which the Spaniard had given us, and the bottle had passed once round, each man taking a mouthful, and about half of it was thus consumed. Most of us had got a bit of bread or biscuit in his hand, making a sort of light meal, and into the bargain I had hold of the main-sheet. We had passed the buoy of the Newarp a few minutes, and the light was about two miles astern: we had talked of our job (that is, our earnings), and had just calculated that by ten o'clock we should be at Yarmouth.' This hope proved fallacious. 'Without the slightest notice of its approach, a terrific squall from the northward took the yawl's sails flat aback, and the ballast, which they had trimmed to windward, being thus suddenly changed to leeward, she was upset in an instant.'

This dreadful catastrophe plunged all who were on board the yawl or boat into the sea. 'It was terrible,' said Brook, 'to listen to the cries of the poor fellows, some of whom could swim, while others could not. Mixed with the hissing of the water and the howlings of the storm, I heard shrieks for mercy, and some that had no meaning but what arose from fear. I struck out, to get clear of the crowd, and in a few minutes there was no noise, for most of the men had sunk; and on turning round, I saw the boat was still kept from going down by the wind having got under the sails. I then swam back to her, and assisted an old man to get hold of one of her spars. The boat's side was about three feet under water, and for a few minutes I stood upon her; but I found she was gradually settling down, and when up to my chest, I again left her and swam away, and now for the first time began to think of my own awful condition. My companions were all drowned, at least I supposed so. How long it was up to this period from the boat's capsizing I cannot exactly say: in such cases, sir, there is no time; but now I reflected that it was half-past six p.m. just before the accident occurred; that the nearest land at the time was six miles distant; that it was dead low water, and the flood-tide setting off the shore, making to the southward; therefore, should I ever reach the land, it would take me at least fifteen miles setting up with the flood before the ebb would assist me.'

At this moment a rush horse-collar covered with old netting, which had been used as one of the boat's fenders, floated close to him, which he laid hold of, and, getting his knife out, he stripped it of the network, and, by putting his left hand through it, was supported till he had cut the waistband of his petticoat trousers, which then fell off. His striped frock, waistcoat, and neckcloth, were also similarly got rid of; but he dared not try to free himself of his oiled trousers, drawers, or shirt, fearing that his legs might become entangled in the attempt: he therefore returned his knife into the pocket of his trousers, and put the collar over his head, which, although it assisted in keeping him above water, retarded his swimming: and after a few moments, thinking what was best to be done, he determined to abandon it. He now, to his great surprise, perceived one of his messmates swimming a-head of him, but he did not hail him. The roaring of the hurricane was past; the cries of drowning men were no longer heard; and the moonbeams were casting their silvery light over the smooth surface of the deep, calm and silent as the grave over which he floated, and into which he saw this last of his companions descend without a struggle or a cry as he approached within twenty yards of him.

Up to this time Winterton Light had served, instead of a land-mark, to direct his course; but the tide had now carried him out of sight of it, and in its stead 'a bright star stood over where' his hopes of safety rested. With his eyes steadfastly fixed upon it, he continued swimming on, calculating the time when the tide would turn. But his trials were not yet past. As if to prove the power of human fortitude, the sky became suddenly overclouded, and 'darkness was upon the face of the deep.' He no longer knew his course, and he confessed that for a moment he was afraid; yet he felt that 'fear is but the betraying of the succours which reason offereth' and that which roused him to further exertion would have sealed the fate of almost any other human being—a sudden short cracking peal of thunder burst in stunning loudness just over his head, and the forked and flashing lightning at brief intervals threw its vivid fires around him. This, too, in its turn passed away, and left the wave once more calm and unruffled: the moon (nearly full) again threw a more brilliant light upon the bosom of the sea, which the storm had gone over without waking from its slumbers. His next effort was to free himself from his heavy-laced boots, which greatly encumbered him, and in which he succeeded by the aid of his knife. He now saw Lowestoft High Lighthouse, and could occasionally discern the tops of the cliffs beyond Gorleston on the Suffolk coast. The swell of the sea drove him over the Cross-sund Ridge, and he then got sight of a buoy, which, although it told him his exact position, as he says, 'took him rather aback,' as he had hoped he was nearer the shore. It proved to be the chequered buoy of St Nicholas Gatt, off Yarmouth, and opposite his own door, but distant from the land four miles. And now again he held council with himself, and the energies of his mind seemed almost superhuman: he had been five hours in the water, and here was something to hold on by: he could have even got upon the buoy, and some vessel might come near to pick him up; and the question was, could he yet hold out four miles? But, as he says, 'I knew the night air would soon finish me, and had I stayed but a few minutes upon the buoy, and then altered my mind, how did I know that my limbs would again resume their office?' He found the tide (to use a sea term) was broke. It did not run so strong; so he abandoned the buoy, and steered for the land, towards which, with the wind from the eastward, he found he was now fast approaching. The last trial of his fortitude was now at hand, for which he was totally unprepared, and which he considers (sailors being not a little superstitious) the most difficult of any he had to combat. Soon after he left the buoy, he heard just above his head a sort of whizzing sound, which his imagination conjured into the prelude to the 'rushing of a mighty wind,' and close to his ear there followed a smart splash in the water, and a sudden shriek that went through him, such as is heard

'When the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry.'

The fact was, a large gray gull, mistaking him for a corpse, had made a dash at him, and its loud discordant scream in a moment brought a countless number of these formidable birds together, all prepared to contest for and share the spoil. These large and powerful foes he had now to scare from their intended prey, and by shunting and splashing

with his hands and feet, in a few minutes they vanished from sight and hearing.

He now caught sight of a vessel at anchor, but a great way off, and to get within hail of her he must swim over Corton Sands (the grave of thousands), the breakers at this time showing their angry white crests. As he approached, the wind suddenly changed, the consequence of which was, that the swell of the sea met him. And now again for his own description:—'I got a great deal of water down my throat, which greatly weakened me, and I felt certain that, should this continue, it would soon be all over, and I prayed that the wind might change, or that God would take away my senses before I felt what it was to drown. In less time than I am telling you I had driven over the sands into smooth water, the wind and swell came again from the eastward, and my strength returned to me as fresh as in the beginning.'

He now felt assured that he could reach the shore, but he considered it would be better to get within hail of the brig, some distance to the southward of him, and the most difficult task of the two, as the ebb tide was now running, which, although it carried him towards the land, set to the northward; and to gain the object of his choice would require much greater exertion. But, said Brock, 'If I gained the shore, could I get out of the surf, which at this time was heavy on the beach? And supposing I succeeded in this point, should I be able to walk, climb the cliffs, and get to a house? If not, there was little chance of life remaining long in me; but if I could make myself heard on board the brig, then I should secure immediate assistance. I got within two hundred yards of her, the nearest possible approach, and summoning all my strength, I sung out as well as I had been on shore.' Brock was fortunately answered from the deck, a boat was instantly lowered, and at half-past 1 A.M., having swum seven hours in an October night, he was safe on board the brig *Betsy* of Sunderland, coal laden, at anchor in Corton Road, fourteen miles from the spot where the boat was capsized.

Once safe on board, 'nature cried enough,' he fainted, and continued insensible for some time. All that humanity could suggest was done for him by the captain and his crew; they had no spirits on board, but they had bottled ale, which they made warm, and by placing Brock before a good fire, rubbing him dry, and putting him in hot blankets, he was at length, with great difficulty, enabled to swallow a little of the ale; but it caused excruciating pain, as his throat was in a state of high inflammation from inhaling so long the saline particles of sea and air, and it was now swollen very much, and, as he says, he feared he should be suffocated. He, however, after a little time, fell into a sleep, which refreshed and strengthened him, but he awoke to intense bodily suffering. Round his neck and chest he was perfectly flayed: the soles of his feet, his hands, and his hamstrings, were also excoriated. In this state, at about 9 A.M., the brig getting under weigh with the tide, he was put on shore at Lowestoft in Suffolk, whence he immediately despatched a messenger to Yarmouth with the sad tidings of the fate of the yawl and the rest of her crew.

Being now safely housed under the roof of a relative, with good nursing and medical assistance, he was enabled to walk back to Yarmouth in five days from the time of the accident. The knife, which he considers as the great means of his being saved, is preserved with great care, and in all probability will be shown a century hence by his descendants. It is a common horn-handled knife, having one blade about five inches long. A piece of silver is now riveted on, and covers one side, on which is the following inscription, giving the names of the crew of the yawl when she upset:—Brown, Emmerson, Smith, Bray, Budda, Penn, Rushmore, Boulton; Brock, aided by this knife, was saved after being seven and a half hours in the sea, 6th Oct. 1835.

'It was a curious thing, sir,' said Brock, as I was listening to his extraordinary narrative, 'that I had been without a knife for some time, and only purchased this two days before it became so useful to me; and having to make some boat's tholes, it was as sharp as a razor.'

I know not what phrenologists might say to Brock's head, but I fancied, whilst studying his very handsome face and expression of countenance, that there I could see his heart. His bodily proportions, excepting height, are Herculean, standing only 5 feet 5 inches high; his weight, without any protuberance of body, is 14 stone; his age at the time spoken of was 31; his manners are quiet, yet com-

municative; he tells his tale neither tainted by bombast nor any clap-trap to awaken the sympathies of those of the 'Wrexhill school' that have looked about him. In the honest manliness of his heart he thus addressed me just before parting—'I always considered Emmerson a better swimmer than myself; but, poor fellow, he did not hold out long. I ought to be a good-living chap, sir, for three times have I been saved by swimming.'

One trait more, which he did not tell me, and I have done. A very good subscription was made for the widows and children of Brock's unfortunate companions, and a fund being established for their relief, the surplus was offered to him. This was his answer:—'I am obliged to you, gentlemen, but, thank God, I can still get my own living as well as ever, and I could not spend the money that was given to the fatherless and the widow.'

We may add, that Brock still survives, and is by no means a stranger to the inhabitants of Yarmouth and its neighbourhood, or the numerous visitors who frequent this part of the coast.

UTILITY OF BIRDS.

Of late, says the *Gardeners' Chronicle*, our columns have been occupied by a discussion concerning the merits and demerits of certain small birds. It would seem that these creatures are incarnations of mischief, if the one party is to be credited; while the other maintains that they are the winged instruments of prosperity. S. declares that he would not have a gooseberry if he left a tit alive. T. as stoutly asserts that neither gooseberries nor anything else will be left if the tits are destroyed. We have thought it advisable to give this discussion full scope, because it may be truly regarded as one of the more important of the questions incidentally connected with gardening, and, moreover, one concerning which there is the most marvellous ignorance. Thousands of people imagine that birds live on nothing but corn and fruit, and are therefore supported at the personal expense of those who grow corn and fruit, without making any sort of return. 'What, say they, is the use of such things? We can't eat them; and there is no good in feeding a swarm of useless plunderers.' And therefore, because of this wise conclusion, the order is given to shoot, trap, and poison without mercy. Let us hope, however, that the arguments in favour of birds, to which we have lately given so much space, will have removed this error, and that the question between man and birds will have reduced itself to whether the balance of good is in favour of the latter or against them.

It would be idle to assert that birds consume nothing which, but for them, we might consume ourselves. They feed in part at our expense. They destroy the insects that infest our gardens, when they can find any; and when the insects are gone, they search for other food. The first is their labour, the second is their wages. And is not the workman worthy of his hire? The man who grudges a bird a little seed or fruit, might as well begrudge his weekly pay to the labourer. There is no doubt that a garden would be less expensive if all the work in it were done for nothing. If a master would pocket his servants' wages, he would have more to spend upon himself. But this sort of arrangement is not exactly consistent with the design of Providence; and we are sure that it would not meet with the approbation of either S. or T. We repeat it, then, let us look at birds as skilful workmen, and the fruit or seed which they eat as the coin in which they are paid their wages. Not that birds are an unmixed good. Is man himself? Is anything? There are situations, doubtless, where birds are an absolute nuisance. Imagine, for instance, a garden surrounded by a wood which swarms with blackbirds. Does any one suppose it possible to gather a ripe cherry in such a place? If he does, he is greatly mistaken. He would find the blackbird a much more dexterous gatherer than himself, and one who would relieve him from all trouble with his cherry crop. In such a case the birds must be trapped, or the crop abandoned. There would be no alternative.

But such instances are special, and form the exception, not the rule. Every day's experience tells us that birds are among the most efficient instruments of Providence for destroying the vermin that would otherwise overrun us. And people may rely upon it, that they cannot more effectually encourage the ravages of those insidious foes than by waging war upon the creatures which naturally feed upon them.

DIALOGUE ON A DRY BOOK.

B. Tragedians, if they read it, leave off their whey faces, and become dry drolls.

A. It was the author of Liston's melancholy.

B. And Charles Kemble's taking to comedy.

A. Sir, I can believe that: I know the virtues as well as the vices of the work too well to doubt it. As another instance, an enemy to unions of all kinds has for twenty years prevented the junction of two convenient canals, by minutely keeping this book in his library, situated midway between the two water-parties.

B. Oh, that's nothing! A publican, owing to the dampness of his ground, lost all his skittle-players. A zealous friend, I should call him, recommended him to try this book: he did yesterday, and to-day he has had re-introduced over his door, 'An undeniably dry ground for skittles!'

A. A man who carried the book about him for a day was afflicted with a dry cough all the days of his life.

B. The toll-tickets of a turnpike-road in Wales are imitated by the same man who reprinted it. The London omnibus-coachmen go down there, take a ticket, drive rough the gate, return, and are dry for life.

A. A man living in a damp house kept a copy in his room, and waked in the morning in a fever.

B. A gardener wrapped a water-melon in a waste sheet, and on cutting it open, it was as dusty as a dried poppy.

A. They cover warehouses for dry goods with it instead of lutes, and it answers the purpose admirably.

B. A hatter makes waterproof beavers by pasting an h of it inside.

A. A bunch of grapes bagged in it, in half an hour became raisins.

B. They dry grasses for winter fodder for cattle by reading a chapter of it through the fens of Lincolnshire.

A. If you put a page of it in a hay-rick, it never fires in damp.

B. A cow, milked by a Welshwoman who had merely read it, she should like to read it, never yielded a drop of milk afterwards.

A. Washerwomen recite a passage of it, and take down their clothes—dry! They have sold their drying-grounds in consequence.

B. Innkeepers keep the book in one of their bedrooms, so they want no warming-pans in the rest.

A. Dry-nurses find it the shortest method of weaning children. Two sentences out of it will make any swaddled gentleman so thoroughly satisfied, that he will deign taking in his afternoon milk as usual.—*Webb's Glances* in *City and Suburb*: 1845.

PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT.

the proper study of mankind is man, it is proper so far as it may conduce to our own advancement in reason, by making us acquainted with that weakness and corruption of our nature which self-love is for ever labouring to conceal. Should we forget to apply to our own individual cases the observations which we make in the case of others, our knowledge will not only be barren improvement, but may even serve to engender a censorious spirit, and increase that pride and presumption which we know too frequently attend the mere possession of speculative knowledge. Our own personal improvement is centre towards which all reflections upon the nature and actions of man should converge; and whatsoever tends to unfold and bring to light any weakness lurking in the heart, should be received on our parts with all the readiness and impartiality which become creatures who are conscious of their responsible condition, and of that higher duty which is to succeed this probationary life.—*J. S. Anderson*.

HUMAN LIFE.

though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor part is to be of age, then to be a man of business, then to set up an estate, then to arrive at honour, then to retire. *solator*.

JUDGING.

the best writers are the most candid judges of the actions of others, so the best lives are the most charitable judgments they form of their neighbours' actions.

THE MAN IN THE FOREST, OR THE EMIGRANT.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF FRÉDÉRIC AND FRIEDRICH.]

The forest, cool and green—
The forest, wild and free—
Must shield the warworn belated man,
For not a friend has he.
All in the tomb his dear ones laid,
And he must seek the forest shade!

And he has sought his home,
And made it long ago,
There, where the wild wood winds its way
Into the vale below,
A house of houses: the gray-rook door
With awing branches is watched o'er.

His bed a couch of leaves—
Leaves as yellow as gold:
While for a roof the branches weave
Their arms in flexible fold:
Oh joy! to inhabit this moss-crowned cave—
The fir and the beech trees surrounding wave.

• Around the porch they weave,
And, stooping, strive to win
A glance of the stream that flows without,
And forms a bath within;
For there, in the grot so softly bright,
A fountain it flows, in liquid light!

And there a rough stone grate
Affords a warm fire-side;
And there, when the snow storm whistles round,
The lonely man doth hide.
The stalactite walls that around him shine
Are his forest treasures' sacred shrine.

And there his heart is free
From discontent and care,
And lives throughout the wintry day
On hoarded flesh of bear.
But hark! at length the forest rings
With wild notes from each bird that sings!

And winking forth, each bud
Peeps from its leafy nest,
Soon as the blooming spring outpours
Sap from her dewy breast:
And the downy buds of the walnut tree
Wave through the forest all gladsomely.

High singing from the boughs,
The joyous finch and thrush
Proclaim the spring; while from his lair
Behold the exile rush!
He bounds, he flies from his cleft in the rock,
And fells the young trees with a sturdy shock;

Collects with tender care
The saplings young, and then
Rejoicing on his way he goes,
And seeks the abodes of men:
Thus to the market his store he brings,
While through the valley his wild song rings:—

• With young trees laden, all to sell,
I hie me to the city;
Let me, sweet spring, thy praises tell,
Who hast shown me wondrous pity.

These dew pearls bright, this moisture balm,
Into this heart is stealing—
The dewy oak, the alder, palm,
Each to my heart appealing,

Tell of their kindred gem—the tear
Of joy, the eye's tear-gladden!
That, silent stealing, stays each fear,
And soothes the exile's sadness.

The busy, noisy, bustling town,
Perplexed with cares the sorest,
Where charcoal fumes the kilns burn brown:
But you, my leafy forest,
Sweet spring, and all your holy train,
Will make and keep me pure again!

The song, soft-flowing, ceased:
The dweller of the cave
Bled with his burthen gaily on;
Took what the buyer gave,
And wends him, glad of the release,
Back to his forest home in peace.

E. L.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT AND WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE recent death of Mr William Laidlaw, a man of fine natural powers and of most estimable character, removes another of the links which connected the present generation with the daily life and personal history of Sir Walter Scott, and with the antique minstrelsy and simple manners of the Scottish Borders. The loss of Hogg, while the strong twilight from Scott's departed greatness still shone on the land, was universally regretted, and now another 'flower of the forest,' less bright, but a genuine product of the soil, is 'wede away,' and can never be replaced. As the author of one of our sweetest and most characteristic Scottish ballads—'Lucy's Flittin'—and as a collaborateur with Scott in the collection of the ancient minstrelsy, Laidlaw is entitled to honourable remembrance. Let us never forget those who have added even one wild rose to the chaplet of Scottish song and patriotism! It is chiefly, however, as the companion, factor, and private secretary of Scott, that this gentleman will be known in after-times. During all those busy and glorious years when Scott was pouring out so prodigally the treasures of his prose fictions, and building up his baronial romance of Abbotsford, Laidlaw was his confidential adviser and daily assistant. From 1817 to 1832 he was resident on the poet's estate, and emphatically one of his household friends. Not a shade of distrust or estrangement came between them; and this close connexion, notwithstanding a disparity in circumstances and opinions, in fame and worldly consequence, is too honourable to both parties to be readily forgotten. The manly kindness and consideration of one noble nature was paralleled by the affectionate devotion and admiration of another. Literary history is brightened by the rare conjunction.

Scott's early excursions to Liddesdale and Ettrick form one of the most interesting epochs in his life. He was then young, not great, but prosperous, high-spirited, and overflowing with enthusiasm. His appointment as sheriff had procured him confidence and respect. He had 'given hostages to fortune' as a husband and a father—and no one felt more strongly the force and tenderness of those ties. Friends were daily gathering round him: his German studies and his inspired visions of literary distinction, and his full of hope and ambition. In his Border rambles, he revelled among the choice and curious stores of Scottish poetry and antiquities. Almost every step in his progress was marked by some memorable deed or plaintive ballad—some martial achievement or fairy superstition. Every tragic tale and family tradition was known to him. The old peels or castles, the bare hills, and treeless forest, and solitary streams, were all sacred in his eyes. They told of times long past—of warlike deeds and

forays—of knights and firebooters, and of primitive manners and customs, fast disappearing, yet embalmed in songs, often rude and imperfect, but always energetic or tender. Thus the Border towers, and *burns*, and rocks, were equally dear to him as memorials of feudal valour, and as the scenes of lyric poetry and pastoral tranquillity. He contrasted the strife and violence of the warlike Douglasses, the Elliots and Armstrongs, with the peace and security of later times, when shepherds ranged the silent hill, or Scottish maidens sang ancient songs, and, like the Trojan dames,

Washed their fair garments in the days of peace.

Much of this romance was in the scene, but more was in the mind of the beholder.

William Laidlaw's acquaintance with Scott commenced in the autumn of 1802, after two volumes of the Minstrelsy had been published, and the editor was making collections for a third. The eldest son of a wealthy and respectable sheep-farmer, Mr Laidlaw had received a good education. He had a strong bias for natural history and poetry, was modest and retiring, and of remarkably mild and agreeable manners.* The scheme of collecting the old ballads of the Forest was exactly suited to his taste. Burns had filled the whole land with a love of song and poetry—James Hogg was his intimate friend and companion. Hogg had been ten years a shepherd with Mr Laidlaw's father, had taught the younger members of the family their letters, and recited poetry to the old, and was engaged in every play and pursuit at Blackhouse, the name of the elder Laidlaw's farm. A solitary and interesting spot is Blackhouse—a wild extensive sheep-walk, with its complement of traditional story, and the suitable accompaniment of a ruined tower. The farm lies along the Douglas-burn, a small mountain stream which falls into the Yarrow about two miles from St Mary's Loch. Near the house, at the foot of a steep green hill, and surrounded with a belting of trees, is Blackhouse Tower, or the Tower of Douglas, so called, according to tradition, after the Black Douglas, one of whose ancestors, Sir John Douglas of Douglas-burn, as appears from Godscroft's history of the family, sat in Malcolm Canmore's first parliament. The tower has in one corner the remains of a round turret, which contained the stair, and the walls rise in

* Mr Laidlaw was born at Blackhouse, Selkirkshire, in November 1766. He was afterwards tenant of a farm at Traquair, and of another at Libborton, near Edinburgh. From 1817 to 1832, as stated in the text, he resided on the estate of Abbotsford. After Scott's death, Mr Laidlaw was successively factor on the estates of Seaford and Balnagown, in Roxburghshire. His health failing, he went to live with his brother, Mr James Laidlaw, sheep-farmer at Contin, in the county of Dumfriesshire, where he died on the 18th of June 1845. He was buried in Contin churchyard, a retired spot under the shade of the lofty Tur-Ardagh, and amidst the most enchanting Highland scenery.

high broken points, which altogether give the ruin a singular and picturesque appearance. It is also the scene of a popular ballad, 'The Douglas Tragedy,' in which, as in the old Elizabethan dramas, blood is shed and horrors accumulated with no sparing hand. A knightly lover, the 'Lord William' of so many ballads, carries off a daughter of Lord Douglas, and is pursued by this puissant noble and his seven sons. All these are slain by Lord William, while the fair betrothed looks on, holding his steed; and the lover himself is mortally wounded in the combat, and dies ere morn. The lady also falls a prey to her grief; and, in the true vein of antique story and legend, we are told

Lord William was buried in St Mary's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Mary's quire;
Out o' the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out o' the knight's a briar.

The tower and legend interested Scott as they had done Laidlaw. He listened attentively to the traditional narrative, and, like the lovers in the ballad,

He lighted down to take a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear,

and visited the seven large stones erected upon the neighbouring heights of Blackhouse to mark the spot where the seven brethren were slain.

Mr Laidlaw was prepared for Scott's mission. He had heard from a Selkirk man in Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Mercer, that the sheriff was meditating a poetical raid into Ettrick, accompanied by John Leyden, and he had written down various ballads from the recitation of old women and the singing of the servant girls. He was constantly annoyed, he said, to find how much the affectation and false taste of Allan Ramsay had spoiled or superseded many striking and beautiful old strains of which he got pieces and fragments, and how much Mr Scott was too late in beginning his researches, as many aged persons who had been the bards and depositaries of a former generation were then gone. In the course of his inquiries, Laidlaw learned that an old man, a relation of Hogg's, could repeat a grand heroic ballad of vast antiquity, which had never been published, and he procured from the Shepherd a copy of this precious relic, called 'Auld Maitland.' It was taken down from the recitation or chanting of Hogg's uncle, 'Will of Phawhope,' confirmed by his mother, both of whom had learned it from their father, an older Will of Phawhope—for the family had been herds in the Forest for many generations. These services of the olden time were marked by reciprocal kindness and attachment, not unworthy of the patriarchal age. Son succeeded father in tending the *hirsels* or herding the cows, while in the case of 'the master,' the same hereditary or family succession was very often preserved.

The person of the sheriff was not unknown to the new friend with whom he was afterwards destined to form so intimate a connexion. 'I first saw Walter Scott,' Laidlaw used to relate, 'when the Selkirk troop of yeomanry met to receive their sheriff shortly after his appointment. I was on the right of the rear-rank, and my front-rank man was Archie Park, a brother of the traveller. Our new sheriff was accompanied by a friend, and as they retired to the usual station of the inspecting officer previous to the charges, the wonderful springs and bounds which Scott made, seemingly in the excitement and gaiety of his heart, joined to the effect of his fine fair face and athletic appearance, were the cause of a general murmur of admiration, bordering on applause, which ran through the troop. Archie Park looked over his shoulder to me, and growled, in his deep rough voice, "Will, what a strong chield that would have been if his left leg had been like his right one!"'

Scott and Leyden duly appeared at Blackhouse, carrying letters of introduction. They put up their horses and experienced a homely unostentatious hospitality, which afterwards served to heighten the delightful

traits of rustic character in the delineation of Dandie Dinmont's home at Charlie's Hope. If the sheriff did not 'shoot a blackcock and eat a blackcock too,' the fault was not in his entertainers. After the party had explored the scenery of the burn, and inspected Douglas Tower, Laidlaw produced his treasure of 'Auld Maitland.' Leyden seemed inclined to lay hands on the manuscript, but the sheriff said gravely that he would read it. Instantly both Scott and Leyden, from their knowledge of the subject, saw and felt that the ballad was undoubtedly ancient, and their eyes sparkled as they exchanged looks. Scott read with great fluency and emphasis. Leyden was like a roused lion. He paced the room from side to side, clapped his hands, and repeated such expressions as echoed the spirit of hatred to King Edward and the southrons, or as otherwise struck his fancy. 'I had never before seen anything like this,' said the quiet Laidlaw; 'and though the sheriff kept his feelings under, he, too, was excited, so that his *bur* became very perceptible.*' Laidlaw had procured a version of another ballad, 'The Demon Lover,' which he took down from the recitation of Mr Walter Grieve, then in Craik, on Borthwick water. Grieve sung it well to a singularly wild tune, and the song embodies a popular but striking superstition, such as Lewis introduced into his romance of 'The Monk.' To complete the fragment, Laidlaw added the 6th, 12th, 17th, and 18th stanzas, and those who consult the ballad in Scott's Minstrelsy will see how well our friend was qualified to excel in the imitation of these strains of the elder muse. After the party had 'quaffed their fill' of old songs and legendary story, they all took horse, and went to dine with Mr Ballantyne of Whitehope, the uncle of Laidlaw.

'There was not a minute of silence,' says Mr Laidlaw's memorandum; 'as we rode down the narrow glen, and over by the way of Dryhope, to get a view of St Mary's Loch and of the Peel or Tower. When we en-

* As they fared up o'er Lammermore,
They burned bath up and down,
Until they came to a darksome house;
Some call it Lender-Town.

'Wha hauds this house?' young Edward cried,
'Or wha gies't over to me?'
A gray-haired knight set up his head,
And crackit right crossly:

'Of Scotland's king I haud my house;
He pays me meat and fee;
And I will keep my gude auld house
While my house will keep me.'

They laid their sowies to the wall,
Wi' mony a heavy peal;
But he throw ower to them agen
Bath pitch and tar burrel.

With springalds, staves, and gads of airm,
Among them fast he threw;
Till mony of the Englishmen
About the wall he slew.

Full fifteen days that braid host lay,
Sieging auld Maitland keen,
Syne they hae left him, hail and fair,
Within his strength of stane.

Ballad of Auld Maitland.

Scott valued this ballad, and his other typical acquisitions, highly. In a letter to Mr Laidlaw, dated 21st January 1803, he remarks as follows:—'Auld Maitland, laird and embroidered with antique notes and illustrations, makes a most superb figure. I have got, through the intervention of Lady Dalketh, a copy of Mr Beattie of Melkdale's "Tamlane." It contains some highly poetical stanzas descriptive of fairy-land, which, after some hesitation, I have adopted, though they have a very refined and modern cast. I do not suspect Mr Beattie of writing ballads himself, but pray will you inquire whether, within the memory of man, there has been any poetical clergyman or schoolmaster, whom one could suppose capable of giving a coat of modern varnish to this old ballad. What say you to this, for example?—

We sleep on rose-buds soft and sweet,
We revel in the stream,
We wanton lightly on the wind,
Or glide on a sunbeam.

This seems quite modern, yet I have retained it."

tered the Hawkshaw-dogs, a pass between Blackhouse and Dryhope, where a beautiful view of the lake opens. Leyden, as I expected, was so struck with the scene, that he suddenly stopped, sprung from his horse (which he gave to Mr Scott's servant), and stood admiring the fine Alpine prospect. Mr Scott said little; but as this was the first time he had seen St Mary's Loch, doubtless more was passing in his mind than appeared. Often when returning home with my fishing-rod had I stopped at this place, and admired the effect of the setting sun and the approaching twilight; and now when I found it admired by those whom I thought likely to judge of and be affected with its beauty, I felt the same sort of pleasure that I experienced when I found that Walter Scott was delighted with Hogg. Had I at that time been gifted with a glimpse—a very slight glimpse—of the second-sight, every word that passed, and they were not few, until we reached Whitehope or Yarrow church, I should have endeavoured to record, Scott, as all the world knows, was great in conversation, and Leyden was by no means a common person. He had about him that unconquerable energy and restlessness of mind that would have raised him, had he lived, very high among the remarkable men of his native country. I cannot forget the fire with which he repeated, on the Craig-bents, a half stanza of an irrecoverable ballad—

Oh swiftly gar speed the berry-brown steed
That drinks o' the Teviot clear—

which his friend, when finally no brother to it could be found, adopted in the reply of William of Deloraine to the Lady of Branksome.

The regret that Laidlaw here expresses at having omitted to note down the conversation of his friends is extremely natural, but few men could be less fitted for such a task. He had nothing of Boswell in his mind or character. He wanted both the concentration of purpose and the pliant readiness of talent and power of retention. At Abbotsford, he had ample opportunities for keeping such a record, and he was often urged to undertake it. Scott himself on one occasion, after some brilliant company had left the room, remarked half jocularly, that many a one meeting such people, and hearing such talk, would make a very lively and entertaining book of the whole, which might some day be read with interest. Laidlaw instantly felt it necessary to put in a disclaimer. He said he would consider it disreputable in him to take advantage of his position, or of the confidence of private society, and make a journal of the statements and opinions uttered in free and familiar conversation. We may respect the delicacy and sensitiveness of his feelings, but society, collectively, would lose much by the rigid observance of such a rule. The question, we think, should be determined by the nature and quality of the circumstances recorded. It is a special, not a general case. There is nothing more discreditable in noting down a brilliant thought or interesting fact, than in repeating it in conversation; while to play the part of a gossiping and malicious caver-dropper, is equally a degradation in life and in literature. It would have been detestable (if the idea could for a moment be entertained) for Mr Laidlaw to pry into the domestic details and personal feelings or failings of his illustrious friend at Abbotsford; but we may wish that his pen had been as ready as his ear when Scott ran over the story of his literary life and opinions, or discriminated the merits of his great contemporaries—when Davy expatiated on the discoveries and delights of natural philosophy—when Miss Edgeworth painted Irish scenes and characters—when Moore discoursed of poetry, music, and Byron—when Irving kindled up like a poet in his recollections of American lakes and woods, and old traditions—when Mackintosh began with the Roman law, and ended in Lochaber—when some septuagenarian related anecdotes of the past—when artists and architects talked of pictures, sculpture, and buildings—or when some accomplished traveller and raconteur opened up the interior of foreign courts and the pecu-

liarities of national manners. Many a wise and witty saying and memorable illustration—the life-blood of the best books—might thus have been preserved, though with occasional *lucubræ* and mistakes; and all are now lost—

Gone glittering through the dream of things that were—

and cannot be recalled. Surely society is the worse for the loss of these racy, spontaneous fruits of intellect, study, and observation.

While dinner was getting ready at Whitehope, Laidlaw and Leyden strolled into the neighbouring churchyard of Yarrow, and saw the tomb of Mr Rutherford, the first minister of that parish after the revolution, and the maternal great-grandfather of Scott. Leyden recited to his companion the ballads of 'The Eve of St John' and 'Glenfinlas,' which naturally impressed on the hearer a vivid idea of the poetical talents of the sheriff, and Laidlaw felt towards him as an old friend. This was increased by Scott's partiality for dogs. He was struck with a very beautiful and powerful greyhound which followed Laidlaw, and he begged to have a brace of pups from the same dog, saying he had now become a forester, as sheriff of Ettrick, and must have dogs of the true mountain breed. 'This request,' said the other, 'I took no little pains to fulfil. I kept the puppies till they were nearly a year old. My youngest brother, then a boy, took great delight in training them; and the way was this: he took a long pole having a string and a piece of meat fastened to it, and made the dogs run in a circular or oval course. Their eagerness to get the meat gave them, by much practice, great strength in the loins, and singular expertness in turning, besides singular alertness in *mouth*ing, for which they were afterwards famous. Scott hunted with them for two years over the mountains of Tweedside and Yarrow, and never dreamt that a hare could escape them. He mentions them in the introduction to the second canto of *Marmion*—

Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
O'erholt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash there never sprang
More fleet of foot or sure of fang.

Before the friends parted, Scott took a note of Hogg's address, and from that time never ceased to take a warm interest in his fortunes. He corresponded with him, and becoming curious to see the poetical shepherd, made another visit to Blackhouse, for the purpose of getting Laidlaw along with him as guide to Ettrick. The visit was highly agreeable. The sheriff's *bonhomie* and lively conversation had deeply interested his companion, and he rode by his side in a sort of ecstasy as they journeyed again by St Mary's Loch and the green hills of Dryhope, which rise beyond the winding-sheet of smooth water. It was a fine summer morning, and the impressions of the day and the scene have been recorded in imperishable verse.* Dryhope Tower, so intimately associated with the memory of Mary Scott, the 'Flower of Yarrow,' made the travellers stop for a brief space; and *Dhu Linn* (where Marjory, the wife of Percy de Cockburn, sat while men were hanging her husband), with Chapelhope and other scenes and ruins famous in Border tradition, deeply interested Scott. At the west end of the Loch or the Lowes, the surrounding mountains close in in the face of the traveller, apparently preventing all farther egress. At this spot, as Laidlaw was trying to find a safe place where they might cross the marsh through which the infant Yarrow finds its way to the loch, Scott's servant, an English boy, rode up, and, touching his hat, respectfully inquired with much interest 'where the people got their necessities?' This unromantic question, and the *sautez* of the lad's manner, was a source of great amusement to the sheriff. The day's journey was a favourite theme with Laidlaw. First, after passing the spot we have described, the haggard creased the ridge

* *Marmion*—Introduction to Canto II.

of hills that separate the Yarrow from her sister stream. These hills are high and green, but the more lofty parts of the ridge are soft and boggy, and they had often to pick their way and proceed in single file. Then they followed a foot-track on the side of a long *cleugh* or *hope*, and at last descended towards the Ettrick, where they had in view the level green valley, walled in by high hills of dark green, with here and there gray crags, the church and the old place of Ettrick Hall in ruins, embosomed in trees. Scott was somewhat chafed by having left in his bedroom that morning his watch—a valuable gold repeater, presented to him on the occasion of his marriage—and to Laidlaw's ejaculations of delight he sometimes replied quickly—"A savage enough place—a very savage place." His good humour, however, was restored by the novelty of the scenes and the fine clear day, and he broke out with snatches of song, and told endless anecdotes, either new, or better fold than ever they were before. The travellers went to dine at Ramsey-cleugh, where they were sure of a cordial welcome and a good farmer's dinner; and Laidlaw sent off to Blackhouse for the sheriff's watch (which he received next morning), and to Ettrick house for Hogg, that he might come and spend the evening with them. The Shepherd (who then retained all his original simplicity of character) came to tea, and he brought with him a bundle of manuscripts, of size enough at least to show his industry—all of course ballads, and fragments of ballads. The penmanship was executed with more care than Hogg had ever bestowed on anything before. Scott was surprised and pleased with Hogg's appearance, and with the hearty familiarity with which *Jamie*, as he was called, was received by Laidlaw and the Messrs Bryden of Ramsey-cleugh. Hogg was no less gratified. 'The sheriff of a county in those days,' said Laidlaw, 'was regarded by the class to whom Hogg belonged with much of the fear and respect that their *forbears* had looked up to the ancient hereditary sheriffs, who had the power of pit and gallows in their hands; and here Jamie found himself all at once not only the chief object of the sheriff's notice and flattering attention, but actually seated at the same table with him.' Hogg's genius was sufficient passport to the best society. His appearance was also prepossessing. His clear ruddy cheek and sparkling eye spoke of health and vivacity, and he was light and agile in his figure. When a youth, he had a remarkably fine head of long curling brown hair, which he wore coiled up under his bonnet; and on Sundays, when he entered the church and let down his locks, the *ladies* (on whom Jamie always turned an expressive *capitèle* glance) looked towards him with envy and admiration. He doubtless thought of himself as the Gaelic bard did of Allan of Muidart.

And when to old Kilphedar's church
Came troops of damsels gay,
Say, came they there for Allan's fame,
Or came they there to pray?

Mr Laidlaw thus speaks of the evening at Ramsey-cleugh:—'It required very little of that tact or address in social intercourse for which Mr Scott was afterwards so much distinguished, to put himself and those around him entirely at their ease. In truth, I never afterwards saw him at any time apparently enjoy company so much, or exert himself so greatly—or probably there was no effort at all—in rendering himself actually fascinating; nor did I ever again spend such a night of merriment. The qualities of Hogg came out every instant, and his unaffected simplicity and fearless frankness both surprised and charmed the sheriff. They were both very good mimics and story-tellers born and bred; and when Scott took to employ his dramatic talent, he soon found he had us all in his power; for every one of us possessed a quick sense of the ludicrous, and perhaps of humour of all kinds. I well recollect how the tears ran down the cheeks of my cousin George Bryden; and although his brother was more quiet, it was easy to see that he, too, was delighted. Hogg and I

were unbounded laughers when the occasion was good. The best proof of Jamie's enjoyment was, that he never sung a song that blessed night, and it was between two and three o'clock before we parted.'

Next morning Scott and Laidlaw went, according to promise, to visit Hogg. The appearance of the low thatched cottage was poor enough, but the situation is fine, and the opposite mountains, from the grand simplicity of their character, may almost be termed sublime. The Shepherd and his aged mother—'Old Margaret Laidlaw'—for she generally went by her maiden name—gave the visitors a hearty welcome. James had sent for a bottle of wine, of which each had to take a glass; and as the exhilarating effects of the previous night had not quite departed, he insisted that they should help him in drinking every drop in the bottle. Had it been a few years earlier in Scott's life, and before he was sheriff of the county, the request would probably have been complied with; but on this occasion the bottle was set aside. The scene was curious and interesting. 'Hogg may be a great poet,' said Scott, 'and, like Allan Ramsay, come to be the founder of a sort of family.' Hogg's familiarity of address, mingled with fits of deference and respect towards the sheriff, was curiously characteristic. Many years after this, we recollect a gentleman asking Laidlaw about an amusing anecdote told of the Shepherd. Hogg had sagacity enough to detect the authorship of the Waverley novels long before the secret was divulged, and had the volumes as they appeared bound and lettered on the back 'SCOTT'S NOVELS.' His friend discovered this one day when visiting Hogg at Altrive, and in a dry humorous tone of voice remarked, 'Jamie, your bookbinder must be a stupid fellow to spell *Scotts* with two *s's*.' Hogg is said to have rejoined, 'Ah, Watty, I am awer auld a cat to draw that strae before.' Laidlaw laughed immoderately at the story, but observed, 'Jamie never came lower down than *Walter*.' 'How do you account for it, Mr Scott,' said Laidlaw on one occasion, 'that Hogg and Allan Cunningham have such awful trash in the midst of very fine and splendid passages?' 'I cannot tell you, Willy,' said Scott with a laugh, 'unless it be that, like the laird of Higg's breakfast, it comes up a' together.'

From Hogg's cottage the party proceeded up Rankleburn to see Buccleuch, and inspect the old chapel and mill. They found nothing at the kirk of Buccleuch, and saw only the foundations of the chapel. Scott, however, was in high spirits, and being a member of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry, and Laidlaw one of the Selkirkshire Yeomanry, they sometimes set off at a gallop—the sheriff leading as in a mimic charge, and shouting, 'Slaughter! mienen kinder slaughter!' Hogg trotted up behind, marvelling at the versatile powers of the 'wonderful *shirra*.' They all dined together with a 'lady of the glen,' Mrs Bryden, Crosslee, and next morning Scott returned to Clovenford Inn, where he resided till he took a lease of the house of Ashiestiel.

These are homely details in the life of a great poet and genius, yet it was amidst these and similar scenes that Scott inhaled inspiration, and nursed those powers which afterwards astonished the world. The healthy vigour of his mind, and his clear understanding, grew up under such training, and his imagination was thence quickened and moulded. Byron studied amidst the classic scenes of Greece and Italy, Southey and Moore in their libraries, intent on varied knowledge. All the 'shadowy tribes of mind' were known to the metaphysical Coleridge. Wordsworth wandered among the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland, brooding over his poetical and philosophical theories, from which his better genius, in the hour of composition, often extricated him. Scott was in all things the simple unaffected worshipper of nature and of Scotland. His chivalrous romances sprung from his national predilections; for the warlike deeds of the Border chiefs first fired his fancy, and directed his researches. In these mountain excursions he imbibed that love and veneration of past times which coloured most of his compositions; and human sympathies and

solemn reflections were forced upon him by his intercourse with the natives of the hills, and the simple and lonely majesty of the scenes that he visited. These early impressions were never forgotten. Nor could there have been a better nursery for a romantic and national poet. Scholastic and critical studies would have polished his taste and refined his verse, but we might have wanted the strong picturesque vigour—the simple direct energy of the old ballad style—the truth, nature, and observation of a stirring life—all that characterises and endears old Scotland. Scott's destiny was on the whole pre-eminently happy; and when we think of the fate of other great authors—of Spenser composing amidst the savage turbulence of Ireland—of Shakspeare following a profession which he disliked—of Milton blind, and in danger—Dante in exile—and Tasso and Cervantes in prison—we feel how immeasurably superior was the lot of this noble free-hearted Scotsman, whose genius was the proudest inheritance of his country. 'Think no man happy till he dies,' said the sage. Scott's star became dim, but there was only a short period of darkness, and he never 'bated one jot of heart or hope,' nor lost the friendly and soothing attentions of those he loved. The world's respect and admiration he always possessed.

We need not follow in further detail the various wanderings of the sheriff and his friend. They were often renewed in the course of two or three summers and autumns. One excursion was made to the wild scenery at the head of Moffat water, where there is a striking waterfall and a fine lake, Loch Skene. Scott's personal strength and agility surprised most of his associates in these country rambles. Laidlaw thus writes of the expedition to Moffat dale:—

'We proceeded with difficulty up the rocky chasm to reach the foot of the waterfall. The passage which the stream has worn by cutting the opposing rocks of greywacke, is rough and dangerous. My brother George and I, both in the prime of youth, and constantly in the habit of climbing, had difficulty in forcing our way, and we felt for Scott's lameness. This, however, was unnecessary. He said he could not perhaps climb so fast as we did, but he advised us to go on, and leave him. This we did, but halted on a projecting point before we descended to the foot of the fall, and looking back, we were struck at seeing the motions of the sheriff's dog *Camp*. The dog was attending anxiously on his master; and when the latter came to a difficult part of the rock, *Camp* would jump down, look up to his master's face, then spring up, lick his master's hand and cheek, jump down again, and look upwards, as if to show him the way, and encourage him. We were greatly interested with the scene. Mr Scott seemed to depend much on his hands and the great strength of his powerful arms; and he soon fought his way over all obstacles, and joined us at the foot of the Greymare's Tail, the name of the cataract.'

This excursion, like most of the others, Scott described in his introduction to *Marmion*. He was apt, on a journey among the hills, especially if the district was new to him, to fall at times into fits of silence, revolving in his mind, and perhaps throwing into language, the ideas that were suggested at the moment by the landscape; and hence those who had often been his companions knew the origin of many of the beautiful passages in his future works. Of this Laidlaw used to relate one instance. About a mile down Douglas-burn, a small brook falls into it from the Whitehope hills; and at the junction of the streams, at the foot of a bank celebrated in traditionary story, stood the withered remains of what had been a very large old hawthorn tree, that had often engaged the attention of the young men at Blackhouse. Laidlaw on one occasion pointed out to the sheriff its beautiful site and venerable appearance, and asked him if he did not think it might be centuries old, and once a leading object in the landscape. As the district had been famous for game and wild animals, he said there could be little doubt that the red deer had

often lain under the shade of the tree, before they ascended to feed on the open hill-tops in the evening. Scott looked on the tree and the green hills, but said nothing. The enthusiastic guide repeated his admiration, and added, that Whitehope-tree was famous for miles around; but still Scott was silent. The subject was then dropped; 'but some years afterwards,' said Laidlaw, 'when the sheriff read to me his manuscript of *Marmion*, I found that Whitehope-tree was not forgotten, and that he had felt all the associations it was calculated to excite.' The description of the thorn is at the commencement of the second canto of *Marmion*, and is eminently beautiful.

We may here notice another poetical scene, the 'Bush aboon Traquair,' celebrated in the well-known popular song by Crawford. Burns says that when he saw the old 'bush' in 1787, it was composed of eight or nine ragged birches, and that the Earl of Traquair had planted a clump of trees near the place, which he called 'The New Bush.' Laidlaw maintained that the ~~new~~ bush was in reality the old bush of the song. One of the sons of Murray of Phillipshaugh used to come over often on foot, and meet one of the ladies of Traquair at the *Cless*, a green hollow at the foot of the hill that overhangs Traquair house. This was the scene of the song. The straggling birches that Burns saw are half a mile up the water, the remains of a wooded bog—out of sight of Traquair house, to be sure, but far out of the way between Hangingshaw, on the Yarrow, and Traquair.

One morning in autumn 1804 was vividly impressed on the recollection of Laidlaw; for Scott then recited to him nearly the whole of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, as they journeyed together in the sheriff's gig up Gala Water. The wild, irregular structure of the poem, the description of the old minstrel, the goblin machinery, the ballads interspersed throughout the tale, and the exquisite forest scenes (the *Paradise of Ettrick*), all entranced the listener. Now and then Scott would stop to tell an anecdote of the country they were passing through, and afterwards, in his deep serious voice, resume his recitation of the poem. Laidlaw had, the night before, gone to Lasswade, where the sheriff then resided, in a beautiful cottage on the banks of the Esk, and on the following morning, after breakfast, they went up the Gala, when Scott poured forth what truly seemed to be an unpremeditated lay. They returned about sunset, and found the sheriff's young and beautiful wife looking on at the few shearers engaged in cutting down their crop in a field adjoining the cottage. Mrs Scott seemed to Laidlaw a 'lovely and interesting creature,' and the sheriff met her with undisguised tenderness and affection. These were indeed golden days.

• GLIMPSES OF NEW ZEALAND. •

It will be remembered that in 1839 a company was formed in London for acquiring land and establishing settlements in the islands of New Zealand. An expedition was accordingly despatched in the spring of that year to treat with the natives, to select a site for a colony, and to make preparations for the reception of the emigrants. This charge was confided to Colonel William Wakefield, who sailed from Plymouth in the *Tong*, on the 12th of May, with every necessary equipment. Such a voyage seemed to offer much novelty and adventure, and a nephew, Mr Edward Jerningham Wakefield, conceived an eager desire to be one of the party. Having obtained a passage from the patrons of the enterprise, this youth, then only nineteen years of age, set out with the intention of returning with some of the emigrant ships; but becoming interested in the progress of the infant colony, he was tempted to prolong his stay for four years. He now gives his personal

narrative in two goodly volumes,* carrying us over the establishment of Wellington, New Plymouth, Nelson, and other towns, by the New Zealand Land Company in the bays of Cook Strait; the establishment of Auckland and Russell on the northern shores by the government; and the massacre of Wairau, by which he lost his uncle, Captain Arthur Wakefield, who had gone out with the Nelson settlers in 1841. The company having met with considerable opposition from the missionaries previously located in New Zealand, and with little cordial support from the resident officials of the British government, Mr Wakefield, acquiring, as he states, 'the unavoidable spirit of a partisan,' speaks of these opposing parties in terms of the severest censure, which necessarily precludes us from noticing that portion of his work which relates to the progress of the company's scheme. Moving as he did, however, with the surveyors over a great portion of the islands, his narrative abounds with interesting descriptions of the country and its natives—the capabilities of the former, and the manners and customs of the latter. It is from these that we now select what seems more especially novel and amusing, referring the reader for information of another sort to the volumes themselves, and to articles which have already appeared in this journal.

After a quick and pleasant voyage, the *Tory* dropped into Ship Cove, on the southern side of the strait, on the 18th of August. The first glimpse of the country was eminently encouraging. 'This morning, at daylight, we had warped farther into the cove, and anchored in 11 fathoms, muddy bottom, within 300 yards of the shore, where we fastened a hawser to a tree; thus occupying probably the same spot as Captain Cook, in his numerous visits to this harbour. There were a good many natives on board already; but, eager to touch the land, I got into a small canoe with Naiti, who paddled me ashore. The hills, which rise to the height of 1000 or 1500 feet on three sides of the cove, are covered from their tops to the water's edge with an undulating carpet of forest. How well Cook has described the harmony of the birds at this very spot! Every bough seemed to throng with feathered musicians, and the melodious chimes of the bell-bird were especially distinct. At the head of the cove is a small level space of land, formed by the alluvial deposit of three rills from the mountains, which here empty themselves into the bay. Landing here, I remained for some time absorbed in contemplating the luxurious vegetation of grass and shrubs, and the wild carrots and turnips which remain as relics of our great navigator. Rich historical recollections crowded on my mind as I tried to fix on the exact spot where Cook's forge and carpenter's shop had stood; and I was only roused from my reverie by the arrival of some more of the party, bent on the same object. We collected some shells, pebbles, and plants, and returned to breakfast on fresh potatoes and some of the fish which had been caught in abundance from the ship in the evening.'

Crossing the strait, they next entered Port Nicholson, which was subsequently chosen as the site of the company's first proceedings. This port or bay is completely land-locked, its fairway being not more than a mile in width, with a rocky reef on the north, and a high headland on the south. 'Captain Cook once anchored in the entrance of this magnificent harbour. Being anxious to rejoin the other ship in company with him, he was unable to examine it, but spoke highly of its promising appearance as a port. It was named Port Nicholson by the captain of a Sydney trading vessel some years ago, after his patron and friend, the harbour-master of Port Jackson, in New South Wales. As we advanced up the channel, which continues from two to three miles in width for four miles from a little inside the reef, we were boarded by two canoes, containing the two

principal chiefs of the tribe living on shore. One of mature years, named *Eyemā*, or 'Greedy,' advanced with much dignity of manner to greet our pilot as an old and respected friend, and was joined in this by his nephew, *Warepori*, or 'Dark House,' a fine commanding man of about thirty-five.

'The harbour expanded as we advanced, two deep bays stretching to the south-west from the innermost end of the entering channel. From their western extremity the land trends round to a valley lying at the north end of the harbour, about eight miles from the reef, while the hilly shores of the eastern side continue nearly straight to the mouth of the valley, thus leaving the upper part of the great basin four or five miles in width. In this upper part lie the two islands, behind the largest and most northerly of which we anchored at the distance of half a mile from the sandy beach at the valley's mouth. *Eyemā* eagerly inquired the motive of our visit, and expressed the most marked satisfaction on hearing that we wished to buy the place, and bring white people to it. *Warepori* also expressed his willingness to sell the land, and his desire of seeing white men come to live upon it.' Upon landing, they found the bay watered by several streams, and by one considerable river, called the *Hutt* or *Heretaonga*. The valley of this river preserved an average breadth of two miles to a considerable distance, bounded on either side by wooded hills from 300 to 400 feet in height. It was covered with high forest to within a mile and a half of the beach, though swamps full of native flax, and a belt of sand-hummocks, intervened. Colonel Wakefield ascended the river until some snags prevented the further progress of the canoe. He described the banks as of the richest soil, and covered with majestic timber, except where fertile but scanty gardens had been cleared and cultivated by the natives. As agent of the company, he accordingly made purchase of this district, which subsequently became the site of Wellington, the first location of the colony.

In the meantime, a surveying vessel, together with three or four emigrant ships, had left Britain, and, without inactively waiting their arrival, the *Tory* proceeded to examine and purchase other tracts along both shores of the strait. On Mr Wakefield's return to Port Nicholson, in January 1840, he found that four of the expected vessels had arrived, and that several hundreds of English and Scotch had already squatted on their adopted country. 'The following picture of this first location is exceedingly graphic and amusing:—"The sand-hummocks at the back of the long beach were dotted over with tents of all shapes and sizes, native-built huts in various stages of construction, and heaps of goods of various kinds, which lay about anywhere between high water-mark and the houses. Thus ploughs, hundreds of bricks, millstones, tent-poles, saucepans, crockery, iron, pot-hooks, and triangles, casks of all sizes, and bales of all sorts, were distributed about the sand-hummocks. The greatest good humour prevailed among the owners of these multifarious articles: the very novelty and excitement of their employment appeared to give them high spirits and courage. They pitched their tents and piled up their goods in rude order, while the natives, equally pleased and excited, sang *Maori* songs to them from the tops of the mounds or huts where they sat tying the rafters and thatch together with flaxen bands. As I passed along, I was greeted by many an old acquaintance among these, who would jump down from his work with a shout of joy, and inquire anxiously whether "Tirawcke" had forgotten him. Thus I passed through a running fire of kind greetings. At the back of the hut occupied by Cogilan [a grog-shop], whither a flag-staff and New Zealand flag invited the sailors, a rough and newly-made track struck off to the settlement on the river-bank, across a dry swamp. After about a quarter of a mile of this, I reached the junction of a small creek with the *Hutt*, and soon found myself at the beginning of a little village of tents and huts, among the low, scrubby cop-

* *Adventure in New Zealand, from 1832 to 1844; with some account of the beginning of the British colonization of the islands.* By Edward Jerningham Wakefield. 2 vols. Murray's London.

picewood which covered this part of the valley. A rough path had been cleared by the surveying men along the bank; and on either side of this the colonists had been allowed to squat on allotted portions until the survey of the town should be completed. * * I found the squatters on the Hutt no less busy and merry than their fellows on the beach. I met and welcomed two or three old friends whom I had not seen since I left England, and made several new acquaintances among the young capitalists, who were working with their retinue of labourers at putting their goods and chattels into some order and security. Three gentlemen, whom I was much pleased to see again in New Zealand, had formed themselves into a commercial firm, and had brought with them, among other things, the complete machinery of a steam-engine of twenty horse-power, adapted for sawing or flour mills. These were Mr Edward Betts Hopper of Dover, Mr Henry William Petre, and Mr Francis Alexander Moleworth. They were as busy as the rest, landing and arranging their goods. At high water, the ships' long-boats and private cargo-boats brought quantities of goods up to the owners' locations; the labourers and masters worked altogether at the casks and bales and other heavy things; the natives lent their willing aid, being very handy in the water, and then returned either to a job at hut-building, or to hawk about their pigs and potatoes, which they brought in canoes to this quick market.

I walked some distance along the surveyor's line, and made the acquaintance of such of the new-comers as I did not already know. Each capitalist appeared to have a following of labourers from his own part of the country. Cornish miners and agricultural labourers had pitched their tents near Mr Moleworth; Kentish men dwelt near Mr George Duppa, a little higher up; and many of the Scotch emigrants were collected near a point between two reaches of the river where Mr Dudley Sinclair and Mr Barton were erecting their dwellings. At the latter place Mr Sinclair's English cow was browsing on the shrubs of her newly-adopted country.

Small patches for gardens were already being cleared in various spots; ruddy, flaxen-haired children were playing about near the doors; and the whole thing made an impression of cheerfulness and contentment. Then the mildness of the climate, the good preparations made before leaving England, and the hearty good feeling existing among the colonists themselves, as well as between them and the natives, all tended to give the extensive bivouac the air of a pic-nic on a large scale, rather than a specimen of the first hardships of a colony. For, although all were often wet in the numerous boat-excursions and fording of streams and creeks, or occasional showers of rain, no one felt any injury to his health; master and man toiled with equal energy and good-will; and both enjoyed a good meal, often served up with all the comforts of civilised life. Thus, in a little, cramped, but weather-tight tent, you found a capitalist in shirt-sleeves taking a hasty meal of preserved meat and good vegetables (the latter grown from the seeds we had left with Smith), and drinking good beer or wine; and this from excellent glass and crockery, with plate, and clean table-cloths, and cruet-stands, and all the paraphernalia. The labourer ate an equally comfortable dinner from the *pot-au-feu*, full of ration-meat and potatoes or cabbages, which had been prepared by his wife at the gipsy fire outside.

Each English family had got a native or two particularly attached to them. They supplied their guests with potatoes and firewood, and with an occasional pig; shared in the toils and merriment of the family, delighted at the novelty of every article unpacked, and were very quick at learning the use of new tools and inventions; chattered incessantly in Maori and broken English; devoted themselves, each to his own *pakeha* [or white man], with the greatest good-breeding, patience, and kind attention; and soon accustomed themselves to observe and imitate almost every new habit, with a striking desire of emulating the superiority of their white brothers.

Mr Wakefield, however, was not destined to be a settler, and so he left Port Nicholson for the purpose of surveying the country. On the 8th of April, we find him ascending the river Wanganui, under the guidance of a chief named E Kuru. A large convenient canoe was prepared; the place of honour was spread with mats for the chief and myself, and a strong crew manned the paddles. We proceeded about twenty miles up the river, which continued perfectly navigable for coasting-craft during the whole of that distance. The valley resembled that of the Waitotara on a large scale. The slopes up to the table-land were further removed, the groves of trees more extensive, and of larger timber, and the river averaged a hundred yards in width. About twelve miles above Putikiwaranui, however, the hills close in, and the river winds among scenery as majestic as that of the highlands of the Hudson. In some places, hills 800 or 1000 feet in height, clothed with every variety of forest-*timber* or fern, with beetling crags peeping out in places, slope down to the water's edge. Picturesque gardens and small settlements were perched on the banks, or half-way up the ascents; and many canoes, laden with food for the fishermen, glided gracefully down the river. As we met, kind greetings were addressed to the chief and his white man, and often a basket of cooked birds or other food was handed into the canoe. The weather, too, improved as we increased our distance from the sea; and at length no wind could be felt, and the fleecy scud drifting along overhead was the only sign that the gale continued. On arriving at a considerable village situate at the foot of a steep conical hill, and embowered in karuka trees, we pulled into a small tributary of the river, which gives its name, Tekau-ara-pawa, to the place. On the opposite bank of the creek, most of the inhabitants sat or lay basking in the sun on a raised stage, on which they had spread their mats. Muskets were fixed, and loud shouts of welcome resounded through the crowd. We were handed to the *pataka* or stage, and abundance of food was set before us. A large house was prepared for our accommodation for the night, and a chief named E Tana, related to E Kuru, killed the customary pig.

At a subsequent period, Mr Wakefield ascended the Wanganui to its source, some seventy or eighty miles inland, in the high table-land from which arise the volcanic peaks of Tonga Riro. About twenty miles from the sea his route lay through romantic dells, over craggy cliffs, everywhere covered with wood, and across swamps choked with native flax, reeds, and jungle. Amid such scenery he wandered for several days, visiting several of the lakes, bathing in the hot springs, and vainly negotiating with the chief of the mountain district for permission to ascend the snow-capped peak of Tonga Kiro, for which the natives have, it seems, a religious veneration. From what he states of the inland districts, there would appear to be no great facilities for agriculture, but abundance of room for pasture, hog-rearing, felling of wood, and cultivation of the *phormium tenax* or native flax. Of the growth and treatment of this plant, which has been much talked of in Britain, Mr Wakefield gives the following description. 'Each plant consisted of some forty or fifty leaves resembling those of our flag, from two to four inches in breadth, and reaching to the length of eight or nine feet. The leaves diverge from the root, and two or three flower-stems also shoot from the ground. These, however, had only begun to sprout. The leaves are all folded in two longitudinally, thus giving an inner and outer side to the leaf; but when it has attained its full growth, it sometimes opens out, although never so as to lie perfectly flat. The inner side has a natural gloss, while the outer side is dull. The natives seemed to prefer the innermost leaves, cutting them at about a foot from the ground with a sharp mussel-shell, of which they had brought a large stock from the sea-side. When a quantity of leaves had been collected, they proceeded to a division of employments. Some split the leaf longitudinally along the fold above-mentioned, and a second gang

cut the dull or outer side of each half-leaf nearly through transversely about midway along its length. For this operation, which is rather delicate, and requires experience, a small cockle-shell was used. The art appeared to be to cut through all but the fibres, which border closely on the glossy portion. The half-leaves, thus prepared, were handed to a third workman. He, taking a bundle of them in his left hand at the transverse cut, and spreading them out like a fan, with the glossy side upwards, took a mussel-shell between the finger and thumb of his right hand to perform the next operation.* This consisted in giving each half-leaf a longitudinal scrape from the transverse cut in the middle to each end. He held the leaves extended, by seizing the ends of each in succession with his big toe. Flax-scraping is always performed in a sitting posture, and one foot works quite as hard as either of the hands. The dexterity and quickness with which this whole operation was performed, drew from us repeated exclamations of delight of which the performers seemed not a little proud. The result of the scrape is to make about five-sixths of the leaf, beginning from the dull side, drop off on to the ground in two pieces. The fibres which compose the glossy surface remain in the hand of the operator, of the full length of the leaf, and he puts them aside, and proceeds with another bunch. The splitters and transverse-cutters worked faster than the scrapers, and when they had operated on all that was gathered, they also took up their mussel-shell and scraped in their turn. The short pieces which I have described as dropping on to the ground, were treated as refuse, and allowed to dry or rot; the full-length fibre of the glossy side alone being preserved, to undergo further processes previous to manufacture into mats. 'The only use that I have ever seen made of the short refuse is for the outer portion of a rough mat, much resembling the thatch of a house. These leaves being woven in close rows, hanging downwards one over the other, into the interior texture of the mat, are perfectly impenetrable to rain. I have often braved with impunity the heaviest rain, sleeping under no other shelter.'

Besides the native flax, Mr Wakefield directs attention to the fine forests of pine, black birch, and other timber, much of which seems admirably adapted for furniture purposes. The bark of many of the shrubs yields valuable dyes, and vegetable oils might be obtained in any abundance. As to the emigrant's chance of success with the ordinary vegetables of culture, we may judge from the following description of the climate:—'Nothing could be more encouraging than the mild climate, and the unceasing bounty of nature, during the winter months. In May, which answers to the chill and foggy November of England, peas were in full bloom, small salads in every stage of growth, and almost all vegetation unchecked by the season. It was likened by Scotchmen to the second month of spring in their former land. The produce of garden vegetables, as a speculation, had been long abandoned, on account of the great ease with which every one could supply himself. No matter how bare, exposed, or rough the spot of ground, excellent vegetables could be produced by the most careless cultivation. The wild pasture on the hills had improved wonderfully under the constant browsing and tread of the cattle. Grass was replacing the fern all over the barren-looking hills that were clear of timber; and, in riding after cattle, many spots could hardly be recognised, owing to the great change that had taken place. And this rich pasture, and abundant supply of choice vegetables, from comparatively neglected gardens, continued during June, the centre winter month, which rather resembled a fine English October in its pleasantness of temperature.' Even during the coldest month (September, answering to March in England), there was only a slight scurf of ice on the puddles over night. The temperature of the day rising to 60 degrees, soon dispelled every trace of frost; and towards the end of that month, spring had set in so mildly, that bats were flickering about in the twilight.

The above isolated snatches from Mr Wakefield's narrative certainly present the country, climate, and produce of New Zealand in a very favourable light; and, making allowance for a little partiality, we think the reader will agree with us, that, if wisely governed, few spots on the globe could present a finer field for an active and permanent settler.

AUTOGRAPHY.

The first thing one does on receiving a letter, is to look whether we recognise the writing as that of a hand familiar to us. Oh, this is from A, or this is from B, is a familiar exclamation. At one glance we recognise A or B, as distinctly as if either stood before us face to face, though both perhaps may be thousands of miles off. Then, again, we collect the various signatures of our friends, or of celebrated persons whom we may never have seen, or known only by their works or fame, and paste them into our albums, and take a delight in looking on them, and comparing their resemblances or differences; in short, every observation of the kind leads us to the conclusion, that almost every person's handwriting differs from another, and that there is almost as complete an individuality in their mode of writing as in their countenances, their gait and gestures, or as in their minds.

There is scarcely a collector of such signatures who is not also a diviner of the character of the person as deduced from his handwriting. How often do we hear it observed, 'This is the writing of a prim, methodical, cold, reserved mortal'; or, 'That is the signature of a gay, volatile, and careless being.' How unequivocally can we mark out the writing of a lady from that of a gentleman. How readily that of a lawyer or merchant from that of a fashionable idler, or a man of wit or pleasure about town. So many, it might appear a very absurd thing to say that there exists an intimate relation between the colour of a man's hair and his handwriting, and yet it is well known that the initiated in this matter pretend infallibly to distinguish the writing of a fair-haired person from that of a dark.

A very ingenious writer in the Northern Journal of Medicine has, in a late number of that work, afforded a physiological reason for the diversities of handwriting. This diversity he attributes to temperament; that is, a certain condition of the physical and mental constitution of the individual which constitutes his peculiar character. Of these temperaments there are at least half-a-dozen kinds, pretty distinct and well-marked, and perhaps half-a-dozen more of blended or mixed temperaments, where the shades are less distinguishable. The two extremes of natural temperament or complexion are well known to every one. We shall take, for instance, a man, with light auburn hair, blue sparkling eyes, a ruddy complexion, ample chest, and muscular, well-rounded, and agile frame. Such a man will rarely fail to have a smile on his countenance, or a cheerful, perhaps witty saying on his lips. You will never find him moping in a solitary corner, but flitting about in the sunshine and bustle of society, joining in everything, and dwelling on nothing long. When such a man sits down to write, he makes short work of it: he snatches the first pen that comes in the way, never looks how it is pointed, dabs it into the ink, and then dashes on from side to side of the paper in a full, free, and slip-slop style, his ideas—or at all events his words—flowing faster than his agile fingers and leaping muscles can give them a form. Such a one's handwriting can never be mistaken; it is like his own motions, hop-step-and-jump. But, on the contrary, select a man with deep black hair, black eyes, brown or sallow complexion, and thin spare form, you will generally find him alone, and silently meditating, or sitting solitary amid crowds—of few words, of slow and deliberate action. You need scarcely be told how such a man sets about writing. After weighing well his subject in his mind, he sits down deliberately,

selects and mends his pen, adjusts his paper, and in close, stiff, and upright characters traces with a snail's pace his well-weighed and sententious composition. There can be no mistake in tracing the two handwritings which we have just described; and an adept in the science cannot fail in astonishing his audience with a sketch of the leading peculiarities of the mind and manners of each. But there are many intermediate shades of temperament, and many circumstances which go to modify the natural tendencies of the mode of writing, which fall to be considered. We shall, in the first place, give the following classified table of temperaments:—

1. Vigorous, light-haired, excitable temperament, what is commonly called the sanguine. The handwriting, large, flowing, open, and irregular.

2. Dark-haired, excitable temperament, with brown florid complexion. The writing small, equal, and rather free and easy, with a firm and full stroke.

3. Light-haired, little excitable temperament; the complexion brown or sallow; the form spare. The writing less free and more methodical than No. 1, but less vigorous and less decided than No. 2.

4. Dark-haired, slowly excitable temperament; dark complexion, spare form, and melancholic habit. Small cramped upright writing, without ease or freedom, evidently slowly penned.

5. Feeble, light-haired, little excitable temperament; character timid and nervous. The writing small, unequal, and feebly traced, or not written with decision.

6. Mixed temperament, combining two or more of the above.

There are various combinations of these, which it would be unnecessary to particularise. Education and particular training of course make great changes on the natural tendency of the handwriting. Thus, men of business acquire a mechanical style of writing, which obliterates all natural characteristics, unless in instances where the character is so strongly individual as not to be modified into the general mass. The female hand is also peculiar. Generally, it is more feeble and less individual than that of the male. In the present day, all females seem to be taught after one model. In a great proportion, the handwriting is shrouded on this particular model: those only who have strong and decided character retain a decided handwriting. We often find that the style of handwriting is hereditary: sons frequently write very like their fathers; and this they do independent of all studied imitation, because the temperament happens to be hereditary also. A delicate state of health, especially if it has occurred in boyhood, has a considerable effect in modifying the natural form of the handwriting; thus sometimes connecting the free and flowing hand of the sanguine temperament into a more staid and methodical one.

A deficiency of early culture must also have a considerable influence on the form of writing. The forms, too, have varied in different historical eras. Before the introduction of printing, more pains seem to have been bestowed on penmanship. Ancient manuscripts are often found written in a beautiful, upright, and well-formed character, more in the style of print than the modern careless and flowing lines. This is easily to be accounted for: almost all that is worth preserving is now committed to that mighty engine of intelligence, both to present and future ages, the press, and therefore less care is bestowed on the original manuscript. The compositor and the pressman have now taken the place of the ancient scribe and copyist.

But even the individual handwriting varies from its character at various periods of life. In youth it is raw and unformed; in manhood it assumes its full character; and in old age it suffers somewhat of decay. Circumstances also affect its form not inconsiderably. No man is likely to dash off a note on his marriage-day in the same style that he would set about writing out his last will and testament. Our moments of joy are impressed upon the symbolical representations of them, just as are

our hours of bitterest sorrow. We often approach our familiars in a scrawl, as if imprinted by birds' claws instead of quill feathers, and which we would not deliberately despatch to those that we are accustomed to look up to with respect or awe.

Ease and freedom, and an indifference to please, are the prerogatives of rank and fashion; and hence it is probable that the most wretched scrawls have become fashionable among those who ever strive to ape the manners of the great. There are also, no doubt, national peculiarities in handwriting as well as individual. The Frenchman will show a volatility and spirit in his writing very different from the sedate and thoughtful German. The Northern Russ or the Calmuk Tartar must have a different fist altogether from that of the soft and voluptuous native of Hindostan.

We throw out these few hints to collectors of autographs. Let them arrange and classify their specimens, and form of them a *catalogue raisonné*. Thus, in the end, may some philosopher amongst their number elevate the pursuit into a science, at least not inferior to the ancient one of palmistry, astrology, and divination, or to the modern ones of mesmerism, hypnotism, homoeopathy, or hydropathy.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

STREET TRADERS.

In all crowded cities, both in these countries and on the continent, a very active retail trade is carried on in the open air. The traders being too poor to pay house-rent, their shops are portable, consisting of temporary stalls, baskets, wheelbarrows, and sometimes their own pockets. These chapmen and dealers are worthy of consideration, because, though only one degree removed from mendicancy, their calling demands both industry and honesty, whilst those virtues are exercised amidst very strong temptations to idleness and dishonesty. Having no roof to cover them, they are exposed to all the hardships of bad weather: having no legal right to carry on business in public thoroughfares, they are kept under the vigilance of the police.

One of the effects of that minute division of labour which results from an increase of population, and in the value of time, is to cause articles to be bought and sold which our predecessors made or procured quite easily at home. Take as an example the article of matches, which, though one of the earliest objects of itinerant merchandise, were not manufactured for sale till a comparatively recent period, for they were made by the persons requiring them, or by their servants. It is within our own recollection, that in an English country house one of the errands of the servant, when he went to the neighbouring town, was 'a stick of brimstone for matches,' which were invariably manufactured at home. The necessity for this household operation was soon superseded by visits of hawkers, who set up a regular manufacture and trade in the article. Perambulating match-sellers took their rise from the vagrant act which forbade begging, and the merchandise was exhibited as a sort of screen to their real employment, which was that of obtaining alms.

No branch of commerce, so at first so unimportant, ever remains long stationary in this country, and the match-trade has made perhaps more rapid strides during the last half century than any other. The pseudo-beggars having once taken the trouble of domestic match-making off the hands of the public, it never again was willing to incur it, and ever after, the making and selling of these indispensable articles rose to the dignity of a regular employment. Small pieces of wood, each with a sharpened end, dipped in brimstone, were carried from door to door, or presented to passengers at the corner of every street. A foreigner, judging twenty years ago from the quantity displayed for sale in every part of the town and country, would naturally wonder what the English could want with

such forests of matches. But closer inquiry would have convinced him that they were in many instances used as a fence to the vagrant act—as a safeguard against the stocks, and a blind to the parish constable; for, while extolling their excellence and cheapness, the vender never failed to throw in a plea of pinching poverty, shared by a wife and a large family. Far, therefore, from inferring an extensive use of the objects offered for sale, it would be discovered that a mendicant made a good living out of the mere exhibition of his stock in trade, which was not perhaps diminished or added to for weeks together. Still, a vast number of these tinder-box appliances were sold, though the demand never exceeded the supply. Of this there was not the remotest danger, for the retail trade was overwhelmingly overstocked; and though there have been instances known of match-sellers retiring upon fortunes, yet in nine cases out of ten, their capital accumulated from eleemosynary gifts from the benevolent, and not from fair trading with consumers. The match-sellers of the brimstone school were jocularly denominated 'timber-merchants.'

About the year 1826, however, chemistry created a complete revolution in this extensive trade. A new description of match was invented, which, from the ease and certainty with which it ignited, completely superseded the former ones that had been in use for so many centuries. Much suspicion was at first created concerning them, on account of the manner in which it was understood they were prepared. Fulminating powder, phosphorus, and other diabolical ingredients, were reported to be contained in them; hence they got the name of 'Lucifers.' Like all infant manufactures, they were at first sold at a high price (6d. a-box) by chemists; afterwards, the demand for them increased as improvements were made in their composition, and they got into the hands of grocers and oilmen, when further reductions took place. A London grocer, more deeply read in poetical literature than his brethren, exhibited, by way of a shop-ticket, the quotation from Milton—

'O Lucifer! how hast thou fallen!'

and to which was added the deep bathos—'Matches only twopence a-box!' From that price they soon dropped to that at which they are now sold, and consequently came within the scope of the original traders in matches—beggars and itinerant dealers. From a recent parliamentary commission, we learn that the consumption of this sort of matches is more than five billions a-year, and that one man in London, who makes the wooden boxes to contain them, paid a thousand a-year for timber for that purpose; thus really deserving the designation which had been applied to his predecessors in the trade in jest—that of an extensive 'timber-merchant.'

Besides the vast quantity of Lucifers manufactured in England, uncounted numbers of them are imported from the banks of the Rhine, and various other parts of Germany. The wood is floated down the river from the thick pine forests, and the small branches and waste wood made into matches at various villages on the banks, and sent over to America, and to all parts of Europe.

Another of the small trades which consumes a great quantity of wood, is that of toys, which are carried about by itinerant salesmen, not so much for the purpose of sale as of barter. A long stick, at the end of which is fastened, on a pivot, sails made of wood and paper, to imitate those of a windmill, seem to be in the greatest demand. The eagerness with which they are coveted by children is proved by the groups which are invariably seen near the distributor of these envied toys. Knowing that actual cash is seldom possessed by his little customers, he meets that unfortunate deficiency of an important element of trade by declaring he will take almost anything in exchange for his wares—phial bottles, old clothes, broken crystal, and other (to him) valuables which are within easier reach. By this means he realises a better profit than if he traded for 'ready money only,' as, on selling the produce of his traffic to old store

dealers, he gets more than it is possible his young patrons would have paid for them in hard cash, even if they had it. A well-remembered toy-hawker realised a good fortune on this plan in another sort of toy: he was known all over England, and announced his presence by the couplet—

'If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry young lads to sell.'

He kept his word, and left off business when he had as much money in copper coin as he could conveniently count at a long sitting.

Perhaps the most ancient of itinerant trades was that in quack nostrums; and it is within the present century that his 'occupation' was entirely 'gone.' The quack and his merry-Andrew have now quite disappeared from the stage of existence: the only successors who remain are the vendors of corn salve and cough drops, which, if not of actually curative, are mostly of a harmless character. The sellers of these articles are generally found at the corners of busy streets and markets, making eloquent orations in praise of their nostrums. They show themselves as proficient in the art of puffing as their predecessors the ancient mountebanks, though they seldom meet with such extensive success.

Not the least interesting of the small traders are the Italian image-boys. Vending, as they do, plaster casts from some of the most celebrated and beautiful sculptural works of ancient as well as modern art, they act as the pioneers of artistic taste amongst the humbler orders. The likenesses of celebrated men they exhibit and sell at a low price, are in many instances casts from marbles chiselled by artists of the highest eminence.

Itinerant dealers in eatables, particularly of vegetables, are of a less interesting, though perhaps of a more useful character. They are called indiscriminately 'costermongers,' otherwise, according to Dr Nares, traffickers in 'costards,' a species of apple of so common a sort, that it gave the name at an early period to hawkers of apples in general, and afterwards further extended as above. In poor neighbourhoods, this class of traders are of great use: they bring their wares to the doors of their customers, saving the valuable time of hard-working people, which would otherwise be wasted in going to and from shops and markets.

How much might be done to improve the popular tastes by the hawking of small tracts of a useful and entertaining class, has been already adverted to in these pages, and we are glad to know that our hints on this point have been in various places successfully adopted.

Small traders of the class we have described hold a precarious position as regards the law, by which they are tolerated rather than recognised. The truth is, law is very chary of extending protection to persons who do not pay taxes, yet is kind enough to wink at them, except when their existence is made too glaringly visible by an officious policeman bringing them before the 'bench' for some street obstruction or other nominal misdemeanour. Small traders are nevertheless a useful class of itinerants.

CHEAP TRIPS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

When we pointed out, in a recent number, 'The Social Effects of Railways,' we adverted with pleasure to the opportunities they afforded to the public of making themselves acquainted with scenes and places they could never have beheld but for the well-applied powers of steam. These opportunities are rapidly increasing, and the large steamboat companies have begun to organise excursions to celebrated and interesting localities on the continent. The directors of the Dundee and London Shipping Company charter one of their commodious vessels for a pleasure trip to Hamburg; and to show the amount of accommodation they are able to afford intending tourists, they forward to any applicant a map of the places which it is practicable to visit, besides the port of entry. These, it appears, consist of the other Hans-Towns, Lubeck and Bremen; also Hanover, Brunswick, Magdeburg, Leipzig, Dresden, Ber-

lin, Potsdam, Stettin, Cologne, Dusseldorf, &c.—in other words, all the places of greatest note in Germany. The vessel remains twelve days, so as to allow sufficient time for the passengers to reach and inspect at least some of the above cities, to most of which railways are now in constant operation. This is not all: the same company having steamers which ply between London and the Rhine, passengers wishing to visit that noble river may leave the Hamburg boat to return without them, and wend their way to any part of Germany they please. So that they step on board one of the company's vessels some time during the summer, they can return by way of London by paying an extra fee of only one guinea. The cost of the trip is quite within the means of persons in the middle ranks, being L.4, exclusive of provisions.

Another company have projected a less-frequented voyage—from Aberdeen to Norway, stopping a day or two at the Shetland Islands. The places to be visited abroad are Drontheim, Bergen, and Christiania the capital, at each of which places the vessel stops three or four days, so that ample time is allowed for exploring them and other places in the interior of the country. The whole tour is expected to occupy about three weeks, and its expense will not exceed that which a journey from Edinburgh to London entailed a few years ago for mere coach-hire—namely, L.20; provisions being in this case included.

It is much to be wished that the projectors of these trips will be encouraged to repeat them. There is no surer plan for breaking down national prejudices, and for enlightening ignorance, than travel. It happens, unfortunately, that many thousands amongst the affluent in this empire stand very much in need of that sort of improvement which excursions abroad are of all means the best for effecting: we allude more particularly to those highly praiseworthy individuals who have raised fortunes from small beginnings, and whose minds have not always improved with their means. To the credit of our country be it said, that the majority of the rich mercantile class are such as we are now discussing. Convenient and cheap opportunities are now offered to them to see foreign nations—to glance at their institutions, manufactures, and exterior habits—and we trust those opportunities will not be entirely lost upon them.

THE COMFORTS OF THE CLASSICS.

The high and romantic admiration we entertain for the ancient Greeks, receives a greivous check when we meet with the few passages occurring in history which enable us to judge of their personal and domestic comforts. The Spartan made indulgence of any sort a crime. The law obliged him to wear the coarsest garments, and to make no difference in their warmth in summer and winter, nor to remove them during rest at night. In building his habitation, he was allowed no other tool than the axe for the timbers, and the saw to form the doors. Everything was rough and simple, with the view of making the people hardy of frame and manly in manners. But even the other Greeks, who gave way to every luxury they could invent, had scarcely any of those domestic appliances which we look upon as common necessities. Though they had beds, beds, soft mattresses, skins, cushions, carpet-blankets, and coverlets, yet those refined ventilators—sheets—were denied them. When the model of womanhood, the Greek beauty, arose from her couch to array herself in woollen, she had no stays or stockings to add to her comfort: to make her clothes air-tight, she had nothing but a buckle or a skewer, instead of pins. She painted her cheeks, lips, and eyebrows, to make herself, as she thought, outwardly fascinating; yet within, she knew not the cleanly luxury of linen. Neither had her lord a shirt, nor hose, nor buttons, nor handkerchief, nor pockets, nor lining to his cloak, nor gloves—items essential to the warmth and comfort of a modern gentleman.

The interior arrangements of a classic household were so different, that a Greek house would have been scarcely habitable by a modern. 'Their lamps,' says

Mr Bernan,* 'though elegant, were offensive; and if they had wax and tallow pith and rushlights, of candles they were always entirely ignorant. Abroad, therefore, the Greek, during his sharp winter, must often have suffered much privation; and within doors, he never could enjoy artificial heat or light without smoke and risk of suffocation, for his house had not a chimney; nor, in the cold weather, could he enjoy warmth with daylight in his elegant apartment, for he made no use of glazed windows.'

POPULAR NAMES.

LA PALICE—LA RAMEE.

[From the French.]

THERE are certain periods in the history of most men of thought, when reason, exhausted by long and severe exercise, seems to abandon the reins, and leave to folly the control of the intellectual faculties. One instance may be found in Cowper's humorous ballad of John Gilpin; and another, which affords equally mirth-provoking amusement to our neighbours across the Channel, was the work of the grave and religious Bernard de la Monnoye, translator of the *Gloss* of St Theresa, who conceived the idea of personifying nonsensical truths in his *Complaint upon the Life and Death of La Palice*; careless of attaching popular ridicule to a name which should excite only recollections of heroic and military virtue.

Our little children, thanks to this strange production, know that the famous La Palice died in losing his life, and that he would not have had his equal had he been alone in the world. But, saving some other such revelations, La Monnoye has chosen to maintain a scrupulous silence upon the chief events which actually contributed to the celebrity of his hero. Doubtless it is satisfactory to know that he could never make up his mind to load his pistols when he had no powder; and that when he wrote verse he did not write prose; or that while drinking he never spoke a word. These are certainly notable details concerning the habits and character of this great man, which the poet was wise to notice; but it is also certain that La Palice had greater claim: to admiration, which may be brought to light in illustrating some stanzas of the biographical ballad. We shall endeavour to fill up the gaps which occur at every step in La Monnoye's history. It is good to be merry, but it is better to be exact, especially when writing about an individual who, for three centuries, has occupied a high position among the heroes who have done most honour to France.

The song, it will be seen, is a burlesque, somewhat similar in character to that upon the valiant Malbrough. It begins thus:—

'Please you, gentlemen, to hear
The song of La Palice;
It surely will delight you all,
Provided that it please.'

Besides this proposition, so honestly and neatly enunciated, the historian would have done well to tell us that La Palice was named also Jacques II. of Chabannes. He was of noble race, for his grandfather, an earlier Jacques de Chabannes, after valiantly defending Castillon against Talbot, the English Achilles, died of his wounds at the siege of this place, which, two years afterwards (17th July 1453), cost the life of his illustrious enemy. He was of noble race this Jacques de Chabannes, and, we may add, of noble heart. Charles VIII. owed to him in part the conquest of Naples, and Louis XII. that of the duchy of Milan.

'La Palice but little wealth
To his renown could bring;
And when abundance was his lot,
He lacked no single thing.'

Abundance of glory, of honours, of treasures, of war on battle-fields; this was surely what the poet meant to say. He ought to have been rich indeed, when three sovereigns successively invested him with the titles of marshal of

* History of Warming and Ventilation, vol. i.

France, governor of Bourbonnais, of Auvergne, of Forez and the Lyonnais. He was still more rich in the esteem of his enemies, who in the battles aimed all their bullets at him; wishing, as they said, to strike down one of the bravest heads of the army. He was rich also in the love of his soldiers, whom he fed at his own expense, when the supplies failed through the carelessness or treachery of the state paymasters.

'He was versed in all the games
Played at the academy;
And never was unfortunate
When he won the victory.'

Those which he gained, are faithfully chronicled in history. First stands Marignan, in 1515, that terrible struggle, in allusion to which old Marshal Trivulce said, all others were but child's play in comparison. It was a famous victory gained by Francis I. over the Swiss and the Duke of Milan, and has been ever since known as the Battle of the Giants; next Fontarabia, the key of Spain, which the same general, under the same monarch, carried at the point of the sword in 1521; then Bicocca, in Lombardy, where Lautrec lost the battle and his honour, and La Palice, being second in command, made incredible exertions to recover the fortune of the day; and last, Marneilles, which treason had given to the arms of Charles V., which went to sleep one night Spanish, and woke up French the next morning, because a great captain, Chabannes de la Palice, had scaled her walls, and effaced by dint of courage the shame with which the desertion of Bourbon had tarnished the name of French gentlemen.

'To do and dare in his career,
He readily inclined;
And when he stood before the king,
He was not, surr, behind.'

On the eve of the battle of Pavia he stood before Francis I., and, with the counsel of a brave man, addressed the monarch:—'You are eager to fight, sire; would it not be better to be certain of conquering? Our blood belongs to you, but you belong to France; and you owe to the kingdom a reckoning of your enterprises against the enemies of the state. God forbid that I should give such a lesson to the king my master, but it behoves him to take counsel when he goes to stake his crown in a single battle, which, if lost, cannot fail of being fatal. There, behind those walls, are Lannoy and Pescara, with the bravest of their troops; here, none but worn-out soldiers, few in number, and dying of fatigue. Behind those walls stands Antoine de Lève, a general of genius and resources, who has never been conquered. Were he beaten, the empire would lose but one man, but on our side we lose a king. The game is not equal, sire; sign the truce, and some day we shall find ourselves again before the place with forces enough to sustain our just fights.' La Palice was now an old man, and Francis, flattered by the opinions of his younger captains, declared for battle, and drew his sword, to give it up on the evening of the same day to the brave Lannoy, who received it on his knees from his royal prisoner.

'Fate dealt to him a cruel blow,
And stretched him on the ground;
And 'tis believed that since he died,
It was a mortal wound.

His death was sore and terrible,
Upon a stone he lay;
He would have died more easily
Upon a feather bed.'

Chabannes made a sortie with a handful of brave fellows from the fort which he defended against the Spanish army, and saw all those who followed fall around him. No way of retreat remained open; and, covered with wounds, he could scarcely wield the sword with which he had opened the gates of Ravenna and Navarre. He sees a fragment of a wall, which may enable him to hold out for a time against the enemy, and plants himself against it, determined to die, as he had lived, gloriously. At each sweep of his sword an antagonist falls at his feet; they press closer upon him, and offer quarter; while a Spanish soldier climbs over the barrier of corpses piled

before him, aims a tremendous blow at his head, beneath which the brave La Palice fell senseless to the earth.

'Doplored and envied by his braves,
He shut his eyes to strife;
And we are told his day of death
Was the last of his life.'

Some chroniclers have written—

'Fifteen minutes before his death,
Ah, he was yet alive;'

a space of time which he worthily employed in closing a life of glorious activity. 'Often, says the historian, La Palice was dragged half dead to the tent of the enemy's general, who threatened him with the ignominious death of hanging, if he did not persuade the besieged to deliver up the fort. He requested to be carried to the foot of the ramparts; two soldiers took up the captive marshal on their shoulders, and bore him to the gate of the fortress which had so long resisted the skill and courage of the besiegers. When there, in a dying voice he gave orders to summon his lieutenant Cornon. 'Brave friend,' he said to him, 'do you know the condition of the citadel?' The lieutenant, deeply affected at seeing his general in so perilous a situation, could only answer by a slight inclination of the head. 'This is not the time for tears,' continued the great man; 'say, can you hold out till the arrival of the Duke of Nemours?' 'Yes, we will hold out, be it for a month!' he replied with a firm voice.

'Good,' rejoined the chief, and turning towards the Spanish commander, said, 'Do with me as you please. I commend my soul to God; my men will do their duty.'

The ancients, sometimes unjust towards their great men, invoked the terrible law of necessity for their banishment, but preserved their memory with religious respect. It was reserved for modern times to dishonour a great name by a ridiculous abuse of humour.

We must go far back in the annals of history to arrive at the date of the birth of the famous La Ramée, popularly known as the *First Grenadier of the World*. If we are to believe the chronicles of the barracks, and the historians of the bivouac, he stood sentinel when the world was very young, and, growing tired, deserted his post, and went through numerous adventures among the nations of antiquity; until, in the progress of time, he enlisted under the banners of the emperor Napoleon. If you ask old soldiers still in the service where this ancient of ancients may be met with, they will tell you that La Ramée, together with his pipe, are supported at the expense of the state in the Royal Hospital of Invalids: the one well blackened, as a pipe ought to be which has not gone out for 5834 years; the other decorated with 1100 chevrons, which give him a claim to the respect of his comrades, and to the double ration of wine. If you inquire at the invalids for the number of La Ramée's room, you will be told that he sleeps upon the field of Waterloo, among the brave with whom he found himself at the memorable battle. But let war come again—an event to be desired neither for our fireides nor our frontiers—and La Ramée will revive, to be again the wonder of raw conscripts, and to add some new chapters to his already voluminous history.

If ever there was a pleasant and jocund tradition, it is this; which, passing from mouth to mouth from time immemorial, and becoming enriched at every step it has made in the world's memory, by many additions as extravagant as improbable, has at last been adopted as the immortal epic of the guard-house. But it must be remembered that there was another La Ramée, celebrated in his own day, but little known in ours.

In 1510, a little boy, clothed in the coarse rustic dress of sackcloth, a woollen cap on his head, his features sharpened by hunger, and his eyes very wide open, if not from appetite, at least from all the wonderful things which he saw around him, entered Paris. He directed his steps towards the street *de la Paille*, where the scholars of the university were playing together. He was speedily surrounded by a host of waggish boys, who were never backward in intimidating greater and stronger than

he, and made to submit to a great number of mischievous questions, and a still greater number of painful blows. But when the first heat of mischief was over, the best-disposed among the young collegians gave him a portion of their bread, and made room for him on the straw with which the street was strewn. Refreshed and comfortably seated, Pierre La Ramée began the history of his life and journey with great simplicity and brevity. He was born at Cuth, in Vermandois, eight years before. When scarcely old enough to walk alone, he went from door to door, begging his bread; and as the villagers could not support him in idleness, a long stick was put into his hand, with which he drove every day a flock of geese to a pond in the neighbourhood. The occupation became distasteful to him, and one day he left his intractable charge to look after themselves, threw his long stick into a thicket, and set off on the road to Paris. Begging on the way, as he had begged in the village, he arrived not richer, but wiser; for he fell into company with a learned monk, who taught him the names of all the letters of the alphabet, and the art of uniting them so as to form words. After his recital, Pierre La Ramée entered the service of some of the scholars, with the condition that they should continue his scarcely-commenced education.

During several months he went every night to sleep under one of the arches of the bridge de la cité: his days were passed in running errands for the students, and enduring the effects of their ill temper and vicious character. He, however, contrived to keep himself alive by the crusts of stale bread which fell to his lot; while the bribes of Latin, with which he was occasionally induced to undertake some errand more disagreeable than usual, furnished his mind, and rendered him more and more desirous of learning.

The vacations, however, arrived, the colleges were deserted, the servants of the university cleared the straw from the street, and Pierre La Ramée found himself without a master—deprived all at once of his hard-earned crusts and Latin lessons. To complete his misfortunes, the plague broke out in the city; and he returned in much affliction to Cuth.

Four years from that time, a youthful servant was employed at the college of Navarre, who, with broom in hand, worked all the day sweeping the various classrooms; and who at night, when all were asleep, lit his master's lamp, and read over by himself the lessons of which he occasionally caught a few words during the hours of study. He carefully preserved the sheets of waste paper met with in the exercise of his duties, and with great labour wrote notes upon the authors he read; these sheets fell by accident into the hands of one of the professors, who summoned the boy into his presence, and after strict questioning, bade him prepare himself to support his thesis, as the time had come for conferring upon him the degree of master of arts. In those days Aristotle reigned despotically over the schools of philosophy, and no one dared to attack a system which would have brought upon him the reproach of heterodoxy. But Pierre La Ramée dared; and from that moment commenced his glory and his persecutions.

We shall not follow the youth, become man, appearing before a tribunal appointed to judge his anti-Aristotelian doctrines; nor do more than allude to the famous school of which he was the founder, and to his books condemned to the flames. Crowds flocked to hear him in wondering admiration, while the church roused herself for a severe struggle with her new opponent; but the parliament interposed itself to shield the wise and learned teacher from the blows directed against him. Being expelled from Paris, the king gave him an asylum at Fontainebleau; while his enemies, profiting by his absence, pillaged his house and devastated his college. But at last, wearied with strife, they permitted his return, and crowds of young men again listened to his lectures. Once more he was monarch of the schools, and father of his scholars; the supreme master of eloquence, appeasing the fury of the populace or military turbulence by the charm of his words. In the night of the 24th August 1572, when assassins were scouring the city of Paris, in the name of

religion and the king, immolating all suspected of the odour of Protestantism, Charpentier, a doctor of the Sorbonne, profiting by the general excitement to gratify a personal hatred, roused the mob, and led them to the college of Presle, where for many years Pierre La Ramée, bestowing his science gratuitously on the poorest, reposed himself upon straw after the long fatigues of his professorship, as in the days of his youthful distress. Charpentier, after a long search through all the classes, without finding him who wished to dethrone Aristotle, and put truth and reason in the vacant place, in his thirst for vengeance descended to the cellars. There he sees an aged man, half dead with fear, who supplicates humbly for his life. 'Will you give me all your money?' demanded his persecutor. 'All,' was the reply. 'You shall teach no more,' continued the bigot. 'I will teach no more,' answered the philosopher in despair. Charpentier received his oath, and seizing upon the accumulated savings of a life of learning, called in his infuriated followers, who murdered their victim. Thus died Pierre La Ramée, or Ramus; for, according to the usage of the time, he had Latinised his name. And such was the actual person who is alluded to by the soldiers in their ridiculous legend. The change resembles that which has caused Virgil to be remembered as a sorcerer in Italy, and Michael Scott to be regarded as a wizard in Scotland. The causes which lead to such whimsical misrepresentations it were vain to inquire for.

AN HOUR BETWEEN HOLBORN AND SMITHFIELD.

Public attention is at present earnestly directed towards the health of towns, dwellings for the poor, their education, and the melioration of their moral and physical condition. New, handsome, and airy streets are now in the course of being opened in the metropolis, on sites hitherto encumbered with miserable dwellings, inhabited by the very dregs of society, and where moral and physical decadency had been in progress for many generations.

But a very natural question arises in one's breast on observing these clearings of the wilderness, as to what has become, or is to become, of the *aborigines*, if such a denomination be admissible?

There is but too much reason to believe that these 'rookeries'—a popular name for them in London—have only been transferred to other rank spots, previously over-crowded; and that the evils which, on seeing the uprooting process in action in some localities, one is inclined to think are on the eve of being remedied, are, on the contrary, hourly augmenting in consequence of a more condensed state of the contagious elements.

Reflections of this nature forced themselves irresistibly on my mind on the following occasion:—Having read in the papers that various strange discoveries had been made in the neighbourhood of Smithfield during the progress of the improvements in the way of opening new streets, I yielded to one of those sudden impulses which have carried me into a variety of curious scenes in divers portions of our habitable globe, and found myself one rainy day last autumn in a (to me) *Terra Incognita*, in the very centre of the capital of this great country—great in its commerce, its power, its wealth, its possessions, its social ties; great in its influence in all parts of the world, mainly owing to the generally received opinion that its institutions and its moral and religious organisation are upon a scale highly superior to the general standard.

Passing down the wide space at the foot of Holborn Hill, opposite to Faringdon Street, bordered by rows of arched cellars for the houses in the course of erection, I arrived in front of a board separating the end of the new street from a lane running across and much below it, one of the miserable houses in the lane having been pulled down as far as the basement storey. Of a half-starved-looking man I purchased for a penny a little pamphlet of eight pages, printed in Seven Dials, professing to

contain 'full particulars of the extraordinary houses in West Street, Smithfield, with an account'—so said the last-dying-speech-looking title-page—of the strange discovery of human bones, &c. that was found in the residence of Jonathan Wild, formerly called the Red Lion public-house, in West Street, Smithfield, the resort of Jack Sheppard and Jerry Abershaw, &c. &c.

With this 'hand-book' for my guide, I passed through a wicket in the boarding, and descended into the lane. Opposite the house nearly pulled down—the notorious Red Lion public-house—were several uncouth-looking people; two policemen wearing their oilskin capes were walking up and down; one of them had a switch in his hand, with which he motioned to the people to keep moving. I asked him whether the little book was to be relied upon. He answered that the facts had been much exaggerated. After contemplating the ruin for a few minutes, I moved to the right, and was again skimming the contents of the hand-book, when the same policeman passed and said to me 'They are all lies you are reading there.' Upon this official authority I closed the book, adjusted my umbrella so as to keep the rain off—for so intent had I been upon the description of the 'extraordinary houses,' that the umbrella had got awry, and my left sleeve was soaked through—and regained the upper regions through the wicket. Seeing the lean pamphlet-vender still wandering about in the rain, I gently informed him of what the policeman had said respecting his hand-books.

'It's only to keep the crowd off, sir; if you go to the back you'll know more about it.'

I immediately acted upon this opportune suggestion. It would be an infringement on literary property to enter into a description of the 'full particulars of the extraordinary houses' contained in the hand-book; suffice it to say, that from all I was able to see and learn, I believe its contents were correct.

My object is to state the 'great fact' that, up to that hour, the numerous alleys and courts, and the wretched tenements by which the Fleet-ditch was bordered, were inhabited by a population of the most revolting description; a shame and a scandal in the heart of a metropolis through whose capacious arteries—within a stone's throw of these sinks of infamy—is continually flowing the rich stream of commerce and luxury; and where floods of people sweep along without bestowing a thought on the veins, clogged with rank corruption, which branch off from those arteries.

I entered the labyrinth through Black-Dog Alley, and, proceeding down it for about a hundred yards, reached a sort of archway on the left. From the ground-floor window of a miserable one-storeyed old house at the side of it, a wretched woman—young, but bleary-eyed and bloated, and with meshes of hair stiffened with dirt bristling from her uncapped head—peered out, and with a revolting leer addressed me in terms exciting not only horror and disgust in my mind, but also compassion at seeing the almost hopeless state of degradation into which this unfortunate had fallen.

Passing under the archway, which was partially choked up with matters of the most offensive description, I emerged on an open space into which the back-windows of the houses just mentioned looked, out of one of which leant another woman much older than the first. Her sallow, wrinkled, unwashed face was shaded by the broad, discoloured border of a calico cap; she scowled upon me, but did not speak. The space on which I stood appeared to have been formerly occupied by a tenement, or tenements; and in front of it, about six feet below, the sides being strengthened by old brick-work, but without any parapet, flowed the Fleet-ditch, as it is called—a turbid, fetid, deep brook, or stream, rushing towards the Thames at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour; the width might be about ten feet. On the left was the lower floor of a house built over the stream. The rafters and supports were worm-eaten, and I understood that the flooring was inlaid with trap-doors, through which no doubt many victims had been

plunged into the rapid muddy stream below. Looking up towards the right, I saw a long line of gable ends of mean houses, many of them built of wood, and pierced with small windows, rising from the edge of the brook.

Whilst leaning over with straining eyes and offended nostrils to examine this singular scene, a knot of people had collected on the space in the rear. On raising my head, and turning round to ascertain the cause of a strange medley of sounds which assailed my ears, I perceived a group of about twenty youths and lads, and three or four slatternly girls. They were shouting, and blaspheming, and leaping up wildly into the air. But though all were young, they had the faces of old and hardened beings; their mirth was like that of half-stupified Bacchantes; their voices harsh; their eyes staring boldly, and scanning every particle of my clothing, and watching all my movements; but those eyes were entirely bereft of the brightness and animation of uncorrupted youth. These wretched beings hovered and skipped about me, cursing and swearing, and now and then making remarks one to another in (to me) an unknown tongue: anon they eyed me askance, so that as there was no policeman, nor other protection in sight, or at hand, I began to think of the means of defence or retreat.

The rushing ominous stream was before me, gathering round me was a band of most suspicious beings, and the only issue was by the dark archway, bordered and beset as already described. Presently a lad sprang from the group, and with a scream as of triumph, rushed towards the stream, and leaped over it, landing safely within a few inches of its steep bank, on the other side. This feat elicited great shouting and dispersion among his reckless companions, most of whom ran to the edge of the black rivulet, and bending over it, looked up to the right, as though something new were to be seen in that direction. My curiosity overcame the desire to profit by the favourable opportunity of effecting my retreat; so I followed their example.

What a revolting scene met my gaze! Out of the little windows in the gable-ends of the tenements were thrust heads of awful-looking men and women, and girls and lads; the men with bare brawny arms resting on the mouldering window-sills, their begrimed shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbows; the women either with broad-flounced night-caps almost concealing their features, or with their hair sticking out from their Medusa-like heads; as for the juveniles, they had the appearance of imps!

The cause of the tumultuous assemblage on the brink of the Fleet-ditch, of the shouts, and of the apparition of so many uncouth busts from the narrow windows, was the floundering of half-a-dozen boys in the rushing water. How they had found their way thither I could not discover; but there they were, disporting in the nauseous flood with as much glee as though they had been bathing in the limpid Serpentine.

I gladly took advantage of the excitement of the young reprobates about me to make good my retreat unperceived. Threading the intricate windings of the surrounding lanes and alleys, stuffed with human beings of the most revolting appearance, evidently imbedded in ignorance and vice, I came to a lofty and extensive building to which, however, there was no perceptible entrance at that part; skirting the walls, I found it to be a large manufactory. The contrast was striking. Here, said I to myself, is an establishment belonging no doubt to wealthy people. Hard by is a capacious thoroughfare, almost in a direct line from the great docks, filled with the richest merchandise from every part of the globe, to the mansions of the great, the powerful, of this magnificent metropolis. This thoroughfare is bordered by the establishments and the residences of rich and respectable tradesmen; of that estimable middle-class which forms so essential a portion of the solid basis of English society. And yet, on the very thresholds of these persons, there is a mass of population savage as any that dwell in Africa or furthest Ind—more than that, even

pests to society, active and reckless marauders, vicious to the last degree themselves, and, by their pernicious example, the ruin of all whose unhappy fate brings them under their withering influence!

It might be vain to ask, in such a case, if Christian philanthropy sanctions the fortunate and the educated in thus leaving so many fellow-creatures and neighbours in a condition so wretched in all respects. But let me limit my interrogation to something more practical, and inquire if it be good policy. These people are for the most part idle, as far as lawful occupation is concerned. They must all live, and of course their living comes out of the substance of the rest of the community. Might there not be a saving in laying out something to bring them within the pale of a decent life? They form fuel of disease: would it not tend to the public health if some effort were made to place them in purer circumstances? Surely, without incurring any suspicion of extravagant views, I am justified in saying that something is wrong here, and that its redress is loudly called for. With these remarks, as perhaps a needless addition to my portraiture of what I saw, I leave the subject.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

It is impossible that any person, however thoughtless and unaccustomed to observe the works of creation, can look around him, even during a morning's ramble through the fields, without being struck with the number of living beings that offer themselves to his notice, presenting infinite diversity of form, and obviously adapted, by their construction and habits, to occupy various and widely different situations. The careless lounge, indeed, untaught to mark the less obtrusive and minutest features of the landscape, sees, perhaps, the cattle grazing in the field; watches the swallows as they glance along, or listens with undefined emotions of pleasure to the vocal choir of unseen feathered songsters; and, content with these symptoms of life around him, passes unheeding onwards. Not so the curious and enlightened wanderer, inquisitive to understand all that he finds around him: his prying eye and mind intelligent not only can appreciate the grosser beauties of the scene, and gather full enjoyment from the survey, but perceive objects of wonder multiply at every step he takes: the grass, the trees, the flowers, the earth, the air, swarm with innumerable kinds of active living creatures: every stone upturned reveals some insect wonder; nay, the stagnant ditch he knows to be a world wherein incalculable myriads pass their lives, and every drop to swarm with animated atoms, able to proclaim the Omnipotent Designer loudly as the stars themselves. Is it upon the sea-shore that the student of nature walks? Each rippling wave lays at his feet some tribute from the deep, and tells of wonders indescribable—brings corallines and painted shells, and thousand grotesque beings, samples left to show that in the sea, through all its spacious realms, life still is found—that creatures there exist more numerous than on the earth itself, all perfect in their construction, and, although so diversified in shape and attributes, alike subservient to the general welfare. And yet how few, even at the present day, turn their attention to this wondrous scene, or strive at all to understand the animal creation—to investigate the structure and contrivance that adapt each species to perform certain important duties—to perceive the uses and relations of each group—to contemplate the habits and the instincts that direct the different tribes—and, lastly, to trace out the means whereby the mighty whole formed of such diverse parts, is all along preserved in perfect harmony!—*Hymer Jones.*

WELSH SURNAMES.

In Sweden, hereditary surnames are said to have been unknown before the commencement of the fourteenth century. At a much later period, no surnames were used in Wales, beyond *ap*, or *son*, as *David-ap-Howell*, *Evan-ap-Rhys*, *Griffith-ap-Roger*, *John-ap-Richard*, now very naturally corrupted into *Powell*, *Price*, *Prodyer*, and *Pritchard*. To a like origin may be referred a considerable number of the surnames beginning with *P* and *B* now in use in England; amongst which may be mentioned *Preese*, *Price*, *Punporey*, *Parry*, *Probert*, *Probyn*, *Pugh*, *Penry*; *Bevan*, *Bithal*, *Barry*, *Benyon*, and *Bowers*. It was not unusual a

century or two back, to hear of such combinations as *Evan-ap-Griffith-ap-David-ap-Jenkin*, and so on to the seventh or eighth generation, so that an individual often carried his pedigree in his name. The church of *Llangollen* in Wales is said to be dedicated to *St Collen-ap-Gwynnawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap-Cowrda-ap-Caradoc-Freichfras-ap-Llyn-Merim-ap-Einion-Yrth-ap-Cunedda-Wledig*, a name that casts that of the Dutchman *Inkervankodsdaspanekinkardrachdorn* into the shade. To burlesque this ridiculous species of nomenclature, some wag described cheese as being

Adam's own cousin-german by its birth,
Ap-Curde-ap-Milk-ap-Grass-ap-Earth.

The following anecdote was related to me by a native of Wales:—An Englishman, riding one dark night among the mountains, heard a cry of distress, proceeding apparently from a man who had fallen into a ravine near the highway, and, on listening more attentively, heard the words, "Help, master, help!" in a voice truly Cambrian. "Help what? Who are you?" inquired the traveller. "*Jenkin-ap-Griffith-ap-Robin-ap-William-ap-Rees-ap-Evan*," was the response. "Lazy fellows that ye be," rejoined the Englishman, setting spurs to his horse, "to lie rolling in that hole, half-a-dozen of ye; why, in the name of common sense, don't ye help one another out?" The frequency of such names as *Davies*, *Harris*, *Jones*, and *Evans*, has often been remarked, and is to be accounted for by the use of the father's name in the genitive case, and the word *son* being understood; thus *David's* son became *Davis*, *Harry's* son *Harris*, *John's* son *Jones*, and *Evan's* son *Evans*. It is a well-attested fact, that about forty years since the *Monmouth* and *Brecon* militia contained no less than thirty-six *John Joneses*. Even the gentry of Wales bore no hereditary surnames until the time of *Henry VIII.* That monarch, who paid great attention to heraldic matters, strongly recommended the heads of Welsh families to conform to the usage long before adopted by the English, as more consistent with their rank and dignity. Some families accordingly made their existing surnames stationary, while a few adopted the surnames of English families, with whom they were allied, as the ancestors of *Oliver Cromwell*, who thus exchanged *Williams* for *Cromwell*, which thenceforward they uniformly used.—*Fanciful Nomenclature.*

FROGS IN STONES.

We have several apparently well-authenticated instances on record of frogs and toads having been found enclosed in masses of rock, to the interior of which there was no perceptible means of ingress. It has been the fashion, however, with naturalists to dismiss all such cases on the assumption that there must have been some cleft or opening by which the animal was admitted while in embryo, or while in a very young state; no one, so far as we are aware, believing that the sperm or young animal may have been enclosed when the rock was in the process of formation at the bottom of shallow waters. Whatever may be the true theory regarding animals so enclosed, their history is certainly one of the highest interest; and without attempting to solve the problem, we present our readers with an instance taken from the *Mining Journal* of January 13, 1845:—A few days since, as a miner, named *W. Ellis*, was working in the *Penyddarran* Mine Works, at forty-five feet depth, he struck his maul into a piece of shale, and to the surprise of the workmen, a frog leaped out of the cleft. When first observed, it appeared very weak, and, though of large size, could crawl only with difficulty. On closer examination, several peculiarities were observed; its eyes were full-sized, though it could not see, and does not now see, as, upon touching the eye, it evinces no feeling. There is a line indicating where the mouth would have been, had it not been confined; but the mouth has never been opened. Several deformities were also observable; and the spine, which has been forced to develop itself in an angular form, appears a sufficient proof of its having grown in very confined space, even if the hollow in the piece of shale, by corresponding to the shape of the back, did not place the matter beyond a reasonable doubt. The frog continues to increase in size and weight, though no food can be given to it; and its vitality is preserved only by breathing through the thin skin covering the lower jaw. Mr *W. Ellis*, with a view of giving surprise as much publicity as possible, has deposited it at the *New Inn*, *Merthyr*, where it is exhibited as "the greatest wonder in the world, a frog found in a stone forty-five feet from the surface of the earth, where it has been living without food for the last 5000 years!"

BOOK ERRORS.

The biographer of Francis Duke of Bridgewater, in the *Biographie Universelle*, states that the income-tax which he paid every year amounted alone to £110,000 sterling. The fact is, that in the returns which the duke made under the property-tax he estimated his income at that amount. Lalande, the French astronomer, designates the famous philosopher Ferguson, 'Berger au roi d'Angleterre en Ecosse'—the king of England's shepherd for Scotland. The fact is, he was merely, for a few early years of his life, shepherd to a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Keith in Banffshire. Thomas Holcroft translated Madame Genlis's *Veillées du Château* with the incorrect title of *Tales of the Castle*, instead of *Evenings at the Country House*. Every one has heard of Shakspeare's singular mistake as to the geography of Bohemia, and his supposition that Tunis and Naples were at an immeasurable distance from each other. But his error is not greater than that of Apollonius Rhodius, who mentions the Rhone and the Po as meeting and discharging themselves into the Gulf of Venice; or that of Æschylus, who places the river Eridanus in Spain. The chorus in Buchanan's tragedy of *Jephtha* mentions, in very familiar terms, the wealth of Cressus, who was not born till about six hundred years after Jephtha. Smollett, in his *History of England*, states that the ancient Britons 'sowed no corn, and lived in cottages thatched with straw.' If they sowed no corn, how could they get straw in an age when they were wholly cut off from the continent? In Youatt's *Treatise on the Horse*, p. 9, it is stated that 'the Barb has not the Arab's spirit or action'; yet at page 12 we are told 'the Barb excels the Arab in noble and spirited action.' A desire to appear very knowing as to the authorship of popular anonymous works is a frequent cause of amusing blunders. Thus in Bohn's *Guinea Catalogue* (1841), p. 260, we find a quotation from 'Lord Brougham's *Architecture of Birds*,' a work written by Mr Kemble; and in Nattall's *Catalogue*, February 1841, we read of 'Lord Brougham's *Pursuit of Knowledge*,' a work written by Mr Craik. In Thorpe's *Catalogue* (No. 1, 1811, p. 2), a book printed at Mexico is said to be an interesting specimen of 'the South American press.'

GURNEYISM.

This term—of whose meaning perhaps nineteen-twentieths of our readers are utterly ignorant—is applied to a new and particular kind of manuring, which has been employed with signal success by Mr Gurney, a farmer in East Cornwall. The operation consists in covering grass land with long straw, coarse hay, or other fibrous matter, about 20 lbs. to the fall; allowing this covering to lie till the grass spring through it (which it does with astonishing rapidity) to the desired length, and then raking it off to allow the *bestial* to reach the pasture. The covering is then applied to another portion of the field; the operation of removal and covering being repeated so long as the straw or hay remains sufficiently entire to admit of convenient application. The merits of the system, which is yet in its infancy, was thus stated by Mr Gurney at a late meeting of the East Cornwall Experimental Club:—'About seven weeks since, he had covered half a field of grass of three acres in this manner, and about a fortnight ago, when examined, the increase had been found to be at the rate of upwards of 5000 lbs. per acre over the uncovered portion of the field. At that time the straw was raked off and laid in rows 12 feet apart on the field, and 115 sheep were put on the grass, with a view to eat it down as quickly as possible. After they had been there about a week, they were succeeded by 26 bullocks, to eat off the long grass remaining, and which the sheep had left. The field was thus grazed as far as possible. The same straw was now again thrown over the same portion of the field from which it had been raked; and on inspection that morning, he had found the action going on as powerfully as on the former occasion. He thought the sheep, on first raking off the straw, were not so fond of the grass as they were of that uncovered; but after 24 hours' exposure to the sun and air, he thought they rather preferred it. He had 40 acres now under the operation, and in consequence of it, he had had grass when his neighbours had none.' Fibrous covering, or Gurneyism, as thus described, is certainly a cheap and convenient mode of manuring; and what is wanted is only further experiment to test its general applicability.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

[BY THE HON. MRS BLACKWOOD.]

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary;
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone.
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair.

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies.
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride!

—From an old newspaper.

FORBEARANCE.

If the peculiarities of our feelings and faculties be the effect of variety of excitement through a diversity of organisation, it should tend to produce in us mutual forbearance and toleration. We should perceive how nearly impossible it is that persons should feel and think exactly alike upon any subject. We should not arrogantly pride ourselves upon our virtues and knowledge, nor condemn the errors and weakness of others, since they may depend upon causes which we can neither produce nor easily counteract. No one, judging from his own feelings and powers, can be aware of the kind or degree of temptation or terror, or the seeming incapacity to resist them, which may induce others to deviate.—*Abernethy.*

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THE SCIENTIFIC MEETING AT CAMBRIDGE.

FROM the accounts given in this journal of the meetings of the British Association at Glasgow and at York, our readers are aware that we regard that body and its proceedings in a favourable light. It has always appeared to us that a good end is served when men can be brought into personal association for the promotion of common objects and the enjoyment of common pleasures, as such meetings are usually found to insure harmony where otherwise there might be hostility, or at least indifference, and much can, of course, be done by combination, where single efforts would be useless. The British Association is also serviceable in awakening and stimulating efforts in behalf of science in the special districts where it meets, and in introducing local objects of scientific and general interest to the notice of many persons who otherwise would remain ignorant of them. It affords, likewise, a brief period of pleasant excitement and recreation to multitudes of studious persons greatly in need of relief from the monotony of their ordinary toils: even on this inferior ground, it could be defended from the ridicule with which certain members of the public press are pleased to assail what assuredly does no harm to any one, whatever may be the amount of positive good which it effects.

The meeting of the present year (June 18—25) took place at Cambridge, where it had assembled for its third session (1833). It was allowed to be a good meeting in point of attendance (between a thousand and eleven hundred members), and there never had been any at which so many distinguished foreign savants were present. In one point of great importance, though of little popular interest, namely, the meteorological observations, it stands above all former meetings. Apart from this, it was not scientifically very brilliant, though it presented several salient points of considerable interest. One external circumstance added much to the enjoyment of all concerned, that the meeting was favoured throughout with the most beautiful weather.

On arriving in Cambridge on the evening of the 18th, we found, as usual, all bustle and excitement at the reception-room, which on this occasion was in the town-hall. Many members being accommodated in the colleges, we experienced little difficulty in procuring an agreeable lodging; which important preliminary being settled, we sauntered forth to enjoy an evening walk amidst the august shades of those piles of past centuries in which English learning is sheltered—a scene always striking to a Scotchman, as being so different from anything of an analogous nature in his own country. And verily, as we saw the lofty spires of King's College chapel and of Trinity piercing the blue of a June night, and tipped with its palely stars, we could have fancied ourselves transported into a scene

realised out of eastern fable. We bethought us of the power of even external beauty in protecting the institutions here established. The most daring innovator might come hither full of eagerness to meddle with systems unquestionably representative rather of past centuries than the present, and we can conceive him so captivated through the agency of the mere æsthetics of the place, that, like Alaric awed by the venerableness of the Roman senate, into which he had intruded, our innovator would shrink from his task, and leave the business of reform to ruder hands.

A sunbright morning saw the members hurrying to the various sectional meetings, according to their various predilections. The first section of which we shall speak—the Geological—we found accommodated in the senate-house, a beautiful Grecian building of about the time of Queen Anne, finely decorated within with carved wood-work, and having a platform with rising seats at the upper end, surmounted by a canopy under which the existing royalty of England had recently sat. This was by far the largest and best room enjoyed by any of the sections, and it was assigned to the geological because the meetings of that body are generally the most numerous attended. It may be mentioned parenthetically, that the geological is also the section usually most frequented by the ladies; indeed it is almost the only section which enjoys any share of feminine patronage. On the present occasion, we found a brilliant assemblage of both sexes seated on benches across the room, while Professor Sedgwick, Dr Buckland, Mr Murchison, Sir Henry de la Beche, and other chiefs of geological science, were mustering on the platform. Mr Sedgwick soon after assumed the presidency of the section, and proceeded, as an appropriate commencement of business, to give an exposition of the geology of the immediate neighbourhood of Cambridge. During this and subsequent days, the geological section maintained its character, as one which mingles more pleasantly with science than any of the rest. The fact is, that its leaders are men of lively and varied talents, who, being on the most friendly footing with each other, cannot meet even before a large miscellaneous audience without indulging in their customary familiarity of discourse. There was, therefore, hardly a paper read, or an exposition made, that was not followed by a conversation in which sober and instructive remarks were relieved by facetiæ more or less generally appreciable. The quick vivacious movements of Professor Sedgwick, whose ideas flow too rapidly even for an unusually rapid discourse, contrasted delightfully with the measured oratorical tone and grave demeanour in which the jocundities of Dr Buckland were enunciated. The audience on these occasions seemed to feel that it added much to the enjoyment of the knowledge imparted, that its authors should thus be able to come down, not inde-

corously, to the level of the unlearned. And here we may remark, that, at one of the general evening meetings, when the beautiful electro-magnetic machine of Mr Armstrong of Newcastle was exhibited, several of the physicists, as Sir David Brewster and Mr Faraday, joined heartily in the amusement occasioned by the shocks which were circulated amongst the ladies and gentlemen present. At one time, we observed a long loop of people with joined hands, extending through the multitude in the senate-house, somewhat like a party standing up for a country dance: several philosophers were of the number. When the engine was put in motion, the whole of these persons might have been seen in a kind of dance at one moment, from the effects of the electricity. Two minutes after, Mr Faraday was on the platform, expounding the nature of the agent that had excited them all so much, in language that introduced awe and deep feeling where recently nothing but merriment had been.

Of the other sections, two were on this occasion hardly existent, namely, the Medical and Mechanical. The rest were active, and to make up in some degree for the failure of these, there was a sub-section for the new science of Ethnology (the characters of nations), which abounded in valuable papers. Hereafter, the Medical is to appear under the title of the Physiological, so as to embrace a wider range of subjects. We now propose to present notices of a few of the most generally interesting matters brought before the various sections.

MR DONOMI ON CERTAIN GIGANTIC BIRDS OF FORMER TIMES.

The existence of slabs of the new red sandstone of America marked with footsteps of large birds apparently of the stork species, is well known. As some of these animals are calculated to have been fifteen feet high, they were at first supposed to have no parallel in the present state of nature; but this was soon found to be not the case, as several specimens of the bones of a bird not less gigantic have since been sent home from New Zealand, where it is spoken of by the natives as recently existing under the name of Moa. There have also been discovered by Captain Flinders, on the south coast of New Holland, in King George's Bay, some very large nests, measuring twenty-six feet in circumference and thirty-two inches in height; resembling, in dimensions, some that are described by Captain Cook, as seen by him on the north-east coast of the same island, about 15 degrees south latitude. It would appear, by some communications made to the editor of the *Athenæum*, that Professor Hitchcock of Massachusetts had suggested that these colossal nests belonged to the Moa. In connection with these discoveries is another from an opposite quarter. 'Between the years 1821 and 1823, Mr James Burton discovered on the west coast,* or Egyptian side of the Red Sea, opposite the peninsula of Mount Sinai, at a place called Gebel Ezzeit, where, for a considerable distance, the margin of the sea is inaccessible from the Desert, three colossal nests within the space of one mile. These nests were not in an equal state of preservation; but, from one more perfect than the others, he judged them to be about fifteen feet in height, or, as he observed, the height of a camel and its rider. These nests were composed of a mass of heterogeneous materials, piled up in the form of a cone, and sufficiently well put together to assure adequate solidity. The diameter of the cone at its base was estimated as nearly equal to its height, and the apex, which terminated in a slight concavity, measured about two feet six inches or three feet in diameter. The materials of which the great mass was composed were sticks and weeds, fragments of wreck, and the bones of fishes; but in one was found the thorax of a man, a silver watch made by George Prior, a London watchmaker of the last century, celebrated throughout the East, and in the nest or basin at the apex of the cone, some pieces of woollen cloth and an old shoe. That these nests had been but recently constructed, was sufficiently evident

from the shoe and watch of the shipwrecked pilgrim, whose tattered clothes and whitened bones were found at no great distance; but of what genus or species had been the architect and occupant of the structure, Mr Burton could not, from his own observation, determine. From the accounts of the Arabs, however, it was presumed that these nests had been occupied by remarkably large birds of the stork kind, which had deserted the coast but a short time previous to Mr Burton's visit. To these facts,* said Mr Bonomi, 'I beg to add the following remarks:—Among the most ancient records of the primeval civilisation of the human race that have come down to us, there is described, in the language the most universally intelligible, a gigantic stork bearing, with respect to a man of ordinary dimensions, the proportions exhibited in the drawing before you, which is faithfully copied from the original document. It is a bird of white plumage, straight and large beak, long feathers in the tail; the male bird has a tuft at the back of the head, and another at the breast; its habits apparently gregarious. This very remarkable painted basso-relievo is sculptured on the wall, in the tomb of an officer of the household of Pharaoh Shufu (the Suphis of the Greeks), a monarch of the fourth dynasty, who reigned over Egypt while yet a great part of the Delta was intersected by lakes overgrown with the papyrus—while yet the smaller ramifications of the parent stream were inhabited by the crocodile and hippopotamus—while yet, as it would seem, that favoured land had not been visited by calamity, nor the arts of peace disturbed by war; so the sculpture in these tombs intimate, for there is neither horse nor instrument of war in any one of these tombs. At that period, the period of the building of the Great Pyramid, which, according to some writers on Egyptian matters, was in the year 2100 B.C., which, on good authority, is the 240th year of the deluge, this gigantic stork was an inhabitant of the Delta, or its immediate vicinity; for, as these very interesting documents relate, it was occasionally entrapped by the peasantry of the Delta, and brought with other wild animals, as matters of curiosity, to the great landholders or farmers of the products of the Nile—of which circumstance this painted sculpture is a representation, the catching of fish and birds, which in these days occupied a large portion of the inhabitants. The birds and fish were salted. That this document gives no exaggerated account of the bird, may be presumed from the just proportion that the quadrupeds, in the same picture, bear to the men who are leading them; and, from the absence of any representation of these birds in the less ancient monuments of Egypt, it may also be reasonably conjectured they disappeared soon after the period of the erection of these tombs. With respect to the relation these facts bear to each other, I beg to remark, that the colossal nests of Captains Cook and Flinders, and also those of Mr James Burton, were all on the sea-shore, and all of those about an equal distance from the equator. But whether the Egyptian birds, as described in those very ancient sculptures, bear any analogy to those recorded in the pages of the great stone book of nature (the new red sandstone formation), or whether they bear analogy to any of the species determined by Professor Owen from the New Zealand fossils, I am not qualified to say, nor is it indeed the object of this paper to discuss; the intention of which being rather to bring together these facts, and to associate them with that recorded at Gezah, in order to call the attention of those who have opportunity of making further research into this interesting matter.*

DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS.

Professor Edward Forbes, of King's College, excited great interest in the Natural History section by a curious speculative paper respecting the distribution of plants. He started with the proposition, that, admit-

* *Athenæum* Report.

ting or assuming the theory, that there have been several distinct centres of creation for plants (the idea now paramount amongst naturalists), the isolation or separation of assemblages of individual plants from their centres, and the existence of endemic or very local plants, are not satisfactorily accounted for by the agency of the sea, rivers, and winds, and carriage by animals, or through the agency of man. 'It is usual to say' (here we quote from Mr Forbes's abstract*), 'that the presence of many plants is determined by soil or climate, as the case may be; but if such plants be found in areas disconnected from their centres by considerable intervals, some other cause than the mere influence of soil or climate must be sought to account for their presence. This cause the author proposes to seek in an ancient connexion of the outposts or isolated areas with the original centres, and the subsequent isolation of the former through geological changes and events, especially those dependent on the elevation and depression of land. Selecting the flora of the British islands for a first illustration of this view, Professor Forbes calls attention to the fact, well known to botanists, of certain species of flowering plants being found indigenous in portions of that area at a great distance from the nearest assemblages of individuals of the same species in countries beyond it. Thus many plants peculiar in the British flora to the west of Ireland, have the nearest portion of their specific centres in the north-west of Spain; others confined with us to the south-west promontory of England, are, beyond our shores, found in the Channel Isles and the opposite coast of France; the vegetation of the south-east of England is that of the opposite part of the continent; and the Alpine vegetation of Wales and the Scotch Highlands is intimately related to that of the Norwegian Alps. The great mass of the British flora has its most intimate relations with that of Germany. The vegetation of the British islands may be said to be composed of five floras:—1st, A west Pyrenean, confined to the west of Ireland, and mostly to the mountains of that district; 2d, A flora related to that of the south-west of France, extending from the Channel Isles, across Devon and Cornwall, to the south-east and part of the south-west of Ireland; 3d, A flora common to the north of France and south-east of England, and especially developed in the chalk districts; 4th, An Alpine flora, developed in the mountains of Wales, north of England, and Scotland; and, 5th, A Germanic flora, extending over the greater part of Great Britain and Ireland, mingling with the other floras, and diminishing, though slightly, as we proceed westwards, indicating its easterly origin and relation to the characteristic flora of northern Germany. Interspersed among the members of the last-named flora, are very few specific centres peculiar to the British isles. The author numbers in ascending order these floras, according to their magnitude as to species, and also, in his opinion, according to their relative age and period of introduction into the area of the British islands. His conclusions on this point are the following:—

'1. The oldest of the floras now composing the vegetation of the British isles is that of the mountains of the west of Ireland. Though an Alpine flora, it is southernmost in character, and is quite distinct as a system from the floras of the Scottish and Welsh Alps. Its very southern character, its limitation, and its extreme isolation, are evidences of its antiquity, pointing to a period when a great mountain barrier extended across the Atlantic from Ireland to Spain.

'2. The distribution of the second flora, next in point of probable date, depended on the extension of a barrier, the traces of which still remain, from the west of France to the south-east of Britain, and thence to Ireland.

'3. The distribution of the third flora depended on the connexion of the coast of France and England towards the eastern part of the Channel. Of the former existence of this union no geologist doubts.

'4. The distribution of the fourth, or Alpine flora of Scotland and Wales, was effected during the glacial period, when the mountain summits of Britain were low islands, or members of chains of islands, extending to the area of Norway through a glacial sea, and clothed with an arctic vegetation, which, in the gradual upheaval of those islands, and consequent change of climate, became limited to the summits of the new-formed and still-existing mountains.

'5. The distribution of the fifth, or Germanic flora, depended on the upheaval of the bed of the glacial sea, and the consequent connexion of Ireland with England, and of England with Germany, by great plains, the fragments of which still exist, and upon which lived the great elk and other quadrupeds now extinct.

'The breaking up or submergence of the first barrier led to the destruction of the second; that of the second to that of the third; but the well-marked epoch of migration of the Germanic flora indicates the subsequent formation of the Straits of Dover and of the Irish Sea, as now existing.

'To determine the probable geological epoch of the first or west Irish flora—a fragment perhaps with that of north-western Spain, of a vegetation of the true Atlantic—we must seek among fossil plants for a furthermost starting point. This we get in the flora of the London clay, or eocene, which is tropical in character, and far anterior to the oldest of the existing floras. The geographical relations of the miocene sea, indicated by the fossils of the crag, give an after-date certainly to the second and third of the above floras, if not to the first. The epoch of the red or middle crag was probably coeval with the second flora; that of the mammaliferous crag with the third. The date of the fourth is too evident to be questioned; and the author regards the glacial region in which it flourished as a local climate, of which no true traces, as far as animal life is concerned, exist southwards of his second and third barriers. This was the newer pliocene epoch. The period of the fifth flora was that of the post-tertiary, when the present aspect of things was organised.

'Adopting such a view of the relations of these floras in time, the greatest difficulties in the way of changes of the earth's surface and destruction of barriers—deep sea being found where land (probably high land) was—are removed, when we find that those greater changes must have happened during the epoch immediately subsequent to the miocene period; for we have undoubted evidence that elsewhere, during that epoch, the miocene sea-bed was raised 6000 feet in the chain of Taurus, and the barriers forming the westward boundary of the Asiatic eocene lakes so completely annihilated, that a sea several hundred fathoms deep now takes their probable place. The changes required for the events which the author would connect with the peculiar distribution of the British flora, are not greater than these.

Professor Forbes maintains that the peculiar distribution of endemic animals, especially that of the terrestrial mollusca, bears him out in these views. He proposes to pursue the subject in detail, with reference both to animal and vegetable life, in connexion with the researches of the geological survey.

EXPERIMENTS OF PROFESSOR BOUTIGNY—FREEZING OF WATER IN RED-HOT VESSELS.

No subject before the Association excited more popular interest than certain experiments performed in the Chemical section by Professor Boutigny. The room of assembly being small, it was impossible that one-half of those desirous of witnessing the experiments could be admitted. They were repeated, and yet, on the second occasion, many, amongst whom were ourselves, went away unsatisfied. The exposition of M. Boutigny, which was in French, referred to the 'spheroidal state of bodies, and the application of this knowledge to steam-boilers.' As is well known from every-day experience, when drops of water are thrown upon red-hot

Iron, they assume a spherical form. It is not so well known that the drops, in these circumstances, remain at a minute distance apart from the iron, and that the heat of the plate is not communicated to them. M. Boutigny showed on this occasion a red-hot platinum cup, with a small quantity of water dancing about in it like a globe of glass, without boiling. When the metal, however, cools down to a certain point, the water comes in contact with it, heat is communicated, boiling takes place, and the water quickly evaporates. The same result is observed when any substance capable of assuming a globular form is placed on a heated surface; in proof of which the professor placed in the heated cup of platinum, iodine, ammonia, and some inflammable fluid, each of which became globular, and danced about like the globule of water, but without emitting vapour or smell, or being inflamed, till the platinum was cooled. M. Boutigny also heated a silver weight, of the same shape as the weight of a clock, until it was red-hot, and then lowered it by a wire into a glass of cold water, without there being the slightest indication of action in the water, more than if the weight had been quite cold. The experimentalist advanced no theory to account for these peculiar actions, further than that a film of vapour intervenes between the heated body and the substance, which prevents the communication of heat. The facts, however, he thought were of importance in a practical point of view, both in the tempering of metals and in the explanation of the causes of steam-boiler explosions. From these experiments, it would appear that, in tempering metals, if the metal be too much heated, the effect of plunging it into water will be diminished. In steam-boilers also, if the water be introduced into a heated surface, the heat may not be communicated to the water, and the boiler may become red-hot, and without any great emission of steam; until at length, when the boiler cools, a vast quantity of steam may be generated, and the boiler burst. The last and most curious experiment performed by M. Boutigny was the freezing of water in a red-hot vessel. It has been thus described in the *Literary Gazette's* report:—"If any substance boils below the freezing point of water, that same substance would be below its own boiling point; and therefore water in contact would be frozen. Sulphurous acid is such a substance; and consequently, sulphurous acid in an incandescent crucible in the spheroidal shape is itself colder than ice: in addition, however, to its own coldness, it evaporates when touched by the water; therefore intense cold is produced, and the water instantly freezes." The sight of water put into a red-hot crucible, and almost instantly turned out upon the experimenter's hand a mass of ice, elicited loud and continued applause.

MODIFICATIONS OF SHELLS IN SUCCESSIVE STRATA IN THE ISLAND OF COS.

Professor Edward Forbes made a joint communication for himself and Captain Sprat, R.N., on a remarkable phenomenon connected with certain fresh-water tertiary strata in the island of Cos. In a diagram exhibited, three such strata, marked A, B, and C, in ascending succession, lay against a mass of scaglia, and were unconformably surmounted with a marine formation. In stratum A, there were shells of well-known species of fresh-water mollusca, especially paludina and neretina; as usual, their convolutions were devoid of ribbings or humps. But in stratum B, the same shells were found with a hump on each convolution; and in stratum C, the same shells had three humps. There were here appearances of either a transmutation of species, or a creation of new species, neither of which propositions he was willing to admit. He had therefore suppressed the surprise he felt at the phenomenon for upwards of two years, until at length a better explanation had occurred to him. It had been ascertained, that when fresh-water molluscs were put into brackish water, their shells in time experienced a distortion, provided that the species could survive and propagate

in such circumstances. He was therefore of opinion that an intrusion of the sea had taken place in the fresh-water lake in which stratum B was formed, and that this had been attended by the destruction of several of the weaker-lunged species which appear in A, and the distortion of the shells of the stronger-lunged (pectenibranchiate) which remained. In stratum C, more salt water had come in, and increased the deformities, as described. There was thus a modification of forms, but not a change of species. At the conclusion of this paper, which was listened to with great interest, Mr Lyell and other gentlemen present stated other instances of a change of figure experienced by fresh-water molluscs which had been exposed to the influence of salt water. It has the effect of dwarfing and distorting them.

DR BUCKLAND ON THE AGENCY OF LAND SNAILS IN FORMING HOLES AND TRACKWAYS IN COMPACT LIMESTONE.

The learned doctor here made further observations on a subject which he had brought before the Association four years ago, and which, he complained, had then and since been treated with much scepticism. He had found limestone at various places (Tenby, Boulogne, Plymouth) presenting surfaces downwards, and in these surfaces there were holes in which land snails were sheltered. In some instances, these holes were several inches deep, and in a few, two or three met together in the interior of the stone. Dr Buckland said he had found these marked surfaces invariably in the neighbourhood of pastures where snails were numerous; and so certain was their appearance in certain circumstances, that oftener than once he had, in travelling, pointed to a rock as one that would be found marked, and it had proved to be so. He exhibited specimens of limestone from several localities, showing perforations still containing the shells of snails, or furrows leading to the perforations, and he insisted that these were unlike any that are produced by other causes. The fact of their always being on the under surfaces of ledges, and thus presented downwards, proved that they were independent of atmospheric causes. He did not mean that the snails required holes for their residence; but he maintained that the perforations were a result of their sheltering there, and acid exuding from their skin being the agent which wore down the stone. Dr Buckland had even made some approach to an ascertainment of the rate at which the stone becomes perforated. He had found the lower faces of the ledges in the wall of Richborough castle marked in this manner to the depth of about an inch and a half. Richborough was a work of the Romans, who had left it fourteen hundred years ago. Assuming that the snails commenced operations at that time, it appeared that they wrought their way into the stone at the rate of an inch in a thousand years.

The reading of this paper excited some merriment; but the view taken by Dr Buckland of the operation of the snails was generally acceded to; and its being one of no unimportant character in science, is shown by its demolishing an inference which had been drawn from certain perforated rocks, as evidence of a raised beach. It is now seen, that what a former inquirer deemed to have been effected by the wearing action of the sea, was the work of a few humble land snails.

Besides the meetings at the seven sections, there were general assemblages in the evening at the senate-house: the first, on Thursday evening, was devoted to the business of installing the president elect, Sir John Herschel. The Dean of Ely (Dr Peacock), the president of the past year, introduced his successor in terms which were almost affecting, from the allusion they contained to the two men having been competitors thirty-two years before for college honours. Sir John, on taking the chair, replied with like feeling, and read an address embracing a variety of philosophical subjects. It was painful to find that this eminent person, while possessing the usual appearances of health, has

lost the power of making himself heard at any considerable distance. His address has, however, been published, and we extract from it a passage regarding that which has chiefly distinguished the meeting of this year—the congress of meteorologists. Of these, he mentioned as present M. Kupffer, the Director-General of the Russian System of Magnetic and Meteorological Observation; M. Ermann, the celebrated circumnavigator and meteorologist; Baron Von Seftenborg; M. Kreil, Director of the Imperial Observatory at Prague; M. Boguslawski, Director of the Royal Prussian Observatory at Breslau—all of whom had come on purpose to afford to the meeting the benefit of their advice and experience. 'Every member,' said Sir John, 'is aware of the great exertions which have been made during the last five years, on the part of the British, Russian, and several other foreign governments, and of our own East India Company, to furnish data on the most extensive and systematic scale, for elucidating the great problems of terrestrial magnetism and meteorology, by the establishment of a system of observatories all over the world, in which the phenomena are registered at instants strictly simultaneous; and at intervals of two hours throughout both day and night. With the particulars of these national institutions, and of the multitude of local and private ones of a similar nature both in Europe, Asia, and America, working on the same concerted plan, so far as the means at their disposal enable them, I need not detain you: neither need I enter into any detailed explanation of the system of magnetic surveys, both by sea and land, which have been executed, or are in progress, in connexion with, and based upon, the observations carried on at the fixed stations. These things form the subject of special annual reports, which the committee appointed for the purpose have laid before us at our several meetings, ever since the commencement of the undertaking; and the most recent of which will be read in the Physical section of the present meeting, in its regular course. It is sufficient for me to observe, that the result has been the accumulation of an enormous mass of most valuable observations, which are now, and have been for some time, in the course of publication; and when thoroughly digested and discussed, as they are sure to be, by the talent and industry of magnetists and meteorologists, both in this country and abroad, cannot fail to place those sciences very far indeed in advance of their actual state.'

The general meeting of Friday evening was distinguished by a singularly able and lucid popular exposition of the subject of the earth's magnetism by the astronomer-royal, Professor Airey. On Saturday evening there was a promenade, which excited little interest. On Monday, Mr Murchison treated the members with a discourse on the geology of Russia, which subject he has been engaged in investigating for five years, and on which he is about to publish an elaborate work. It appears that the various formations of that vast region present mainly the same records of animal life as the corresponding strata in England, thus adding to the evidence that these formations are chronicles of the advance of life from mean to exalted forms during certain definite eras of the earth's existence. The surfaces covered by single formations in Russia, are in some instances as large as the whole of England. Mr Murchison also showed that there formerly existed in Russia a huge Mediterranean sea, whose boundaries were from the Volga to the sea of Azof, the Caspian extending to an immense distance, even to Chinese Tartary.

On the evening of Tuesday there was another promenade, which was enlivened by the exhibition of Mr Armstrong's magneto-electric machine. The last evening meeting, on Wednesday, was devoted to general business, and brought from the chiefs of the Association several eloquent speeches. It was now announced that the next meeting should take place in Southampton in the month of September 1846, under the presidency of Mr Murchison.

The Association, during the week of the meeting, had the privilege of entrance to the observatory, a little way out of town, to the college halls, chapels, libraries, and museums, and to a model-room where a few curious objects had been collected. Amongst these we were most struck by a series of preparations in the anatomy of the invertebrate animals, the work of Mr Goadby. This gentleman has devoted an ingenious and indefatigable mind for five-and-twenty years to such preparations, and he has now attained a degree of dexterity in the work, which leaves everything of the kind at an immeasurable distance. First, dismissing the cylindrical bottles, as distorting all objects placed in them, he adopts cubical glass cases, formed of soldered plates, through which each feature is seen in its exact proportions. Second, he presents animals in various appearances: one case, for instance, will give the alimentary system; another the nervous; and so on. He even studies by what colour of paper, as a background, he can best bring out the lineaments of the objects. These preparations were universally admired; and the preparer excited much amusement when he took out a brooch containing a beetle so perfectly preserved in spirits, that not a shade of colour on its wings was tarnished.

The hospitalities of the colleges on this occasion were of a moderate kind, and there was little of that mutual flattery in which such bodies are apt to indulge on social occasions. We would still remark, that, to persons like ourselves, of whom there must be many, who come for the love of science alone, and enjoy but little acquaintance with its cultivators, there sometimes appears a slight offensiveness in a certain tone of over-good fellowship which frequently bursts out amongst the leaders of the Association in public. There is something provoking in it to the uninitiated. Turning to a graver matter, we cannot but sympathise a little in the disappointment so often felt by the public with regard to the matters brought forward at the Association. There are many valuable isolated facts, but there never is such a thing as a comprehensive view of nature in any of her departments. At the beginning of the Royal Society, men were bringing forward observations on particular matters: they are doing the same at this day, though six generations have meanwhile gone to dust. Common minds see no sense in this wasting of life in the establishment of new species of moths and ascertainment of new laws presiding over the heating of bodies. They call for something either offering great practical advantages, or opening up new and better views of the relation in which we stand to the great agencies external to ourselves. It is all very well to decry rash generalisation; but while science professes to show merely a collection of bricks towards the building of a house, it will never get any credit as an architect, and the popular apprehension of the value of its researches will be dubious and obscure.

• ASCENT OF MAUNA LOA.

Of the thousands whom description has rendered familiar with *Ætna*, *Vesuvius*, and *Hecle*, few may have even heard of the equally imposing phenomena that present themselves to the navigator of the Pacific. Among the fiery cones and simmering craters of Polynesia, those of Hawaii, one of the Sandwich islands, are by far the most gigantic—their elevation being such as to retain a perpetual cap of snow, though situated directly under the tropics. Hawaii is memorable for the murder of Captain Cook, is of an irregular form, fully 260 miles in circumference, and from shore to shore entirely of volcanic origin. So extremely irregular is its surface, that not a square mile of level ground is to be found; in fact, it may be said to be one vast mountain, or rather congeries of mountains, having a common base, and heaving their tops to the height of thirteen, fourteen, and sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. The three most remarkable prominences are Mauna Kea, Mauna Loa, and Mauna Hualalai, that of Loa being still in active combus-

tion, and vomiting forth floods of lava from various points of its surface. This mountain is described as a vast dome, sixty miles in diameter, and nearly three miles in height, having a shoulder or terrace on its eastern slope, in which is situated the active crater of Kilauea, unsurpassed for grandeur and magnitude by any similar phenomena. It is thus that Mauna Loa has been an object of the greatest interest to navigators ever since the discovery of these islands, and that we have had accounts of the partial or complete ascents by Byron, David Douglas the botanist, Dr Gardner, and by the recent Exploring Expedition of the United States. In the beginning of 1841, the officers of this expedition pitched their surveying tent on the highest scalp, gauged and fathomed the craters, cooked their food in the steam fissures—altogether accomplishing a sojourn replete with the most spirited adventure. A brief outline of the commander's narrative cannot fail to interest and inform the reader.

Having procured guides and baggage-men, and being fully equipped for a three weeks' sojourn, the party commenced their ascent on the 10th of December 1840. Having reached Olas, 1138 feet above the level of the sea, they halted to rest and inspect their forces. From this point, they had no distinct path to follow, but scrambled over masses of lava. After considerable labour, they reached the great plain of the volcano, at an elevation of 4000 feet, where Mauna Loa burst upon them in all its grandeur. 'The day,' proceeds the narrator, 'was extremely fine, the atmosphere pure and clear, except a few flying clouds, and this immense dome rose before us from a plain some twenty miles in breadth. I had not until then formed any adequate idea of its magnitude and height. The whole dome appeared of a bronze color, and its uninterrupted smooth outline was relieved against the deep blue of a tropical sky. Masses of clouds were floating around it, throwing their shadows distinctly on its sides, to which they gave occasional relief and variety. There was a bluish haze resting on the plain, that apparently gave it great distance, though this was partially counteracted by the distinctiveness of the dome. I now, for the first time, felt the magnitude of the task I had undertaken.'

'So striking was the mountain, that I was surprised and disappointed when called upon by my friend Dr Judd to look at the crater of Kilauea; for I saw nothing before us but a huge pit, black, ill-looking, and totally different from what I had anticipated. There were no jets of fire, no eruptions of heated stones, no cones, nothing but a depression, that, in the midst of the vast plain by which it is surrounded, appeared small and insignificant. At the further end was what appeared a small cherry-red spot, whence vapour was issuing, and condensing above into a cloud of silvery brightness. This cloud, however, was more glorious than any I had ever beheld, and the sight of it alone would have repaid the trouble of coming thus far.'

'We hurried to the edge of the cavity, in order to get a view of its interior, and as we approached, vapour issuing from numerous cracks showed that we were passing over ground beneath which fire was raging. The rushing of the wind past us was as if it were drawn inwards to support the combustion of some mighty conflagration. When the edge is reached, the extent of the cavity becomes apparent, and its depth became sensible by comparison with the figures of some of our party who had already descended. The vastness thus made sensible, transfixes the mind with astonishment, and every instant the impression of grandeur and magnitude increases. To give an idea of its capacity, the city of New York might be placed within it, and when at its bottom, would be hardly noticed; for it is three and a half miles long, two and a half wide, and over a thousand feet deep. A black ledge surrounds it at the depth of six hundred and sixty feet, and thence to the bottom is three hundred and eighty-four feet. The bottom looks, in the daytime, like a heap of smouldering ruins. The descent to the ledge appears to the sight a short and easy task, but it takes an hour to accomplish.'

'We pitched our tents in full view of the volcano, on

its western side, and the natives busied themselves in building temporary huts to shelter them from the cold blast that rushed by. All this was accomplished, and we had time to take another view of the crater before dark.

'All usual ideas of volcanic craters are dissipated upon seeing this. There is no elevated cone, no igneous matter or rocks ejected beyond the rim. The banks appear as if built of massive blocks, which are in places clothed with ferns, nourished by the issuing vapours. What is wonderful in the day, becomes ten times more so at night. The immense pool of cherry-red liquid lava, in a state of violent ebullition, illuminates the whole expanse, and flows in all directions like water, while the illuminated cloud hangs over it like a vast canopy.'

'We sat on its northern bank for a long time in silence, until one of the party proposed we should endeavour to reach the bank nearest to and over the lake; and having placed ourselves under the direction of Mr Drayton, we followed him along the edge of the western bank; but although he had been over the ground the day before, he now lost his way, and we found ourselves still on the upper bank, after walking two or three miles. We then resolved to return to the first place that appeared suitable for making a descent, and at last one was found, which, however, proved steep and rugged. In the darkness we got many a fall, and received numerous bruises; but we were too near the point of our destination to turn back without fully satisfying our curiosity. We finally reached the second ledge, and soon came to the edge of it: we were then directly over the pool or lake of fire, at the distance of about five hundred feet above it; and the light was so strong, that it enabled me to read the smallest print. This pool is fifteen hundred feet long by one thousand wide, and of an oval figure.'

'I was struck with the absence of any noise, except a low murmuring like that which is heard from the boiling of a thick liquid. The ebullition was (as is the case where the heat is applied to one side of a vessel) most violent near the northern side. The vapour and steam that were constantly escaping were so rarefied as not to impede the view, and only became visible in the bright cloud above us, which seemed to sink and rise alternately. We occasionally perceived stones, or masses of red-hot matter, ejected to the height of about seventy feet, and falling back into the lake again.'

'The lake was apparently rising, and wanted but a few feet of overflowing its banks. When I began to reflect upon the position we were in, its insecurity, and the vast and deep fires beneath, with the high basaltic walls encompassing us on all sides, the sulphureous fumes and broad glare, throwing such enormous masses of stone in strong relief by their own fusion, I found it difficult to comprehend how such a reservoir can thus be pent up, and be viewed in such close proximity, without accident or danger. The whole party was perfectly silent, and the countenance of each individual expressed the feeling of awe and wonder which I felt in so great a degree myself, and which the scene was so well calculated to excite.'

Having determined to encamp at Kilauea for a few days, the exploration of the crater was the next subject that engaged their attention. This was done with great difficulty and no little danger. 'The pathway leads down on the north-east side over frightful chasms, sometimes on a mere edge of earth, and on rocks rent asunder to the depth of several hundred feet. Through those fissures steam issues, which, as it reaches the upper part, condenses, and gives nourishment to masses of ferns, and an abundance of small bushes (vaccinium), bearing a small berry of an agreeable flavour, called by the natives ohela. The descent, however, is not in reality difficult, except in a few places, where it requires some care in passing over the basaltic blocks, that are here piled in confused heaps. On approaching the black ledge, which from above appeared level and smooth, it is seen to be covered with large pieces of lava, rising in places into cones thirty or forty feet high, which are apparently bound down by huge tortuous masses, which surround them like cables. In other places these are stretched lengthwise on the level

ledge, and look like hideous fiery serpents with black vitreous scales, that occasionally give out smoke, and in some cases fire.

The immense space which I have described the crater as covering, is gradually filled with the fluid mass of lava to a certain point, above which the walls, or the surrounding soil, are no longer able to bear the pressure; it then finds vent by an eruption, previous to which, however, a large part that is next to the walls of the crater has in a measure become cooled, and remains fixed at the level it had attained. After the eruption, the central mass therefore alone subsides three or four hundred feet, and leaves the portion that has become solid, forming a kind of terrace or shelf: this is what constitutes the "black ledge," and is one of the most striking features of the crater. Its surface is comparatively level, though somewhat uneven, and is generally coated with a vitreous, and in some places a scoriaceous lava, from half an inch to an inch thick, very iridescent and brittle. In walking over this crust, it crumbles and cracks under the feet: it seems to be easily decomposed, and in some places had lost its lustre, having acquired a grayish colour, and become friable.

To walk on the black ledge is not always safe, and persons who venture it are compelled for safety to carry a pole, and feel before they tread over the deceitful path, as though they were moving on doubtful ice. The crackling noise made in walking over this crisp surface (like a coating of blue and yellow glass) resembles that made by treading on frozen snow in very cold weather. Here and there are seen dark pits and vaulted caverns, with heated air rushing from them. Large and extended cracks are passed over, the air issuing from which, at a temperature of 180 degrees, is almost stifling. Masses are surmounted that it would seem as if the accumulated weight of a few persons would cause to topple over, and plunge the whole into the fiery pool beneath.

On approaching the large lake at the southern end of the crater, the heat becomes almost too stifling to bear. I shall not soon forget my employment therein, in measuring a base to ascertain the extent and capacity of the lake, of which some account will be given hereafter. At about two-thirds of the distance from the north end are extensive sulphur banks, from the fissures in which much steam is continually escaping: in these fissures are seen many beautiful crystals adhering to their sides; while on the bank itself, some specimens of sulphate of copper, in beautiful blue crystals, were found.

From many places on the black ledge a bluish smoke was seen issuing, smelling strongly of sulphur, and marked by an efflorescence of a white tasteless powder among the cavities: this it was difficult to detach without scalding the fingers. There were many cracks where our sticks were set on fire, and some places in the vaulted chambers beneath where the rock might be seen red-hot.

The black ledge is of various widths, from six hundred to two thousand feet. It extends all around the cavity, but it is seldom possible to pass around that portion of it near the burning lake, not only on account of the stifling fumes, but of the intense heat. In returning from the neighbourhood of the lake to the point where we began the ascent, we were one hour and ten minutes of what we considered hard walking; and in another hour we reached the top of the bank. This will probably give the best idea of its extent, and the distance to be passed over in the ascent from the black ledge, which was found six hundred and sixty feet below the rim.

To the bottom of the crater there was a descent at the north-west angle of the black ledge, where a portion of it had fallen in, and afforded an inclined plane to the bottom. This at first appeared smooth and easy to descend, but on trial it proved somewhat difficult, for there were many fissures crossing the path at right angles, which it was necessary to get over, and the vitreous crust was so full of sharp spicules, as to injure the hands and cut the shoes at every step. Messrs Waldron and Drayton, after much toil, finally reached the floor of the crater. This was afterwards ascertained to be three hundred and eighty-four feet below the black ledge, making the whole depth nine hundred and eighty-seven feet below the northern

rim. Like the black ledge, it was not found to have the level and even surface it had appeared from above to possess: hillocks and ridges, from twenty to thirty feet high, ran across it, and were in some places perpendicular, as to render it difficult to pass over them. The distance they traversed below was deceptive, and they had no means of ascertaining it but by the time it took to walk it, which was upwards of two hours, from the north extreme of the bottom to the margin of the large lake. It is extremely difficult to reach this lake, on account of its overflowing at short intervals, which does not allow the fluid mass time to cool. The nearest approach that any one of the party made to it at this time was about fifteen hundred or two thousand feet; they were then near enough to burn their shoes and light their sticks in the lava which had overflowed during the preceding night.

The smaller lake was well viewed from a slight eminence. This lake was slightly in action; the globules (if large masses of red fluid lava, several tons in weight, can be so called) were seen heaving up at regular intervals, six or eight feet in height; and smaller ones were thrown up to a much greater elevation. At the distance of fifty feet, no gases were to be seen, nor was any steam evident, yet a thin smoke-like vapour arose from the whole fluid surface: no puffs of smoke were perceived at any time.

At first, it seemed quite possible to pass over the congealed surface of the lake to within reach of the fluid, though the spot on which they stood was so hot as to require their sticks to be laid down to stand on. This idea was not long indulged in, for in a short time the fluid mass began to enlarge: presently a portion would crack, and exhibit a bright-red glare; then in a few moments the lava stream would issue through, and a portion would speedily split off, and suddenly disappear in the liquid mass. This kind of action went on until the lake had extended itself to its outer bank, and had approached to within fifteen feet of their position, when the guide said it was high time to make a retreat.

The crater now described being, as already stated, on a shoulder of the hill, the summit or great dome impending over it remained to be scaled. The ascent was accordingly commenced on the 18th of December, and proved fully more fatiguing and hazardous than the previous part of the journey. As they ascended, every trace of vegetation disappeared; fierce blasts swept the mountain side; snow began to fall; and the thermometer went down successively to 25, 18, and 15 degrees. It stood at this, with a heavy fall of snow, when they reached the summit—13,760 feet above the level of the ocean. 'Nothing can exceed the devastation of the mountain: the whole area of it is one mass of lava, that has at one time been thrown out in a fluid state from its terminal crater. There is no sand or other rock; nothing but lava, on whichever side the eye is turned. To appearance, it is of different ages, some of very ancient date, though as yet not decomposed; and the alternations of heat and cold, with rain and snow, seem to have united in vain for its destruction.' Having attained the summit of the mountain, which exhibited all the traces of an extinct volcano, the sight was surpassingly grand. In the distance, the island of Maui emerged from and broke the line of the deep blue horizon, while its lower side was dimmed by a whitish haze, that seemed to unite it to the island of Hawaii. The same haze enveloped the hills of Kohala on our right, and the western extremity of Hawaii. Nearer to us was Hualalai, the third great mountain of Hawaii, up whose sides a compact mass of white fleecy clouds was impelled by the sea-breeze. To our right rose in bold relief Mauna Kea, covered with its snowy mantle; and at our feet was spread out, between the three great mountains, the black plain of lava, overhung by a dusky pall of clouds. All these features were so blended into each other by the mist, as to exhibit a tone of harmony that could hardly be conceived, considering the variety of the forms, characters, and distances of the objects, and which seemed to blend earth, sea, and sky into one. I can never hope again to witness so sublime a scene, to gaze on which excited such feelings, that I felt relieved when I turned from it to engage in the duties that had called me to the spot.

Operations were now commenced for their survey. A rude enclosure of clinkers and scoriae was built forty feet distant from the edge of the terminal crater; the tents were erected inside; and everything so disposed as to render tolerable a temperature varying in one day from 84 to 13 degrees. The attendants, most of whom had been left at various stations below, now brought the surveyors supplies of food and water, and thus they were enabled to prosecute their observations, and examine the phenomena of the terminal crater, without obstruction. This crater, or rather craters—for there are two, separated by a narrow partition of compact lava and clinkers—is an immense depression, with an elevated brim about twenty miles in circumference, which gradually narrows by successive ledges to the depth of eight or nine hundred feet. It has been dormant for many years, but is still filled with fissures and caverns, which emit steam and sulphureous vapours. 'Dr Judd, the sergeant, and Brooks, descended into the crater; they made the descent on the east bank among large blocks of lava, and reached the bottom in about an hour. There they were surrounded by huge clinkers and ridges, running generally north and south in lines across the crater; between these was the pahoihoi, or smooth lava. They passed over these obstructions to the south-west, and found in places many salts, among which were sulphate of soda and sulphate of lime. Four-fifths of the way across was a hill two hundred feet high, composed of scoria and pumice, with fissures emitting sulphurous acid gas. To the west was a plain full of cracks and fissures, all emitting more or less steam and gas. They found the west wall perpendicular; its lower strata were composed of a gray basalt. For three-fourths of the distance up it had a dingy yellow colour; above this there are a number of thin layers, apparently dipping to the south-west with the slope of the mountain. They also visited many steam cracks on the north-east side, from which fumes of sulphurous acid gas were emitted; no hydrogen was found in the gas, which extinguished flame without producing explosion.'

On the 13th of January preparations were made for the descent, and this they accomplished by the same route, but with greater difficulty, as many of the men were worn out, their shoes gone, and not a few suffering severely from the mountain sickness. On their way they again halted at Kilauea, where Dr Judd, anxious to obtain some rare specimens of lava, as well as a vesselful of the molten matter, met with a very narrow escape. He had descended into a small detached crater thirty-eight feet deep by two hundred in diameter; smoke and a little igneous matter were issuing from a small cone in its centre; but with this exception, a crust of solid lava covered the bottom. While advancing downwards, 'he saw and heard a slight movement in the lava about fifty feet from him, which was twice repeated, and curiosity led him to turn to approach the place where the motion occurred. In an instant the crust was broken asunder by a terrific heave, and a jet of molten lava, full fifteen feet in diameter, rose to the height of about forty-five feet with a most appalling noise. He instantly turned, for the purpose of escaping, but found that he was now under a projecting ledge, which opposed his ascent, and that the place where he had descended was some feet distant. The heat was already too great to permit him to turn his face towards it, and was every moment increasing; while the violence of the throes, which shook the rock beneath his feet, augmented. Although he considered his life as lost, he did not omit the means for preserving it; but offering a mental prayer for the Divine aid, he arose, although in vain, to scale the projecting rock. While thus engaged, he called in English upon his native attendants for aid; and looking upwards, saw the friendly hand of Kalumo—who on this fearful occasion had not abandoned his spiritual guide and friend—extended towards him. Ere he could grasp it, the fiery jet again rose above their heads, and Kalumo shrunk back, scorched and terrified, until, excited by a second appeal, he again stretched forth his hand, and seizing Dr Judd's with a giant's grasp, their joint efforts placed him on the ledge. Another moment,

and all aid would have been unavailing to save Dr Judd from perishing in the fiery deluge.'

After much breakneck and foolhardy adventure among the craters, steam fissures, and fumeroles of Kilauea, the party made their final descent, which was accomplished after an absence of forty-two days; 'and it was delightful,' adds the narrator, 'to feel ourselves as it were at home again, after so arduous and fatiguing an expedition.'

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE subsequent intercourse of Mr Laidlaw with the great minstrel may be traced with sufficient minuteness in Lockhart's Life of Scott. After some unsuccessful speculations and considerable losses, the 'gentle forester' went to reside permanently at Abbotsford. He planned, carried out, or assisted in the rural improvements—superintended the planting or thinning of the woods (an occupation equally dear to Sir Walter), looked after the tenants and labourers—or, when the day was stormy or the season severe, joined the 'genius of the place' in his antique library or study, and occasionally wrote to his dictation. Latterly, when the evil days had come to Abbotsford, he was a constant amanuensis some hours every morning—the anxious novelist looking with eager and morbid haste towards the completion of his task, and watching each successive leaf as it was written and laid on the pile of paper. When his mind was entire, he threw off his images and conceptions with careless ease and facility. 'I never saw him much elated or excited in composition,' said Laidlaw; 'but one morning when he was out of doors concocting that simple but humorous song, Donald Caird. I watched him limping along at good five miles an hour, along the ridge or sky-line opposite Kaeside, and when he came in, he recited to me the fruits of his walk.' In dictating any part of his novels, he seemed not to attend to the expression, but to the continuity of his tale or dialogue. He had obviously arranged his plot and incidents for the day ere he descended from his bedroom, and the style he left to chance. His memory was an inexhaustible repertory, so that Hogg, in his moments of super-exaltation and vanity, used to say that, if he had the *shirra's* memory, he would beat him as a poet!

According to Mr Laidlaw, Scott did not like to speak about his novels after they were published, but was fond of canvassing the merits and peculiarities of the characters while he was engaged in the composition of the story. 'He was peculiarly anxious,' says Mr Laidlaw, 'respecting the success of Rebecca in Ivanhoe. One morning, as we were walking in the woods after our forenoon's labour, I expressed my admiration of the character, and, after a short pause, he broke out with—"Well, I think I shall make something of my Jewess." Latterly, he seemed to indulge in a retrospect of the useful effect of his labours. In one of these serious moods, I remarked that one circumstance of the highest interest might and ought to yield him very great satisfaction; namely, that his narratives were the best of all reading for young people. I had found that even his friend Miss Edgeworth had put such power in engaging attention. His novels had the power, beyond any other writings, of arousing the better passions and finer feelings, and the moral effect of all this, I added, when one looks forward to several generations—every one acting upon another—must be immense. I well recollect the place where we were walking at this time—on the road returning from the hill towards Abbotsford. Sir Walter was silent for a minute or two, but I observed his eyes filled with tears.'

Of all his contemporaries Scott spoke kindly and warmly: he seemed to be entirely free from literary jealousy. 'I had many conversations with him,' Laidlaw remarks, 'concerning the life and poetry of Byron, particularly after the date of a visit paid to Abbotsford by Lady Byron. He seemed to regret very much that Byron and he had not been thrown more together. He

felt the influence he had over his great contemporary's mind, and said there was so much in it that was very good and very elevated, that any one whom he much liked could, as he thought, have withdrawn him from many of his errors.'

The following note by Laidlaw is interesting both on account of the fact and the opinion it contains:— 'I have more than once (such was his modesty) heard Sir Walter assert that, had his father left him an estate of £500 or £600 a-year, he would have spent his time in miscellaneous reading, not writing. This, to a certain extent, might have been the case; and had he purchased the property of Broadmeadows, in Yarrow, as he at one time was very anxious to do, and when the neighbouring land was in the possession of independent proprietors, the effect might have been the same. At Abbotsford, surrounded by little lairds, most of them ready to sell their lands as soon as he had money to advance, the impulse to exertion was incessant; for the desire to possess and to add increased with every new acquisition, until it became a passion of no small power. Then came the hope to be a large landed proprietor, and to found a family.'

The correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Mr Laidlaw was chiefly devoted to their rural concerns. When the poet was in Edinburgh attending to his official duties as clerk of session, he sighed for Abbotsford and the country, and took the liveliest interest in all that was going on under the superintendence of his friend. Passages like the following remind us of the writings of Gilpin and Price on forest and picturesque scenery:— 'George must stick in a few wild roses, honeysuckles, and sweet-briars, in suitable places, so as to produce the luxuriance we see in the woods which nature plants herself. We injure the effect of our plantings, so far as beauty is concerned, very much by neglecting underwood. 'I want to know how you are forming your glades of hard-wood. Try to make them come handsomely in contact with each other, which you can only do by looking at a distance on the spot,' then and there shutting your eyes as you have done when a child looking at the fire, and forming an idea of the same landscape with glades of woodland crossing it. Get out of your ideas about expense. It is, after all, but throwing away the price of the planting. If I were to buy a picture worth £500, nobody would wonder much. Now, if I choose to lay out £100 or £200 to make a landscape of my estate hereafter, and add so much more to its value, I certainly do not do a more foolish thing. I mention this, that you may not feel limited, so much as you might in other cases, by the exact attention to pounds, shillings, and pence, but consider the whole on a liberal scale. We are too apt to consider plantations as a subject of the closest economy, whereas beauty and taste have even a marketable value after the effects come to be visible. Don't dot the plantations with small patches of hard-wood, and always consider the ultimate effect.'

In the midst of his business details, Scott's peculiar humour and felicity of illustration are perpetually breaking out. His relation of the simplest occurrence is vivid and characteristic. A high wind in Edinburgh, in January 1818, he thus notices:— 'I had more than an anxious thought about you all during the gale of wind. The Gothic pinnacles were blown from the top of Bishop Sandford's Episcopal chapel at the end of Prince's Street, and broke through the roof and flooring, doing great damage. This was sticking the horns of the mitre into the belly of the church. The devil never so well deserved the title of Prince of the power of the air since he has blown down this handsome church, and left the ugly mass of new building standing on the North Bridge.'

We add a few more sentences:— 'Political publications must always be caricatures. As for the mob of great cities whom you accuse me of despising too much, I think it is impossible to err on that side. They are the very *riddlings* of society, in which every useful cinder is, by various processes, withdrawn, and nothing

left but dust, ashes, and filth. Mind, I mean the mob of cities, not the lowest people in the country, who often, and indeed usually, have both character and intelligence.'

'I am made president of the Royal Society [1820], so I would have you in future respect my opinion in the matter of *chuckie-stones*, caterpillars, fulminating powder, and all such wonderful works of nature. I feel the spirit coming on me, and never pass an old quarry without the desire to rake it like a cinder-sifter.'

Scott's opinion of modern Gothic architecture is thus incidentally announced. When in London in 1821, he writes:— 'I have got a very good plan from Atkinson for my addition, but I do not like the outside, which is modern Gothic, a style I hold to be equally false and foolish. Blore and I have been at work to *Scottify* it, by turning battlements into bartisans, and so on. I think we have struck out a picturesque, appropriate, and entirely new line of architecture.'

Abbotsford must certainly be considered *picturesque* but it is a somewhat incongruous pile, and without the beautiful garden-screen in front, the general effect would be heavy. Here is another scrap—

'DEAR WILLIE—I am glad to send you the *Maga* [Blackwood's Magazine], which continues to be clever. I hope for two or three happy days on the brace-sides about the birthday [4th of June]. Blackwood has been assaulted by a fellow who came from Glasgow on purpose, and returned second best. The bibliopole is like the little French lawyer, who never found out he could fight till he was put to it, and was then for cudgelling all and sundry. You never saw anything so whimsical. * * I think often, of course, about my walks, and I am sickening to descend into the glen at the little waterfall by steps. We could cut excellent ones out where the quarry has been. It is the only way we shall ever make what Tom Purdie calls a *neat job*, for a deep descent will be ugly, and difficult to keep. I would plant betwixt the stair and the cascade, so as to hide the latter till you came down to the bottom.'

The employment of the people about Abbotsford seems to have engaged much of Sir Walter's attention, and on such subjects his views were patriotic and enlightened. In a letter dated December 1819, he says:— 'Above all, I would employ the people in draining wherever it is necessary, or may be improved. In this way many hands may be employed, and to the permanent advantage of the property. Why not drain the sheep-walk to purpose? As it is my intention to buy no books, and avoid all avoidable expenses, I hope to be able to spare £100 or so extraordinary for my neighbours. I should be sorry that any of them thought I did this from either doubting them or fearing them. I have always consulted their interest in gratifying my own humour, and if they could find many a wise master, they would scarce find any one more for their purpose.'

The same year (which was a period of some excitement and discontent) he writes again to Laidlaw:— 'I am glad you have got some provision for the poor. They are the minors of the state, and especially to be looked after; and I believe the best way to prevent discontent is to keep their minds moderately easy as to their own provision. The sensible part of them may probably have judgment enough to see that they could get nothing much better for their class in general by an appeal to force, by which, indeed, if successful, ambitious individuals might rise to distinction, but which would, after much misery, leave the body of the people just where it found them, or rather much worse.'

This considerate benevolence and liberality produced the expected reward. The labouring classes on the estate of Abbotsford and its neighbourhood were strongly attached to their illustrious master. At a later period, when the excitement of the Reform Bill penetrated even the most remote and quiet districts, Scott's popularity appeared to be partially shaded; but it was only a momentary cloud, and it occurred chiefly

with the town population, not with the rural classes. In March 1831, he was present at a meeting of the freeholders of Roxburgh, held at Jedburgh, to pass resolutions against the Reform Bill. He was dragged to the meeting by the young Duke of Buccleuch and Mr Henry Scott of Harden, contrary to his prior resolution, and his promise to Miss Scott; for his health was then much shattered. 'He made a confused imaginative speech,' says Laidlaw, 'which was full of evil forebodings and mistaken views. The people who were auditors, in proportion to their love and reverence for him, felt disappointed and sore, and, like himself, were carried away by their temporary chagrin, to the great regret of the country around. The same people a few weeks afterwards, when Mr Oliver, the sheriff of Roxburgh, was foolishly swearing in constables at Melrose, said boldly, they need not bring them to fight against reform, for they would fight for it, but if any one meddled with Sir Walter Scott, they would fight for him.'

On all such subjects Scott and Laidlaw had frequent arguments, for the latter, as Lockhart says, was always a stout Whig. Sir Walter acknowledged to Hoggar that he never found a mind so inexhaustible as Laidlaw's, for he had always something new to communicate, either in the way of speculation, information, or experiment.

The great crash in 1825-26, which involved the pecuniary ruin of Sir Walter, led to the breaking up of his establishment, and the derangement of all his plans. He announces the stunning event in an affecting letter to Mr Laidlaw, from which we extract a few passages:—'For you, my dear friend, we must part—that is, as laird and factor—and it rejoices me to think that your patience and endurance, which set me so good an example, are like to bring round better days. You never flattered my prosperity, and in my adversity, it is not the least painful consideration that I cannot any longer be useful to you. But Kae-side, I hope, will still be your residence, and I will have the advantage of your company and advice, and probably your services as amanuensis. Observe, I am not in indigence, though no longer in affluence, and if I am to exert myself in the common behalf, I must have honourable and easy means of life, although it will be my inclination to observe the most strict privacy, the better to save expense, and also time. Lady Scott's spirits were affected at first, but she is getting better. *For myself, I feel like the Eildon Hills—quite firm, though a little cloudy. I do not dislike the path which lies before me. I have seen all that society can show, and enjoyed all that wealth can give me, and I am satisfied much is vanity, if not vexation of spirit.* What can I say more? except that I will write to you the instant I know what is to be done. In the meantime, it is only necessary to say I am arranging my affairs, and mean to economise a good deal, and that I will pay every man his due.'

The following brief and pleasant note, without date, must be referred to 1827, as it was in June of that year that the Life of Napoleon was published:—

'MY DEAR MR LAIDLAW—I would be happy if you would come down at half-time to-day. Napoleon (6000 copies) is sold for £11,000!!! Yours truly, W. S.'
Sunday.

Mr Laidlaw at length removed from Kae-side, and Scott felt sorely the want of his habitual counsel and society. Under the date of August 1827, he writes in the following affectionate strain:—'Your leaving Kae-side makes a most melancholy blank to us. You, Mrs Laidlaw, and the bairns, were objects we met with so much pleasure, that it is painful to think of strangers being there. But they do not deserve good weather who cannot endure the bad, and so I would "set a stout heart to a steep [steep] braise;" yet I think the loss of our walks, plans, discussions, and debates, does not make the least privation that I experience from the loss of world's gear. But, *sursum corda*, and we shall have many happy days yet, and spend some of

them together. I expect Walter and Jane, and then our long-separated family will be all together in peace and happiness. I hope Mrs Laidlaw and you will come down and spend a few days with us, and revisit your old haunts. I miss you terribly at this moment, being engaged in writing a planting article for the Quarterly, and not having patience to make some necessary calculations.'

Mr Laidlaw has written on the back of the communication—'This letter lies in the drawer in which the unfinished manuscript of Waverley was found, amongst fishing-tackle, &c. which yet remain. I got the 'Jesk as a present from Sir Walter.'

In 1830, a re-union took place. Mr Laidlaw took up his abode again at Kae-side, and remained in daily intercourse with Sir Walter till the time of his death. The record of those sad and painful days in Lockhart's Life is deeply interesting. Never was there a more affecting narrative; nor could there be a more instructive or ennobling example than Scott presented in his period of suffering and adversity. We will not attempt to lift the curtain again on this tragic scene, which saddened all Europe.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height!
—Wordsworth.

Mr Laidlaw cherished with religious care all his memorials of Abbotsford, where, indeed, his heart may be said to have remained till its last pulsation. The desk in which the first manuscript of Waverley was deposited [see the introduction to the novel] stood in his room; the works inscribed and presented by the author were carefully ranged on his shelves; the letters he had received from him were treasured up; the pens with which Ivanhoe was written were laid past, and kept as a sacred thing; but, above all, he valued a brooch which was round the neck of Scott when he died. This ornament had been presented to Sir Walter Scott by his son, the present Sir Walter, and his wife (inscribed 'From Walter and Jane'), on the day of their marriage, and it contained some of the hair of each. When the grave had closed over the illustrious minstrel, his children gave the invaluable jewel to their own and their father's friend, accompanying the gift with some of the hair of Scott, which was also placed in the brooch—the white locks of age with the dark tresses of youth. Mr Laidlaw wore the brooch while a trace of sensibility remained, and it has descended to another generation—one of the most precious of the personal reliques of a splendid but melancholy friendship.

THE LOCKSMITH OF PHILADELPHIA.

A STORY.*

SOME years ago, in the city of Philadelphia, there lived an ingenious locksmith named Amos Sparks. Skilled as a maker and repairer of locks, he was particularly celebrated for his dexterity in opening them, when it was necessary to do so in cases of emergency. Like many men of talent in other departments, Amos Sparks was poor. Though a very industrious and prudent man, with a small and frugal family, he merely obtained a comfortable subsistence, but he never seemed to accumulate property. Whether it was that he was not of the race of money makers, whose instinctive desire of accumulation forces them to earn and hoard without a thought beyond the mere means of acquisition—or whether the time occupied by the prosecution of new inquiries into still undiscovered regions of his favourite pursuit, and in conversation with those who came to inspect and admire the fruits of his ingenuity, were the cause of his poverty, we cannot undertake to determine—but perhaps various causes combined to keep his finances low;

* We have abridged this story from a tale in an American newspaper, which we regret does not give the name of the writer.

and it was quite as notorious in the city that Amos Sparks was a poor man, as that he was an ingenious mechanic. But his business was sufficient for the supply of his wants and those of his family, and so he studied and worked on, and was content.

It happened that, in the autumn of 18—, a merchant in the city, whose business was extensive, and who had been bustling about the quay and on board his vessels all the morning, returned to his counting-house to lodge several thousand dollars in the Philadelphia bank, to renew some paper falling due that day; when, to his surprise, he had either lost or mislaid the key of his iron chest. After diligent search, with no success, he was led to conclude that, in drawing out his handkerchief, he had dropped the key in the street, or perhaps into the dock. What was to be done? It was one o'clock—the bank closed at three, and there was no time to advertise the key, or to muster so large a sum of money as that required. In his perplexity the merchant thought of the poor locksmith. He had often heard of Amos Sparks; the case seemed one particularly adapted to a trial of his powers—and being a desperate one, if he could not furnish a remedy, where else were there reasonable expectations of succour? A clerk was hurried off for Amos, and having explained the difficulty, speedily reappeared, followed by the locksmith with his implements in his hand.

The job proved more difficult than had been anticipated, and, fearful of losing credit by the delay, the merchant offered five dollars' reward to Amos if he would open the chest in as many minutes. Amos succeeded. The lock was picked, and the chest flew open. There the merchant's treasures lay, but they were not yet in his possession. As he enjoyed but a poor reputation for uprightness of dealing, Amos could not trust to his promise of payment. Holding the lid in his hand, he respectfully requested the sum which had been offered; and, as he had expected, it was refused. A much less sum was meanly proposed in its stead, on the plea that it was surely sufficient for a few minutes' work. Amos was indignant and inexorable. The merchant shuffled and fumed. In an instant down went the lid of the chest, and, fastening by a spring, it was again locked as securely as before.

The merchant looked aghast at Amos, and then darted a glance at the clock: the hand pointed to within twenty minutes of three, and seemed posting over the figures with the speed of light. What was to be done? At first he tried to bully, but it would not do. Amos told him, if he had sustained any injury, 'he might sue as soon as he pleased, for that his time was too precious just now to be wasted in trifling affairs'; and, with a face of unruffled composure, he turned on his heel and was leaving the office.

The merchant called him back—he had no alternative—his credit was at stake—he was humbled by the necessity of the case; and handing forth the five dollars, 'There, Sparks,' said he, 'take your money, and let us have no more words.'

'I must have ten dollars now,' replied the locksmith. 'You would have taken advantage of a poor man; and, besides opening your strong box there, I have a lesson to offer which is well worth a trifling sum. You would not only have deprived me of what had been fairly earned, but have tempted me into a lawsuit which would have ruined my family. You will never in future presume upon your wealth in your dealings with the poor, without thinking of the locksmith, and those five dollars may save you much sin and much repentance.'

This homily, besides being preached in a tone of calm determination, which left no room to hope for any abatement, had exhausted another minute or two of the time already so precious. The merchant hurriedly counted out the ten dollars, which Amos deliberately inspected, to see that they belonged to no insolvent bank, and then deposited them in his pocket. Having thus made quite sure of his reward, he dexterously opened the lock, and

placed the merchant in possession of his property, in time to save his credit at the bank.

About a month after this affair, the Philadelphia bank was robbed of coin and notes to the amount of fifty thousand dollars. The bars of a window had been cut, and the vault entered so ingeniously, that it was evident the burglar had possessed, besides daring courage, a good deal of mechanical skill. The police scoured the city and country round about, but no clue to the discovery of the robbery could be traced. The public mind was powerfully excited. Everybody who had anything to lose, felt that daring and ingenious felons were abroad, who might probably pay them a visit; all were therefore interested in the discovery and the conviction of the perpetrator of so daring a deed. Suspicious at length began to settle on Sparks; but yet his poverty and known integrity seemed to give them the lie. The story of the iron chest, which the merchant had hitherto been ashamed, and Amos too forgiving, to tell—for the latter did not care to set the town laughing at the man who had wronged him—now began to be told. The merchant, influenced by a vindictive spirit, had whispered it to the directors of the bank, with sundry shrugs and innuendos; and of course it soon spread far and wide, with all sorts of exaggerated variations and additions. Amos thought for several days that some of his neighbours looked and acted rather oddly, and he missed one or two who used to drop in and chat almost every afternoon; but not suspecting for a moment that there was any cause for altered behaviour, these matters made but a slight impression on his mind. In all such cases, the person most interested is the last to hear disagreeable news; and the first hint that the locksmith got of the universal suspicion was from the officer of the police, who came with a party of constables to search his premises. Astonishment and grief were the portion of Amos and his family for that day. The first shock to a household who had derived, even amidst their humble poverty, much satisfaction from the possession of a good name—a property they had been taught to value above all earthly treasures—may be easily conceived. To have defrauded a neighbour of sixpence would have been a meanness no one of them would have been guilty of; but Fifty Thousand Dollars!—the immensity of the sum seemed to clothe the suspicion with a weight of terror that nearly pressed them to the earth. They clung to each other, with bruised and fettered spirits, while the search was proceeding, and it was not until it was completed, and the officer declared himself satisfied that there was none of the missing property on the premises, that they began to rally, and looked calmly at the circumstances which seemed for the moment to menace the peace and security they had hitherto enjoyed.

'Cheer up, my darlings,' said Amos, who was the first to recover the sobriety of thought that usually characterised him—'cheer up—all will yet be well; it is impossible that the unjust suspicion can long hover about us. A life of honesty and fair-dealing will not be without its reward. There was perhaps something in my trade, and the skill which long practice had given me in it, that naturally enough led the credulous, the thoughtless, and perhaps the mischievous, if any such there be connected with this inquiry, to look towards us. But the real authors of this outrage will probably be discovered soon, for a fraud so extensive will make all parties vigilant; and if not, why, then, when our neighbours see us toiling at our usual occupations, with no evidences of secret wealth, or lavish expenditure, on our persons or at our board, and remember how many years we have been so occupied and so attired, without a suspicion of wrongdoing even in small matters attached to us, there will be good sense and good feeling enough in the city to do us justice.'

There was sound sense and much consolation in this reasoning: the obvious probabilities of the case were in favour of the fulfilment of the locksmith's expectations. But a scene of trial and excitement—of prolonged agony and hope deferred—lay before him, the extent of which

it would have been difficult, if not impossible, for him then to have foreseen. Foiled in the search, the directors of the bank sent one of their body to negotiate with Amos—to offer him a large sum of money, and a guarantee from further molestation, if he would confess, restore the property, and give up his accomplices, if any there were. It was in vain that he protested his innocence, and avowed his abhorrence of the crime. The banker rallied him on his assumed composure, and threatened him with consequences; until the locksmith, who had been unaccustomed to dialogues founded on the presumption that he was a villain, ordered his tormentor out of his shop, with the spirit of a man who, though poor, was resolved to preserve his self-respect, and protect the sanctity of his dwelling from impertinent and insulting intrusion.

The banker retired, baffled, and threatening vengeance. A consultation was held, and it was finally determined to arrest Sparks and commit him to prison, in the hope that, by shutting him up, and separating him from his family and accomplices, he would be less upon his guard against the collection of evidence necessary to a conviction, and perhaps be frightened into terms, or induced to make a full confession. This was a severe blow to his family. They would have borne much together—for mutual counsel and sympathy can soothe many of the ills of life; but to be divided—to have the strongest mind, around which the feeble ones had been accustomed to cling, carried away captive, to brood in solitary confinement, on an unjust accusation, was almost too much, when coupled with the cloud of suspicion that seemed to gather around their home, and infect the very air they breathed. The privations forced upon them by the want of the locksmith's earnings were borne without a murmur; and out of the little that could be mustered, a portion was always reserved to buy some trifling but unexpected comfort or luxury to carry to the prisoner.

Some months having passed without Sparks having made any confession, or the discovery of any new fact whereby his guilt might be established, his prosecutors found themselves reluctantly compelled to bring him to trial. They had not a tittle of evidence, except some strange locks and implements found in the shop, and which proved the talent, but not the guilt, of the mechanic. But these were so various, and executed with such elaborate art, and such an evident expenditure of labour, that but few even of the judges, jury, or spectators, could be persuaded that a man so poor would have devoted himself so sedulously to such an employment, unless he had had some other object in view than mere instruction or amusement. His friends and neighbours gave him an excellent character; but on their cross examination, all admitted his entire devotion to his favourite pursuit. The counsel for the banker exerted himself with considerable ability. Calculating in some degree on the state of the public mind, and upon the influence which vague rumours, coupled with the evidences of the mechanic's handicraft exhibited in court, might have on the mind of the jury, he dwelt upon every ward and winding—on the story of the iron chest—on the evident poverty of the locksmith, and yet his apparent waste of time—and asked if all this work were not intended to insure success in some vast design? He believed that a verdict would be immediately followed by a confession, for he thought Amos guilty, and succeeded in making the belief pretty general among his audience. Some of the jury were half inclined to speculate on the probabilities of a confession, and, swept away by the current of suspicion, were not indisposed to convict without evidence, in order that the result might do credit to their penetration; but this was impossible, even in an American court of justice, in the good old times of which we write. Hanging persons on suspicion, and acquitting felons because the mob think murder no crime, are modern inventions. The charge of the judge was clear and decisive. He admitted that there were grounds of suspicion—that there were circumstances connected with the prisoner's peculiar mode of life that were not reconcil-

able with the lowness of his finances; but yet of direct testimony there was not a vestige, and of circumstantial evidence there were not only links wanting in the chain, but, in fact, there was not a single link extending beyond the locksmith's dwelling. Sparks was accordingly acquitted; but as no other clue was found to direct suspicion, it still lay upon him like a cloud. The vindictive merchant and the dissatisfied bankers did not hesitate to declare, that although the charge could not be legally brought home, they had no doubt whatever of his guilt. This opinion was taken up and reiterated, until thousands, who were too careless to investigate the story, were satisfied that Amos Sparks was a rogue. How should the character of a poor man hold out against the deliberate slanders of so many rich ones?

Amos rejoiced in his acquittal, as one who felt that the jury had performed a solemn duty faithfully, and who was glad to find that his present experience had strengthened rather than impaired his reliance on the tribunals of his country. He embraced his family as one snatched from great responsibility and peril; and his heart overflowed with thankfulness when at night they were all once more assembled round the fireside, the scene of so much happiness and amity in other days. But yet Amos felt that, though acquitted by the jury, he was not by the town: he saw that in the faces of some of the jury, and most of the audience, which he was too shrewd an observer to misunderstand. He wished it were otherwise; but he was contented to take his chance of some subsequent revelation; and if it came not, of living down the foul suspicion.

But Amos had never thought of how he was to live. The cold looks, averted faces, and rude scandal of the neighbours, could be borne, because really there was some excuse in the circumstances, and because he hoped that there would be a joyful ending of it all at some future day. But the loss of custom first opened his eyes to his real situation. No work came to his shop; he made articles, but he could not sell them; and as the little money he had saved was necessarily exhausted in the unavoidable expense of the trial, the family found it impossible, aided by the utmost exertion and economy, to meet their current outlay. One article of furniture after another was reluctantly sacrificed, or some little comfort abridged, until, at the end of months of degradation and absolute distress, their bare board was spread within bare walls, and it became necessary to beg, to starve, or to remove. The latter expedient had often been suggested in family consultations, and it is one that in America is the common remedy for all great calamities. The Sparkses would have removed, but they still clung to the hope that the real perpetrator would be discovered, and the mystery cleared up; and, besides, they thought it would be an acknowledgment of the justice of the general suspicion if they turned their backs and fled. They lived upon the expectation of the renewed confidence and companionship of old friends and neighbours, when Providence should deem it right to draw the veil aside. At length, to live longer in Philadelphia became impossible, and the whole family prepared to depart. Their effects were easily transported, and as they had had no credit since the arrest, there was nobody to prevent them from seeking a livelihood elsewhere.

Embarking in one of the river boats, they pushed up the Schuylkill, and settled at Norristown. The whole family being industrious and obliging, they soon began to gather little comforts around them; and as these were not embittered by the cold looks and insulting sneers of the neighbourhood, they were comparatively happy for a time. But even here there was for them no permanent place of rest. A traveller passing through Norristown, on his way from the capital to the Blue Mountains, recognised Sparks, and told somebody he knew that he wished the community joy of having added to the number of its inhabitants the notorious locksmith of Philadelphia. The news soon spread. The family found that they were shunned as they had formerly

been by those who had known them longer than the good people of Norristown, and had a fair prospect of starvation opening before them. They removed again. This time there was no inducement to linger, for they had no local attachments to detain them. They crossed the mountains, and, descending into the vale of the Susquehanna, pitched their tent at Sunbury. Here the same temporary success excited the same hopes, only to be blighted in the bud by the breath of slander, which seemed so widely circulated as to leave them hardly any asylum within the limits of the State. We need not enumerate the different towns and villages in which they essayed to gain a livelihood, and failed. They had nearly crossed the State in its whole length, been driven from Pittsburg, and were slowly wending their way further west, and were standing on the high ground overlooking Middleton, as though doubtful if there was to be rest for the soles of their feet even there. They hesitated to try a new experiment. Sparks seated himself on a stone beneath a spreading sycamore—his family clustered around him on the grass: they had travelled far, and were weary, and, without speaking a word as their eyes met, and thinking of their prolonged sufferings and slender hopes, they burst into a flood of tears, in which Sparks, burying his face in the golden locks of the sweet girl who bowed her head upon his knee, joined audibly. At length, wiping away his tears, and checking the rising sobs that shook his manly bosom—'God's will be done, my children,' said the locksmith; 'we cannot help weeping, but let us not murmur. If we are to be wanderers and fugitives on the earth, let us never lose sight of the promise which assures us of an eternal refuge in a place where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. I was perhaps too proud of that skill of mine—too apt to plume myself upon it, above others whose gifts had been less abundant. My error has been that of wiser and greater men, who have been made to feel that what we cherish as the means of obtaining earthly blessings, sometimes turns out a curse.'

To dissipate the gloom which hung over the whole party, and beguile the half hour they intended to rest in that sweet spot, Mrs Sparks drew out a Philadelphia newspaper which somebody had given her upon the road, and called their attention to the deaths and marriages, that they might see what changes were taking place in a city that still interested them, though they were banished for ever from its borders. She had hardly opened the paper when her eye glanced on an article which she was too much excited to read. Amos, wondering at the emotion displayed, gently disengaged the paper, and read—'Bank robber—Sparks not the man.' His own feelings were as powerfully interested as those of his wife, but his nerves were stronger; and he read out, to an audience whose ears devoured every syllable of the glad tidings, an account of the conviction and execution of a wretch in Albany, and who had confessed, among other daring and heinous crimes, the robbery of the Philadelphia bank, accounting for the disappearance of the property, and exonerating Sparks, whose face he had never seen. These were tidings of great joy to the weary wayfarers beneath the sycamore, whose hearts overflowed with thankfulness to the Father of mercy, who had given them strength to bear the burden of affliction, and had lifted it from their spirits, who they had been crushed beneath its weight. Their resolution to return to their native city was formed at once, and before a week had passed, they were slowly journeying to the capital of the State.

Meanwhile, an extraordinary revulsion of feeling had taken place at Philadelphia. Newspapers and other periodicals which had formerly been loud in condemnation of the locksmith, now blazoned abroad the robber's confession—wondered how any man could have been for a moment suspected upon such evidence as was adduced on the trial—drew pictures of the domestic felicity once enjoyed by the Sparkses, and then painted—partly from what was known of the reality, and partly

from imagination—their sufferings, privations, and wrongs in the pilgrimage they had performed in fleeing from an unjust but damnable accusation. The whole city rang with the story. Old friends and neighbours, who had been the first to shun them, now became the loud and vehement partisans of the family. The whole city was anxious to know where they were. Some reported that they had perished in the woods; others that they had been burnt in a prairie, which not a few believed; while another class averred that the locksmith, driven to desperation, had first destroyed his family, and then himself. All these stories of course created as much excitement as the robbery of the bank had done before, only that this time the tide set the other way; and when the poor locksmith and his family, who had been driven like vagabonds from the city, approached its suburbs, they were met, congratulated, and followed by thousands: in fact, theirs was almost a triumphal entry. And as the public always like to have a victim, Sparks was advised on all hands to bring an action against the directors of the bank: large damages would they knew, be given, and the banker deserved to suffer for the causeless ruin brought on a poor but industrious family.

Sparks was reluctant to engage in any such proceeding. His character was vindicated, his business restored. He occupied his own shop, and his family were comfortable and content. But the current of public opinion was too strong for him. All Philadelphia had determined that the banker should suffer. An eminent lawyer volunteered to conduct the suit, and make no charge if a liberal verdict were not obtained. The locksmith pondered the matter well. His own wrongs he freely forgave, but he thought that there had been a readiness to secure the interests of a wealthy corporation by blasting the prospects of a humble mechanic, which, for the good of society, ought not to pass unrebuked. He felt that the moral effect of such a prosecution would be salutary, teaching the rich not to presume too far upon their affluence, and cheering the hearts of the poor while suffering unmerited persecution. The suit was commenced, and urged to trial, notwithstanding several attempts at compromise on the part of the banker. The pleadings on both sides were able and ingenious; but the counsel for the plaintiff had a theme worthy of the fine powers he possessed. At the close of a pathetic and powerful declamation, the audience, who had formerly condemned Amos in their hearts without evidence, were melted to tears by the recital of his sufferings; and when the jury returned with a verdict of ten thousand dollars damages against the banker, the locksmith was honoured by a ride home on their shoulders amidst a hurricane of cheers.

A VISIT TO THE GREAT BRITAIN.

ONE fine morning lately, as hinted at in a previous article, we set out to inspect the largest steam-ship which is at present afloat. She lay off Blackwall in the Thames, near London, and, by the liberality of her proprietors, the 'Great Western Steam Navigation Company,' as well as by the admirable arrangements of the managers of the Blackwall railway, the trip proved both easy of accomplishment and inexpensive. After a ten minutes' ride from Fenchurch Street, we were safely deposited on the Blackwall pier, to await the arrival of a miniature steamer which plied between the shore and the immense sill.

To those previously informed that the Great Britain is one-third larger than a first-rate ship of war, and that she carries six masts, the first view of her from a distance is generally—in reference to her magnitude—disappointing. It is not till the bows are passed, and the eye travels from one end to the other, that the vast dimensions of the Great Britain are understood. This line, though long, being very slightly bent near the head, and again at the stern, is graceful and

elegant, not being interrupted by those hideous accompaniments to other steamers—paddle-boxes. Rowing beside her in a small boat, the distance from the fore to the after part of the ship may be likened to a short voyage. Under the rear part of the vessel, the chief novelty presents itself—which is the propeller. This is placed under the stern, between the stern post and the 'run' of the ship, and consists of a screw with six blades of solid iron, triangular in shape, fastened to a revolving shaft. Again the idea of smallness presents itself: the blades which appear above water seem quite diminutive, when it is considered what an immense mass they have to propel. The entire screw is only 15 feet 6 inches in diameter; yet, by its rapid revolutions, it has to drive forward a ship 322 feet long and 51 broad—a floating mass, in fact, equal to some 3450 tons, even when unencumbered with a cargo—and at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Viewed with reference to this enormous power, the screw appears like a mere toy.

Having glanced at the outside of the Great Britain, we ascended her side, and stood on her deck. The impressions of fragility and lightness were strengthened: the masts, even when close to them, appeared slender to insecurity; the rigging light; the bulwarks low and thin. As there is nothing to excite surprise so much as this general variance of the appearance of the actual ship with the preconceived ideas of its size and strength, it will be here necessary to explain whence this difference arises. The truth is, that, except the flooring and ornamental parts of the decks and cabins, the Great Britain is built of iron. After many experiments (for no previous experience existed to guide them), the Great Western Steam Company concluded that iron would afford greater strength, greater buoyancy, and more capacity, at less expense, than wood. The sides—formed of massive ribs varying from 14 to 21 inches apart—are lined within and covered without with plate iron five-eighths of an inch thick, so that the greater part of the sides is hollow. The bottom and keel are of solid iron, one inch thick, exclusive of the ribs. Even the rigging is of iron, for it is made of twisted wire. The quantity of metal used in the construction of the hull was 1400 tons. Now, it is easy to understand that the same number of tons' weight of the strongest wood would occupy infinitely more space, without affording additional strength: it is the closer disposition of materials about the ship which has given her the light, rakish appearance which first strikes the eye of an observer.

Of the length of the ship, the most complete *coup-d'œil* is to be obtained by walking to the after part of the deck, and thence looking straight ahead to the prow. The deck appears like two long narrow streets divided by the funnel, the six masts, the hatches, &c. which rise between them, to form one side; the bulwarks being the other. Along these two thoroughfares there is nothing to interrupt the smoothness of the wood-pavement; for the deck is what is called a 'flush' deck; that is to say, an even one, with no poop or other erection to alter its level, except at the fore-castle, where there is a small break. The length of these two vistas bears so great a disproportion to their width, that the mind abandons calculation by means of feet and yards, and thinks of a mile. The actual length of this monster deck is, in fact, within a fraction of the sixteenth of a mile.

Having sufficiently examined and wondered at what was to be seen upon the upper deck, we descended to that below. This is divided into two parts by the space occupied by the cook-houses and machinery. It consists of two vast 'promenade saloons,' flanked by sleeping berths and state-rooms. The after-saloon was that which we first visited. It is elegantly fitted up and ornamented with coloured scrolls and flowers, in a degree which a man of severe taste would designate as *frivolous*. On each side of the promenade is a row of five doors, leading into the sleeping places; of which

four are led to by every door, being divided by a short passage. The first door on each side of the saloon conducts to a 'ladies' boudoir.' Whilst the fifth at either end opens into state or private rooms—of which there are eight—calculated for families. The sternmost part of the promenade is fitted up with sofas. The captain's cabin is a-midships, between the two companion stairs, which lead from the upper deck. Descending into the deck below, the counterpart of what had just been seen presented itself. This lower promenade is to be used as a dining-room; and, for the ladies' boudoirs, a steward's pantry and store-rooms are substituted. The number of sleeping berths is also greater, because there are no state-rooms. In the passage to the fore part of the vessel are, on one side, baths, lavatories, and other conveniences; and, on the other, the kitchen. This is most completely fitted with every conceivable apparatus for roasting, boiling, frying, grilling, and stewing; shadowing forth to all who can on a sea voyage enjoy them, a series of excellent and tempting dinners. At the end of the passage, the 'forward promenade saloon' is entered. Except in the shape, we saw nothing in the plan of this different from that of the after-saloon. It is of course much shorter, by reason of the sudden narrowing of the ship where the prow is formed. Where this narrowing begins, there is a partition, behind which are arranged the proper accommodations for the officers of the vessel. The saloon below is, like that 'aft' on the same level, the counterpart of the upper storey in general appearance, the partitioned part in the fore-castle affording berths for the common sailors.

No one, after viewing these four saloons, but must be struck with the extent and completeness of accommodation which the Great Britain affords. Comfortable beds and berths are provided for as many as 360 passengers, without making up a single sofa.

Thus much of the passenger portion of the vessel; now for the locomotive department. Ascending to the upper deck, the spectator has to dive into the hot and black engine department by its own special entrance, composed of iron ladders. The bewildering mass of machinery which meets the view—bewildering rather from its vastness than from its complexity—is so distributed in the vessel as to form permanent ballast; and the middle of the ship has not to bear all its weight, as is the case in vessels with side paddles. It has to perform one very simple duty, which is to turn the screw we have already described, at the stern, with sufficient velocity to propel the ship. To effect this, four engines—the united power of which equals that of 1000 horses—are employed. Their action upon the machinery is readily understood. There is an enormous wheel or 'drum,' 18 feet in diameter, working on an axis or spindle. To either end of the spindle is attached an immense crank moved by one pair of engines, the other pair driving the crank at the opposite end of the axis; so that the whole four expend their force upon the gigantic drum to whirl it round. The duty of this large wheel is to cause a band composed of four iron chains to revolve with it; that, in the regions below, they may pass round and turn another and smaller wheel. Of course the chains make this little wheel revolve as much oftener as it is smaller than the *grosse caisse* or big drum; an operation they perform—a singularity in such cases—without the slightest noise. The great fault of the 'Archimedes,' in which vessel the principle adopted in the Great Britain was first tried, was the intolerable noise made by the machinery that conveyed motion to the screw. The engineers of the monster ship have obviated this objection by having each link of their chains supplied with a tooth, which juts into grooves made in both wheels, so as to 'bite' them as they pass round. Though weighing seven tons, therefore, the chains work quite silently. The little wheel below has for its axis one end of a long horizontal shaft, to the other extremity of which is attached the propeller, which we had previously seen outside at the stern, and which is made to revolve as

fast as the little wheel in the water. Here is the whole secret of propulsion in the Great Britain.

The iron shaft which communicates motion to the propeller is not the least curious part of the machinery; on account of the distance of the steam power from the stern, it is 130 feet long. Each end is of solid iron—that at the smaller wheel next the engines being 28 feet in length, with a diameter of 16 inches; that to which the propeller is fastened being of the same diameter, but only 25½ feet long. The intermediate part of the shaft is hollow, 2 feet 8 inches in diameter, and 68 feet long; and this makes up the entire longitude of 130 feet. Although so much of the shaft is hollow, it weighs 38 tons.

The immense velocity with which the shaft is made to turn in order to propel the vessel, would heat it to a dangerous degree, were not means of continual cooling employed. This is effected by numerous holes in the side of the hull, through which water is constantly poured upon and within the hollow part of the shaft. It has been calculated by actual experiment that, on an average, for every three times the engine revolves in a minute, the ship will be driven through the water 2 miles in an hour. Thus 12 revolutions per minute propels her 8 miles an hour. The rate at which the vessel is intended to work her way across the Atlantic is 12 miles per hour, which will require her engines to make 18 revolutions every minute.

Having inspected as much of the machinery as we were able to see, we were preparing to ascend, when the sound of blacksmiths' hammers induced us to look through the iron grating on which we stood. A lower abyss was revealed to us by the lurid glare of a forge fire. It was the blacksmith's shop. An iron ship is of course obliged to carry blacksmiths instead of carpenters. Not having either curiosity or courage to descend, we regained the upper deck.

The leading peculiarity of the Great Britain is her great size. On this subject much has been said both *pro* and *con*. Looking at her in a nautical and scientific point of view, it is an important advantage, for reasons which are not very generally understood. It has been ascertained from past experience, that the tonnage or power of carrying cargo increases in a triple ratio with increase of size; whilst the requisite power and fuel augments only in a twofold ratio to the increase of dimension.* On this account, we find that though the ship contains nearly 800 tons' weight of machinery, with stowage for 1200 tons of coal, and 200 tons of water (in the boilers), yet she is capable of carrying 1000 tons besides of cargo, independent of passengers. On the other hand, looking at the Great Britain in a commercial point of view, much doubt exists as to whether a sufficient number of passengers, and a sufficient quantity of goods, can be collected to make her rapid voyages to New York profitable. It is well known that the British Queen failed from want of patronage in these respects. Whether the Great Britain will prove a profitable vessel to her owners, time can only determine. We sincerely hope she may.

As regards safety, every precaution has been employed in constructing the Great Britain. She is built in distinct compartments, each water-tight, and independent of the other. All steamers, whether on the score of humanity or for the preservation of property, ought to be so built; for if a vessel be divided into five or six compartments, and any one of them should from accident fill, her buoyancy would only be slightly affected. If two compartments fill, and these two were not at the extremes, the other compartments would still keep her afloat. If two consecutive compartments, either forward or aft, fill, it is certain that, were she to go down head or stern foremost, she would be some time about it; long enough, probably, to allow of all the boats being got in readiness. The Great Britain is provided, in case of such an emergency, with

four large life-boats of iron, and two boats of wood, which are suspended from davits over the side of the ship, whilst one large life-boat is kept on the deck. The whole are capable of carrying 400 persons: though by far the most effectual precaution is the system of independent compartments. As a proof of its efficacy, we may instance the case of the *Nemesis*, which struck some time ago on the English Stones in the Bristol Channel, going nine or ten knots an hour: she slid off, after making such a slit as filled the forward compartment. She steamed several hours with the compartment full, until she obtained additional pumps in Mount's Bay, with which the space was pumped out, and the leak stopped. At Portsmouth she was examined, and drawings of the damage were made by an employé of the Great Western Company: she was repaired in a few hours, at an expense of about £30, and then started for China. An instance of the time a complete wreck takes to go down, so as to enable the crew to escape, was afforded by the *Brigand*, a large iron steamer, which had been trading between Liverpool and Bristol. She struck on sunken rocks off the Scilly Islands, filled a forward compartment, and had some part of her paddle-wheel forced so far into the engine-room as to damage the plates and fill that part also. She remained afloat, in consequence of the remaining compartments, long enough to enable the crew to save themselves and their kits comfortably, and then went down in deep water.

The Great Britain was begun in 1839, and was so far finished as to be launched on the 19th of July 1843. After this, an unforeseen circumstance occurred—she was imprisoned in the Bristol docks during several months; for, when her engines were shipped, she sunk so low as to bring her greatest breadth in contact with the too narrow sides of the lock. This caused great inconvenience to her owners, and some merriment to the public. The truth is, her dimensions were well adapted for a free passage through the locks when light, but it was deemed advisable to put the engines on board before she left the works, which rendered it imperative that a certain degree of temporary accommodation, in widening the top of the locks, should be afforded. The directors of the Dock Company having at length afforded all the requisite facilities, she was on the 12th December liberated and taken down the Avon and the Bristol Channel on her first trial trip. This proved satisfactory in every respect, and the Great Britain, in the beginning of the present year, steamed round to London, beating the fastest steamer that could be found to race with her. Since then, she has gone round to Liverpool, awaiting sailing orders for America.

We left her, much gratified by our visit; and having been put on shore, ended the day very agreeably with a dinner of white-bait, which is somehow generally associated with a visit to Blackwall.

CATTLE SHOWS.

We should imagine that the descendants of Jack Sprat, who, it may be remembered by the students of our early ballad literature, 'could eat no fat,' must have vanished from the land; or else that his progeny must have wonderfully increased, and that they all take after their mother, who, according to the bard, 'could eat no lean.' We have been led into this speculative reflection by a knowledge of the fact, that sixty thousand people went to Baker Street bazaar to see the cattle show—to feast their eyes on panting porkers, asthmatic sheep, and apoplectic oxen. We should doubt whether the meat is better because the animals are stuffed out to a size hitherto unparalleled, except on the external paintings of penny shows, where the living monsters are represented about twice the height and breadth of the caravan where the public are invited to visit them. The present, however, is the age of enlargement. Shopkeepers make arrangements for the enlargement of their premises; the legislature decrees the enlargement of prisoners for debt; newspaper proprietors enlarge their sheets; and, in order to keep pace with the enlarged views, which are prevalent in the

* Vide *Athenæum*, No. 901.

present day, the agriculturists have commenced permanently enlarging their cattle. Perhaps the remains of gigantic animals that geologists have occasionally lighted on, may be traced to some antediluvian cattle show; and our ancestors may have rushed to an exhibition of prize mammoths with the same eagerness we of the present day evince in running after overgrown beeves, and alarmingly blown-out muttuns. As we are informed that there is still 'rooin for improvement,' we must presume that more extensive bullocks, and more extravagantly exaggerated sheep, than any we have yet seen, are threatened by the Smithfield Cattle Club. To us there is something painfully pantomimic in the thought; and we look forward to the possibility of the extinction of mutton-chops, except as huge joints—a state of things that will be ruinous to the pure chop-house interest. Already does Brobdignagian beef choke up the entrance to the butchers' shops; and extensive, indeed, must be the scale upon which the business of weighing it is conducted. It has occurred to us, that the same care and expense which are lavished on the fattening of animals, might be beneficially applied to the feeding of our own species, and we would suggest that the experiment should be tried, by offering premiums for prize paupers. It is, however, to be feared that the prize pauper-show would not turn out a very satisfactory affair; for, though unlimited oatmeal has a fattening effect on beasts, the same substance, diluted into gruel, and that very sparingly administered, would hardly produce, in human beings, a degree of obesity that would fit them to enter the pens of Baker Street in competition with the annual cattle show. Perhaps the system would answer better for schoolmasters, who might form themselves into a Fat-boy Club, and exhibit annual specimens of the pinguity attained by the scholars of their respective establishments. This would enable parents to select for their sons a school where the quality of the keep could be at once judged of by the plumpness of the boys exhibited. We merely throw out these hints as suggestions for improving the human race, by applying the principle of cattle shows, which are said to be extremely conducive to the amelioration of the breed of animals.—*Cruikshank's Tattle-Book.*

DESTRUCTION OF WASPS.

We observe, from the Scottish newspapers, that the Earl of Traquair has for several years past given a liberal reward to the children in the neighbourhood for the destruction of those troublesome insects during the months of April and May. At that period every wasp is in search of a location for a nest, and if unmolested, would become the parent of thousands. Owing, it may be supposed, to the limited fall of rain or snow last winter, these noxious creatures have been unusually numerous this season, as the following account will show:—The children, about fifty in number, were desired by his lordship to attend at Traquair House with their spoil every Saturday afternoon, where they were counted by the gardener, and each one paid so much per dozen. On the 26th April there were delivered 756 dozen, on the 3d May 114 dozen, on the 10th May 594 dozen, and on the 17th May 643 dozen—making in all the incredible number of 18,976 wasps' nests in the course of four weeks, and in one parish. It may be presumed, if each of these had been allowed to multiply, however favourable the season may prove, there would have been little fruit or heavy left for miles around.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

'As I was passing a place called Lavey Strand, on the road from Cavan to Dublin,' says a correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* for June, 'I observed the bottom of an ancient canoe lying on the shore of the lake close to the road. I immediately went to examine it, and heard that it had been raised about a year ago from the bottom of the lake. When discovered, there was a gunwale above a foot in height along the sides, which, when I saw it, was almost entirely broken away. It was of very rude manufacture, hollowed out of the stem of an oak tree. The dimensions are gigantic. The bottom is four feet three inches across at one end, and about three feet at the other; the length is forty feet. The diameter of the tree could not possibly have been less than seven feet and a half at the foot, and at least five and a half at the height of forty feet. This would allow only a very moderate bulge for the oar-ace. What could have been the use of so large a canoe, made with great toil, on so small a piece of water (not containing 200 acres), I cannot conjecture. There are two islands in

the lake, which were found to be artificial when the proprietor was planting them about ten years ago. The earth is supported by a frame-work of enormous oak beams, mortised into each other, and this is supported on piles driven into the lake bottom. Some brass Celtic hatchets, ring money, and four brass swords, were found above the frame-work; and there is another canoe of smaller dimensions lying partly exposed and partly in the mud, near where the large one was found. The modern oak of this part of Ireland is not at all remarkable for its size.'

THE HAND.

[From 'Lays and Legends Illustrative of English Life,' by CAMILLA TOULMIN.]

'WHAT is it, fashioned wondrously, that, twin-born with the brain, Marks man from every manner thing that bounds across the plain, Or gambols in the mighty deep, or floats in summer air? What is the help meet for the mind, no lesser life may share? It is the Hand, the Human Hand, interpreter of will— Was ever servant yet so great, and so obedient still? Of all Creation's mysteries with which the world is rife, It seems a marvel to my soul but second unto life! How weak a thing of flesh it is, yet think what it has done, And ask from poor idolaters why it no worship won. How could the lordly forest trees first bow their heads to man, When with their ruined limbs he delved where veins of metal ran! Ho! ho! 'tis found, and his to know the secrets of the forge, And henceforth earth at his behest her riches must disgorge; And now the Hand has servants fit, it guides as it is schooled, To keep entire the perfect chain by which the world is ruled. For when the molten iron flowed into the first rough mould, The heritage of cunning craft was to the right hand sold; And it hath been a careful lord, improving every right, Until the mind is overawed by thinking of its might. How slender and how fair a thing is woman's soft white hand, Yet Saragozza's maid could seize the cannon's ready brand, And martyred Joan (but not of war or carnage would I tell, Unless the time were ripe, and mine the deep-toned honoured shell, Whose notes should be the requiem of the gory monarch dead— Whose laurels still, though steeped in tears, conceal his leprous head)! The harp is roused by fingers fair, where clinging jewels glow With light upon the awaking hand, like sunbeams upon snow; Entranced music's soul returns once more to earth again, A vassal to the hand that wills a ray or pensive strain. Yet think that hand which never yet knew weariness or toil, Whose fairness neither summer's sun nor winter's cold might spoil, Which doth not know a harsher rule than leisure's chosen toil, Is after all but fashioned like the trembling clanny thing With which the faded sempstress pale, in youth's yet early spring, Digs her own grave with needle small, through nature's drowsy night— Oh, when will fortune—justice too—unbind their eyes to light? How is it fashion's proud array, thus wove on death's own loom, Ne'er changes by a demon spell to trappings of the tomb? The painter bodied forth ideas, which on the canvas live, The sculptor bids the shapeless stone a form of beauty give; Wise Egypt's giant Pyramids by human hands were piled, To wrestle still with conquering time, though centuries have smiled With gentle touch to think how they sweep man from where he stands, Yet linger o'er the records of his wonder-working hands! It is a thought to lift the soul beyond its prison home, To ponder o'er such things as these beneath the fretted dome Of Gothic fane where erst have swept the serge-clad monkish train, Who sought to win their paradise by self-inflicted pain— Who never knew the worship true that life's pure joys impart— Yet what a weird and history is every human heart! Alas! material monuments too oft, like Babel's tower, But tell of human littleness, and not of human power! More subtle does self-evident than marvels such as these— Those spirit-deeds that leave behind but dream-like legacies— Nothing that sense can see or touch, but much that thought can keep. As when the stately ship is taught its pathway o'er the deep By one right hand that guides the helm, beneath the watchful crowd Of ever-silent stars that pierce through nature's nightly shroud. But thought is lost in many dreams of all the wondrous band Of things and deeds that owe their birth unto the Human Hand!

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JACOBINISM IN THE NURSERY.

It is fortunate for the adult, that children are dispersed in little parcels of four and a half individuals throughout private families; for, were it otherwise, they would certainly be found less manageable as a class than they are. Combined in masses—formed into unions—covenanted by charters—they might become seriously troublesome to papas and schoolmasters; and a servile might be found as nothing in comparison with an infantile war. I do not wish to see them become a rising generation in this sense; but I fully admit that we full-grown people give them all imaginable occasion for springing up in rebellion against us. The young are everywhere over the world an ill-used set of persons.

It is rather surprising, in an age when so many claims for class emancipation have been considered, that these should never have been the least attention bestowed upon the oppressed denizens of our fire-sides. Children are everywhere committed to an irresponsible power. Irresponsible power is acknowledged to be liable to great abuse. Yet we never think of children being in danger of suffering from this cause. There is here a selfish feeling which seems to preside in monarchists and republicans alike: all are decided for maintaining absolutism over the young. Let nations make themselves free from intruding conquerors, or sections of a people successfully assert their title to equal rights; but the young of every state, of every class, of every descent, must remain the thralls and serfs of their elders. There has never been any Tell, or Luther, or Wallace among the juveniles. And nobody dreams that there is the least occasion for such assertors of infantine liberty. Even philanthropists are silent upon this point. Nevertheless, I dare to believe that there is a vast tyranny in this department of our social economy, and that it calls for, and is capable of, remedy.

It is remarkable as, generally speaking, a well-meant tyranny. Big man wishes well to little man. Big man is anxious to make little man as good—that is, as like himself as possible. Big man would take a great deal of trouble, and even endure a considerable sacrifice of his own feelings, for the sake of little man. Witness the sufferings which big man often undergoes in thrashing little man. Witness the distress of mind which it often costs big man to deny indulgences to little man. The misfortune is, that big man is only a kind of child himself—an unenlightened impulsive being, who either does not know what he ought to do, or, if otherwise, cannot do it; so that little man has no chance of being rightly dealt with by him. It is much worse when big man comes to have a notion of duty towards little man; for then he only pursues his wrong courses with more doggedness or fury. The lashes inflicted, and the restraints imposed by conscience, are the most cruel of

all. Heaven pity little man when he falls into the hands of a papa with a conscience!

I entirely deny every pretended right of the adult to exercise any control over the young, beyond what is rigidly definable as moral influence. No control of a different kind from this is needed in the case; and no such control can be used without injury to both parties. Such control is therefore to be condemned. We have here a question taking its place beside that respecting the abolition of capital punishments, and others in which the precepts of pure Christianity, harmonising with the dictates of the highest philosophy, are proposed to be for the first time followed. The stripes, snuffings, scoldings, privations, prisonings, disgracings, with which children are visited by their protectors, for, as it were, a dispensation of the inferior feelings, which must pass away, along with all other systems having the same bad foundation. Reason and affection are the true bases of the relation of parent and child, as they are the bases of all good social relations; and I venture to propound that there is no more necessity for ever departing, with respect to the young, from the rules of courtesy and good-breeding, than there is in our intercourse with equals in the common world.

Adults who for the first time undertake the charge of a child, usually commence with a bustling, anxious feeling of responsibility, and a sad want of faith in human nature. The sense of a tremendous coming struggle with something singularly perverse and difficult, is upon them, and they rush into a fight with one who is without the power either to aggress or to defend. There is something almost ludicrous in this disproportion between the subject of treatment and the treatment itself. It is like attacking a fly in a full suit of armour. The young human being is, in reality, a simple, innocent, tractable sort of creature. He is absolutely the same as his pulcr, only without the wickedness and depraved reason which often belong to that person. Why all this terror about these poor harmless little men, as worthy Mr Burchell called them? The common feeling seems to be—he is a determined liar; let us flog it out of him: whereas it is only the natural and justifiable dread of these floggings which prompts the lie. He is sure to misjudge everything, and fall into irremediable error, if left to exercise his own reason: therefore let us force him to all the conclusions at which we have ourselves arrived: the consequence of which is, that his reason, not being exercised, becomes liable to errors which it would otherwise be in no danger of. He is wild and reckless, caring little for his parents and best benefactors: therefore let us assert due authority over, and exact due honour from him, the means taken for this purpose being exactly those which unavoidably alienate regard, and either excite rebellion or produce the worse evil of an utterly broken spirit. He has no liking for his tasks, or for

anything but play: therefore let us see to keep him at his books, and the more rigidly at those which he likes least; whence it results that the real aptitudes of the child for mental improvement are altogether misdirected, and he is inspired with disgust for what he might have otherwise embraced with eagerness. But, above all mistakes, is that of supposing that the better nature of a child is to be evoked and raised into the strength which we would desire to see it have in the full-grown man, by making him pass through a cold and cheerless youth. The very contrary is the case. A system of petty restraints and privations, of severe looks and incessant chidings, can only result in depraving the feeling, and perverting the reason of a young person. He is, in such circumstances, entirely out of harmony with nature. He is like a flower which requires light and warmth, placed in a cold cellar, where it never can acquire its proper proportions, or colouring, or vigour. It is quite impossible that a child so treated can ever attain to the proper characteristics of a well-constituted and healthy man or woman.

Many big-man tyrants would, I verily believe, willingly adopt a different system, if they could be convinced that little man is capable of being brought to reasonable perfection otherwise. Now, I admit that the ordinary plan has usage on its side; but I would say that it is not by any means clear that the usage has been successful, seeing that many youths grow up very differently from what is expected; and that the children of the more awfully good are sometimes remarked to turn out the worst. To come more closely to the point, I would ask if there be anything in our common experiences of life to prove the efficiency of a system of terror and severity. Is it not rather found, when we use violence in act or in speech towards our fellow-creatures, or in any way treat them derogatorily, that we lose all right control over them? Do they not then usually take a stand upon their firmness and self-esteem, and set us at defiance? How, then, should it be supposed that discourtesy, harshness, painful restrictions upon personal freedom, taunts, scoldings, or any other contumelious treatment, is to succeed with children? Is it not evident, since they have the same nature as ourselves, that such treatment can only rouse their inferior feelings, as it does our own, and render them just so much the more unfit subjects of all right influence?

It is not upon the strength of theory alone, that I venture to recommend the introduction into the nursery of the same principles which govern the drawing-room. My counsel is, that we should speak and act towards children upon the simple understanding that they are beings with feelings like ourselves, to be operated upon, as our own are, for good and for evil results. Seeing that we feel the force of kindness, of justice, and of reason, in our intercourse with society, I recommend that these principles alone should predominate in our relations with the young. I would never address to them a rude, harsh, or discourteous word; never exhibit before them any such passion as anger, or appeal to so mean a thing as punishment for effecting agreement with them. Coming before them simply as friendly associates, possessing some advantage over them in point of experience and maturity of judgment, I would look for influence over them, as far as I desired any, simply to the love which a long course of endearing conduct must unavoidably engender in their breasts. There is, in reality, less need for what is called influence over children than is generally supposed. To give their faculties a chance of being rightly developed, they should be allowed to work out much for themselves. If the circumstances in which they are placed be pure, they will be pure also: there is no need, in such a case, for the perpetual ordering and directing which some parents deem necessary. If they be made, as they ought to be, confidential equals and friends, authority will be found an absurdity; for who seeks to have an authority over his friends? The true influence is that of love and respect; the same power which enables one man to

acquire standing amongst others in the common world. With this aid, there is nothing impossible in the management of children. It is the silken tie which binds more fast than chains of iron. Thus treated, I conceive that the infantine mind would expand much more vigorously than it usually does under the rule of fear. The product must be a man instead of a slave.

It will appear to many that the impulses of a large proportion of children are not to be guided or controlled in this manner. There is sometimes seen in children, particularly of the male sex, a recklessness and waywardness which it does not appear that anything but force could duly govern. I question if such impulses are, except in a few cases, of an evil nature. Mere burstings of the spirit of enterprise and activity they mostly are, which it is only necessary to direct to good ends, in order to turn them to good account. Often what we complain of in children is the natural fruit of that system of force and fear upon which we have proceeded in our intercourse with them. With really evil dispositions, it might possibly be shown that the one system is no more efficient than the other.

Patrons of terror and severity—all ye who, from natural moroseness or mistaken dogmas, do what in ye lies to make children miserable—think for a moment what a terrible thing it is if ye be wrong in the course you take. Let the gentle innocence and helplessness of childhood plead with you for a reconsideration of your system. Reflect what it is to darken a sunshine which God himself has spread in the being of your little ones. Look forward to the day when ye shall be as children in the hands of those now young, and what it would be were they to visit your unresisting weakness with penalties such as ye now, with no better cause, inflict upon them in the morn and liquid dew of life. Oh, ponder well on these things, and so change your hand, and check your pride, that tears shall be dried, and the merry laugh introduced where it ought to be. What a rich reward will be yours in affection and true obedience, instead of the hypocritical docility which attends the system of terror! How delightful will it be to see minds thus allowed to expand to their fair proportions, instead of being cramped and withered by base cruelty! And how precious, above all estimation, will be the reflection, that, come what may of these children of your heart's hopes, at least one portion of their life has been, by your means, made a thing of beauty and a joy for ever!

THE HOME-WRECK.

FIRST PART.

A FEW years since I visited Devonshire to make the acquaintance of some distant relations, whom circumstances had prevented me from before seeing. Amongst others there was one who lived in a decayed family mansion about six miles east of the pretty town of Dartmouth. Before calling on her, I was prepared, by report, to behold a very aged and a very eccentric lady. Her age no one knew, but she seemed much older than her only servant—a hardy old dame, who, during the very month of my visit, had completed her ninety-ninth year.

The mistress never allowed any one to see her, save a young and interesting cousin of mine. She seldom went out except on Sundays, and then was carried to church in an old sedan chair by a couple of labourers, who did odd jobs of gardening about the house. She had such an insuperable objection to be seen by anybody, whether at home or abroad, that she concealed her face by a thick veil.

These, with other particulars, were narrated to me by my cousin as we rode towards Cote-down Hall, in which the old lady resided, and which, with the surrounding estate, was her own property. On approach-

ing it, signs of past grandeur and present decay presented themselves. The avenue leading to the house had evidently been thickly planted; but now only a few stumps remained to mark where noble and spreading elms once had been. Having arrived at the house, my cousin reined up at the steps of the hall, upon which she, in a low cautious voice, desired me to alight. Having assisted her out of her saddle, I was about to utter some exclamation of surprise at the extreme dilapidation of the place, when she whispered me to be silent, adding, that I must not stir until she had returned from within, to announce whether my visit would be accepted or not.

During her absence, I had full leisure to look around and note the desolate condition of Cooto-down. The lawn—thickly overspread with rank grass—could scarcely be distinguished from the fish-pond, which was completely covered with water-weeds. The shrubbery was choked and tangled, whilst a very wide rent in the wall laid open to view an enclosure which had been once a garden, but was now a wilderness. For a time the sorrowful effect which all this decay produced on my mind was increased by the extreme solitude which reigned around. This, however, was presently relieved by a cackling sign of life which issued from a brood-hen as it flew from the sill of a side-parlour window. On casting my eyes further into the landscape, I also perceived a very fat cow lazily browsing on the rich pasture of a paddock.

On turning round to view the house, new tokens of desolation were visible. Its shattered casements and worn-eaten doors, with tufts of weed growing at each corner, showed that for many years the front of the mansion had not been inhabited or its doors opened. One evidence of fallen grandeur was highly characteristic—over the porch the family arms had been carved in stone, but was now scarcely distinguishable from dilapidation: a sparrow had established a comfortable nest in the mouth of the helmet, and a griffin 'rampant' had fallen from his place beside the shield, and tamely lay overgrown with weeds.

These observations were interrupted by the light step of my cousin, who came to inform me that the lady of the house, after much persuasion, had consented to receive me. Conducting me to the back of the mansion, my fair guide took me through a dark passage into a sort of kitchen. A high and ample 'settle' stood, as is usual in farm-houses, before the hearth. In one corner of this seat reclined a figure bent with age, her face concealed by a thick veil. In the other corner was an old cheerful-looking woman busily knitting, and mumbling rather than singing a quaint old ballad.

The mistress of Cooto-down made a feeble attempt to rise when my cousin presented me; but I intreated her to keep her seat. Having procured a chair for my fellow visitor (for the old domestic took not the smallest notice of us, but went on with her work as if we were not present), I established myself beside the hostess, and addressed to her a few commonplace words of greeting. She replied in a voice far less feeble than I had expected to hear from so decrepit a person; but what she said was no answer to my salutation. She went on with surprising clearness, explaining to me the degree of relationship which we bore to each other, and traced my pedigree till it joined her own; continued our mutual genealogy back to the Damnonii of Cornwall, hinting that our ancestors of that period were large mining proprietors, who sold tin to the Phenicians! At first she spoke with doubt and hesitation, as if she feared to make some mistake; but the moment she got to where our branches joined—to the trunk, as it were, of our family tree—she went on glibly, like a child repeating a well-learned lesson. All this while the old attendant kept

up the unceasing accompaniment of her ballad, which she must have sung through several times, for I heard the first line—

'A ballie's daughter, fair was she'—

at least thrice.

Though I addressed several questions to my singular relation, she made no attempt to answer them. It seemed that what she had uttered was all she was capable of: and this, I learnt afterwards, was partly true. Circumstances of her early life had given her a taste for family history, particularly that of her own, and her faculties, though otherwise impaired, still retained everything relating to what concerned her ancestry.

On our way back from this singular scene, my cousin remarked that it had saddened me. 'It would sadden you more,' she continued, 'were you to know the history of the domestic wrack we have just left behind.'

'That is precisely what I intended to inquire of you.'

'It is a deeply affecting story; but'—and here the young lady blushed and hesitated:—'I think it would not be right in me to reveal it. I believe I am the only person existing who knows the truth; and the means by which I obtained my knowledge would be deemed scarcely correct, though not perhaps exactly dishonourable.'

This avowal sharpened my curiosity, and I intreated her to say at least how she became possessed of the story.

'To that there can be no objection,' was the reply. 'In one of my rambles over the old house, I espied in a small escritoire a packet of letters bound up in tape, which was sealed at the ends. The tape had, however, been eaten by moths, and the letters liberated from it. Female curiosity prompted me to read them, and they gave me a full exposition of our great-aunt's early history.'

During the rest of my stay in that part of the country, I never failed to urge my cousin to narrate the events which had brought Cooto-down to its present melancholy plight. But it was not till I called to take leave of her, perhaps for ever, that she complied. On that occasion, she placed in my hands a neatly-written manuscript in her own handwriting, which she said contained all the particulars I required. Circumstances have since occurred that render it not indidicately to me to publish the narrative, which I do with but little alteration.

In the middle of the last century the proprietor of Cooto-down was Charles James Hardman, to whom the estate lineally descended from a long line of ancestors. He was from his youth a person of an easy disposition, who minded very little, so that he could follow his ordinary amusements, and could see everybody around him contented; though his habits were too indolent to improve the condition of his dependents by any efforts of his own. At the age of twenty-five, he married the heiress of a baronet belonging to the northern side of the county. She was a beauty and a belle—a lady full of determination and spirit; consequently the very opposite to himself. She was, moreover, two years his senior. As was predicted by those who knew the couple intimately, the match was not productive of happiness, and they had been married scarcely a year and a half, when they separated. It appeared that this unpleasant step was solely the fault of the wife; and her father was so incensed at her rash conduct, that he altered his will, and left the whole of his property to Hardman. Meanwhile, it was given out that the lady had brought her lord a son, and it was hoped that this event would prove a means of reconciling the differences which existed between them. Despite all intreaties, however, Mrs. Hardman refused to return to her husband's roof.

Ten years passed, and she lived so completely in retirement, that she deprived herself even of the society of her child; for when the period of nursing was over, she sent him to Cooto-down Hall, where

he was educated. At the end of that period her father died; and, to her great disappointment, instead of finding herself uncontrolled mistress of a large fortune, she discovered it was so left, that unless she returned to her husband, she would be unable to benefit by it in the smallest degree. Mutual friends again interfered, and, after some difficulty, persuaded her to meet Hardman at her father's funeral, which she appeared to have no objection to attend. The happy result was, that a reconciliation took place, and she resumed her proper station as the lady of Coote-down Hall. It was, however, observed that, before she returned, the little son was sent away to continue his education in a foreign seminary.

Privy to all these arrangements, and in fact the chief mover in them, was Hardman's attorney. Such was the squire's indolence of disposition, that to this individual he confided everything; not only the management of his estates, the receipt and payment of all monies, but the arrangement of his most secret transactions. But, Mr Dodbury bearing the character of a highly just and honourable man, no suspicion ever existed that he abused the absolute, unbounded trust reposed in him in the slightest degree. Indeed, putting aside the native honesty of his character, his position in the district was so good, that it would have been very bad policy for him to jeopardise it by any abuse of the confidence reposed in him. Being the younger son of an ancient family, and a distant relation of Hardman, he was received in the best society. Dodbury was a widower, with an only daughter, an amiable and elegant girl. She was just budding into womanhood, when it was announced that the heir of Coote-down would shortly become of age, and that the event was to be celebrated with the utmost pomp. Many strange conjectures had for years been current to account for his being kept so long away from home; but they were partially silenced when it was known that the young man was on his way to his paternal roof.

Extensive preparations were made for his reception: all the tenantry not only of Coote-down, but those from the maternal estate near Ilfracombe, were invited to attend his debarkation at Dartmouth. The lawn, paddock, and parks, were strewn with tents for their accommodation, and refreshments of the most expensive kind were provided without limit. Several distinguished and noble friends of both families were invited to join in the festivities; and though every corner of Coote Hall, as well as the surrounding farm-houses, was made available for sleeping-room, yet there was not a bed to be had in Dartmouth a week before the day named in the invitations 'for love or money.' It appeared that the neglect which had been shown to young Hardman for so many years was to be atoned by the magnificence of the fête to celebrate his return.

Dodbury's share in managing the affairs of the family had declined every day since Mrs Hardman's resumption of her proper position as his patron's wife. She was a woman of strong intellect, and perfectly able to superintend what had been before so much neglected by her husband. She had an ambitious spirit, and Dodbury doubted not that the grand reception fête was organised for the purpose of carrying out some great project connected with her son.

The day of Herbert Hardman's arrival from France proved auspicious. It was a lovely day in the middle of June. When he landed at the village of Kingswear, opposite to Dartmouth, the fishermen saluted him with a discharge of all the firearms they could collect. His parents received him at the landing-place, his mother embracing him with every outward and public mark of affection. A long cavalcade followed the carriage, in which he was conducted to Coote-down Hall, consisting of the tenantry, headed by the most distinguished of his father's guests.

At the entrance of the domain, new tokens of welcome presented themselves. The gates were plentifully adorned with flowers, and at a turn of the thickly-

wooded avenue, an arch of garlands was thrown across the path. The lawn was covered with lads and lasses from the surrounding farms, who, when Herbert appeared, set up a joyous cheer, whilst the drawing-room windows of the house were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs.

The hall of the mansion was lined with servants, who obsequiously bowed as Herbert passed them. When he made his appearance in the drawing-room, there was almost a struggle amongst the ladies for the earliest honours of salutation. One maiden, however, stood apart, drinking in deeply the attestations of favour with which the heir of the estate was received, but too timid to share in, or to add to them. This was Miss Dodbury. The gentlemen, most of whom had accompanied Herbert from the landing-place, now joined the ladies; and Mr and Mrs Hardman entered the room amidst the hearty congratulations of their guests.

The fashionable dinner hour of that period was much earlier than at present, and but little time elapsed ere the important meal was announced. Mrs Hardman led forward a tall, handsome, but somewhat haughty-looking girl, whom she introduced to her son as the Lady Elizabeth Plympton, desiring him to lead her to the dining-room. She attentively watched Herbert's countenance, to observe what effect the damsel's beauty would create on him; but to her disappointment she saw that her son received her with no more than the politeness of a young gentleman who had been educated in France.

Nothing occurred during the day worthy of remark. The usual toasts and sentiments were drunk at the dinner-table, and the usual excesses committed; for at that time it was thought a mark of low breeding for a man to remain sober all the evening. Out of doors there were bullocks roasted whole, barrels of cider and butts of ale set constantly flowing, with dancing, cricket, and Devonshire skittles, and other country games and comforts, for the amusement of the peasantry.

About a fortnight after the rejoicings had subsided, Mrs Hardman, while conversing with her son on his future plans and prospects, startled him by inquiring whether he had formed any attachment during his residence in Paris? The young man hesitated for a short time, and declared that he had not; upon which Mrs Hardman asked, somewhat abruptly, what he thought of Lady Elizabeth Plympton?

'That,' returned Herbert, 'her ladyship is an extremely tall, handsome, proud girl, who would evidently glory more in breaking half-a-dozen hearts than in winning one.'

'Take care she does not break yours!' rejoined Mrs Hardman playfully.

'There is little fear of that, mother.'

Herbert was right. He had seen one of humble pretensions, but of unbounded worth, for whom he began to feel already a more than ordinary sentiment.

Months rolled past, and Herbert began to find his position at home far from agreeable. His father had sunk into a mere nonentity through his mother's superior energy. Hence, in her hands rested the happiness or misery of all connected with the household. It soon became evident that her grand project was to effect a marriage between Lady Elizabeth Plympton and Herbert; and when she found no inducement could warm her son's heart towards that lady, her conduct altered. From being kind and indulgent, she was exacting and imperious: an old and scarcely natural dislike of her son seemed to be re-awakened, and which she now took little pains to conceal. It was therefore to be expected that Herbert should spend as little of his time at home as possible. He became a frequent and welcome visitor to the happy and well-ordered house of the Dodburys.

The sharp eyes of the mother were not slow in detecting the attraction which drew Herbert so frequently to the lawyer's house. Though grievously disappointed, she was cautious. Nothing could be done at present; for, though her son was manifestly 'entangled,' yet no

overt declaration had been made, and there was nothing to act upon. She had the worldly foresight to know that opposition was food and fuel to a secret attachment, and abstained from giving grounds for the belief that so much as a suspicion lurked in her mind. In this way months rolled on, Herbert becoming more and more captivated. On the other hand, Miss Dodbury had striven against a passion with which she also had become inspired. Her father discouraged it, though tenderly and indirectly. It was a delicate matter for a man to interfere in, as no open disclosure had been made from either party; but this embarrassment, felt equally by the proud mother of the lover and the considerate father of the girl, was speedily but accidentally put an end to.

An equestrian party had been formed to see, from Berryhead, a large fleet which had been driven by a recent storm into Tor Bay. Mrs Hardman had purposely invited Catherine Dodbury, that she might observe her son's conduct towards that young lady; and extract from it a sufficient ground for taxing him openly with a preference for her over the belle she had chosen. It was a lovely day, and the party was all life and gaiety, as almost all such parties are; for nothing tends to raise the spirits so effectually as equestrian exercise.

Herbert laughed and chatted with the rest of the ladies, and seemed to pay no more attention to Catherine than was due to her as the belle of the party, which she was universally acknowledged to be. As, however, they passed over the drawbridge of the fort, built on the terminating point of the little promontory, they were obliged to dismount. Herbert offered Catherine his arm, and Mrs Hardman narrowly watched them. Her son said a few words in a low tone, which caused the colour to mount into the young lady's cheek; the listener overheard her reply—"Mr Hardman, it can, it must never be!" and withdrawing her arm from his, entered the fort unsupported. These words at once pleased and displeased the ambitious mother. The girl evidently did not encourage her son's suit—that favoured the Lady Elizabeth project; but, thought Mrs Hardman, drawing herself up to her full height, 'does a lawyer's daughter reject the heir of the Hardmans?'

The truth is, Hardman, the night before, had declared his love; it was on the drawbridge that he pressed her to give him hopes; but her reply repressed rather than encouraged them.

The servants had brought the horses into the fort, that, mounted, the spectators might see over the ramparts the noble scene which lay before them to greater advantage. The fleet consisted of a number of merchant vessels, with a convoy of king's ships, which were just preparing to sail out of the bay. When the men-of-war had spread their canvas, and begun to move, a salute was fired, quite unexpectedly by the visitors, from the fort. Catherine's horse immediately took fright, and darted across the drawbridge with the speed of lightning. Herbert lost not a moment, but spurring his own steed, galloped away, taking a circuitous route, lest the clattering of his own horse's hoofs should impel Catherine's to run the faster. On she sped, and as long as she remained within sight, her friends trembled lest some frightful catastrophe should happen. Presently she darted out of view. Herbert, meanwhile, galloped to meet her, and at last succeeded; but, alas! when it was too late to render any assistance. On coming up, he found both the horse and its rider prostrate, the latter motionless and insensible. He lifted her from the ground, and took her into a neighbouring house. The usual restoratives were applied without effect, and it was not till a surgeon appeared and bled the patient that any signs of animation returned. It was discovered that the right arm and three of the ribs on the left side were fractured. It was necessary that the utmost quiet should be observed, lest any further and more dangerous injury might, unknown to the medical man, have taken place.

Though, therefore, the whole party assembled near

the house, they were not allowed to enter it. Herbert insisted upon remaining with the father, despite Mrs Hardman's repeated strictures on the impropriety of his doing so.

TRAITS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

IN a former article we presented some snatches from Mr Wakefield's 'Adventures in New Zealand' relative to the scenery, produce, and capabilities of the country; we now glean some extracts illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives, and of their deportment towards the settlers. Amongst coloured races living in a state of barbarism, the New Zealanders are universally admitted to be pre-eminent both in physical development and in intellectual activity. They readily acquire the habits, modes of thinking, and arts of the white men; and consequently require to be treated with a candour and probity which would be disregarded by other savages. Bearing this characteristic in mind, the reader will be the better enabled to appreciate the observations and anecdotes of our youthful author.

The New Zealanders are very fond of joking, occasionally mingling with their wit the most pungent irony and sarcasm. In this way the early missionaries were frequently beguiled; mistaking ironical assertions for earnest intentions. It is to this characteristic also that we are to ascribe the prevalence of nicknames among the natives. The following is a pleasant instance of the propensity. 'During the time taken up in discussions, I had acquired a great many words of Maori, and began to understand a good deal, and make myself understood a little. I had become very good friends with the natives in various excursions ashore, and was designated by a nickname while here, which remained from this time my only name among them till I left the country. Some of the young people had made many attempts to pronounce "Edward Wakefield," on receiving an answer to their question as to my name. The nearest approach they could make to it was *Era Weke*, and some wag immediately suggested "*Tiraweke*," the name of a small bird which is very common in the woods, and known for its chattering propensities. As I had made it a point to chatter as much as possible with them, whether according to Maori grammar or not, they agreed that the sobriquet would do, and reported their invention at the pa. The old men and chiefs were not a bit behind their juniors in their hilarity and fondness for a joke, and never called me otherwise afterwards. They also christened Colonel Wakefield "*Wide-awake*," after some chief who had been so called by the flax-traders in former times; and this name also has clung to him ever since.'

The recent exhibitions of the Ojibbeway and Ioway Indians have rendered the public familiar with their war and other dances. It may not be uninteresting, by way of contrast, to learn how a war-dance and holiday is conducted by the savages on the other side of the globe. Such a fête took place on the day after the purchase of Port Nicholson. 'Canoes and parties on foot, glittering with their lately acquired red blankets and muskets, were all closing in upon the place of rendezvous; fresh smoke rose every moment on shore as a new oven was prepared for the feast; and Warepori and the other chiefs, who had slept on board, went on shore early to make the necessary preparations, accompanied by our carpenter, who was to superintend the erection of a small tree which the natives had procured for the purpose, as a flag-staff, close to the Pitone pa or native village. In the afternoon, on a signal from the shore, we landed in our boats with all the cabin party, and all the sailors that could be spared, to take part in the rejoicings. We were joyfully received by the assemblage, which consisted of about three hundred men, women, and children. Of these, two hundred were men, and had armed themselves with the hundred and twenty muskets they had received from us, spears, tomahawks, pointed sticks,

stone and wooden clubs, &c. Even a dozen umbrellas, which had formed part of the payment, figured in the ranks as conspicuously as the emperor of Morocco's son's parasol has figured in more recent battalions. Every one was dressed in some of the new clothes; their heads were neatly arranged, and ornamented with feathers of the albatross or huia; handsome mats hung in unison with the gay petticoats of the women and the new blankets of the warriors; the latter were bedizened with waistcoats and shirts, and belted with cartouch-boxes and shot-belts. It was high holiday with everybody; and a universal spirit of hilarity prevailed among the excited multitude.

Warepori was dressed in a large Russian cloak belonging to my uncle, to which he had taken a fancy, and brandished a handsome greenstone mero. His party having seated themselves in ranks, he suddenly rose from the ground and leaped high into the air with a tremendous yell. He was instantly imitated by his party, who sprang out of their clothes as if by magic, and left them in bundles on the ground. They then joined in a measured guttural song recited by their chief, keeping exact time by leaping high at each louder intonation, brandishing their weapons with the right hand, and slapping the thigh with the left as they came heavily upon the ground. The war-song warmed as it proceeded. Though still in perfect unison, they yelled louder and louder, leaped higher and higher, brandished their weapons more fiercely, and dropped with the smack on the thigh more heavily as they proceeded, till the final spring was accompanied by a concluding whoop which seemed to penetrate one's marrow. After this preparatory stimulant, the two parties ran down to the beach, and took up positions facing each other at about two hundred yards' distance. They then repeated the dance, and at its conclusion, the two parties passed each other at full speed, firing their guns as they ran, and took up a fresh position nearer to each other. Many of the women had joined in the wildest part of the dance, yelling and grimacing with as demoniacal a frenzy as any of the men.

Barbarously joyous and gay as these holiday warriors undoubtedly were, we have only to turn to their dwellings to perceive the thorough abjectness of uncivilised life. In the native villages there are always two kinds of houses, the *ware puni*, or 'house of rest,' and the *ware umu*, or 'oven house.' The former are exceedingly low, and covered with earth, on which weeds very often grow. They resemble in shape and size a hotbed with the glass off. A small square hole at one end is the only passage for light or air. I intended to creep into one of them to examine it; but had just got my head in, and was debating within myself by what snake-like evolution I should best succeed in getting my body to follow, when I was deterred by the intense heat and intolerable odour from proceeding. Many of them no doubt are much larger and more commodious. They are all, however, built on the same principle, of keeping in the animal heat, and are therefore most repulsive to a European. Some of them have their front wall removed back three feet from the front of the roof. In this case a nice airy veranda is formed, which makes a very good sleeping-place. The *ware umu*, or "oven-houses," have open walls, built of upright sticks at intervals of an inch or two. They have thatched roofs to protect the coals and the store of firewood, which is generally piled up inside in rainy weather. The open walls let out the smoke, and let in the air, and these kitchens are therefore much more adapted than the others for the bedroom of a traveller. At this time, too, the natives, although most of them professing Christianity, had by no means divested themselves of many of their ancient superstitions; one of which was a positive interdict against the very presence of food or drink in a *ware puni*. To light a pipe from the fire inside was considered equally sacrilegious. In order to avoid the inconvenience of these restrictions, and yet refrain from offending against any of the customs which I found

still revered by my kind hosts, I therefore found it much better to take up my abode in a *ware umu* or *ware kauta*, both which names apply to the kitchens. Here I had only to avoid one thing; namely, the hanging of food overhead; for this also is a terror, and, if done intentionally, a grievous offence to the Maori anywhere.

Having taken this survey of the New Zealander's bedroom and kitchen, we may as well glance at his mode of cooking, upon which even English gourmands have bestowed the most unqualified eulogiums. 'The maori "umu," or cooking-hole, is a very complete steaming apparatus, and is used as follows:—In a hole scraped in the ground, about three feet in diameter and one foot deep, a wood fire is first lighted. Round stones, about the size of a man's fist, are heaped upon the sagots, and fall among the ashes as the fire consumes the wood. When they are thus nearly red-hot, the cook picks out any pieces of charcoal that may appear above the stones, turns all the stones round with two sticks, and arranges them so as to afford a pretty uniform heat and surface. She then sprinkles water on the stones from a dried gourd, of which the inside has been hollowed, and a copious steam rises. Clean grass, milk-thistle, or wild turnip leaves dipped in water, are laid on the stones; the potatoes, which have been carefully scraped of their peel with cockle-shells, and washed, are placed on the herbs, together with any birds, meat, or fish that may be included in the mess; fresh herbs are laid over the food, flax baskets follow, completely covering the heap, and the mass is then buried with the earth from the hole. No visible steam escapes from the apparatus, which looks like a large mole-hill; and when the old hags—who know how to time the cookery with great accuracy, from constant practice—open the catacomb, everything is sure to be found thoroughly and equally cooked.'

It is well known that New Zealand has no native quadrupeds of any importance—the pig, ox, and horse, all being recent imports. The first horse was landed at Port Nicholson in 1840. Mr Wakefield, in 1841, rode from Wellington to Wanganui, and mark the consternation of the natives at the sight of this novel import. 'They fled yelling in all directions, without looking behind them; and as fast as I galloped past those who were running across the sandy flat, and up the steep path leading to the pa of Tilioc, they fairly lay down on their faces, and gave themselves up for lost. Half way up the hill I dismounted, and they plucked up courage to come and look at the *kuri nui*, or "large dog." The most amusing questions were put to me as to its habits and disposition. "Can he talk?" said one; "Does he like boiled potatoes?" said another; and a third, "Mustn't he have a blanket to lie upon at night?" This unbounded respect and admiration lasted all the time that I remained. The horse was taken into the central courtyard of the pa; and a dozen hands were always offering him Indian corn, and grass, and sow-thistles, when they had learned what he really did eat; and a wooden bowl full of water was kept constantly replenished close to him; and little knots of curious observers sat round the circle of his tether-rope, remarking, and conjecturing, and disputing about the meaning and intention of every whisk of his tail or shake of his ears.'

By Mr Wakefield's narrative we find graphic accounts of tattooing, native burial, hospitality, and the like; but these we pass by for more interesting matter; namely, his account how a Scotch emigrant farmer dealt with and overcame the obstructions of the natives. Bell had located at Wanganui, built a house, stocked a garden, and was clearing his land. 'During the progress of the ploughing, E Waka used to come and watch, and keep walking by the side of the old farmer, telling him he should plough no more. But Bell pretended not to understand him, and smiled at him, and jeered the bullocks, and warned E Waka to get out of the way of them when they turned, and ploughed on. E Waka got furious; but Bell wouldn't look a bit frightened, and told him he didn't understand him: "He must go to the boys,"

meaning his own sons; "they'd talk Maori to him;" as he fed the bullocks, and ploughed on. The patience of E Waka soon got exhausted, and he retired sulkily towards the house, after putting in some pegs a few yards beyond where Bell had got to, pointing to that as his ultimatum. And while the goodwife gave him a large mess of bread and milk, or a smoking dish of pork and potatoes, and the sons and daughters chatted good-humouredly to him while they built a pigsty or put up a stock-yard, old Bell was ploughing on. And E Waka ate and smoked, and basked in the sun, wondering at the industry of the pakcha, till he got sleepy, and crept back to his village for the day.

The next morning, however, he would be a-foot pretty early, to besiege the pakcha maro, or "hard white man," as he called him. But he was never early enough; and the first sight that met his eyes was always his *bête noire*—the team of bullocks, and the old man trudging steadily along the fresh furrows. E Waka would begin by looking for his pegs, and hunt about for a long while, grumbling and puzzling, before he found out that the plough must have gone over them some hours ago, if not the evening before. And while he was hunting, the plough sped quietly on. Then came the remonstrance, and the slugging of the shoulders, and the fury, and the good-humoured indifference, and the reference to the boys, and the meal, and the sleepiness, and the return home, and the careful pegging of the ground as before. The same story over again! No patience could stand it. Old Bell and the team went on—slow, sure, and regular as the course of the sun.

And besides, on one occasion when E Waka had brought a large troop of attendants, and threatened to commit some violence, the old man had called his stalwart sons to his side, and taking up a spade or a plough-share, had said, in broad Scotch, while his resolute looks and prepared attitude interpreted his words into a universally-intelligible language—"Dinna ye think to touch a thing that's here aye; for if ye do, by the God that's abune us, I'll cleave ye to the grund! A bargain's a bargain; I've paid ye richt and fair, and I'll gar ye keep to it." And then E Waka would look frightened, and begin to thirp his good dairy meal was better than a blow of old Bell's weapon, and peace was soon restored.

And when the ploughing was done, the planting potatoes was too amusing to be interfered with, for they ridiculed the idea of expecting any crop from potatoes cut into small pieces. "Bide and see," said the old man; and they waited with anxiety for the time of crop; and the report spread far and wide that the old pakcha with the cows was very good and brave and industrious, but that he was certainly gone *porangi*, or "mad," for he had cut up his seed potatoes before he put them in. "Poor old man!" they said; "his troubles must have turned his head—such a very absurd idea!" But the crop came better than their own from whole potatoes; and they stared, and found that the foolish old man could teach them some lessons in growing food, and they soon honoured him as much for his knowledge as they had learned to stand in awe of his courage and resolution.

And though they have not yet allowed him to use the whole of his section, he has now fifty acres under plough cultivation, sends grain and grass-seed enough to Wellington to pay for the luxuries which his family require, owns several cows and a flock of sheep, calls himself the "Laird of Wanganui," and gives harvest-home festivals. He talked of buying a horse, and caring for no man, when I last saw him.

But, unfortunately, all settlers have not the admirable qualities of William Gordon Bell, who has indeed shown a great example of success against the numerous difficulties which staggered lesser men.

As a counterpart to the conduct of E Waka, we may transcribe our author's picture of the chief of Horowenua:—"Watanui was perhaps one of the native chiefs who best appreciated the value of the white man's

presence and brotherhood. He had adopted the Christian faith very warmly, and without in the least injuring his authority, for either he himself or his second son always read the prayers and enforced the performance of the Christian observances. He had always adopted a great degree of civilisation. His house and clothes were always kept scrupulously clean; he and all his family wore clean clothes, and washed with soap in the stream every morning. The cooking was attended to with great care, and the food was always served up on carefully-scrubbed tin plates. In short, whenever I spent an hour at this little village, I felt that it was the residence of a gentleman. There was a quiet unobtrusive dignity in the well-regulated arrangements of the whole establishment. The slaves did their work without orders and without squabbling; a harsh word was hardly ever heard. Every one vied in a tacit wish that the old gentleman should be comfortable; and it was pleasing to see him sitting in the house almost always surrounded by some of his family—the men all well shaved and combed, the women in clean frocks and blankets—busy at some sewing or other work; while his son or his daughter-in-law would be kindly teaching him to write on a slate. I remember how proud he was when he could write his name, and with what genuine kindness he pointed out his son Tommy's wife as having succeeded in teaching him. The family of Watanui, so united and homely, were indeed a notable instance of the success of Mr Hadfield's sweet and gentle teaching.

All the New Zealanders, however, were neither E Wakas nor Watanuis. Some were jealous and troublesome, others treacherous and bloodthirsty; many idle, and inclined to loiter with the white settler; but the great majority, it must be owned, were active, intelligent, and given to trade and barter. On the whole, they are vastly superior to the other Polynesian natives, and, if properly dealt with, appear more likely to amalgamate with the white settler.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.

At the present time, when the subject of education is so eagerly and universally discussed, it is thought that a sketch of English university life will be acceptable to the readers of this Journal. As the writer is a member of the university of Cambridge, reference will be made principally to it in particular; but his remarks will occasionally be applicable to Oxford also.

The university of Cambridge consists of seventeen colleges, each of which is perfectly independent of the others, has its own master, fellows, tutors, and lecturers, and its yearly or half-yearly examinations of its own students, who are rewarded from the funds of the college. These rewards consist either of an annual emolument, such as scholarships, sizarships, exhibitions; or are given in the form of books, silver cups, &c. No college, however, has the power of conferring a degree. This is the office of the university as a collective body.

Each college furnishes, in proportion to its size, members of the ruling body—the senate. The examiners for public or university (as distinguished from college or private) examinations, are chosen by the senate, and are always at least of the standard of master of arts.

I will now describe the mode of admission to the university. Suppose you have fixed on what college you would wish to belong to, you write to the tutor of that college, and send a certificate signed by some master of arts; which certificate is generally to the purport that he has known you a certain time, and can testify to your moral character. With this you also send your caution money, which amounts to £10 if you enter as a sizar, to £15 if as pensioner, £25 if as fellow-commoner, or to £50 if a nobleman. Some colleges also

require a certificate of baptism.* If you are poor, you will probably enter yourself at a college where there are plenty of sizarships; that is, certain emoluments. The obtaining of these is in some colleges a matter of interest, but in others requires you to pass an examination with other competitors, and the vacancies are filled up by the most meritorious. If money is no object, you enter as a pensioner (take care the name does not mislead you, for no pension will you receive). Of this class are the great majority of the students.

If you are of wealthy family, or allied to nobility, you will enter as fellow-commoner, and have the pleasure of dining with the fellows of your college, be excused, at certain colleges, lectures and other duties to a great extent, and, moreover, be entitled to wear a more gaudy gown than your fellow-students. Pensioners and sizars differ chiefly in name. It often happens that those who, from want of ability or previous training, fail to obtain sizarships, remain as pensioners—of course at greater expense. The time of entry is generally from January to June, and you get into residence in the October following. If you have entered at either of the large colleges—Trinity or St John's—you will probably be obliged to go into lodgings in the town, owing to there being no rooms vacant in college. Of these there are a very great number licensed by the university authorities; and you must not take any lodgings but such as are licensed. However, any respectable person can obtain a license, the only object of licensing being to prevent people of improper character from setting up as lodging-house-keepers. At the small colleges, and sometimes at Trinity and St John's, there are generally rooms vacant, into which you enter as soon as you arrive. The suite of apartments generally consists of three rooms—a bedroom, a sitting-room (or keeping-room, as it is called), and a gyp-room—which is a sort of pantry or closet for all sorts of purposes.

You are waited on by a woman, who goes by the name of bed-maker, although, in fact, bed-making is only a very small part of her duty. She lights your fire, brings as much bread and butter (or commons) from the college butteries as you order, lays your breakfast things, fills your kettle, dusts your keeping-room, and then goes off to perform similar offices for the rest of her masters, of whom each bed-maker has seven or eight. She comes again to clear away; and so on three or four times in the day, to set your tea things, &c. Dinner she does not prepare, as you dine in the college hall at four o'clock. In fact she has nothing at all to do with cooking: you prepare your own breakfast, make your tea yourself, and live, in short, a thorough bachelor's life. The bed-makers are generally the wives of respectable artisans in the town. Some interest is required to obtain the place; and youth is, for obvious reasons, no recommendation.

I will suppose that you have just arrived, and called on your tutor. He will take you, and send his servant with you round the college, show you the vacant rooms, of which, if you are an early comer, you will have your choice. If others have been before you, you must take what you can get. The different sets of rooms vary considerably in rent, according to size, condition, situation, &c. Those who can afford the expense, and require a great deal of waiting upon, hire a 'gyp'; that is, a manservant.† Hardly any, however, have a gyp entirely to themselves, but are content with the services of one who, like the bed-makers, has several other masters. In the first few interviews with the tutor, you will learn what are your college duties. Every college has its chapel, in which the prayers are read morning and evening, the hours being generally seven in the morning and six in the evening. You will be obliged to keep nine 'chapels' a-week, two on Sunday counting

for three. The mode of ascertaining your presence is by marking. In the large colleges, three or four men stand in the ante-chapel with lists of the men in their hands, and make a mark opposite your name as you go in. In some small colleges, the marking is done by one man, who goes into the chapel and marks as the service is going on; a much less reverent process than the other. The college gates are closed at ten o'clock, after which you cannot go out; and there is a small fine for coming in after ten. If you are after twelve o'clock, your name is sent in by the porter to the dean, and you will have to suffer a reprimand. To come in after one o'clock, and especially to stay out all night, is a very grave offence, and is punished with great severity.

The dean's office is to look after the morals of the men, and punish all kinds of irregularity. The chief items of offence are, neglecting chapel, and coming in late, or, still worse, staying out all night. Of punishments there are all grades, from simple reprimanding to expulsion from the university. For the first two or three offences, or for occasional irregularity, in men who are generally steady, he only sends a message; the marker in hall comes up to you and says, 'The dean requests you will keep nine chapels,' which is a warning that the dean is on the look-out for your delinquencies. 'Gating,' being restricted liberty, is a heavier visitation. If you are 'gated' for ten o'clock, you must be in college before ten; that is, your privilege of being out till twelve or one is taken away. If you are 'gated' for six o'clock, you must be in and not go out after six o'clock; and so on. Such restrictions are a great annoyance to the 'rowing men' (not boating men, but men fond of a row, otherwise called *fast men*), for it puts a stop to all supper parties, unless, indeed, in their own college. 'Breaking-gates'—that is, coming in after the time—is a serious offence. 'Walling' is the *ac plus ultra* of 'gating'; for by it you are confined to the college walls, beyond which you must not go.

'Rustication,' or temporary exclusion, is one of the final edicts of college law. A man may be rusticated—that is, sent down into the country—for any period, according to the magnitude of his offence. The general term of rustication is for a year; sometimes, however, it extends to two or three years, or even for ever. This last, or rustication *sine die*, is only a milder mode of expulsion, the difference between them being this—a man who is expelled from the university is rendered in some degree infamous. He cannot enter the church or any liberal profession, such as law or physic; neither can he enter at Oxford or Dublin, nor any Scotch university. Rustication *sine die* is a milder mode of getting rid of a man. He is cut off for ever from his own university, but may enter any other, or engage in law, &c. There are other intermediate and different modes of punishment for various offences. At some colleges, you are required to attend hall five times a-week, and always on Sunday. During the Newmarket races you must appear in hall every day. The object of this is to prevent the sporting students from attending the races, which, as they take place only twelve miles from Cambridge, might be conveniently done, were the men not obliged to be back by four o'clock. Yet as it is, numbers of them contrive to do it; and you will see the grooms standing ready to take their horses, and others with caps and gowns (you dine in hall with your gown on), ready for them to go into hall directly they get back. What the dean is in the college, the same to a great extent is the proctor in the university. There are two proctors elected every year, and two pro-proctors to assist them. Their office is to search all houses of ill-fame; and if any university-man is found there, he is at their mercy. Drunkenness, talking with girls on the street, and such misbehaviour, as well as all breaches of university discipline, are under their cognisance. Smoking on the streets is forbidden. The next point to be explained is the course of study.

There are two classes of students: those who are

* At Trinity college they examine previously to admission.

† For this the permission of parents is necessary.

reading for honours, and those who merely wish to get their degree with the least possible work. It is perfectly optional to which class you belong. A great many who begin with reading for honours get tired, or find that, from insufficient previous preparation, they are unable to compete successfully with others. They then give up their first intentions, and at last offer themselves as candidates for what is termed the 'ordinary degree of B.A.' (Bachelor of Arts). The others, or honour men, or candidates for honours, take what is called an 'extraordinary degree'; that is, not, as might be supposed, the degree of M.A., or Master of Arts, which all are entitled to take at the end of three years, but a high place in the list of mathematical or of classical honours.

Every one who is a candidate for the degree of B.A. must pass an examination. Candidates for the ordinary degree—who, on account of their being rather the larger class, are called poll-men, from a Greek word meaning 'the many'—are examined in one Greek and one Latin author, the Greek Testament, Paley's Moral Philosophy, and a little elementary mathematics. The subjects are fixed, and every one knows what he has to prepare. The selected Latin and Greek authors, however, vary every year, as also the parts of Paley; but these things are made public two years or so before the time of examination. The examination for honours is very different.

The subjects of examination here embrace nearly the whole extent of present mathematical science. From Euclid and arithmetic, the course extends up to the highest branches of physical astronomy and the theories of light and heat, and comprises algebra; trigonometry, plane and spherical; conic sections, and application of algebra to geometry; geometries of three dimensions; differential and integral calculus, including differential equations and calculus of variations; elementary mechanics; analytical statics and dynamics; hydrostatics; optics, including the undulatory theory; plane astronomy, and lunar and planetary theories. No one knows beforehand what questions will be proposed in any of these subjects.

If a man intends to be a candidate for classical honours, he is required to become previously a candidate for mathematical honours, and to obtain a place in the list. If he is rejected (as several first-rate classics almost every year are), he cannot go into the classical examination; and this, as might be expected, is a source of extreme vexation and perpetual complaint amongst the classics of the university.

Those who are sufficiently acquainted with mathematics to pass this ordeal—and many every year take high place in both—are at liberty to offer themselves for the classical examination, which consists of selections from Greek and Latin authors to be translated into English, and English prose and poetry to be turned into Greek or Latin, besides numerous critical and historical questions.

To prepare the men for these final examinations, each college has its lectures, which are of all degrees of merit, according to the ability of the lecturer and his aptitude for teaching. The lecturers are almost always selected from the fellows of the college; and accordingly those colleges whose fellows are the best mathematicians or classics have the best lectures. Trinity and St John's, on account of the high standard required to obtain a fellowship in them, are the best off in this respect. The lectures last for one hour, and are generally given from eight o'clock in the morning till nine, from nine to ten, or from ten to eleven; each college having different lectures for different sets of men, according to their proficiency. No lectures are given in the evening. Here, again, most people will be apt to make a mistake. The word *lecture* is not an appropriate one; for these so-called lectures are in fact *examinations*, interspersed certainly with an explanation now and then; but their main feature is examination. We shall suppose it is a mathematical lecture.

The tutor gives out a number of questions on the particular subject he is lecturing on; these questions you write down, and spend the rest of the hour in answering them on paper. The examinations often range beyond university subjects.

The reader will naturally enough think that if the lectures are thus conducted, there is not much scope for the display of ability on the part of the lecturer. But a good man at explanation will always evince it somehow or other in his lecture; either by going over the subject before he gives out his questions, or by looking over the papers of the students carefully, and correcting any mistakes into which they may have fallen. A really good lecturer, however, is a rarity in Cambridge. Classical lectures are of course on a different plan. There each man is called upon in turn to translate a portion of the book which happens to be the subject of examination, and is asked grammatical and historical questions on it.

These lectures are the only mode in which the student receives instruction from the college. One of the most important features, however, in university education remains to be described. I allude to the private tutors.

There are very few, indeed, of the reading-men (or, in fact, of the poll-men either) who do not engage a private tutor. Some, of course, mathematical, others classical, and a few reading with both a mathematical and classical tutor. These tutors are generally men who have taken the highest honours in mathematics or classics. They are totally independent of the college, though a great number of them are fellows of their respective colleges, and reside in college. Their pupils go to them every day, or every other day, just as the pupil chooses, paying accordingly. The charge is fixed by custom at £7 a term for a half pupil, and £14 for a whole pupil. As I have mentioned the word 'term' here, and as there may be some who do not exactly know the meaning of it, I may as well state that it is that period during which the student is obliged to reside in Cambridge. Men are often allowed, however, to 'keep' half terms; that is, are compelled to reside for half a term. The times at which the terms commence and end may be found in any almanac. The term in which the student generally comes up for the first time is the Michaelmas, which begins October 10, and ends December 16. Then there is a vacation till the 13th of January, when he must come up again during the Lent term, which, being dependent on Easter, is of uncertain length. Then comes another vacation of about three weeks, at the end of which he must come up and reside till the middle of the Easter term, about the end of May or beginning of June. There is a peculiarity in this term which, so far as college business and residence is concerned, actually ends at the division, although in the almanacs you will find its nominal end to be in July.

Then comes the long vacation, or, as it is briefly called here, 'the long,' which lasts between four and five months; so that, on the whole, the student is not obliged to reside in Cambridge more than half the year. A great number, however, whose colleges are distant, or who think they can read better or live more agreeably in Cambridge, remain up during the shorter vacation; but in the long vacation there are comparatively few, and those chiefly hard-reading men, who cannot afford to be without the assistance of their private tutor for so long a time. There are, however, reading parties formed very often, who start off for some watering-place or attractive spot, such as the Isle of Wight, Jersey, Walce, and even the Highlands of Scotland. The charge for reading as half pupil during 'the long' is £15; £30 if you go every day to the tutor. As may be readily supposed, the tutor, tired of the monotony of Cambridge life, is not unwilling to join four or five equally weary undergraduates in one of these pleasant excursions, or perhaps a tour on the continent, whereby recreation may be mixed with duty. Sometimes, if report speaks true, these reading parties end with less profit to the student than is anticipated.

The mode of teaching adopted by the private tutors is similar to that of the college lecturers; namely, by giving the pupils papers of questions on the subjects they have been reading, and then looking over the answers, and explaining any errors into which they may have fallen; suggesting better methods; and in mathematics, giving examples and problems illustrative of the different theories, so as to test the pupil's knowledge of the subject, and to prepare him for similar problems in the college examination papers, and also those given in the senate-house.

A great deal of a man's success depends on the character of his private tutor. If he is careless and indifferent to the progress of his pupils, or if he is not qualified for his office by the possession of thorough knowledge, united with a clear manner of explaining difficulties, his services will be of little value. One mistake seems to be especially prevalent amongst the students in their choice of a private tutor; and that is, looking out solely for one who took a high degree, without ever stopping to inquire into his qualifications as a teacher. The writer is acquainted with numberless instances in which this folly meets with its natural consequences. The senior wrangler, or second, third, fourth wrangler, as it may be, is found out to be either a careless man, or, more frequently, a man totally incapable of explaining, or at any rate a very bad hand at it. In consequence of this mania for high wranglers, there are several tutors completely blocked up with pupils: there is no possibility, by stinting the other pupils of their proper attention, of cramming in another pupil. The ill effects of one tutor having more pupils than he can manage are very evident. Many of them, too, have no idea of arranging the time to be given to each pupil, and there is, consequently, endless confusion and grumbling. Of course there are some who, to the highest attainments, unite also great perspicuity in explanation. Such are deservedly popular. There is one senior wrangler in particular, whose admirable arrangement of his pupils, and facilities of communicating his own profound acquirements, have for the last six or seven years made him the best college tutor, as well as the best private tutor, in the university.

The great object of the tutor is to prepare his men for the college or senate-house examination. As the number of subjects introduced into those examinations is very great (which may be seen from the list given above), so great, indeed, that only those who are very well prepared before entering the university are able to read them all, it is a primary object to read only those subjects, and those parts of a subject, which will 'pay' well in these examinations. It is therefore not so much the object to study fully any one department of mathematical science, as to select from each those portions in which the student is most likely to be examined. Whatever is learnt, however, must be learnt thoroughly. If there is any place in the world where rigid accuracy is required, it is in Cambridge. No superficial notions or 'half-baked' ideas will do the possessor any service. What is done must be done well. And yet the system has many serious disadvantages connected with it.

Studying and choosing necessarily involves the following evils. The student is hurried from subject to subject at such a rate, that he has no time to get interested in any one. Now, unless a man is interested in any science, it is very questionable whether he will ever attain a thorough knowledge of it; and he will certainly never make any discoveries in it. I will suppose that you come up with no preparation, or a very slender one—such as, having read your Euclid and algebra. Your private tutor marks in your book those portions which are likely 'to be set'—that is, in which you will probably be examined—and you go day after day to him for a paper of questions on the parts thus marked out. You must write out the answers to all these questions in your tutor's room, with perfect accuracy; and you must go over the ground in this way so often, that you are certain of being able to do

the same in the college examination. When you have thus finished your algebra, your tutor will not allow you to delay any longer over that, but makes you begin plane trigonometry, marking out as before in the book those portions most likely to be set; and so on through the whole course, or as great a part of it as you have time to get through—the object in all this plainly being, not so much to gain a knowledge of the science, as to answer certain questions in that science. The consequence is, not one in a hundred ever gets any love of science for its own sake by this process of study. Those who have any love of it, had it before they came to college. The majority, however, even of those who rank high in the list of wranglers, give up all scientific pursuit as soon as they leave college. The hopes of a fellowship, or the necessity of gaining a living by private tutoring, or as public schoolmasters, has been their sole inducement to make the efforts they have made; and as soon as the stimulus ceases, the work stops. It has long been a matter of surprise to the public, that of scientific inventions, or literary works in general, so small a portion should belong to men educated at the universities. Oxford does not pretend to teach science; and it appears from what has been said, that Cambridge teaches it in a very unattractive way. For the correctness of my assertions, I would appeal to any reader who is acquainted with the university: the inferences of course are my own.* There are a few who come up as well prepared, that they are able to enter more fully into the respective branches of the science, and to acquire an interest in them independent of extraneous circumstances. But these are extremely rare. The generality fug away in a sort of apathetic indifference to anything but the reward. This state of things is partly occasioned by the nature of the treatises in use at Cambridge, nearly all of which are deficient in elementary instruction, and easy examples. They may be considered as synopses of the subjects of which they treat, the deficiencies being expected to be supplied by the lecturers and private tutors. Many of them are perfectly unintelligible without such assistance. The works of Dr Hymers are, upon the whole, an exception to this remark, and also those of Dr Whewell. It may occur to the reader to ask what is done by the university professors? There are professors of mathematics, natural philosophy, chemistry, geology, &c.; but their lectures are attended almost exclusively by those who have taken their degree. Most of them are, I believe, good lecturers; but they are useless, and in fact not intended for the undergraduate, who, generally speaking, has neither time nor money to spend on them.

I have dwelt longer on these points, because of their importance to the progress of knowledge, and the

* A Cambridge gentleman favours us (editor) with the following note upon the above paragraph. We insert his remarks for the purpose of showing what may be said on the opposite side, though we do not coincide in his opinions:—

"The accuracy which the writer describes as required in examinations and by tutors, is surely one of the best possible methods of disciplining the mind to accuracy in reasoning and everything else—the very advantage which mathematical studies have always been supposed to possess beyond all others. It is not to be expected or desired that every one should turn out an Airy or a Herschel; but I utterly deny that such men as Lyndhurst, Alderson, Biot, Stebbins, Jacob, Pollock, Tindall, Sedgwick, bishops without end, &c.—all men who have taken high honours, and submitted to this drudgery, as the writer describes it—have not received the greatest advantage from the training to accuracy of reasoning in their various professions, in which they have become eminent, from the course of study and mind-strengthening undergone in the universities. It is preposterous to assert that those only derive advantages in after life from university studies who have continued to make those identical studies their profession. I certainly think that much more good is done, as far as discipline of the mind is concerned, by a brief and general course of reading, accurately followed, than by loosely rambling over a subject which happens to take the fancy. There is some truth in these observations about picking pieces 'likely to be set,' as applied to the lower men; but all the better ones read what may be called connected selections, and I do not think, if these selections are well made, the plan at all stands in the way of acquiring a large extent of useful knowledge."

misapprehensions, or rather ignorance, which prevails with regard to them: People who have not the advantage of a university education, are very apt to overrate it, and to fancy that, were they 'at the seat of learning,' they should, almost of necessity, become learned. They think, too, that if they could devote their whole time to reading, their progress would be proportionally rapid. This is a very great mistake. Experience in this, as in all other things, is the only way to convince men of their error. The mind gets tired and sick of being confined to one pursuit, especially the dry, uninteresting, and even repulsive course of Cambridge 'cramming;' and not a year passes without adding its victims to the drudgery undergone by men in the way I have described. Not one in fifty, even of the reading men at Cambridge, have any notion of science as anything but a 'bore,' a 'nuisance,' or a 'scedy thing,' such being terms in use at Cambridge. No wonder that Cambridge is taking no part in the onward movement of the age. The reason is easily given; it offers no inducements but pecuniary ones, and those very small, for the cultivation of science; and it moreover exhibits science in a form anything but amiable. The undergraduate thinks only of the situation he may obtain by his degree, and the fellow thinks only of the college-living he may become entitled to at some period of his life. While such a system lasts, the present extensive dissatisfaction with our universities must continue.

Three years and three months is the time the student has to reside before he can obtain his degree. The public examination at the end of his course has been mentioned already: there is another public—or university—examination about the middle of the three years, which is indispensable for all. It is called by the university the 'previous examination,' but passes generally by the name of the 'little go,' or 'small go,' in contradistinction to the final one, or the 'great go.' There are no mathematics required in it. One of the gospels in Greek, one Greek and one Latin author, are annually selected—besides which there are certain portions of Paley's Evidences and the Old Testament history. These are the subjects of examination. The place of examination is the senate-house. It may as well be mentioned here, that all university (and most college) examinations are conducted by means of printed papers of questions, which have not been seen by any one but the examiners, till they are placed before the persons to be examined. Nothing is allowed but pen, ink, and paper. A certain time is allowed for answering the questions, and at the end of that time no one is permitted to write a syllable more. Part of the 'little go' examination consists, however, of *viva voce* translations and questions. In the final one, all is done in writing. The strictest impartiality is generally observed; I may say always, so far as regards the final mathematical examination; and the cases of partiality in the others are extremely rare. Complaints on this score are scarcely ever heard. I believe that, in the most important ones, the examiners have to take an oath that they will do strict and impartial justice; and very seldom, indeed, is any one found who does not acquiesce in their decision in his own case as well as in others. Of course there is a good deal of speculation beforehand as to what questions are likely to be set, and much grumbling at hard papers, or at the short time allowed for a long paper.

When a man is rejected at an examination he is said to be 'plucked.' You will often hear it said of an idle or stupid man who is going in to an examination, 'he is a dead pluck;' meaning he is sure not to pass it. Those who are plucked either at the 'little' or 'great go' must try their luck again. There are cases in which men get so disgusted at repeated failures, that they leave the university in despair.

The candidates for honours at the final examination are arranged by the examiners, after looking over their answers to the questions proposed, in three classes, ac-

cording to merit. Those in the first class are termed Wranglers, those in the second Senior Optimes, and those in the third Junior Optimes. There are some who have not merit enough to be classed at all, who yet are allowed their degree, and these are said to be 'in the gulf.' The last Junior Optime is called the Wooden Spoon.

OCASIONAL NOTES.

INFLUENCE OF NEWLY-BUILT HOUSES ON HEALTH.

DR REIDEL of Berlin, in a paper of great merit and interest, has recently directed attention to the injurious influence of newly-built houses on the health and life of their occupiers. After mentioning the intimate connexion kept up between the external air and the human organisation, through the medium of the skin and lungs, he refers to experience to show the slow and dangerous diseases to which inhabitants of such houses are exposed, and considers it therefore to be the duty of the sanitary police to remove or check those evils by means of prohibitory measures. It is well known that the atmosphere is composed of nitrogen, oxygen, and carbonic acid, in certain definite proportions, and that less or more of invisible vapour is always dissolved in it. Anything which tends to derange this normal composition must be injurious to the human system; and it is Dr Reidel's object to show that newly-built apartments are a fertile source of such derangement. *First*, In new houses there is generally an increased proportion of water in the atmosphere which we breathe. This arises from the wooden materials, which may be too new and damp; from the stone-work, which only becomes dry after long exposure; or from the materials used for cementing the stones, and for colouring and varnishing the walls. The walls of those houses remain damp longest which have been plastered immediately after their completion, because the dried lime forms an external layer very difficult of penetration. As accidental causes, which may render houses damp, it is necessary to mention wet weather when building, damp situations, large cellars, and enclosures by other high edifices, which prevent the free access of sun and wind. *Second*, The proportion of carbonic acid is diminished by the mortar which attracts it from the air; it may also be attracted by certain colours, such as those containing acetate of copper. No direct injury would, however, be caused by the diminution of carbonic acid, as it belongs to the matters given off by the lungs and skin. *Third*, Certain deleterious ingredients, arising from the new materials, are mixed with the air. Thus particles of lime have been proved beyond doubt to exist in the atmosphere of new habitations, being suspended by the evaporation of the moisture; oils and metallic colours also less or more evaporate. Combinations of lead, copper, and arsenic are employed in the preparation of painters' colours; and many of these volatilise, and may be taken into the system. Besides these, there are different chemical exhalations from new wood, mould, fungi, and grasses, which arise and putrefy in damp habitations.

Attention has also been directed to the mould with which the furniture of newly-built houses is covered, and to the constant moisture of the clothes and linen, from which circumstances alone influences injurious to the inhabitants may be expected; for, on account of the increased humidity of the surrounding atmosphere, not only is the skin prevented from free transpiration, but it is even induced to attract more moisture. This is also the case with the lungs, and thus the composition of the blood is rendered unnatural, as may be seen in the pale face, wasted muscles, and sluggishness of all the functions which ensue. In other cases, protracted rheumatism, inflammation of the joints, contractions or paralysis, are produced. In addition, the sojourn in a damp atmosphere is a frequent cause of the development of scrofula, intermittent and typhoid fevers, scurvy, quincy, croop, &c. Wounds and ulcers more quickly assume

an unhealthy appearance, and have a tendency to take on gangrenous inflammation. The evaporation from organic substances favours the production of miasmata and contagions, for in no situations did the cholera occur more frequently than in new damp habitations. The inspiration of lime-particles may dispose to diseases of the chest or apoplexy; and there can be no doubt that the lead employed in painting the walls, volatilising at a high temperature, may produce in those who are constantly exposed to its injurious exhalations symptoms of chronic poisoning, disturbed digestion, choleric, and paralysis. Chronic poisoning may also be produced by being exposed to the evaporation of Scheele's green, from which arsenious compounds escape for a long time after it has been put on the walls. Lastly, the constant moisture of the clothes and beds, and the frequent effect on the food, cause certain injurious consequences on the constitutions of the inhabitants.

Since, then, the early occupation of newly-built houses, and recently-plastered rooms causes so many diseases, and imparts to children the germs of prolonged sickness and misery, it becomes, argues Dr Reidel, the duty of the state to prevent these evils by all possible means. The following are the measures which he considers necessary:—1. Official examination of the materials before the commencement of the building, and the enforcement of proper arrangements as regards the structure itself. Thus, in public contracts for any building to be erected in summer, the condition ought to be made, that the materials should be procured and dried during the preceding winter, and the term of completing any edifice should always be regulated according to the weather. Lead and arsenical colours for painting the walls should be entirely forbidden. 2. A house should not be inhabited before a fixed time after its completion had elapsed. Considering the different effects of situation, a house in town should remain uninhabited for a year, and in the country, where sun and air have free access, for half a year after it has been finished. Should any house be dried before the time appointed, the proprietor might request the sanitary commission to examine it, when, if sufficiently dry, it might be inhabited. 3. A commission should be appointed for the purpose of examining every newly-built house, and testifying to its soundness before it is inhabited. Austria presents evidence of the feasibility of such an arrangement. 4. Instruction of the people as regards the injuries caused by inhabiting newly-built houses, &c. and as regards the means to be taken for the purpose of counteracting these injuries.

In absence of such a commission, people ought at least to be informed of the diseases to which they are liable by exposure to such noxious evaporation; and if compelled by circumstances to submit, they ought to use the following precautions pointed out by Dr Reidel:—Thorough drying and ventilation should not be confined to one room, but to all the adjoining rooms. Mould, fungi, &c. should be rubbed and washed off with the greatest care; fires should be frequently lighted, and the windows opened; and muriatic, lime or sulphuric acid should be put in different places to attract the moisture. To purify the air from other injurious matters, chlorine, nitric acid vapours, fumes of sulphur, evaporation of vinegar, coarsely-powdered and moistened charcoal put in different places, and other fumigations, should be resorted to. For rooms already inhabited, a solution of chloride of lime is the most proper substance. Drawers and other furniture should not be placed too near the damp walls, and if the latter should be covered with mould, they ought to be touched with a solution of chloride of lime. In addition, warm and dry clothes must be provided, and the bed must not stand too near the walls. Straw or feather beds should be changed frequently, &c. exposed to the sun.

Such is an abstract of Dr Reidel's paper, which is replete with important but too much neglected instruction. We trust, however, that the plain and convincing manner in which he has placed his views, will be

the means of directing attention to an evil to which a large section of our population is continually exposed.

SCALE OF EUROPEAN MORTALITY.

It appears by the 'Sixth Report of the Registrar-General of England,' that England is the healthiest country in this quarter of the globe; the mean annual deaths being about 1 to every 45 persons living. In France, the yearly mortality is as 1 to 42; in Prussia, as 1 to 38; in Austria, as 1 to 33; and in Russia, as 1 to 28. The average duration of life in England is 41 years—that of Russia is less than 27 years.

WATER IN THE DESERT.

Since the French obtained a footing in Algeria, engineers have been employed to procure water in the most sterile districts by means of Artesian wells. We learn from the 'Revue de Paris,' that one of them, M. Pournel, has completed a minute survey, and he assures his government that the nature of the ground, at the foot of the Algerine mountains, near the sea coast, offers facilities for extracting large supplies of water from an inconsiderable depth below the surface. If wells can be sunk so as to produce the grand desideratum to agriculture, the face of the whole country will be materially changed: vegetation will be made to encroach on the now profitless expanse of the Sahara desert, and many spots, which are productive of nothing but sand, will afford food for man and pasturage for beasts. There is no reason to doubt that such a happy change may in time be effected; for the Artesian system, wherever it has been tried, has succeeded.

PLAGIARISMS.

Expression is said to be 'the dress of thought,' and where men feel, think, and observe alike, it follows that they will often express themselves alike; and even where this is not altogether the case, a shadow of resemblance may be traced, though the features, taken separately, afford no likeness. He who reads much will find the ideas of others imperceptibly mingle with his own, and he will often use the former with the persuasion of their being his own property. A modern writer remarks, that 'certain natural objects irresistibly suggest, to sensitive minds, the same idea, or awaken the same feeling. Who, for instance, ever listened to the hollow murmur of the sea-shell held to the ear, far away from the shore of the ocean, without being thrilled with a feeling of indescribable melancholy? Can we wonder, then, that Wordsworth, Walter Landor, and Hemans, have felt the influence, and embodied it in their verse? The lay of the lark, the glitter of the dew-drop, the thorn of the rose, &c. &c. the obvious morals they suggest, are not wearisome and contemptible because many bards have made them the subject of song, sonnet, or epigram; yet many similarities, both of thought and expression, in authors of different degrees of merit, which cannot be exactly called plagiarism, go far to prove that we have not borrowed from the other, they have at least obtained information or inspiration from the same source.'

Singular resemblances are sometimes observable between the thoughts expressed by the Roman writers and those in the sacred Scriptures. Thus, in the fourth epistle of Sulpicius to Cicero, we have the following line—

'Quid horum fuit, quod non prius quam datum est, adentum sit!'

which may be paralleled by a quotation from St. Matthew, ch. xxv. 29—'For unto every one that hath shall be given; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath.'

If there is truth in the assertion that Shakespeare had no pretensions as a scholar, he must certainly have made use of translations of the Greek tragedians, for some of his finest passages have a close resemblance to them.

Lovers looking into each other's eyes, and seeing small reflections of themselves in the pupils, are said to see 'babies in the eyes.' In the 'History of Philocles and Doricles, Two Lancashire Lovers' (1640), Camillus, wooing his mistress, tells her, 'We will go to the dawning, and slubber

up a sillibub; and I will lock babies in your eyes.' Her-
rick, in an address to virgins, says—

'No ye lock up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides;
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal numeries;
Notwithstanding, love will win,
Or else force a passage in.'

The same poet says of Susannah Southwell—

'Clear are her eyes,
Like purest skies,
Discovering from thence
A bany there,
That turns each sphere
Like an intelligence.'

Dryden fished from Shakspeare when he wrote this couplet—

'Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, to go we know not where.'
—Aureuz-Zebe.

'The dream of something after death,
That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.'
—Hamlet.

'Ah; but to die'—and go we know not where.'
—Measure for Measure.

He took the title of his 'Comus,' as well as translated passages, from a little Latin work entitled 'Eryci Puitatum Humanarum Diatriba' (1615).

Metaphysical opinions of Hobbes remained for some time unopposed till Locke availed himself of them without acknowledgment. Hume has written several admirably clear, proving indisputably that the reputation required for Locke, as the founder of the 'new system'—the modern material philosophy of mind—is a pure imposition. Hobbes not only founded the completed this system for every one of its principles, we owe to the latest commentators of a French school, certainly to be found in his works. We not only look for his basis the principle, that there is no other original faculty in the mind but sensation, but he pushed it as principle into all its consequences. It is probable that Locke would have been consigned to the oblivion to which Hobbes was doomed, if he had followed up the principle in question, as Hobbes had pursued it.

Tabourat's 'Mecurures et Touches; avec les Apothegmes du Sieur Gaultier, et des Escriuains Dijonnoises,' a humorous little volume, published at Paris in 1608, has been already noticed in by Swift, who extracted a great part of the 'Art of Humour' from it. Many of Miss Edgeworth's specimens of Irish ballads are also to be found in this work.

Gray's 'Elegy' contains two images evidently borrowed from Thomson—

'Now fades the glimmering landscape & the sight.'—Gray.

'But chief when evening shades away,
And the faint landscape swims in the eye.'

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'—Gray.

'A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
No flourish'd, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia.'—Thomson.

In the following instance, the expression copied by Gray is too highly figurative to allow our supposing that it was unconsciously stolen—

'Lo! where the rose-bosomed hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year.'
—Ode to Spring.

The most picturesque expression here, if not the whole stanza, was borrowed from Milton—

'Along the crieped shades and bowers,
Revels the spruce and jocund spring;
The graces, and the rose-bosomed hours,
Thither all their bounties bring.'
—Comus.

The following nervous line, from Gray's 'Ode to Adversity'—

'Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour'—

is unquestionably taken from Milton—

'The scourge inexorable, and the torturing hour.'
—'Paradise Lost,' book ii. line 91.

Kirke White seems to have made Gray his model as much as the latter studied and imitated Thomson. From the 'Elegy' itself he has taken more than one idea—

'All dissolved,
Beneath the ancient elm's fantastic shade
I lie, exhausted with the noontide heat;
While, rippling o'er its deep-worn pabbie bed,
The rapid rivulet gushes at my feet.'
—'Poetical Fragments.'

And again, in one of his juvenile poems—

'How did he love to sit, with upturned eye,
And listen to the stream that murmured by.'—Clifton Grove.
'Down at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.'—Gray.

To quote another example—

'Then as o'er the fields I pass,
Brushing with hasty steps the grass,
I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps still,
The morning, in her dusky gray,
Springs upon her eastern way.'
—Kirke White's 'Ode to Contemplation.'

'Oft have we seen him, at the break of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.'—Gray.

Goldsmith's poem of 'Madame Blazo' is borrowed, so far as the very peculiar style of every fourth line is concerned, from Menage's odd effusion, entitled 'Le Panoux la Galisse.' Pope's well known lines—

'That merry I to others show,
That merry show to me'

are evidently from Spenser—

'Who will not merrie unto others show,
How can he merrie ever hope to have?'
—'Faery Queene,' book vi. c. i. st. 42.

and these again are but a paraphrase of a scriptural sentiment.

Lord Byron, after reading one of Scott's novels, was heard to remark, 'How difficult it is to say anything new! Who was that voluptuary who offered a reward for a new pleasure? Perhaps all nature and art could not supply a new idea. This page, for instance, is a brilliant one, full of wit; but let us see how much of it is original. This passage comes from Shakspeare, this from Sheridan, and this observation from another writer, and yet the ideas are new-modelled; and perhaps Scott was not aware of their being plagiarisms. It is a bad thing to have too good a memory.' Byron acknowledged that he himself was not very scrupulous how or whence he derived his ideas, so long as they were good. When told that Japhet's soliloquy in 'Heaven and Earth,' and address to the mountains of Caucasus, strongly resembled Faust's, Byron said, 'The Germans, and, I believe, Goethe himself, consider that I have taken great liberties with Faust. All I know of that drama is from a poor French translation, from an occasional reading or two into English of parts of it by Monk Lewis when at Diodati, and from the Hartz mountain scene that Shelley versified for the other day. I do not pretend to be immaculate, and I could lend you some volumes of shipwrecks from which my storm in Don Juan came.' Shelley's 'Queen Mab,' and Casti's 'Novelle,' were two of Byron's favourite cribbing books: the latter he could draw upon very safely, as only few Englishmen have ever read it. Indeed he is said to have taken Don Juan from Casti chiefly. To quote but one of the many proofs of this, it may be mentioned that the following lines are from the Novelle of the Italian—

'Round her she makes an atmosphere of light;
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes.'

Here, too, is a passage from Don Juan, strikingly resembling one in Dante's 'Inferno'—

* Soft hour, which wakes the wish, and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vespers makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay.

* Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
Who in the morn have bid their friends farewell;
And pilgrim, newly on his road, with love
Thrills if he hear the vesper bell from far
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.—Dante.

Byron asks—

* How is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high—they whom the nation oft name—
Must pass their days in penury and shame;
Or, if their destiny be born aloof,
In their own souls sustain a harder proof—
The inner war of passions deep and strong?

In the same spirit Dante writes—

* Shake off sloth,
For not beneath rich canopies of state,
On beds of down, must fame be sought of men.
He who descends unhonoured to the grave,
Leaves of himself on earth such vestige slight
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave:
Arise, then! and o'er sloth a conquest gain by strength of mind.

Some beautiful stanzas in Don Juan have been borrowed from a celebrated poetess:—

* 'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adrian's gondolier,
My distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep:
'Tis sweet to hear the night-winds as they creep
From leaf to leaf—

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all, &c.

Compare these with Joanna Baillie's—

* 'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music dying on the ear:
'Tis sweet to hear expiring summer's sigh
Through forests tinged with sunset, wail and die
But far more sweet than this, &c.

For that splendid simile of the dying eagle in the 'English Bards,' Lord Byron is clearly indebted to Waller—

* So the stretched eagle quivering on the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Flung his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.

In Waller's poems it stands thus:—

* The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Expired a feather of his own:
Wherein will he want to soar so high?

The following morsel of metaphysics seems to have been taken from Milton's version of Satan's speech—

* The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
Requital for its good or evil thought;
Is its own origin of ill, and end,
— Its own place and time. — Manfred.

* A mind, not to be changed by place or time;
The mind its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

— Paradise Lost.

Amongst many works, not greatly read by the public, and which are inexhaustible mines for literary lacrimæ, may be instance the writings of Defoe, and Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' from the latter, Sterne, Dr Johnson, and Lord Byron, have enriched themselves amply. To fix the censure of imitation on them is not, however, to bestow the praise of originality on Burton; for, by his own confession, his work is nothing more than an ingenious collection of most excellent and valuable quotations.

Campbell has borrowed from Sterne, from Blair's 'Grave,' and the following passage from Glover's 'Leonidas'—

* The mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,
That wanting liberty, even virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain

is thus slightly imitated by him—

* The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves funeral fires;
So sinks the child at thralldom's bitter sigh—
So virtue dies, the spouse of liberty.

— Pleasures of Hope.

In Bernard Barton's 'Time's Takings and Leavings,' we find the following passage derived from Goldsmith—

* What Time has robbed us of we knew must go,
But what he deigns to leave
Not only finds us poor, but keeps us so.

* Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
I lost found me poor at first, and keeps me so.

Moore, one of the most melodious of poets, has in the subjoined quotation borrowed from one of the roughest—

* Oh, tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will search the whole world round,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Nowhere

Lives a woman true and fair;
When thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet, &c.—Donne.

We also find him rifling Dryden, Rowe, and Suckling—

* And like the stained web whitening in the sun,
Grow pure by being purely shone upon.
— Lalla Rookh.

* The more thou wouldst expose my virtue,
Like purest linen laid in open air,
The more 'twill bleach and whiten to the view.
— Dryden's 'A Politron.'

* And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.—Moore.

* I pray thee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine.—Suckling.

* 'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.—Moore.

* 'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one,
But if the truth I must confess,
I always loved a new one.—Rowe.

Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to 'Harold the Dauntless,' thus describes Fancy—

* Phantasy embroiders nature's veil.

with pencil wild portrays
Blending what seems, and is, in the rapt musc's gaze.
Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
Less to the sorcerer's empire given;
For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
Caught from the varying surge or vacant heaven,
From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
She lures her pictures—on the earth, as air,
Arise her castles, and her car is driven;
And never gazed the eye on scene gay, or
But of its boasted charms Fancy gay, half the share.

In correspondence to Coleridge, Leigh Hunt has depicted Imagination in one of his sweet beautiful poems—

* Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
The poor man's piece of art; the art of nature,
Fancy's her landscape twice; the spirit of fact,
As nature is the body; the pure gift
Of Heaven to poet and to child; which he
Who retains most in manhood, being a man
In all things fitting close, is most a man;
Because he wants no human faculty,
Nor loses one sweet taste of this sweet world.

Dean Swift was of opinion that 'it is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is of service to us; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if they are pulled up and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung up there.'

Sir E. Bulwer has a similar idea—

* This treason
Assumes a fearful aspect; but once crushed,
Its very ashes shall manure the soil
Of power, and ripen such full sheaves of greatness,
That all the summer of my fate shall seem
Fruitless beside the autumn! — Richelieu.

Column for Young People.

BILLY EGG.

'CAN you direct me to Mr William Egg's?' said I one morning to a smart shopman, who was loitering at the door of a showy haberdasher in the principal street of a town in Ireland in which, for a few months, I once resided. I had been told by two or three persons that Billy Egg's was the best shop in the place; for that he, being a general dealer on a very large scale, I should be sure to get 'everything in the world' there. Moreover, I had been instructed that he sold good articles at a cheap rate; and being a stranger, I felt truly glad that I had been recommended to a tradesman on whom I could confidently rely. 'Can you direct me to Mr Egg's?' I repeated, seeing that the smart shopman was so much occupied either in admiring his window or his own person, that he had not at first attended to my question.

'I know no such person, ma'am,' he replied rather sharply; and as I now perceived that the house bore the evidence of fresh paint and recent alterations, it occurred to me that the smart shopkeeper might be a new comer, and ignorant of the old residents. Nothing daunted, I next entered the shop of a neighbouring bookseller, and repeated my inquiries, but with no better success. I then made my way to that of a milliner; and though a young girl, who was busily engaged at her needle, looked up for a moment with an arch smile, and then turned away, as I plainly perceived, to repress a hearty laugh, her mistress dismissed me with the expression of her opinion 'that no such person lived in that town, nor, she believed, in any other.' I felt a little puzzled to know what the girl had found so ludicrous in my simple question, and wondered if my repeated disappointments had given me a forlorn air. 'At any rate,' thought I, 'this Mr Egg is not so generally known as I expected to find him. I had better walk up the street, and try if I can discover any outward indications of his abode.'

I spent a weary half hour in this endeavour, and as it now seemed evident to me that no considerable shop could belong to the object of my search, I lowered my tone in addressing an old apple-woman who sat behind a table covered with her stores at the corner of the street. 'Pray, can you direct me to Billy Egg's?' I asked, dropping the Mr altogether, and adopting the familiar term which had been used to me.

'Och, then, to be shure I will, an' welcome, if it was a mile off; but there it's just furmint ye—that big grand shop there, wid de big leathers gilt wid gould over de big wiudeces.'

'My good woman,' I replied, 'I am afraid you must be mistaken; the name there is William Carter.'

'Och, don't I know that? but they call him Billy Egg, because all he has—and half the town that's his—came out of an egg.'

An expression of surprise escaped me, and the old woman continued—'Och, but he deserves it, for he is a decent man, an' good to the poor, God bless him every day he rises, and make the heavens his bed at last!'

As I took part of her speech as referring to myself, I gave her sixpence, and believing there was some story worth the hearing, I begged my new acquaintance to call on me in the evening and relate it, instead of hindering her business and mine by listening to it at that moment, although I suspect she would have been nothing loath to have given me the full and particular account there and then, for she told me she knew every circumstance 'concerning him and his.'

I proceeded without further delay to the 'big grand shop,' where I saw in the master the veritable Billy Egg. He was a fine portly personage, with a good open countenance, and it was evident he could not have acquired his nickname from bearing even the most remote resemblance to an egg. He served me himself with zeal and civility, and my purchases were soon completed.

In the evening, my old apple-woman was true to her appointment, and from her I gathered the following particulars:—William Carter was a poor boy, the eldest of a large family, who, with their mother, were left destitute by the death of their father. Their poor neighbours were charitable, as the poor, to their credit be it spoken, so often are; and one took one child, and one another, until something could be thought of and done for their subsistence. William had made the most of the scanty schooling

his father had afforded him, and could read a little. He was, moreover, a steady, hard-working boy; yet the only occupation he was able to obtain was that of tending a cow on the border of a large bog. In return for this service, he was comfortably lodged and fed, and for a time the clothes he had were sufficient. He was in the habit of saving any scraps of printed paper which fell in his way, and by means of these he somewhat improved in his reading; for while the cow was munching away, little Billy had ample time for his studies, without neglecting her either, for he made a point of looking out for the sweetest grass, and leading her to it.

By his care and attention, he gave such satisfaction to his employer, that by the time his clothes were worn out, he was allowed wages sufficient to replenish them; and his good behaviour gave such confidence and respectability to his family, that a neighbouring farmer engaged one of his younger brothers in a capacity similar to his own. One day this farmer gave Billy a newly-laid goose's egg, thinking it might make him a good meal, and be something of a dainty, and as a sort of return for an act of good nature and watchfulness on Billy's part; he having noticed that a certain gate leading to the kitchen garden had been left open, took the precaution to close it, thereby preventing the incursion of a greedy sow and her interesting family, which would undoubtedly have played the part of the Goths in that flourishing spot. It is very likely that Billy's first impulse was to boil his egg and eat it; but a moment's reflection convinced him that this would be conduct very like that of the boy in the fable, who slaughtered the goose that laid golden eggs. But how to hatch his egg—for this was what he thought of—became now the question. The good woman of the house noticed that Billy was unusually silent at supper-time, and thought at first that some disaster must have happened. She learned, however, that the cow had her customary bed of soft heather, which it was Billy's pride to pick for her, and had been as carefully attended to as usual in every particular. We ought to mention that Billy was a great favourite with his mistress; and perhaps he had won her heart by the care and attention he bestowed at every spare moment on one of her little ones, who was a very sickly, fretful child, but who, somehow or other, was always most quickly pacified by Billy. She soon learned the cause of his thoughtful silence, and kindly offered to remove two or three eggs from under a duck which was then sitting, and give their place to her cow-boy's single treasure. This was the foundation of William Carter's fortune; and it is worthy of remark, that both the gift of the egg, and the opportunity of hatching it, he owed to acts of thoughtful good nature on his own part.

In due time the goslin appeared, and Billy fed it from his own scanty fare, taking it with him when he was herding. By Christmas it became a large fat goose, and its owner was offered half-a-crown for it. But he had a higher ambition for it than this, and he was not to be tempted from his purpose by the prospect of present gain. The following spring he set it on twelve eggs, which she had herself produced, and by and by twelve goslings appeared. Our hero was now obliged to exercise some ingenuity in finding food for so large a family of dependents; but he accomplished his end by bartering away three of them, in exchange for permission that the remainder should feed in his master's yard until they should be old enough to pick up their subsistence in company with their mother and the sow upon the common, and indulge in swimming in the abundant pools. At the proper time, he sold the young geese for the largest sum he had ever seen in his life; for, to have kept some of them might have proved an additional source of profit, he knew that he had only accommodation for one to hatch. A portion of his money he gave to his mother, but he placed a one pound note in the safe keeping of his kind mistress, and when spring again came round, he bought with it a year-old heifer, which he sent to graze on the mountains, paying with it a small sum, the remnant of his money, which he had reserved for this purpose. Old pussy again presented him with young ones, the sale of which enabled him to purchase fodder for his cow, when she was sent home at the end of the season. And now he built a little shed for her with fir sticks from the bog and heather rods, so that perhaps she was better cared for than many a rich man's cow. We may be pretty sure, however, that Billy never neglected his master's business to attend to his own private affairs, or he and his wife would not have encouraged him in his plans, as they evidently did. It is not worth while to follow the fortunes of the prudent

industrious little fellow step by step, or to declare precisely how he dealt in cows and geese. It may be enough to say, that at the end of six years he quitted servitude a richer man than ever his father had been; on which occasion he presented the venerable goose to his mother, to whose necessities and comforts he had for some time constantly contributed. So soon as he was thoroughly established in the world, he married, but not till he had provided a neat cottage for his parent, who had the happiness to enjoy for many years the prosperity of her son, and who lived to see the poor cow-boy a man among the most respected and esteemed in his native country.

'And so, you see,' said the old apple-woman in conclusion, 'it is a foolish thing to despise small beginnings. True as I am telling it ye, this is how Mr Carter got the name of Billy Egg, though, d'ye see, he never was called Billy Goose—no, never.'

NATURE AND ART.

I remember that, being abroad one summer day, my companion pointed out to me a broad cloud, which might extend a quarter of a mile parallel to the horizon, quite accurately in the form of a cherub as painted over churches—a round block in the centre, which it was easy to animate with eyes and mouth, supported on either side by wide-stretched symmetrical wings. What appears once in the atmosphere may appear often, and it was undoubtedly the archetype of that familiar ornament. I have seen in the sky a chain of summer lightning, which at once revealed to me that the Greeks drew from nature when they painted the thunder-bolt in the hand of Jove. I have seen a snow-drift along the sides of the stone wall, which obviously gave the idea of the common architectural scroll to abut a tower. By simply throwing ourselves into new circumstances, we do continually invent anew the orders and the ornaments of architecture, as we see how each people merely decorated its primitive abodes. The Doric temple still presents the semblance of the wooden cabin in which the Dorian dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. 'The custom of making houses and tombs in the living rock,' says Heeren, in his *Researches on the Ethiopians*, 'determined very naturally the principal character of the Nubian Egyptian architecture to the colossal form which is assumed. In these caverns already prepared by nature, the eye was accustomed to dwell on huge shapes and masses, so that when art came to the assistance of nature, it could not move on a small scale without degrading itself. What would statues of the usual size, or neat porches and wings have been, associated with those gigantic halls before which only Colossi could sit as watchmen, or lean on the pillars of the interior?' The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of the forest trees with all their boughs to a festal or solemn arcade, as the bands about the cleft pillars still indicate the green withes that tied them. No one can walk in a road cut through pine woods, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the bareness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods in a winter afternoon, one will see as readily the origin of the stained-glass window with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colours of the western sky seen through the bare and pressing branches of the forest. Nor can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, and that his chisel, his saw, and plane, still reproduced its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its pine, its oak, its fir, its spruce. The Gothic cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as the aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.—*Emerson*.

THE COTTAGES OF FACTORY OPERATIVES.

Many of the handsomest cottages in the manufacturing towns, where ground is valuable, are arranged in the most vicious forms. One of these is a parallelogram, consisting of from 16 to 40 cottages, closed on all sides by the houses, which, like a square of infantry, show a front on all sides, the backs of the cottages all meeting in the centre. In this enclosure are placed all the back-yards, pigsties, and ash-pits of the whole of the houses. In hot weather, when the

wind is still, the exhalations from these concentrated nuisances are extremely offensive; and the current of air being effectually excluded, there is no chance of their being carried away except by the slow process of gaseous diffusion. The dwellers in such cottages are often astonished at their unhealthiness, when they look at their beautiful outside. These miserable dwellings are constantly out of repair, the consequence of the badness of their materials; whilst the certainty of the rent from the superior cottages erected by the masters, enables their owners to keep them constantly in good repair, and to supply them with every requisite. Groups of cottages for factory or other operatives, who are required to live closely together, and near to their places of work, should be built in straight parallel rows, in such a manner that the wind may pass freely through the spaces between them. Regard should be had to the direction of the prevailing winds, so that their current may be more or less parallel to the rows of houses for as large a portion of the year as possible. In this country it blows either from the west or east, or from the south or north-west, or south or north-east, ten or eleven months out of the twelve; so that a more or less east and west direction of the rows of houses will insure the most perfect access of fresh air. If a gentle inclination in the ground can be made available, so much the better; but even where the ground is flat, a small inclination sufficient for good surface-drainage may be obtained by digging out in a graduated manner a few feet of soil from the lower portion of the area to be built upon, and spreading it upon the upper part.—*Strange's Address to the Middle and Working Classes*.

CURIOUS FACT IN COMMERCE.

At the late meeting of the British Association, Mr Porter, in a paper 'on the Trade and Navigation of Norway,' stated the following curious fact in reference to the fur trade of that country:—The greater part of the skins sold by the Norwegians are obtained from the Edinburgh merchants, who buy them in London from the Hudson's Bay Company; the Norwegians convey them to Fimmark, from whence they are taken to Moscow, and sold to the caravan traders for the purpose of being bartered with the Chinese for tea at Kienlin!

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

A manufacturer of carmine, who was aware of the superiority of the French colour, went to Lyons for the purpose of improving his process, and bargained with the most celebrated manufacturer in that city for the acquisition of his secret, for which he was to pay one thousand pounds. He was shown all the process, and saw a beautiful colour produced; but he found not the least difference in the French mode of fabrication and that which had been constantly adopted by himself. He appealed to his instructor, and insisted that he must have concealed something. The man assured him that he had not, and invited him to see the process a second time. He minutely examined the water and the materials, which were in every respect similar to his own, and then, very much surprised, said, 'I have lost my labour and my money, for the air of England does not permit us to make fine carmine.' Stay, said the Frenchman; 'don't deceive yourself—what kind of weather is it now?' 'A bright sunny day,' replied the Englishman. 'And such are the days,' said the Frenchman, 'on which I make my colour. Were I to attempt to manufacture it on a dark or cloudy day, my results would be the same as yours. Let me advise you, my friend, always to make carmine on bright sunny days.' 'I will,' rejoined the Englishman; 'but I fear I shall make very little in London!'—*Sir H. Davy*.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony; it composes music for churches and hearts; it makes and publishes glorifications of God; it produces thankfulness, and serves the ends of charity; and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fires, reaching up to a cloud, and making joy round about; and therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of advantage, whatsoever can innocently minister to this joy does set forward the work of religion and charity.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

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TWO DAYS IN WARWICKSHIRE.

I HAD never seen the land of Shakspeare. A friend going there to make some observations on the scenery for a literary purpose, asked me to accompany him, and I willingly consented. Ten of the month, the 2d of July, saw us seated in a train upon the London and Birmingham railway, with two young men of light and cheerful spirit chatting by our sides. The characters of unknown fellow-travellers form an amusing subject of speculation, extremely alleviative of the tedium of travelling, and here were two peculiarly interesting to me, as they belonged to a department of society which does not often come in my way. One, more chatty and gay than the other, soon permitted us to know that he was in the Guards, kept horses on the turf, and frequented Crockford's. The conversation was frivolous, yet not without interest. He had lately gained five thousand pounds by racing, and invested it in a railway, which had already largely increased the sum. He had also lately been wonderfully lucky at play: for example, the plan, which consists in throwing foars after threes, and which does not in general occur above once a month with the men who play most, had been thrown by him several times in succession! The usual odds against its being thrown once is a hundred to one, though in reality the chances are much more adverse. Admitting the fact to be as stated, and it is consonant with some others known to me, one might almost believe that there was something in the affairs of chance above mere chance—the influence causing runs of fortune and of misfortune—~~the~~ a deceitful devil luring on gamblers, independently of the operation of their own rash hopes.

A Quaker soon after came in at a station, and assumed a quiet seat in the corner of the carriage. The conversation took a turn towards duelling, and it was distressing to find these youths fully of opinion that it was a justifiable mode of redressing grievances. I reasoned strongly on the other side, but had no chance against minds so imbued with the common world's feelings on this subject. At my worst, however, the Quaker came to the rescue, and argued out the question admirably. It was put to him if he would in no way resent a slap on the face, and he manfully answered, No. He would calmly remonstrate, or he would leave time to bring his injurer to penitence; but he would take no revenge. And he expressed his decided conviction, that no Christian could rightly act otherwise; as also that such conduct was the best even as a matter of policy. 'I believe,' said he, 'that a man going into a barbarous country, is safer without arms than with them. Having arms, shows the power, if not the disposition, to act on the offensive, and is apt to excite combative feelings in the natives; whereas the unarmed man, being beyond all suspicion of bad designs, cannot be attacked except

under the most wanton spirit of aggression.' Our plan friend then adverted to the remarkable fact, that the settlers of Pennsylvania had acted upon this policy for seventy years, during which only three persons were killed by the Indians; and in one of these instances the principle had been departed from, as the unfortunate individual carried weapons. I am afraid that our young friends were not converted by our arguments; but let us not therefore presume that the conversation was in vain. Sometimes truths which we battle off at the time they are told us, gradually impress the mind afterwards, and lead to permanent changes of opinion. It is, meanwhile, agreeable to consider that society is now beginning to discontinue duelling, the contingency above all others necessary for its cessation.

In a wonderfully short space of time we were at Coventry. Soon after we were conducted by a branch railway to Leamington, where an artistic friend, well acquainted with the country, joined us. Early in the afternoon, after a slight lunch, we were proceeding in a light vehicle through Warwick, on our way to the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. When Shakspeare used to visit his native town, he probably spent the greater part of a week upon the way, resting at the house of Will Davenant's father in Oxford. Now, we are transferred from London to the same place in a few hours. The country of Shakspeare, as the district may well be called, is generally flat, but extremely rich, the Avon winding gently through a slight hollow, marked here and there by slight undulations. Our first object was Charlote, the residence of the Lucy family, which Shakspeare is supposed to have satirised. Probably, to avoid the constant intrusion of Shakspearian enthusiasts, perhaps in some degree from a lingering resentment for the imputed satire, or for the imputation, the Lucies usually deny access to their house to strangers; but in our case there was to be an exception. It had been arranged that we were to be admitted next day. We therefore had resolved to spend the night at Wellsbourne, a village near Charlote, and to employ the evening in seeing what ever else in the neighbourhood was worth seeing.

Having bespoken accommodation in the little inn at Wellsbourne, we walked out at five o'clock of a fine summer evening into the lanes surrounding the stately mansion of the Lucies. It struck us curiously, as we moved along, to see a light cart passing, with the name GEORGE LUCY, ESQ. CHARLOTE, inscribed upon it; indicating as this did the persistency of the name in one spot of ground from Elizabeth's time to the present. 'But, after all,' remarked our Leamington friend, 'you have but an imperfect idea of the antiquity of the Lucies. When Shakspeare stole deer from the park before us, the Lucies had been in their estate for nearly four centuries.' Our friend added, that the eldest son of the

existing proprietor was to come of age next month, and that preparations were now making to celebrate the event; 'so that you see the name of Lucy is not likely to become soon extinct.' Chatting about the family and its connexion with Shakspeare's history, we advanced to the borders of the park, and beheld the brick-red towers of the building closing the vista formed by an avenue of ancient limes. Then proceeding a little farther, we found the ancient parish church on the skirt of the park, with its little hamlet close by. 'Everything, then, is as it was in Shakspeare's time. There is the house and its park, with the deer strolling about, the very objects which must have met the eyes of our great bard when he rambled here in his reckless youth. Here is a village where he probably had acquaintances—simple, quaint, and old, as it was then. And here is a little church, where he might have heard service on a Sunday's ramble, and where his prosecutor, Sir Thomas Lucy, is buried.' The deer wander to within ten yards of this humble mansion of prayer. Entering it by favour of the sexton's daughter, we found it old fashioned beyond our hopes; rude old benches and pews; one or two brass inscriptions on the floor, and several monuments with recumbent figures in the chancel; the only object out of keeping being a coarse modern painted east window. The very books in the pews seemed dilapidated with age. I had the curiosity to take up a much relaxed Bible, which I found to be dated 1634.

The Lucy monuments are of course the principal objects. We have those of three successive Sir Thomas's, the first being Shakspeare's Sir Thomas Lucy, a grave substantial-looking personage in plate armour, with his wife by his side, and two children kneeling in front. The third, whose age extended down to the days of Cromwell, is stated to have been killed by a fall from his horse: his figure, and that of his wife, are beautifully executed in white marble. We were standing amongst these memorials of a race which starts with Doon's-day-book, when the girl said, in subdued accents, 'Mr Lucy died last night, sir.' It was most striking, and for a few seconds none of the party could speak a word. To hear at such a moment, and in such a place, of the death of a Lucy, had an effect which I would vainly attempt to describe. It was the least remarkable consequence of the intelligence, that we had to abandon the hope of seeing the interior of the house. Mr Lucy, it appeared, had been for a short time ailing; but, being still in the prime of life, no apprehension of an early removal had been felt.

It was with saddened feelings that we walked to a point in the park where the chief external features of the house could be surveyed. It had been built by Sir Thomas Lucy in 1558, and is a very perfect specimen of what, from its predominance at that time, has been called the Elizabethan style, the chief features being projections, peaked gables, bays, and square-headed windows, and stacks of chimneys of twisted and other quaint shapes. On one side its walls are almost laved by the waters of the Avon. There has been an anxiety shown of late years to discredit the story of Shakspeare having been concerned in deer-stealing at Charlcote, and of his having been 'had up' before the knight in the hall. His admirers are too dainty, it seems, to like this story, and therefore we are to lose it. A fief for such scepticism and the pedantry of springs from. Handed to us by a man who had at least been a child before Shakspeare's death, it is in reality one of the best facts we have regarding him. And as to discredit, what mind of any manliness would think of imputing it? For my part, as I wandered through these fine glades, amidst whole droves of deer, I felt that not a jot of the tale

was to be given up. I was in the midst of Shakspeare's moonlight adventure; these were the descendants of his deer; this was the paling which he broke. And talking, by the way, of the paling, it is a curiosity worthy of some notice, for its simple and antique appearance. It is composed of rude unhewn slabs of timber, fastened with wooden pins upon single length pieces, with a strong earth-fast post at every two yards, to give solidity to the structure. Not an iron nail in it all the way round. It would tell capitally in young ladies' sketch-books, being singularly picturesque in form. We afterwards sauntered round to Hampton Lucy, a beautiful village on the Avon, provided with an elegant modern parish church, which forms a fine feature in the landscape. The house of Charlcote came well out at various points in this perambulation, and there were also some highly sketchable mills. The whole stretch of the river from Charlcote to Stratford abounds in scenes which a poet would delight in; and it is not without reason that some local speculators trace some of Shakspeare's descriptions of natural scenery to this spot.

At an early hour in the morning, we started from our unsophisticated little inn at Wellsbourne, and came in less than an hour's drive to Stratford. It is a clean neat town of about 6000 inhabitants, accessible on the east by a bridge across the Avon, erected in the reign of Henry VII. by Sir — Crompton, a man of territorial importance in the neighbourhood. We stopped at the Red Horse Inn, because it was that at which Mr Washington Irving had tarried during his sojourn in Stratford; and there, accordingly, we were duly introduced to Mr Irving's room, the scene of the pleasant meditations described in his Sketch-Book—the arm-chair his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. We were soon abroad upon the streets in quest of the objects associated with the name of Shakspeare.

The house in which the poet was born has been so often described, that I dread to be tiresome in advertising to it. It has a remarkable appearance, as being the only one of an antique form in the street. The ground-floor is merely a disused butcher's booth, open in front, and stone-paved. Passing backward, we enter a dark confined place, in which there is a roomy chimney of the old construction—the family fireside, doubtless, of Shakspeare's father. Small rooms open towards the rear of the house, and by a narrow timber stair we reach a front room over the booth, the accredited birth-place of the poet. The sight of such places is necessarily disappointing, for the mind is always in a predisposition which the real object can by no means gratify. We think of the glory of a great literary name, and we see a mean chamber, such as poor people now live in. The walls are scribbled over with the names of mortals seeking thus to attach themselves to the ear of immortality, and, to relieve such aspirations more legitimately, there is a dingy album upon a deal table, wherein the aged crone who occupies the mansion exhibits the names of various eminent persons. Shakspeare's father paid forty pounds for this and a neighbouring house. This is now rented at as much, on account of the revenue drawn from the exhibition. Unluckily, owing to a dispute about rent, the old furniture of the house, including several curious articles, and some little relics of the Shakspeare family, were removed about forty years ago to another house, where they are now shown under circumstances of greatly diminished interest. Inspired by more than the usual curiosity, I poked into almost every nook of the ancient tenement—even into the garret. It was worth while to see the 'roof-tree' of the house of Shakspeare.

The Shakspeare Hotel now stands upon the site of the handsome house of New Place, which the poet bought out of his earliest savings, and where he spent the latter years of his life in gentlemanlike retirement. So also is perished the mulberry tree planted by him in the garden. There is, however, on the plot behind

* Thorne's Rambles by Rivers.

the house, a very interesting object connected with the poet, namely, the old baptismal font of the parish church—the font in which doubtless he was christened. Passing but a little way along the street from this place, we pass over, as it were, the remainder of the poet's life, and accompany his remains to their last resting-place in the chancel of the parish church. This structure—a fine example of its class, containing specimens of the Gothic of various ages—occupies a beautiful site close to the Avon, at the southern extremity of the town. A solemn alcove of limes across the churchyard, awes the mind down to a proper tone for visiting the grave of Shakspeare. We enter the church, and are agreeably surprised by its internal elegance and neatness. All, however, becomes insignificant in comparison with the well-known space within the remote chancel, where we are aware that we are to see the sepulchre of one greater than kings. How readily the eye recognises that mural monument and bust on the left side! There steadfastly looks forth the mighty bard, over the spot containing his dust and that of his children. The bust is directly above the communion rail, and the communicants kneel along a line of graves containing Shakspeare, his daughter Susanna (Mrs Hall), her husband Dr Hall, and their daughter Lady Barnard, besides perhaps others of the family. The arresting object is of course the effigy of the poet. My impression was, that full justice has never been done to this figure as a memorial of Shakspeare. To my mind, it is a highly important supplement to his meagre biography. It is by far the most human-like representation of his features. First, as to mere details, the upper lip is deeper, and the nose and forehead shorter, than in the portraits. We find it necessary to go to a considerable distance, so as to bring into view the towering central region (the organs of firmness and conscientiousness, according to the phrenologists), before we realise the height usually given to the head of Shakspeare. And it is not till we climb upon an adjoining tomb, and view the profile closely, behind the side pillar of the monument, that we catch the actual character of the face. The result of the whole is, to make Shakspeare less ideal and intellectual, but to improve the sense of what I believe to have been his actual character—a worthy, upright, good-natured man, who was incapable of assuming any of the airs of authorship, and who, being content to pass through life with common enjoyments, and in cheerful communion with common fellow-beings, had nearly escaped being regarded by his contemporaries as an author at all. The fact expresses very sensibly the age of the poet at his death—thirty-three—particularly in the lower part of the cheek, and in the baldness. It is intensely English, and hundreds of such soft-featured, well-skinned, bald, middle-aged men, may be seen every day in London. There is, it may be remarked, good reason to put faith in the bust as a likeness, for it was erected a very few years after his death by his near relations, and Sir Francis Chantrey was of opinion that it must have been copied from a cast of the real visage. Hereafter, the image of Shakspeare in my mind is the recollection of the bust.

The slab covering Shakspeare's grave contains only the quaint lines, supposed to have been dictated by himself:—

GOOD FRIEND, FOR JESUS' SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOSED HEARE;
BLESTE BE YE MAN Y^e SPARES THES STONES,
AND CORST BE HE Y^e MOVES MY BONES.

A reason is surmised for his having been so anxious to secure the repose of his bones. Immediately below his bust is a door which formerly gave access to a charnel-house, now demolished. Such places were formerly common appendages to churches, being used for keeping the bones removed from re-opened graves. Fearful of his contiguity to such a filthy receptacle—his sense of which he expresses pithily in *Romeo* and *Juliet*—it is

supposed that the gentle bard caused these lines to be inscribed on his tomb; and they have been effectual for the purpose, notwithstanding that about thirty years ago the opening of a grave near by enabled several persons to see into the space once occupied by his coffin, which they found perfectly empty. There is also an impressive inscription upon the slab covering Susanna Shakspeare; and her husband does not pass without epitaph honours. The usurer John Combe, upon whom Shakspeare is said to have written some verses, rests in a handsome sarcophagus close to the communion-table. The whole place forms no inappropriate final mansion for a poet who, in all his productions, never rose for a moment above the nature of which he partook, and as a man, was ever kindly amongst men. The sexton—grandson of him whom Washington Irving celebrates—is an intelligent guide to the spot. He says the Americans are the most enthusiastic of all his visitors; the Germans next; then the English. Inquired about my own countrymen, and learned that they were even cooler than the English. The Scotsman's feelings, however, are constantly misjudged in the south. He is thought to be unimpassioned, when he is only secretive. He does not choose to wear his best feelings upon his sleeve, 'for daws to peck at.'

Having been favoured with an introduction to Mr Wheeler, we were shown by that gentleman, at his house near the church, a number of relics of Shakspeare. Amongst others are the chief papers connected with the lands which the poet purchased near his native town. But by far the most important is a gold signet-ring, which was found a few years ago in a field beside the churchyard. It presents the initials W. S., enclosed in a looped cord with tassels. Some circumstances point to this being the ring of Shakspeare. First, its being of that age, is shown by the impression of a perfectly similar ring which belonged to Arthur Quiney, a Stratford contemporary of the great dramatist. Second, that the initials probably refer to Shakspeare, is shown by there having been no other man of consequence in Stratford at that time with these initials, besides one William Smith, whose signet-ring is known to have been different. Finally, in Shakspeare's will, dated 25th March 1616, less than a month before his death, the words, 'with my hand and seal,' have been written; but the words, 'and seal' are erased, and no seal is applied; as if in the meantime the seal had been lost. All these circumstances considered, we can entertain little doubt that we have here one of the most interesting possible relics of the bard of Avon.

One duty still remained; to visit the cottage-home of Shakspeare's wife, Anne Hathaway. It lies a mile off along the fields, at a place called Shottery. Passing by fields across a series of grassy meadows, we reach the humble hamlet, and find Anne's residence at one of its extremities, embowered amongst old orchards and massive hedgerows. The house is a long one, of two storeys, built, in the old English manner, of timber and brick, having a gable to the road and a little patch of garden in front. Shakspeare, as is well known, married at eighteen a woman of five-and-twenty, who in too short space thereafter bore him two children. Judging from her paternal dome, she must have been of a class inferior to her husband in grade, probably a very ordinary village maiden. But the scene of a Shakspeare's courtship has charms notwithstanding. We greet with pleasure the labourer's wife (Mrs Baker) who introduces us into the interior, and tells us that her great-grandmother was the last Hathaway in possession of the property. We muse over an ancient oaken bedstead, which has been from old time in the house. We pause beside the roomy chimney, in whose nook sweet Will may have sat. And passing again to the outside, we hail, as a little discovery, the letters 'J. H., 1695,' inscribed on a slab at the top, probably for one of these past-away Hathaways. I then close my observations on the land of Shakspeare, but not without feeling that, in seeing it, I have wonderfully extended my knowledge

existing proprietor was to come of age next month, and that preparations were now making to celebrate the event; 'so that you see the name of Lucy is not likely to become soon extinct.' Chatting about the family and its connexion with Shakspeare's history, we advanced to the borders of the park, and beheld the brick-red towers of the building closing the vista formed by an avenue of ancient limes. Then proceeding a little farther, we found the ancient parish church on the skirt of the park, with its little hamlet close by. 'Everything, then, is as it was in Shakspeare's time. There is the house and its park, with the deer strolling about, the very objects which must have met the eyes of our great bard when he rambled here in his reckless youth. Here is a village where he probably had acquaintances—simple, quaint, and old, as it was then. And here is a little church, where he might have heard service on a Sunday's ramble, and where his prosecutor, Sir Thomas Lucy, is buried.' The deer wander to within ten yards of this humble mansion of prayer. Entering it by favour of the sexton's daughter, we found it old fashioned beyond our hopes; rude old benches and pews; one or two brass inscriptions on the floor, and several monuments with recumbent figures in the chancel; the only object out of keeping being a coarse modern painted east window. The very books in the pews seemed dilapidated with age. I had the curiosity to take up a much relaxed Bible, which I found to be dated 1634.

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It was with sudden feelings that we walked to a point in the park where the chief external features of the house could be surveyed. It had been built by Sir Thomas Lucy in 1558, and is a very perfect specimen of what, from its predominance at that time, has been called the Elizabethan style, the chief features being 'projections, peaked gables, bays, and square-headed windows, and stacks of chimneys of twisted and other quaint shapes.' On one side its walls are almost laved by the waters of the Avon. There has been an anxiety shown of late years to discredit the story of Shakspeare's having been concerned in deer-stealing at Charlcote, and of his having been 'had up' before the knight in the hall. His admirers are too dainty, it seems, to like this story, and therefore we are to lose it. A fief for such scepticism and the pedantry of springs from. Handed to us by a man who had at least been a child before Shakspeare's death, it is in reality one of the best facts we have regarding him. And as to discredit, what mind of any manliness would think of imputing it? For my part, as I wandered through these fine glades, amidst whole droves of deer, I felt that not a jot of the tale

was to be given up. I was in the midst of Shakspeare's moonlight adventure; these were the descendants of his deer; this was the palling which he broke. And talking, by the way, of the palling, it is a curiosity worthy of some notice, for its simple and antique appearance. It is composed of rude unhewn slabs of timber, fastened with wooden pins upon single length pieces, with a strong earth-fast post at every two yards, to give solidity to the structure. Not an iron nail in it all the way round. It would tell capitally in young ladies' sketch-books, being singularly picturesque in form. We afterwards sauntered round to Hampton Lucy, a beautiful village on the Avon, provided with an elegant modern parish church, which forms a fine feature in the landscape. The house of Charlcote came well out at various points in this perambulation, and there were also some highly sketchable mills. The whole stretch of the river from Charlcote to Stratford abounds in scenes which a poet would delight in; and it is not without reason that some local speculators trace some of Shakspeare's descriptions of natural scenery to this spot.

At an early hour in the morning, we started from our unsophisticated little inn at Wellbourne, and came in less than an hour's drive to Stratford. It is a clean neat town of about 6000 inhabitants, accessible on the east by a bridge across the Avon, erected in the reign of Henry VII. by Sir — Clouton, a man of territorial importance in the neighbourhood. We stopped at the Red Horse Inn, because it was that at which Mr Washington Irving had tarried during his sojourn in Stratford; and there, accordingly, we were duly introduced to Mr Irving's room, the scene of the pleasant meditations described in his Sketch-Book—the arm-chair his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. We were soon abroad upon the streets in quest of the objects associated with the name of Shakspeare.

The house in which the poet was born has been so often described, that I dread to be tiresome in advertising to it. It has a remarkable appearance, as being the only one of an antique form in the street. The ground-floor is merely a disused butcher's booth, open in front, and stone-paved. Passing backward, we enter a dark confined place, in which there is a roomy chimney of the old construction—the family fireside, doubtless, of Shakspeare's father. Small rooms open towards the rear of the house, and by a narrow timber stair we reach a front room over the booth, the accredited birth-place of the poet. The sight of such places is necessarily disappointing, for the mind is always in a predisposition which the real object can by no means gratify. We think of the glory of a great literary name, and we see a mean chamber, such as poor people now live in. The walls are scribbled over with the names of mortals seeking thus to attach themselves to the ear of immortality, and, to relieve such aspirations more legitimately, there is a dingy album upon a deal table, wherein the aged crone who occupies the mansion exhibits the names of various eminent persons. Shakspeare's father paid forty pounds for this and a neighbouring house. This is now rented at as much, on account of the revenue drawn from the exhibition. Unluckily, owing to a dispute about rent, the old furniture of the house, including several curious articles, and some little relics of the Shakspeare family, were removed about forty years ago to another house, where they are now shown under circumstances of greatly diminished interest. Inspired by more than the usual curiosity, I poked into almost every nook of the ancient tenement—even into the garret. It was worth while to see the 'roof-tree' of the house of Shakspeare.

The Shakspeare Hotel now stands upon the site of the handsome house of New Place, which the poet bought out of his earliest savings, and where he spent the latter years of his life in gentlemanlike retirement. So also is perished the mulberry tree planted by him in the garden. There is, however, on the plot behind

* *Thorne's Rambles by Rivers.*

the house, a very interesting object connected with the poet, namely, the old baptismal font of the parish church—the font in which doubtless he was christened. Passing but a little way along the street from this place, we pass over, as it were, the remainder of the poet's life, and accompany his remains to their last resting-place in the chancel of the parish church. This structure—a fine example of its class, containing specimens of the Gothic of various ages—occupies a beautiful site close to the Avon, at the southern extremity of the town. A solemn alcove of limes across the churchyard, awes the mind down to a proper tone for visiting the grave of Shakspeare. We enter the church, and are agreeably surprised by its internal elegance and neatness. All, however, becomes insignificant in comparison with the well-known space within the remote chancel, where we are aware that we are to see the sepulchre of one greater than kings. How readily the eye recognises that mural monument and bust on the left side! There steadfastly looks forth the mighty bard, over the spot containing his dust and that of his children. The bust is directly above the communion rail, and the communicants kneel along a line of graves containing Shakspeare, his daughter Susanna (Mrs Hall), her husband Dr Hall, and their daughter Lady Barnard, besides perhaps others of the family. The arresting object is of course the effigy of the poet. My impression was, that full justice has never been done to this figure as a memorial of Shakspeare. To my mind, it is a highly important supplement to his meagre biography. It is by far the most human-like representation of his features. First, as to mere details, the upper lip is deeper, and the nose and forehead shorter, than in the portraits. We find it necessary to go to a considerable distance, so as to bring into view the towering central region (the organs of firmness and conscientiousness, according to the phrenologists), before we realise the height usually given to the head of Shakspeare. And it is not till we climb upon an adjoining tomb, and view the profile closely, behind the side pillar of the monument, that we catch the actual character of the face. The result of the whole is, to make Shakspeare less ideal and intellectual, but to improve the sense of what I believe to have been his actual character—a worthy, upright, good-natured man, who was incapable of assuming any of the airs of authorship, and who, being content to pass through life with common enjoyments, and in cheerful communion with common fellow-beings, had nearly escaped being regarded by his contemporaries as an author at all. The fact expresses very sensibly the age of the poet at his death—fifty-three—particularly in the lower part of the cheek, and in the baldness. It is intensely English, and hundreds of such soft-featured, well-skinned, bald, middle-aged men, may be seen every day in London. There is, it may be remarked, good reason to put faith in the bust as a likeness, for it was erected a very few years after his death by his near relations, and Sir Francis Chantrey was of opinion that it must have been copied from a cast of the real visage. Hereafter, the image of Shakspeare in my mind is the recollection of the bust.

The slab covering Shakspeare's grave contains only the quaint lines, supposed to have been dictated by himself:—

GOOD FRIEND, FOR JESUS' SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOSED HEARE;
BLESTE BE YE MAN Y^e SPARES THES STONES,
AND CORST BE HE Y^e MOVES MY BONES.

A reason is surmised for his having been so anxious to secure the repose of his bones. Immediately below his bust is a door which formerly gave access to a charnel-house, now demolished. Such places were formerly common appendages to churches, being used for keeping the bones removed from re-opened graves. Fearful of his contiguity to such a filthy receptacle—his sense of which he expresses pithily in *Romeo and Juliet*—it is

supposed that the gentle bard caused these lines to be inscribed on his tomb; and they have been effectual for the purpose, notwithstanding that about thirty years ago the opening of a grave near by enabled several persons to see into the space once occupied by his coffin, which they found perfectly empty. There is also an impressive inscription upon the slab covering Susanna Shakspeare; and her husband does not pass without epitaph honours. The usurer John Combe, upon whom Shakspeare is said to have written some verses, rests in a handsome sarcophagus close to the communion-table. The whole place forms no inappropriate final mansion for a poet who, in all his productions, never rose for a moment above the nature of which he partook, and as a man, was ever kindly amongst men. The sexton—grandson of him whom Washington Irving celebrates—is an intelligent guide to the spot. He says the Americans are the most enthusiastic of all his visitors; the Germans next; then the English. Inquired about my own countrymen, and learned that they were even cooler than the English. The Scotsman's feelings, however, are constantly misjudged in the south. He is thought to be unimpassioned, when he is only secretive. He does not choose to wear his best feelings upon his sleeve, 'for daws to peck at.'

Having been favoured with an introduction to Mr Wheeler, we were shown by that gentleman, at his house near the church, a number of relics of Shakspeare. Amongst others are the chief papers connected with the lands which the poet purchased near his native town. But by far the most important is a gold signet-ring, which was found a few years ago in a field beside the churchyard. It presents the initials W. S., enclosed in a looped cord with tassels. Some circumstances point to this being the ring of Shakspeare. First, its being of that age, is shown by the impression of a perfectly similar ring which belonged to Arthur Quiney, a Stratford contemporary of the great dramatist. Second, that the initials probably refer to Shakspeare, is shown by there having been no other man of consequence in Stratford at that time with these initials, besides one William Smith, whose signet-ring is known to have been different. Finally, in Shakspeare's will, dated 25th March 1616, less than a month before his death, the words, 'with my hand and seal,' have been written; but the words, 'and seal' are erased, and no seal is applied; as if in the meantime the seal had been lost. All these circumstances considered, we can entertain little doubt that we have here one of the most interesting possible relics of the bard of Avon.

One duty still remained; to visit the cottage-home of Shakspeare's wife, Anne Hathaway. It lies a mile off along the fields, at a place called Shottery. Passing by a series of grassy meadows, we reach the humble hamlet, and find Anne's residence at one of its extremities, embowered amongst old orchards and massive hedgerows. The house is a long one, of two storeys, built in the old English manner, of timber and brick, having a gable to the road and a little patch of garden in front. Shakspeare, as is well known, married at eighteen a woman of five-and-twenty, who in too short space thereafter bore him two children. Judging from her paternal dome, she must have been of a class inferior to her husband in grade, probably a very ordinary village maiden. But the scene of a Shakspeare's courtship has charms notwithstanding. We greet with pleasure the labourer's wife (Mrs Baker) who introduces us into the interior, and tells us that her great-grandmother was the last Hathaway in possession of the property. We muse over an ancient oaken bedstead, which has been from old time in the house. We pause beside the roomy chimney, in whose nook sweet Will may have sat. And passing again to the outside, we hail, as a little discovery, the letters 'J. H., 1695,' inscribed on a slab at the top, probably for one of these past-away Hathaways. I then close my observations on the land of Shakspeare, but not without feeling that, in seeing it, I have wonderfully extended my knowledge

of the man, if not also of the poet. And it is therefore with perfect confidence that I recommend, to all whom it may concern, *TWO DAYS IN WARWICKSHIRE*.

SHOOTING STARS AND AÉROLITES.

THE Baron Alexander Von Humboldt, so distinguished by his scientific travels in America, has employed his advanced years in writing, under the title of *Cosmos* [the World], a general physical history of the universe; and of this work two parts of an English translation have appeared.* The means of composing an entire view of nature do not exist: science has not as yet made the requisite advances. Much, however, has been ascertained by the wit of busy man, and the effects of a survey of this so far imperfect kind may be likened, Von Humboldt thinks, to that of a landscape viewed from a mountain, where a stranger will praise what he sees, although large tracts of the country lie hidden in mist; there being a certain mysterious charm even in the concealment. The Baron does not hide from himself the difficulty of his mighty task, but he nevertheless enters upon it with hopefulness. His general plan may be presumed from one sentence: 'We begin,' he says, 'with the depths of space, and the region of the farthest nebulae; we descend step by step through the stratum of stars to which our solar system belongs, and at length set foot on the air-and-sea-surrounded spheroid we inhabit, discussing its form, its temperature, and its magnetical tension, till we reach the LIFE, that, under the stimulus of light, is evolved upon the surface.'

In the parts already published, we find the first steps only, but they are the grandest. The masses suspended in space, from astral systems and nebulae down to our solar system, are vividly though briefly described. The hypothesis of the formation of spheres from nebulous matter is touched upon. Comets, aërolites, the zodiacal light, are accurately described. The author then descends to the terrestrial sphere, and discusses its various physical phenomena—the internal temperature, magnetism, and volcanic forces—on all of which subjects we find the latest and amplest intelligence. Perhaps the manner is less exact than the British scientific mind demands: it is, nevertheless, a striking picture of nature as far as it goes.

The subject of shooting-stars is almost a new one. It had attracted little attention till a few years ago, when it was at length observed that the chief displays of this phenomenon take place on particular nights of the year. They are now connected with fire-balls and meteoric stones or aërolites, and a curious theory pendings with regard to these associated phenomena. They are regarded as small masses moving with planetary velocity in conic sections round the sun, in harmony with the laws of universal gravitation. When these masses,' says Von Humboldt, 'encounter the earth in their course, and, attracted by it, become luminous on the verge of our atmosphere, they frequently let fall stony fragments, heated in a greater or less degree, and covered on their surface with a black and shining crust.' The appearances are beheld on a much grander scale in elevated tropical climates, where the sky excels in clearness.

According to our author, 'the connexion of meteoric stones with the grander and more brilliant phenomena of fire-balls—that stones actually fall from these fire-balls, and penetrate ten or fifteen feet into the ground—has been shown, among many other instances of the kind, by the well-known fall of aërolites at Barbotan, in the department Des Landes, on the 24th July 1790, at Lima on the 16th of June 1794, at Weston, in Connecticut, on the 14th of December 1807, and at Juvedas, in the department of Ardèche, on the 15th of June 1821. Other phenomena connected with the fall of aërolites are those where the masses have descended, shaken, as it were, from the bosom of a small dark

cloud, which had formed suddenly in the midst of a clear sky, accompanied with a noise that has been compared to the report of a single piece of artillery. Whole districts of country have occasionally been covered with thousands of fragments of stones, of very dissimilar magnitudes, but like constitution, which had been rained down from a progressive cloud of the kind described. In rarer instances, as in that which occurred at Kleinwenden, not far from Mühlhausen, on the 16th of September 1843, large aërolites have fallen amidst a noise like thunder, when the sky was clear, and without the formation of any cloud. The close affinity between fire-balls and shooting stars is also shown by the fact of instances having occurred of the former throwing down stones, though they had scarcely the diameter of the balls that are projected from our fireworks called Roman candles. This happened notably at Angers on the 9th of June 1822.'

We have still but an imperfect conception of the physical and chemical processes concerned in these phenomena; but their uniformity shows general causes operating in reference to them. 'If meteoric stones revolve already consolidated into dense masses (less dense, however, than the mean density of the earth), then must they form very insignificant nuclei to the fire-balls, surrounded by inflammable vapours or gases, from the interior of which they shoot, and which, judging from their height and apparent diameters, must have actual diameters of from 500 to 2600 feet. The largest meteoric masses of which we have information, those, to wit, of Balia and Otumpa in Chaco, which Rubi de Celis has described, are from 7 to 7½ feet in length. The meteoric stone of Aegos Potamos, so celebrated through the whole of antiquity, and which is even mentioned in the *Marble-chronicle* of Paris, is described as having been of the magnitude of two millstones, and of the weight of a wagon-load. Despite the vain attempts of the African traveller Browne, I have not yet abandoned the hope that this great Tjuracian meteoric stone, which must be so difficult of destruction, though it fell more than 2300 years ago, will again be discovered by one or other of the numerous Europeans who now perambulate the East in safety. The enormous aërolite which fell in the beginning of the tenth century in the river at Narni, projected a whole ell above the surface of the water, as we are assured by a document lately discovered by Pertz. It is to be observed, however, that none of these aërolites, whether of ancient or modern times, can be regarded as more than principal fragments of the mass which was scattered by the explosion of the fire-ball or murky cloud whence they descended.

'When we duly consider the mathematical determined enormous velocities with which meteoric stones fall from the outer confines of our atmosphere to the earth, or with which, as fire-balls, they speed for long distances through even the denser fields of air, it seems to me more than improbable that the metalliferous mass, with its internally-disseminated and very perfect crystals of olivine, labrador, and pyroxene, could have run together in so short an interval into a solid nucleus from any state of gas or vapour. The mass that falls, besides, even in cases where the chemical constitution varies, has always the particular characters of a fragment: it is commonly of a prismatic or irregular pyramidal form, with somewhat arched surfaces and rounded edges. But whence this figure, first observed by Schreibers, of a mass detached from a rotating planetary body?' The ingenious Chladni was the first (1794) to recognise 'the connexion between fire-balls and the stones that fall from the atmosphere, as well as the correspondence between the motions of these bodies and those of the planetary masses at large. A brilliant confirmation of this view of the cosmic origin of such phenomena has been supplied by Denison Olmsted, of New-Haven, Massachusetts, in his observations on the showers of shooting stars and fire-balls, which made their appearance in the night from the 12th to the 13th of November 1833. On this occasion, all these bodies

* Baillière, Regent Street, London. The translation is to fill two volumes 8vo.

proceeded from the same quarter of the heavens—from a point, namely, near the star γ Leonis, from which they did not deviate, although the star, in the course of the lengthened observation, changed both its apparent elevation and its azimuth. Such an independence of the rotation of the earth proclaimed that the luminous bodies came from without—from outer space into our atmosphere. According to Encke's calculations of the entire series of observations that were made in the United States of North America, between the parallels of 35° and 42° , the whole of the shooting stars came from the point in space towards which the earth was moving at the same epoch. In the subsequent American observations on the shooting stars of November 1834 and 1837, and the Bremen ones of 1838, the general parallelism of their courses, and the direction of the meteors from the constellation Leo, were perceived. As in the November periodical recurrence of shooting stars, a more decided parallel and particular direction has been noted than in the case of those that appear sporadically at other seasons, so in the August phenomenon it has also been believed that the bodies came for the major part from a point between Perseus and Taurus, the point towards which the earth is tending about the middle of the month of August. This was particularly remarked in the summer of 1839. This peculiarity in the phenomenon of falling stars, the direction of retrograde orbits in the months of November and August, is especially worthy of being either better confirmed or refuted by the most careful observations upon future occasions.

'The altitudes at which shooting stars make their appearance, by which must be understood the periods between their becoming visible and their ceasing to be so, are extremely various; in a general way, they may be stated as varying between four and thirty-five geographical miles. * * The relative velocity of the motion is from four and a quarter to nine miles per second; it is therefore equal to that of the planets. Such a velocity of movement, as well as the frequently observed course of shooting stars and fire-balls in a direction the opposite of that of the earth, has been used as a principal element in combating that view of the origin of aërolites, in which they were presumed to be projected from still active volcanoes in the moon.'

'It is highly probable,' continues the Baron, 'that a great proportion of these cosmic bodies pass undestroyed in the vicinity of our atmosphere, and only suffer a certain deflection in the eccentricity of their orbits by the attraction of the earth. We may conceive that the same bodies only become visible to us again after the lapse of several years, and when they have made many revolutions round their orbit.'

'Shooting stars fall either singly and rarely, and at all seasons indifferently, or in crowds of many thousands (Arabian writers compare them to swarms of locusts), in which case they are periodical, and move in streams generally parallel in direction. Among the periodic showers, the most remarkable are those that occur from the 12th to the 14th of November, and on the 10th of August; the "fiery tears" which then descend are noticed in an ancient English church-calendar, and are traditionally indicated as a recurring meteorological incident. Independently of this, however, precisely in the night from the 12th to the 13th of November 1823, according to Klöden, there was seen at Potsdam, and in 1832, over the whole of Europe from Portsmouth to Orenburg on the river Ural, and even in the southern hemisphere, in the Isle of France, a great mixture of shooting stars and fire-balls of the most different magnitudes; but it appears to have been more especially the enormous fall of shooting stars which Olmsted and Palmer observed in North America between the 12th and 13th of November 1833—when they appeared in one place as thick as flakes of snow, and 240,000 at least were calculated to have fallen in the course of nine hours—that led to the idea of the periodic nature of the phenomenon of great flights of shooting stars

being connected with particular days. Palmer of New-Haven recollected the fall of meteors in 1799, which Ellicot and I first described, and from which, by the juxtaposition of observations which I had given, it was discovered that the phenomenon had occurred simultaneously over the New-continent from the equator to New Herrnhut, in Greenland (N. lat. 64 degrees fourteen minutes), betwixt 46 degrees and 82 degrees of longitude. The identity in point of time was perceived with amazement. The stream, which was seen over the whole vault of heaven between the 12th and 13th of November 1833, from Jamaica to Boston (N. lat. 40 degrees, 21 minutes), occurred in 1834, in the night between the 13th and 14th of November, in the United States of North America, but with something less of intensity. In Europe, its periodicity since this epoch has been confirmed with great regularity.

'A second even as regularly recurring shower of shooting stars as the November phenomenon, is the one of the month of August—the feast of St Lawrence phenomenon—between the 9th and the 14th of the month. Muschenbroeck had already called attention, in the middle of the preceding century, to the frequency of meteors in the month of August; but their periodic and certain return about the time of the feast of St Lawrence was first pointed out by Quetelet, Olbers, and Benzenberg. In the course of time other periodically-recurring showers of shooting stars will very certainly be discovered—perhaps from the 22d to the 25th of April; from the 6th to the 12th of December; and, in consequence of the actual fall of aërolites described by Capocci, from the 27th to the 29th of November, or about the 17th of July.

'However independent all the phenomena of falling stars yet witnessed may have been of polar elevation, temperature of the air, and other climatic relations, there is still one, although perhaps only accidental, accompanying phenomenon which must not be passed by unnoticed. The Northern Lights showed themselves of great intensity during the most brilliant of all these natural incidents; that, namely, which Olmsted has described (Nov. 12-13, 1833). The same thing was also observed in Bremen in 1838, where, however, the periodic fall of meteors was less remarkable than at Richmond, in the neighbourhood of London. I have also referred in another work to the remarkable observation of Admiral Wrangel, which he has confirmed to me verbally oftener than once, that during the appearance of the Northern Lights, on the Siberian shores of the Icy Sea, certain regions of the heavens which were not illuminated became inflamed, and continued to glow, whilst a shooting star passed through them.

'The different meteor-streams, each of them made up of myriads of little planets, probably intersect the orbit of our earth in the same way as Biela's comet does. Upon this view we may imagine these shoot-star asteroids as forming a closed ring, and pursuing their course in the same particular orbit. The smaller telescopic planets between Mars and Jupiter, with the exception of Pallas, present us, in their closely-connected orbits, with a similar relationship. It is impossible as yet to decide whether alterations in the epochs at which the stream becomes visible to us, whether retardations of the phenomenon, to which I long ago directed attention, indicate a regular recession or change of the nodes (the points of intersection of the earth's orbit and the ring), or whether, from unequal clustering, or very dissimilar distances of the little bodies from each other, the zone is of such considerable breadth, that the earth only passes through it in the course of several days. The lunar system of Saturn likewise shows us a group of most intimately-associated planetary bodies of amazing breadth. In this group, the orbit of the seventh or outermost satellite is of so considerable a diameter, that the earth, in her orbit round the sun, would take three days to pass over a space of like extent. Now, if we suppose that the asteroids are unequally distributed in the course of one of the closed rings which

we picture to ourselves as forming the orbits of the periodic currents, that there are but a few thickly-congregated groups, such as would give the idea of continuous streams, we can understand wherefore such brilliant phenomena as those of November 1799 and 1833 are extremely rare. The acute Olbers was inclined to announce the return of the grand spectacle, in which shooting stars, mixed with fire-balls, should fall like a shower of snow, for the 12th-14th of November 1867.

'The solid, heated, although not red-hot, masses which are seen to fall to the earth from fire-balls by night, from small dark clouds by day, accompanied with loud noises, the sky being generally clear at the time, show, on the whole, a very obvious similarity, in point of external form, in the character of their crust and the chemical composition of their principal ingredients. This they have maintained through centuries, and in every region of the earth in which they have been collected. But so remarkable and early-asserted a physiognomical equality in these dense meteoric masses, is subject to many individual exceptions. How different are the readily-forged masses of iron of Hradelina, in the district of Agram, or that of the banks of the Sisin, in the government of Jeniseisk, which have become celebrated through Pallas, or those which I brought with me from Mexico, all of which contain 96 per cent. of iron, from the aërolites of Siena, which scarcely contain 2 per cent. of this metal, from the earthy meteoric stone of Alais (Dép. du Gard), which crumbles when put into water, and from those of Jonzac and Juvenas, which, without metallic iron, contain a mixture of oryctognostically distinguishable, crystalline, and distinct constituents! These diversities have led to the division of the cosmical masses into two classes—nickeliferous meteoric iron, and fine or coarse grained meteoric stones. Highly characteristic is the crust, though it be but a few tenths of a line in thickness, often shining like pitch, and occasionally veined. So far as I know, it has only been found wanting in the meteoric stone of Chantonay, in La Vendée, which, on the other hand—and this is equally rare—exhibits pores and vesicular cavities like the meteoric stone of Juvenas. In every instance, the black crust is as sharply separated from the clear gray mass, as is the dark-coloured crust or varnish of the white granite blocks which I brought from the cataracts of the Orinoco, and which are also met with by the side of other cataracts in different quarters of the globe—those of the Nile, the Congo, &c. It is impossible to produce anything in the strongest heat of the porcelain furnace which shall be so distinct from the unaltered matter beneath, as is the crust of aërolites from their general mass. Some, indeed, will have it that here and there indications of penetration of fragments, as if by kneading, appear; but in general the condition of the mass, the absence of flattening from the fall, and the not very remarkable heat of the meteoric stone, when touched immediately after its fall, indicate nothing like a state of fusion of the interior during the rapid passage from the limits of the atmosphere to the earth.

'The chemical elements of which meteoric masses consist, upon which Berzelius has thrown so much light, are the same as those which we encounter scattered through the crust of the earth. They consist of eight metals—iron, nickel, cobalt, manganese, chrome, copper, arsenic, and tin; five earths—potash and soda, sulphur, phosphorus, and carbon; in all, one-third of the entire number of simple substances at present known. Despite this similarity to the ultimate elements into which inorganic bodies are chemically decomposable, the appearance of meteoric masses has still something that is generally strange to us: the kind of combination of the elements is unlike all that our terrestrial mountain and rocky masses exhibit. The native iron, which is met with in almost the whole of them, gives them a peculiar, but not therefore a lunar character; for, in other regions of space, in other planetary bodies besides the moon, water may be entirely wanting, and processes of oxidation may be rare.'

Von Humboldt, after some further discussion of this point, says—'Wherefore should not—and here I might refer to a remarkable conversation between Newton and Conduitt at Kensington—wherefore should not the matter belonging to a particular cluster of celestial bodies, to the same planetary system, be for the major part the same? Why should it not be so, when we feel at liberty to surmise that these planets, like all larger and smaller conglobated masses which revolve about the sun, have separated from particular and formerly much more widely-expanded sun-atmospheres, as from vaporous rings, and which originally held their courses round the central body? We are not, I believe, more authorised to regard nickel and iron, olivine and pyroxene (augite), which we find in meteoric stones, as exclusively terrestrial, than I should have been had I indicated the German plants which I found beyond the Obi as European species of the flora of northern Asia. If the elementary matters in a group of planetary bodies of various magnitudes be identical, why should they not also, in harmony with their several affinities, run into determinate combinations—in the polar circle of Mars, into white and brilliant snow and ice; in other smaller cosmic masses, into mineral species that contain crystalline, augite, olivine, and labrador? Even in the region of the merely conjectural, the unbridled caprice that despises all induction must not be suffered to controvert opinion.'

He then proceeds to advert to the 'extraordinary obscurations of the sun which have occasionally taken place, during which the stars became visible at mid-day (as in the three days' darkness of the year 1547, about the time of the fateful battle near Mühlberg), and which are not explicable on the supposition of a cloud of volcanic ashes, or of a dense dry fog—were ascribed by Kepler at one time to a materia cometica, at another to a black cloud, the product of sooty exhalations from the sun's body. The observations of shorter periods of darkness—of three and six hours, in the years 1090 and 1203—Chladni and Schnurrer have explained by the passage of meteoric masses. Since,' he says, 'the stream of shooting stars from the direction of its orbit has been regarded as forming a closed ring, the epochs of these mysterious celestial phenomena have been brought into a remarkable connexion with the regularly-recurring showers of shooting stars. Adolph Erman has, with great acuteness, and after a careful analysis of all the data collected up to the present time, directed the attention of philosophers to the coincidence of the conjunction with the sun, as well of the August asteroids (7th of February) as of the November asteroids (12th of May), at the epoch which coincides with the popular belief in the celebrated cold days of Mamertius, Pascratius, and Servatius.'

He thus finely winds up: 'The presumptuous scepticism which rejects facts without caring to examine them, is, in many respects, even more destructive than uncritical credulity. Both interfere with rigour of investigation. Although, for fifteen hundred years, the annals of various nations have told of the fall of stones from the sky—although several instances of the circumstance are placed beyond all question by the unimpeachable testimony of eye-witnesses—although the Bætylia formed an important part of the meteor worship of the ancients, and the companions of Cortes saw the aërolites in Cholula, which had fallen upon the neighbouring pyramid—although caliphs and Mongolian princes have had sword-blades forged from meteoric masses that had but lately fallen, and men have even been killed by stones from heaven (a certain monk at Crema, on the 4th September 1511; another monk in Milan, 1650, and two Swedish sailors on ship-board, 1674), so remarkable a cosmical phenomenon remained almost unnoticed, and, in its intimate relationship with the rest of the planetary system, unappreciated, until Chladni, who had already gained immortal honour in physics by his discovery of phonic figures, directed attention to the subject. But he who is penetrated with the belief

of this connexion, if he be susceptible of emotions of awe through natural impressions, will be filled with solemn thoughts in presence, not of the brilliant spectacles of the November and August phenomena only, but even on the appearance of a solitary shooting star. Here is a sudden exhibition of movement in the midst of the realm of nocturnal peace. Life and motion occur at intervals in the quiet lustre of the firmament. The track of the falling star, gleaming with a pale lustre, gives us a sensible representation of a path long miles in length across the vault of heaven; the burning asteroid reminds us of the existence of univereal space everywhere filled with matter. When we compare the volume of the innermost satellite of Saturn, or that of Ceres, with the enormous volume of the Sun, all relation of great and small vanishes from the imagination. The extinction of the stars that have suddenly blazed up in several parts of the heavens, in Cassiopea, in Cygnus, and in Ophiucus, leads us to admit the existence of dark or non-luminous celestial bodies. Conglobed into minor masses, the shooting-star asteroids circulate about the sun, intersect the paths of the great luminous planets, after the manner of comets, and become ignited when they approach or actually enter the outermost strata of our atmosphere.

'With all other planetary bodies, with the whole of nature beyond the limits of our atmosphere, we are only brought into relationship by means of light, of radiant heat, which is scarcely to be separated from light, and the mysterious force of attraction which distant masses exert upon our earth, our ocean, and our atmosphere, according to the quantity of their material parts. We recognise a totally different kind of cosmic, and most peculiarly material relationship, in the fall of shooting stars and meteoric stones, when we regard them as planetary asteroids. These are no longer bodies which, through the mere excitement of pulses, influence us from a distance by their light or their heat, or which move and are moved by attraction: they are material bodies, which have come from the realms of space into our atmosphere, and remain with our earth. Through the fall of a meteoric stone, we experience the only possible contact of aught that does not belong to our planet. Accustomed to know all that is non-telluric solely through measurement, through calculation, through intellectual induction, we are amazed when we touch, weigh, and subject to analysis a mass that has belonged to the world beyond us. Thus does the reflecting, spiritualised excitement of the feelings work upon the imagination, in circumstances where vulgar sense sees nothing but dying sparks in the clear vault of heaven, and in the black stone that falls from the crackling cloud the crude product of some wild force of nature.'

Judging of Cosmos from the two parts which we have read, we earnestly recommend it to public attention. From its popular construction and style, we should suppose it a highly eligible work for mechanics' and parish libraries.

THE HOME-WRECK.

SECOND PART.

SCARCELY a week had elapsed, after the accident recorded, in the first part of this tale, ere it became a matter of gossiping notoriety that the young squire of Coote-down had fallen in love with the lawyer's daughter. In truth, he had not stirred from the vicinity of the cottage in which Catherine lay, that he might get the earliest information from the medical attendants concerning her condition. From day to day, and sometimes from hour to hour, he watched with intense anxiety. The symptoms improved daily; the anguish caused by the fractures having subsided, the patient was in progress of slow, but, to all appearance, certain recovery.

Mrs Hardman now had sufficient cause to ground a strong opposition to the match her son was endeavouring to make. She spoke to her husband; but he, good,

easy man, could not, he said, see any objection to the alliance. She was of their kindred, and although poor, would doubtless make an excellent wife. The imperious and disappointed lady next applied to Dodbury? She placed before him the inequality in the position of Herbert and his daughter, and was very vehement in her arguments against the marriage.

'Your fears, madam,' said Dodbury calmly, 'are at least premature. However passionately your son may express himself in reference to my daughter, she, I know, feels what is due to herself, as well as to Mr and Mrs Hardman. She would never consent to become a member of a family in which she would not be cordially received. Besides, I have yet to learn that she reciprocates the attachment which you say Mr Herbert evinces for her.'

The correct light in which Dodbury thus considered the matter, induced Mrs Hardman to change her policy. After complimenting the lawyer and Catherine for their honourable forbearance, she went on to say that she unhappily had but little influence over her son. 'Would you, therefore, endeavour to point out to him the folly of his persistence in following a young lady whom he can never marry?' Dodbury promised to do so, and the lady departed so well pleased with the interview, that she wrote to Lady Elizabeth Plympton, inviting her to spend the ensuing month at Coote-down.

That day, after hearing the most favourable report of Catherine's recovery which had yet been made, Dodbury invited Herbert to dine with him. After the cloth was removed, the subject of the morning's conversation with Mrs Hardman was introduced. Herbert stammered, and blushed: he was not prepared to talk about it just then, and endeavoured to change the topic more than once; but Dodbury kept to the point, till Herbert owned, in fervent and glowing words, that Catherine had completely won his heart, and that he would rather die than be forced into a match with another woman.

'All which,' replied the matter-of-fact man of parchment, 'is very spirited and romantic no doubt. But let us look at the affair with calm and clear eyes. You profess to love my child with strong and unquenchable passion?'

'Profess! Do you doubt me?'

'I do not doubt that you are perfectly in earnest now; but my knowledge of mankind forbids my putting much faith in the endurance of the sort of feeling with which you profess (I cannot give up the word, you see) to be inspired. My child, so says the world, is beautiful—very beautiful. Yours may be a mere passion for her beauty.'

'You wrong me,' replied the young man; 'I have known and admired her long enough to appreciate her intrinsic worth. Her image is as dear to me as my own life.'

Dodbury bent on his young friend a long and earnest look of inquiry. He was a good reader of human nature. He saw, that as the lover spoke, his eye lightened with enthusiasm, his lips quivered with emotion, his cheeks glowed with blushes. 'I have little faith in these violent emotions,' thought the wary man of the world, as he leant back in his easy-chair for a moment's reflection. 'Fierce flames burn out quickly. This affair surrounds me with difficulties.'

About a month after Miss Dodbury's complete recovery, her father opened the same topic gradually and delicately to her. Catherine had scarcely nurtured a thought which she had not confided to her father; being her only parent, she looked up to him as the directing source of all her actions. He was 'the king of her narrow world.' In discussing this matter, therefore, though overwhelmed with a maiden shame, she was not reserved. From what she said, the sorrowing father gathered that her maiden affections were twined around a man whom her own innate propriety and pride, not to include other obstacles, should prevent her from marrying. This disclosure gave Dodbury great pain. He determined to use more vigilance, caution, and prudence,

than ever. His obvious course was to bring about, if possible, a reconciliation to the match with Mrs Hardman; but he refrained. The purity of the young lover's sentiments had yet to be tried. Time he determined should put that to the test.

Meanwhile, Lady Elizabeth had accepted Mrs Hardman's invitation. She and Herbert Hardman were constantly thrown together; and it was manifest, after a time, that, despite the almost studied neglect with which he treated her ladyship, she entertained a strong feeling in his favour. This Mrs Hardman endeavoured by every means in her power to induce Herbert to reciprocate; but in vain; the attraction of Catherine Dodbury was too powerful. It must be owned, however, that his vanity was a little flattered by the haughty beauty condescending to feel a sentiment for him.

This state of things was too equivocal and uncertain to last. Catherine strove, as long and as firmly as maiden could strive, against her love; whilst Herbert fed his by every sort of attention it was possible to evince. At length Dodbury felt the necessity of some strong measure. He perceived that consent to the match was less likely than ever, since the tender regard which Lady Plympton had evinced. He, therefore, after a long interview with Mrs Hardman, penned a kind note to Herbert, in which he, with every expression of regret for the step he felt bound to take, forbade him his house, or any further communication with his daughter.

Though long anticipated, this was a bitter blow. Catherine strove not to check the master-feeling which had now taken possession of her whole thought and being; for she knew that was impossible; but, in the purity of her heart, she felt she could live on—more tranquilly, more calmly, now that all hope was abandoned, than when it was nursed in suspense. Deprived of Herbert's presence, she would love him as an imagined, ever-remembered being—an abstraction, of which the embodiment was dead to her for ever. With this new and consolatory sensation she determined, without a tear, never to encounter his real presence again. She wrote him a note to that effect, and, accompanied by her father, went immediately to London.

Herbert was frantic. He upbraided his mother with unflinching earnestness. He appealed to his father, who consoled him by saying he was sorry that, as he always left these matters to his mother's management, he could not interfere; adding, that, so far as he was a judge, the Lady Elizabeth Plympton was an uncommonly fine young woman.

After calm consideration, Herbert made up his mind as to what he should do. The estate was entailed; that made him comparatively independent; and he would endeavour, as well as his impetuous passion would allow, to live on in the hope that at length his mother would give her consent, and that Catherine would retract her determination. In pursuance of this plan, he apologised to his mother for his previous wrath, and treated Lady Elizabeth, during the remainder of her visit, with politeness; but it was a studied, constrained, and ironical sort of courtesy, which pained the unoffending but humbled beauty much more than overt rudeness. When the young lady was about to depart, he surprised his mother by the gallant offer of accompanying her and their visitor to her father's, near Plympton.

These favourable symptoms Mrs Hardman reported to Dodbury, who, seeing his daughter's perfect resignation, thought it might be not imprudent to return home, especially as young Hardman was to remain at the Earl of Plympton's for a few weeks. He, however, carefully concealed the apparent attachment of Lady Elizabeth from his daughter. Accordingly they returned to their home, Catherine appearing but a slight degree saddened and changed in spirit. A feverish languor, however, of which she neglected to complain or to ask medical advice for, was making inroads on her health.

Mrs Hardman, after staying a week at the earl's, returned, congratulating herself on the seeming change which was gradually creeping over her son's sentiments.

She allowed him to remain a month unquestioned; but after that time family matters required Herbert's presence at Coote-down, and she wrote, desiring him to come home. To her surprise, her letter was returned unopened, franked by the earl. Herbert must have left Plympton Court then, and would doubtless be home in the course of the day.

But that day passed, and another, and another, yet no tidings of Herbert. Mr Hardman now became alarmed, and wrote. The answer was, that his son had started for Coote-down that day week! Inquiries were set on foot in all directions. Every house was sent to at which the young man was known to visit. Advertisements were circulated throughout the country, and afterwards published in the London newspapers, for tidings of Herbert Hardman, but without effect. The most distressing fears were apprehended respecting his fate. His parents were distracted; and the only conjecture which could be formed was, that as war had just broken out with America, he had been kidnapped by a pressgang for the sea-service.

This was a last hope, and Hardman hung upon it as upon life. He wrote to the admiralty, and, starting for Plymouth, made every inquiry likely to settle the doubt. Alas! though pressgangs had been busy at their oppressive work, no such name as Hardman had been returned as having been one of their victims. The conviction slowly stole over him, that some fatal accident or rash determination had ended Herbert's term of life. The dislike of her son, of which Mrs Hardman had been suspected, now melted completely away into the fondest affliction for his memory. She, however, did not entirely abandon the hope of seeing him again.

What, however, of Catherine all this while? Alas! a misfortune had overtaken her, in the midst of which the mysterious disappearance of Herbert had not reached her. While in London, she, by some unknown means, had contracted that fatal disease, then violently raging in the metropolis—the small-pox. For months her life was despaired of, and of course all knowledge of the absence of Herbert was kept from her.

Mr Hardman grieved to that excess, that he gradually sunk into the grave. His funeral was a melancholy spectacle, for all knew the cause of his demise. His good easy disposition made him extensively regretted. Mrs Hardman's native strength of mind, however, kept her up amidst her double loss. She found a great consolation in assiduously attending Catherine's sick-bed. Misfortune had schooled every particle of pride from her breast, and she was a prey to remorse. She accused herself—not indeed entirely without justice—of having caused the miseries, the effects of which she was now suffering. 'Would,' she exclaimed to Dodbury one day, 'I could recall the past!'

Catherine's recovery was protracted; and, alas! when she appeared in public, it was perceived that the disease had robbed her of her brightest charms. Her face was covered with unsightly marks. Still, the graceful figure, the winning smile, the fascinating manner, remained; and few, after the first shock of the change had passed away, missed the former loveliness of the once beautiful Catherine. A year passed. By slow and cautious hints and foreshadowings, the truth was revealed; but Miss Dodbury bore all with resignation. 'It is perhaps better for me,' she one day said to Mrs Hardman, 'that it is so. Had he loved and wedded another, I dared no longer to have cherished his image as I do. But now it is my blessed privilege to love him in spirit as dearly as ever.'

The hitherto proud, tearless woman of the world wept a flood when unconsciously, innocently, Catherine spoke of the lost Herbert. On one such occasion she threw herself on the girl's neck, exclaiming, 'Oh, what have I done! what have I done!'

Mrs Hardman never spent a day apart from Catherine. What a change of feeling one short year had wrought! Formerly, she looked on the girl as a bar to her ambitious projects; now, she could not lavish love and

kindness enough to satisfy her sentiment of atonement towards the same being. One evening they were walking in that part of the park which overlooks the sea, when a sail appeared in the horizon, then another, and another. The sight of ships never failed to remind the mother of her son; for the presentiment regarding his disappearance never forsook her. 'Dearest Catherine,' she exclaimed, 'would that one of those sails were wafting him back to us.' The girl trembled, and Mrs Hardman begged forgiveness for an involuntary allusion which deeply affected her companion. 'But I must be forgiven for telling you that I cannot, will not, abandon every hope of seeing him again. If you knew the pictures of happiness I sometimes draw, in which you and he are the chief actors, I am sure they would please instead of paining you. I sometimes fancy him returned; I go through in imagination your marriage; I feel a real delight in fancying myself placing your hand in his at the altar; I—' Here the speaker was interrupted. Her companion, clasping her suddenly for support, had, overcome with emotion, fainted in her arms!

From that day Mrs Hardman forebore all allusion to her lost son.

That summer went by, and grief had made such inroads on Mrs Hardman's mind, that her health gradually declined. Catherine also was weaker than she had ever been for a continuance previous to her last illness. Besides the disfigurement the disease had made in her countenance, grief had paled her complexion and hollowed her cheek. Yet she kept up her spirits, and was a source of unflinching consolation to Mrs Hardman, who gradually weaned her from her father's house to live entirely at Coote-down, where Dodbury also spent every hour he could spare from business. He had recovered all his lost influence in the family affairs, and was able, by his good management, to avert from the estate the embarrassments with which his fair client's former extravagances had threatened it. Mrs Hardman was now gradually becoming a rich woman.

Ere the winter arrived, she expressed a wish to pay a visit to her late father's attorney, who lived at Barnstable. Dodbury offered to accompany her; but she declined this civility. She wished to go alone. There was something mysterious in this journey. 'What could its object be?' asked the lawyer of his daughter. 'Surely, if Mrs Hardman require any legal business to be transacted, I am the proper person to accomplish it,' Catherine was equally ignorant, and the mistress of Coote-down was evidently not inclined to enlighten her.

The journey was commenced. 'I shall return in a fortnight,' said Mrs Hardman. 'Should anything occur requiring my presence earlier, pray ride or send off for me.' These were her parting words. They did not surprise Catherine, for well she knew that an irrepressible presentiment kept possession of the mother's mind that the lost son would one day return. There was not a morning that she rose from her pillow, but the expectation of seeing her son before sunset existed in her mind.

Mrs Hardman had been away a week. Catherine had removed to her father's house, and was preparing to sit down to sew, as was her custom, when her father, returning from the office adjoining, brought her a letter. 'It is very odd,' he remarked, 'but amidst my business communications I find this epistle addressed to you. See, it is marked "sailor's letter." I imagine it must be intended for one of the servants.'

Catherine made no reply; a presentiment darted into her mind. Usually a quiet, calm girl, her nature seemed suddenly to have changed. She snatched the letter from her father's hand, tore it open, looked at the signature, and fell into his arms in an agony of emotion. Absorbed by her painful struggles, Dodbury overlooked the cause of them; and Catherine, with one intense overwhelming thought burning within her, placed the letter before him. She tried to speak, but the agony

of joy which she felt choked her. The father read the signature; it was 'Herbert Hardman!'

The reaction came, and Catherine for a time was calm. She said she could listen to the contents of the letter; and Dodbury began to peruse it. Hardman was alive and well; and a new tide of emotion gushed forth from the panting listener. With the ardent impulse of a pious heart, she sunk upon her knees and uttered a fervent thanksgiving to the universal Protector. It was long ere she could hear more. There might be something behind—some dreadful qualification to all the rapture with which her soul was flooded. This thought was insupportable, and as Dodbury saw that his child must hear the whole, he read the epistle word for word. It was a strange narrative.

When Herbert left Plympton Court, he determined to stay a night at Plymouth. Walking on a place called Britain Side, near the quay, he was unexpectedly seized by a pressgang. They hurried him on board the *Tender*, lying off Cat-down; and immediately draughted him to a small frigate, which was to sail the next morning, as part of a convoy to some Indian ships. Accordingly, they sailed. The frigate was commissioned to drop despatches at Gibraltar, and arriving off that place she was obliged to lag some miles behind, to fulfil her orders. After having done so, and made all sail to rejoin the convoy, she was attacked by a Barbary rover of superior strength, was beaten, most of the crew captured, and conveyed into port. They were taken to the market-place, and sold as slaves. Herbert described these extraordinary events as occurring so rapidly, that it was not till he was established with his purchaser—a man of some property, who lived on an estate at the edge of the Sahara desert—that he had time to reflect on them. Hoping that some of the officers or crew had escaped, and would take means to ransom him, he worked on from day to day for a whole year. At last an Egyptian merchant came to visit his master, to whose servant Herbert intrusted a letter, addressed to the British consul at Alexandria. This letter was fortunately delivered, and after a time, his liberty was procured. The moment he got on board ship he wrote the epistle which was now being so eagerly devoured.

Dodbury sent instantly to Mrs Hardman such a letter as was calculated to break the news not too abruptly to her. No time was mentioned for Herbert's arrival, so that suspense and some degree of uncertainty tempered the joy both father and daughter felt in making this communication.

Dodbury busied himself in corresponding with the navy office to obtain Herbert's release from the service; but to his mortification, a reply arrived, stating, as was announced before, that no such name was in the books. It was, however, added, that a person entered as 'H. Hard' was 'pressed on the identical day that Herbert was, and it was suggested that his name may have been misspelt. That, however, remained to be seen.

By the time Mrs Hardman arrived at Coote-down, a second letter addressed to her had come from her son. It was dated 'off Havre,' and mentioned the probable time of his reappearance in England. The mother's joy was intense; yet the news had not fallen like a shock upon her, as upon Catherine. Holding fast by the daily hope that her son would some day reappear, the event was vaguely expected. Hence she was filled with unalloyed delight. All the old gaiety and pride of her disposition returned, and her first thoughts were expended on plans for once more receiving her son—now, by right of inheritance, the possessor of Coote-down—with a splendour to exceed that which welcomed him from France on attaining his majority. Nor was Catherine for a moment forgotten. Every particular of the nuptials was sketched out, and every preliminary prepared. Never were two minds so filled with happiness.

Dodbury started off a little before the time Herbert

was to arrive at Portsmouth. On arriving in London, he endeavoured to pave the way for Herbert's discharge, by clearing up the mistake about the name. Luckily, Lord Plympton held office, and a note from him to the proper authorities was of great service. How eagerly were the lawyer's letters to Cooto-down looked for by its inmates! The first announced that, thanks to Lord Plympton's influence, everything had been arranged, and that, on producing Herbert, and proving him to be the representative of the name 'Hard' found in the list of seamen, his discharge would be granted. The second letter was dated Portsmouth. Herbert had arrived! He was much browner than heretofore, but more robust and manly. His manners had altered most: from bordering on the polite and finical, adversity and rough usage had made them more direct and blunt. The third communication was from London, and stated that the Earl of Plympton had insisted on Herbert making his lordship's house his home. Nothing could exceed the friendly warmth with which he had been received by the whole family, especially by the Lady Elizabeth. After some difficulty, the discharge was obtained, and the letter concluded by actually fixing a day for Herbert's appearance in the hall of his fathers.

The vastitude of Mrs Hardman's preparations were equal to the greatness of her joy. The scene of the former reception was to be enacted over again, but with additional splendour.

The time came, and with it the long-lost son. Mrs Hardman met him on the hall steps, and clasped him in her arms with a fondness she had never evinced before. But he was impatient. There was another being whom he longed to fold in his arms. Mrs Hardman conducted him, impelled by impatience, into her dressing-room, where Catherine waited trembling and expectant. Herbert rushed forward and clasped her in an embrace which seemed to pour forth an age of long-suppressed and passionate affection. The mother looked on in silent delight. She seemed to share in the lovers' slightest emotion.

The first raptures having subsided, Herbert gazed upon the face of his mistress. At the first glance he would have started back, had not the firm affection of Catherine's embrace detained him. From the vivid signs of love and hope fulfilled, his countenance altered to an expression of doubt and disappointment. 'Catherine?' he said in a tone of inquiry—'my Catherine?'

'Yes,' replied the mother sorrowfully.

'But how changed,' replied Herbert somewhat abruptly; 'how very much changed!'

A mass of thought and recollection, a revulsion of feeling, passed through Catherine's brain; but tears burst forth to relieve her. Herbert gradually released her from his embrace, and his mother stepped forward to support her. She gazed steadfastly at her son, and read in his countenance a presage which she dreaded to interpret. After a time Hardman withdrew to receive the congratulations of the guests, amongst the foremost of whom were Lord and Lady Elizabeth Plympton. He had scarcely closed the door, ere Mrs Hardman placed her weeping charge gently in a chair, and sat beside Catherine, holding her hands to her bosom.

At this moment Dodbury entered to share his daughter's joy. But what a reverse was here! Tears, silence, despondency. He was amazed, disappointed; and anxiously inquired the cause. 'My son,' said Mrs Hardman calmly, 'was a little shocked at Catherine's altered appearance. Doubtless, when his first emotions of surprise are over, all the happiness we anticipated will be realised.' But she mistrusted her own thoughts: a dark presentiment had cast its shadow over her mind.

That night was spent in festivity, in which Catherine was too ill to join. She retired to her chamber, not to give way to unavailing grief, but to fortify her mind against the worst. Mrs Hardman's duties as hostess could not be neglected, and she mixed

with her guests with the dignified affability of former years. In watching her son's proceedings, she had frequent occasion to bewail a coarseness and impetuosity of manner, which had doubtless been imbibed from his recent adventures. His attentions to Lady Elizabeth were as incessant and warm as on a similar occasion they were cold and distant. When the guests were retiring, he asked in a careless tone, 'By the by, mother, what has become of Catherine?'

The answer to this question implied an accusation of cruelty in the interview with Catherine. This brought a retort from Herbert, that time was when Mrs Hardman pleaded another's cause. 'True,' replied the mother, 'but since I have known Catherine's unmatched excellence, I have grievously repented that I ever contemplated that alliance. Tell me, Herbert, at once, and honestly, have your feelings changed towards Catherine?'

'When I left her she was beautiful,' was the reply; 'now she is——'

'You need not finish the sentence,' rejoined Mrs Hardman. 'I see it all, and will urge you no further: our household's happiness is wrecked.'

The sorrowing lady sought Catherine's chamber. She took her in her arms, exclaiming, 'Catherine, we are women, but we must act like men.' A flood of mingled tears relieved the dreadful emotions which agitated the wretched pair. One moment's consideration showed them the worst—a future of hopeless despair. Hardman's love was, then, a mere fitful passion, lit up by Catherine's former surpassing beauty.

Upon her face and form, with their matchless loveliness, his fancy had fed since his banishment; his imagination, rather than his heart, had kept her image constantly before him. But when he beheld her in reality so different from the being his memory-dreams had lingered over, his passion received a sudden check. When he beheld her pallid cheek, there was no heart-love to tell him it was grief for him, which had hollowed and blanched her beautiful face. His lightly-based passion all but extinguished, instead of soothing the misfortune which the ravages of disease had brought upon her, gradually became colder and colder. In two months after his return the final blow was struck, and Herbert Hardman became the husband of the Lady Elizabeth Plympton!

From the day of the nuptials, Catherine Dodbury covered her face with a thick black veil, and no mortal had ever seen her face, except her faithful domestic, to the day of her death. She and Mrs Hardman retired to a distant part of the country, to leave the bride and bridegroom in undisturbed possession of the estate. Mrs Hardman did not long survive her son's marriage. On her death, it was discovered that all the property at her disposal she had left to her son—to be enjoyed after his death by Catherine—who, the testatrix never doubted, when she executed the will (for which purpose she made her solitary journey to Barnstable), would, if ever he reappeared, become Herbert's wife.

But how fared the married pair?

At first they lived happily enough; but, when the enthusiasm of love was over, other excitements were sought. They removed to London. Herbert became wildly dissipated, and his wife habitually expensive. The estate was soon impoverished, trees cut down, and the whole steeped in mortgages. Crime succeeded. By a legal juggle, Catherine was deprived of her reversionary rights; and when every penny was gone, the wretched Hardman ended his days in a debtor's prison. His wife followed him, leaving no child to inherit the estates.

Catherine had, during all this while, lived with her father till his decease, which took place just before that of Herbert. She then removed to Cooto-down, which had come into her possession, failing nearer heirs—her father having been a cousin two degrees removed from the late Mr Hardman, senior. There she had lived on for years, without any attempt to improve the ruined

property, and in the seclusion in which I saw her at my visit.

Such is the history of the 'Home-wreck,' whose effects I witnessed in my visit to Coote-down. Since then, however, things have materially changed. A very short time ago I received notice that the heroine of the above events had sunk into the grave, leaving most of her property to my cousin and fascinating cicerone, who is now happily married. By this time the estate has resumed its former fertility, and the house some of its past grandeur. Singular to say, the hardy old servant still survives, and pursues her song and her knitting at her own corner of the settle to this day.

HE'S A KIND-HEARTED FELLOW!

AY, so he is; and the world intuitively ratifies the decision. A more generous, frank, and guileless heart never beat within human bosom; nor is he all feeling to act without sense; nor all impulse to proceed without discrimination. He is not to be melted into sympathy by every idle story; and yet Hudson could no more resist the call of genuine distress, than could a snow-flake the heat of a furnace. He is a right-hearted man, who finds his own happiness in the happiness of others, and on whom nothing could inflict more positive misery than the knowledge that he was the cause of wrong to the meanest fellow-creature.

This kindness of disposition is in truth an enviable gift: it is to society what sunshine is to cloudy weather, or what a green spot is to a barren desert. It knows no partiality, and has no object to serve. It flows as lavishly for the Leggar's 'God bless you,' as for the rich man's friendship; and is as much at home amid childish prattle, as in the counsels of wisdom. Indeed, if we are to judge by their conduct, the young come in for a notable share of it, and seem to be peculiarly alive to its influences. They know at first sight your kind-hearted fellow, and will pitch upon him with an aptitude more unerring than could have a Gall or a Lavater. They are shrewd physiognomists these embryo humanities, or it may be that their little guileless souls are drawn by some natural affinity towards that which is pure and generous. Only let Hudson make an evening call, and half-a-dozen of these tiny hosts are absolutely boisterous in their welcome. Here a couple pinion his hands, a pair still more diminutive do their best to fetter his limbs, while the elder two have each a seat ready for his reception. There is no mistaking of this heart-kindness among children; the man who owns it is sure to be the load-star round which they gather, even though they should never have seen him before. There is something in his looks, and tones, and little acts of attention which they can keenly appreciate; nor are they to be deceived by the assumption of these by any other. They know their man too well ever to be found in fault; and while they will gradually slip out of the room to be freed from the presence of his cousin, it is absolutely imperative to issue an order of ejection to make them quit the chair-side of Hudson. They have always so many questions to put, so many wonders to show, that one is almost inclined to pity poor Hudson; and yet no man could be happier, answering, wondering, and amusing, with an equanimity that would baffle patience herself to surpass. Nor must his kindness be shown to themselves alone. It is only the other day that a young hopeful, scarcely four years old, came dragging into the parlour a large Newfoundland dog, shaggy and wet, against the dress of our friend; nor could he be persuaded to desist, but urged as his plea that 'Blucher wanted to know Mr Hudson.' And know him certainly Blucher did, for animals as well as children have an instinctive knowledge of kindness, and read our looks and interpret our tones with a precision still more unerring.

Hudson, kind-hearted fellow, is also an amazing favourite with the other sex. The girl that opens the door would not do it half so readily for any other person.

She knows his knock; the very sound of his footfall tells her 'that's Mr Hudson.' His coat and hat are laid aside with unusual care; he is ushered in with a graceful confidence, and a tone of modest familiarity, that seems to say, 'I know master is always so happy to see you.' Or if we are not at home, he is told that 'Mistress and the children are just in the parlour;' or is greeted with, 'Would you not wait a little, sir?' or with some such expression of humble regard, that never meets the ear of any save your kind-hearted gentleman. The ladies also are all in raptures with him. When their health is proposed, he is invariably selected to reply: indeed, not a party or picnic could take place without him, any more than it could be summer without sunshine. He is an active assistant in all their schemes of charity and benevolence, as he is an abettor of their frolic and amusement. They associate a certain good luck with his name, and if the word Hudson only stand at the head of their subscription list, be it in behoof of a fancy fair or blanket society, then they are assured all will go well. It has often puzzled us to understand how Hudson contrives to answer the thousand demands that are made upon his time; and yet in business he has never had a reverse, but prospers more than those who make twenty times more bustle. The fact is, that kindness of heart is a centre of attraction in business as it is in social life, and his readiness ever to oblige is the very reason why people of sense refrain from exacting too much, and why even the worthless feel ashamed to impose upon it.

As amid the amenities of private life, so amid the struggles and severities of public duty, your kind-hearted fellow is pre-eminently conspicuous. He is a leading man on 'Change, if not for the depth of his opinion, at least for the honest cordiality with which it is given. You know him there among his compeers by his open countenance, the frankness with which he salutes them, and by a certain portliness-of figure which well accords with our ideas of the mental dispositions within. The angularities and wrinkles which settle on the face of the surly and peevish have no business with him; the unsettled lurking eye of the man bent on deception, or the driving of a hard bargain, never disfigure that divine index to his kindly heart. A poor but well-meaning creditor finds relief from his friendly tones, and is thereby nerved for renewed endeavours; and we firmly believe that this kindness has saved from ruin, and reclaimed to honesty of purpose, tenfold the number that ever were deterred by dread of exposure and punishment. The demands made upon the time of our friend in public life are quite as numerous as those made upon his attention in private. If there is a bankrupt affair to wind up, he is sure to be nominated trustee; a dispute to settle, 'Oh, we'll refer it to Hudson;' a subscription to be raised for an orphan family, undoubtedly let him be treasurer. Indeed one would almost imagine that he had the gift of multiplying himself, in order to discharge the duties which this innate goodness of heart insensibly gathers around it. And yet our friend, though ever busy, is never bustled: 'can't attend'—'call again'—'not my business,' are phrases that never escape his lips.

It is astonishing to see the happy complacency with which your kind-hearted fellow passes through the world. He has his joke with one, a bit of banter with another, and a kind word for everybody; and everybody has as friendly a disposition towards him. If he err, his errors are soon forgot; few indeed are to be found who could harbour a malignant feeling against him. His superiors meet with him readily, as with one whom it is an honour to know. He is the adored of his equals, and is as indispensable to their dinner-tables and public meetings, as he was to the drawing-rooms of their ladies. With the poor he must ever be in especial respect; for it is the conduct of your kind-hearted men that sweetens their cup of life, and renders more tolerable the unequal distributions of fortune in the present artificial state of society. The beggar has an intuitive knowledge of your kind-hearted fellow, and while he will step out of the way of the churl, will meet the for-

mer with the conviction that he beseeches a brother; nor is he ever disappointed. If Hudson has not a penny to give, he has at least a kind word and a friendly tone; and we verily believe, judging from the lighted-up countenance of the pauper, that he would twenty times rather have had that refusal than the coin of the churlish and unfeeling.

This kind-heartedness is eminently the development of a high civilisation and refinement. It may exist inherently in human nature; but it is with its manifestations, and not with its dubious existence, that we have now to do. Savage life is too intent upon mere selfish necessities to admit of much of this quality; and feudalism has too little of equality to admit of it as a genuine feeling and cause of conduct. It is only in a free and rational state of society that this heart-kindness can attain its full development; and the freer and more enlightened we become, the more will it diffuse its happy influences amongst us. To think otherwise, would be to take but a mean estimate of the religious and educational efforts of the present century: there would be little fulfilling the high expectations man has formed, were they not to infuse into society more truth, more forbearance, and more brotherly affection. There may not be associated with this disposition much of what the world calls superior talent and brilliant genius, but it is ever accompanied by what is more useful to the everyday business of life—a fund of good common sense, and quick appreciation of what is necessary for the exigencies of the moment. And, after all, what were the value of the most exalted genius, the brightest gifts of the head, if the heart was cold, and selfish, and scornful? It is but dubious wisdom that does not make men better and happier—very questionable talent that tells only of the intellect, while the affections are left barren and desolate.

PUBLIC HEALTH—SCHOOLS.

THE further our inquiries are pursued into the condition of the humbler classes, the more are we convinced of the necessity for diffusing even the simplest knowledge of scientific principles in their relation with every-day life. It is somewhat surprising, that while so much has been done to regulate the opinions of society by civil law, so little has been done for the explanation and application of physical laws. Pernicious principles, unwholesome and fatal customs, have been immemorably transmitted from generation to generation as matters of hereditary necessity. While science has traced with unerring exactitude the path of the distant comet—we speak not disparagingly—it has forgotten things which lie nearer to us—health and life. Dr Channing, in his lectures on the Elevation of the Labouring Classes, observes—'Health is the working-man's fortune, and he ought to watch over it more than the capitalist over his large investments. Health lightens the efforts of body, and nimb; it enables a man to crowd much work into a narrow compass. Were the mass of the community more enlightened on these points, they would apply their knowledge not only to their private habits, but would insist on municipal regulations favouring general health, and for prohibiting the erection or the letting of such buildings as must generate disease. With what face can the great cities of Europe and America boast of their civilisation, when within their limits thousands and tens of thousands perish for want of God's freest, most lavish gifts? We forbid by law the selling of putrid meat in the market: why do we not forbid the renting of rooms in which putrid, damp, and noisome vapours are working as sure destruction as the worst food? If people understand that they are as truly poisoned in such dens as by tainted meat and decaying vegetables, would they not appoint commissioners for houses as truly as commissioners for markets?'

These remarks apply themselves forcibly to certain facts brought to light by the publication of the Report of the Health of Towns Commission. We make in this

present case, special reference to the ventilation of schools. We learn from the evidence that these establishments are, in too many instances, nothing more than large receptacles for impure air. The evil, we learn, is rather owing to defective structural arrangement, than to carelessness on the part of the superintendents, most of whom displayed the greatest solicitude with regard to ventilation. Dr Fleming states, 'I have gone to a school-room where I was told they had abundant ventilation by their many windows. I have visited that school-room at three o'clock on the Sunday afternoon, when crowded. I have then found its atmosphere insufferable, and all the glass in the windows covered with condensed vapour; and on asking the teachers "Why they did not open the windows?" they have properly replied, "Because it would give the children their death of cold." Christchurch school, in Bow Lane, Preston, is thus described by the visitors:—"It is situated in the lowest part of the street, which slopes from both extremities to the position of the building. It is erected over one of the principal sewers of the town; to the east there is a factory, to the west a number of mud-traps, where all the solid part of the drainage is preserved; and a little beyond there are several meadows flooded from the drain. The room in which the boys are taught is considerably below the level of the adjoining street, and appears to be very damp. The children look pale and unhealthy, and ten on an average are said to be absent from sickness. The late master ascribed his death to the unhealthiness of the room. Many of the other schools are equally badly situated; some are in the vicinity of pigsties, and some in courts. Even in those schools in which provision is made for ventilation independent of the doors and windows, the most gross ignorance is frequently manifested as to its first principles. In St Mary's school, while there is a good arrangement for ventilation around the stove pipe, the ventilator from the boys' school passes into that occupied by the girls, so that they are obliged to breathe the air already vitiated by the school beneath.'

No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that the proper mode of ventilating a room is by opening the windows, or by any openings above the level of the floor. In such cases, the cold air on entering strikes downwards, causing much discomfort to those seated underneath: the vitiated air, which had risen upwards, is lowered in temperature, and being heavier than common air, descends again to be breathed a second time by the occupants of the room. A very slight acquaintance with the laws that govern the motions of fluids would enable a builder to obviate the fatal consequences here noticed, by making the openings for the admission of fresh air invariably on a level with the floor. The condition of some of the Manchester schools, included in Dr Fleming's evidence, clearly demonstrates 'the injurious effects of bad ventilation.' 'The infant school in Lower Mosley Street was insufferably close the day I visited it. The only mode of ventilation is by throwing open the windows above the backs of the heads of the children, the forms being ranged round the room. It did not surprise me when I was told, in the language of my informant, that the children suffer very much from toothache, and in sharp winds from bad coughs. They suffer from these two causes more than any other. On inspecting the Blue-Coat boys, I observed a cutaneous eruption on the hands and arms, and I have seen it since on the bodies of some of the boys. Three whom I examined look delicate, and appear to have suffered from indigestion. On inquiry, I found that this disease (I should call it scurvy) had prevailed some time ago to a more alarming extent, and that it was comparatively subdued. The first relief they obtained was from a change in diet, giving a portion of meat every day, with beer, and more potatoes and less bread. I desired to be shown into the dormitories, where I saw that large apertures had been recently made in the side walls near the ceiling. I was informed that the object had been to improve the ventilation, and that they had to a great

extent answered the purpose. Upon comparing dates, it seemed clear that the disease to which I have alluded, though relieved by a change in diet, assumed a much milder form from the time of the alterations in the dormitories, and is now almost overcome.

We next find some tables bearing on the physical condition of the children when at home. Out of 222 selected for examination, 176 recollected having 'always lived in houses,' 18 formerly 'in cellars,' 21 'now in cellars,' and 7 in houses 'where shops are attached.' With regard to cleanliness, 6 washed their hands and face six times a-day, 10 three times a-day, 48 twice, 143 once, 9 alternate days, 2 twice a-week, and 1 once a-week. The washing of feet seems to be more neglected: 18 who were shoeless washed them 'every night,' 9 'twice a-week,' 108 'once a-week,' 30 'once a-month,' 15 'every fortnight,' 6 wearing shoes 'every night,' and 39 'seldom or never, being forbidden by their mothers.' Tables are also given as to the frequency of changing the clothing or bed linen of the children, and although they are not 'of the lowest or improvident poor,' we are not very favourably impressed as to the practice of cleanliness by the parents. It appears also that there is great difficulty in persuading the very lowest classes to send their children to the schools: they are running about the streets by hundreds, and are rarely found 'sprinkled' among the other scholars. In concluding his evidence, Dr Fleming recommends, 'with the most unqualified conviction, that a competent officer of public health should be appointed by government, one of whose duties it would be to inspect, free of expense to the schools, all our schoolrooms, and to point out the most efficient and economical mode of healthy ventilation.'

In Dr Reid's report on the northern coal-mining districts, we read of schools erected of more than one storey, where the vitiated air from the lower apartment formed the only supply to the room above it; and 'that under a large free school in the Low-row, Bishop-Wearmouth (and in which a very great number of children are daily educated), there are a series of vaults in which already upwards of sixty or seventy bodies are deposited, and where it is intended to deposit more;' while 'on these vaults being opened, the effluvia which escapes is most offensive and dangerous.' At the Blue-Coat school in Durham, 'out of 387 boys, about 60 were on the sick list; and in the girls' school, immediately above it, there were more than 20 unwell among 234. In an infant school in the same town, 30 children out of 90 were absent from illness (scarlet fever). There were no means of systematic ventilation; a slaughter-house and a piggery were noticed opposite the principal window. But in no public buildings did systematic ventilation appear to be so desirable as in schools, where the long period spent in them, as well as the age of the pupils, and the numbers so often crowded in a given space, render them peculiarly prone to suffer from a stagnant atmosphere. Great errors are often made in schools, where rooms intended at first only for a few individuals are crowded subsequently to an extent altogether incompatible with the original provisions made for ventilation. Cases have come under my notice in other districts, where three and four times the number of pupils for whom ventilation was originally provided have been introduced into the schoolroom. If any buildings should be subjected to inspection, in reference to their arrangements for ventilation, schoolrooms pre-eminently present themselves for consideration, not only from the powerful effect which ventilation must have upon the health of the pupils, but also from the influence which the maintenance of a pure atmosphere, and the example of the simple manner in which it may be sustained, must exert in disseminating widely throughout the whole community a practical knowledge of means that are equally applicable to the habitations of the higher classes and the dwellings of the poor.'

The evils of imperfect ventilation would be very much lessened were all schools situated near a playground; but we are informed that public as well as

private schools are often deficient in this requisite. We have said enough to show the amount and extent of the evil, and the necessity for the application of a remedy. In that portion of the report furnished by Dr Reid, the subject of ventilation is treated of with all the attention it deserves, and numerous plates are given illustrative of the injurious effects resulting from defective construction, with the means to be employed for their removal. These plates would be of the greatest use to local committees desirous of introducing the improvements they represent, which it is scarcely possible to convey by mere description.

'Vitiated air from lamps and candles, as well as from respiration, tends to ascend, though, as projected from the nostrils and the mouth, it moves at first more or less downwards, or in a horizontal direction.' As in natural temperatures there is a continually ascending current, 'it is obvious that if the natural movements of vitiated air in ordinary apartments be facilitated by one opening at the lower part, and another above, every room will ventilate itself sufficiently to prevent the more extreme effects that are so often observed at present. If the lower opening be diffused, by extending it along the skirting, the current becomes more mild and equal, and less liable to strike upon the person, so as to produce an offensive draught, than when distinct apertures are made for the purpose; and if the upper aperture be led into a chimney flue, or into an independent flue, warmed by its near position to a hot chimney, its action is more powerful and more uniform than a mere aperture in the wall near the ceiling, and not so subject to modification in windy weather.'

Even a pure atmosphere, unless the air be kept in motion, cannot be perfectly wholesome, for the human body is continually emitting various exhalations, which form around it a species of atmosphere of its own, requiring force to drive it off: this force will be found to exist in the warmth which the body induces in the air it vitiates. When it is remembered that the perspiration from the body will saturate four and a half cubic feet per minute, and that the vapour from the lungs amounts to three grains in the same short space, it will be found that a great natural power exists, which requires merely a little simple artificial action for its entire removal.

It is a gratifying sign to find the health and wellbeing of the people the object of legislative attention. 'A large and comprehensive system of prevention will be found to answer better, and be less costly, than isolated attempts at relief and cure. Schools and churches are cheaper than prisons; pure air than phyaic; wholesome houses and workshops than hospitals and dispensaries; a population comprising a due proportion of adults and old men—of strength and wisdom—than one of which so large a part consists of widows and young children.'

• TORRINGTON HALL. •

THE work recently advertised under this name, or rather with the extended one quoted below,* is different from what the name would lead us to expect. Instead of a silly puff of some real lunatic asylum, as we surmised from the advertisement, it proves to be a quaint *jeu d'esprit*, satirising the present arrangements of society. Torrington Hall is, in fact, a clever little volume of innovatory ideas with regard to the definition of madness and the principle of competition.

'There is nothing,' says the author at the outset, 'which puzzles the intelligent public more, in these days of discussion and trial of old notions, than the subject of madness. What is madness? is a question which is beginning to be asked, with an unpleasant feeling of doubt, by various persons whose fathers never

* Torrington Hall; being an Account of Two Days, in the Autumn of the Year 1844, passed at that Magnificent and Philosophical y-Conducted Establishment for the Insane. By Arthur Wallbridge, author of 'Jest and Earnest.' London: Jeremiah How. 1845.

doubted about the matter. What is madness? and what distinguishes madness from crime? What sort of action entitles a man to comfortable lodgings in a lunatic asylum? and what sort should send him trembling, a miserable offender, to Botany Bay? How are we to know when we must pity, and when abhor? What constitutes misfortune, and what wickedness? What is the social meaning of responsibility?

These momentous questions have been answered with great readiness, as soon as proposed, by gentlemen learned in the law, who have proved, from venerable authorities, that a line can be boldly and surely drawn between madness and crime—between cases deserving tenderness, and others deserving toughness; that we can sort out accurately human beings who must be nursed until they are well, from others who must be hanged until they are dead, and that the art of performing these ingenious operations depends upon a mental faculty called “judgment.”

“The gentlemen learned in the law have sometimes, as a graceful form, called in the testimony of gentlemen learned in physic, who have usually given evidence with great discretion, and have shown themselves far too gentlemanly to shock the oldest prejudice of the oldest lady living.

Yet, though a respectable appearance of agreement on the debated point has been presented officially and publicly on due occasion, still the comparatively few dissenters from established metaphysical principles have managed to keep up such a coil, and have somehow made their doctrines so plausible, that the orthodox systems of mental philosophy and criminal jurisprudence seem ready to tumble down in ruins. People who would formerly have been thought madmen, are now suspected to be geniuses; and heroes are beginning to be degraded into madmen. Inspired prophets are made to go through a course of cooling medicine; and blisters instead of ropes are put behind the ears of murderers. The lunatic asylum is replacing altogether the prison; and the gallows may soon be chopped up for firewood.

How different is this “confusion worse confounded” from the practice of the good old times, when men, women, and children, were sent to Tyburn or Bedlam, as the case might be, according to set rules, which nobody was impertinent enough to bring into question! The well-to-do citizen was then frequently struck by the sight of a dozen or so of scapgraces dangling in the air, and of wild-looking faces peering from behind iron-burred windows. He knew immediately that the first were the wicked and the last the mad; and breathing forth his satisfaction that he was neither, he passed on, with a sense of moral and intellectual dignity, to the duties of that station unto which Providence had been pleased to call him.

All now is changed. Innovators and philanthropists have unsettled everything; and a decent plain man is absolutely at a loss what to think, say, or do. There will by and by be no opportunity whatever for displaying a little virtuous indignation at vice; and any observation about insanity is, even at present, very likely to provoke some pragmatical fellow or other to catechise you on human physiology.

As a natural result of this new philosophy, the best lunatic asylums of the existing era are no more like the madhouses of past days than light is like darkness. There is such opportunity here for easily reducing to practice theories which seem hopelessly inapplicable to general society, that these asylums for the afflicted portions of our race are actually becoming models of social arrangements, which may be studied with advantage by the same world outside their boundaries. No “Mad Tom” is confined any longer in a “dark and dismal cell;” and the old appurtenances of whips and chains are dispensed with. The ignorant and ferocious “keeper” is transformed into an educated and kind companion; and the physician has been appointed the all-powerful director. Insanity now is not only a less

affliction in itself, but there is a much greater chance of its being cured.

So much being premised, the author proceeds to give an account of his two days’ visit to Torrington Hall, which he describes as a large new establishment, near Bath, under the care of a gentleman named Dr Elstree, a disciple of Gall and Spurzheim, and a believer in the indefinite power of external influences in modifying human nature. This gentleman regarded the notions of general society as if combined for the purpose of debasing all who came within their operation: falsehood honoured; truth sneered at and persecuted; wealth acquired at the sacrifice of every wise and good consideration; the upper classes looking with contempt upon the lower; these returning the contempt with the bitterest hatred; such appeared to him the way of the world. Considering it as a state of things only proper to an early and rude condition of humanity, he wished to contribute to its translation into a finer form of civilisation, and this he did by founding an improved institution for the insane. With the aid of a body of shareholders, he secured a lease of eight hundred acres in Somersetshire, and effected thereon not only a large mansion, comprising, besides domestic rooms, a theatre, chapel, and lecture-rooms, but factories of different descriptions, large workshops, barns, a flour-mill, wash-houses, &c. all furnished with the most labour-saving machinery. While the space nearest the house was laid out as a pleasure-garden, all beyond was devoted to the raising of various agricultural produce, the great object kept in view being to render the establishment as much as possible independent with regard to the necessities of life. Seven hundred persons were admitted to Torrington Hall; each of whom, after being recovered from the worst influences of the same world in the infirmary, was allowed to take his or her part in the duties of the establishment, and thus contribute to render it self-supporting, at the same time that they completed their cure.

The author paid his visit in company with a good-natured London friend, Jack Bryant, and they arrived a sufficiently long time before dinner to see over the house, the arrangements of which they found perfect. At half past three, a large bell rang to summon the inmates from their various employments in the fields and workshops, and at four, the whole had assembled in the drawing-room, ready to proceed to dinner. The company, comprising persons of both sexes and of all ages above youth, was of various appearance and manner; but all had a certain *trained* air, and absence of vulgarity. They were dressed neatly and plainly in garments of different make and colour, according to individual taste; for, as I afterwards learned from Dr Elstree, their regular daily work for the establishment was now over, and the interim, from dinner-time till bed-time, was at their own disposal. The doctor announced the names of Bryant and myself, and introduced us to the assembly generally. He then introduced us specially to the Rev. William Delany, chaplain of the institution. I was favourably disposed towards this gentleman at first sight: his pale, massive forehead, and noble features, both to the phrenologist and less scientific physiognomist, indicated the presence of pure and elevated tendencies. We had no opportunity for much conversation; for in five or six minutes the sound of a gong was heard, and we moved towards the refectory. A very pretty girl intrusted herself to my care; Bryant selected another; all the men offered their arms to all the women; and we walked off to dinner in very much the same style that would be practised in Belgrave Square.

The entire length of the apartment which we now entered was occupied by three tables, running parallel with each other. That in the centre was rather larger than the other two, and had a great arm-chair at the upper end. Dr Elstree took this chair, Bryant and myself were placed on either hand of him, and the inmates, and the assistants of Dr Elstree, to the number of nearly three hundred and forty, seated themselves in

commodious chairs, either at our central table, or a side one, as they preferred, or found it convenient.

Whilst we thus carried on operations in our refectory under the superintendence of Dr Elstree, another refectory of equal size was in possession of an equal number of inmates under the superintendence of the chaplain.

The viands with which we were served were plentiful, and capitally cooked. But no very rich dishes were present, and no wine was on the table—nor was any offered. It is a rule of the institution that all fermented liquors are forbidden to the inmates; and visitors have no indulgence shown to their hankering after alcohol. We had sparkling cold water, instead of sparkling champagne; and this rational beverage, standing in elegantly-formed cut-glass jugs all down the table, looked so tempting, and tasted so fresh and pure, that we could have wished for nothing better. A cheerful feeling seemed to prevail, with an inclination to please and be pleased, and a loud hum of conversation sounded over the hall, intermixed with frequent light laughter.

At a later period of the day, the visitors found all sorts of amusements in progress, the rule being, that labour concluded at dinner-time. A drama was in course of performance in the theatre—a concert was going on in one part of the institution, and a ball in another—classes in various studies were formed in the class-rooms—the rattle of billiard-balls was heard as we passed the billiard-room—the reading-room was well filled—and little social parties were held in many private sitting-rooms: *ennui* seemed banished by universal consent.

After an early breakfast next morning, Dr Elstree proposed to his two visitors that they should view the agricultural operations, the factories, workshops, and exterior arrangements generally. He was not, however, to accompany them all the way, for he had, like others, to take his share of rustic labour; for which purpose he now assumed an appropriate dress.

"You have probably heard a great deal," said he, "about the subsoil plough, as tending to increase the productiveness of land. We tried it here at first; but, in consequence of the substrata being stiff and difficult to break, we replaced it by a combined system of ploughing and digging with the spade. Lately, however, we have exchanged the spade for a strong three-pronged fork, which we find answers much better. It is about fourteen inches deep, and seven inches and a half wide, and is very manageable and efficacious."

"But is not the labour severe?" asked Bryant.

"It is so to a novice," replied the doctor. "If it were not, I should have invited you and our friend Wallbridge to take a turn—but I had some care for your comfort: to-morrow, you would not have been able to lift your hand, or move one foot before the other. Digging with the fork, however, is easier work than with the spade. The three prongs enter the ground much more readily than a continuous edge; and though they do not bring up so much earth, yet they mix it better, and that compensates. The fork is superior to the spade too, from its rendering the soil uneven and broken. Into these cavities the air can penetrate, and the superfluous water of the soil escape, and the roots of the plants are permitted to extend in search of sustenance."

"I have often heard of spade-husbandry," said I; "but never before of fork-husbandry."

"Which shows that you may live and learn," said the doctor; "but perhaps you take little interest in agricultural matters?"

"As much as most confirmed metropolitans," replied I. "Occasionally, I read of cultivating the land; but my practical researches are principally confined to the shops in Covent-Garden market."

We had now arrived at the field where Dr Elstree was to remain. He immediately commenced digging in union with several others—the whole being under the control of a superintendent. Bryant and I looked on

for some time; and then leaving, went to inspect various agricultural, horticultural, and floricultural operations which were in progress. In three hours the doctor joined us, as we had agreed.

"Well, gentlemen," said he; "I hope you have contrived to get through the morning agreeably? My hard work for the day is over; and we will go and see the factories and workshops, if you feel inclined to do so."

"But don't you work in them as well?" said Bryant. "This is such an unaccountable place altogether, that nothing here would astonish me now."

"No," replied the doctor; "my practice in medicine is a set-off against the ingenuity and industry in manufactures of the other inmates. Besides, I am their master. Like Alexander Selkirk, 'I am monarch of all I survey;' and have to keep my social island in order. I work in the fields and gardens, because muscular exertion in the open air is necessary to health; and I see no reason why I should neglect my own benefit whilst I attend to that of others. If I were living in the same world without, I should perhaps seek the same end by riding furiously after a fox, or by pulling a boat eight or nine miles on a river, and then pulling it back again. Here, we content ourselves with useful labour, performed pleasantly and sociably in groups of different numbers."

Conversing thus, we reached the door of a flax-mill; and on entering, Bryant and I were astonished by the world of mechanical aids which was disclosed. On all sides machinery was in motion, and it appeared to be principally attended by women. The process of "heckling," or straitening and cleansing the fibres of the flax, interested us greatly.

From the flax-mill we went to a linen factory; and there again we were lost in wonder at the machinery, which was of the newest and most perfect description. More men were employed than in the flax-mill.

We next visited a paper-mill, a soap-factory, a gas-factory, a washing, bleaching, and dyeing establishment, carpenters', shoemakers', and other workshops, and returned to the central buildings just as the bell rang out the half hour before dinner.

Bryant and I were now getting quite used to the Torrington way of life. We refreshed ourselves after our excursion, and repaired to our accustomed refectory with as matter-of-course an air as any other inmates of the establishment. We took our usual seats; Dr Elstree presided as usual; and the dinner was as cheerful a *réunion* as on the preceding day.

Mixed with these descriptions are conversations on the present arrangements of society, and the means of improving them—all pointing to a plan which shall realise fully the dictates of Christianity, and make the world a scene of pleasant affection, instead of one of fretful contention. There are also biographies of inmates, illustrating the views of the author. Here, as is found in other works of the same kind, he is much more successful in showing the evils essential to a system of competition, than in convincing us of the practicability of any other. The love of gain and aggrandisement we see to be powerful stimulants to exertion; and to the consequent realisation of the means of supporting a large population. It is not easy, without the proof of experience, to be assured that such large results could be attained by a system of co-operation, where each would be incited to exertion only by his individual conviction of its necessity to the welfare of the community—by the pleasure of the employment itself—and by the influence of public opinion—even although these indispensable exertions would amount to little, because the citizens of such a social system would avail themselves to the utmost of the enormous, and day-by-day increasing, powers of machinery, which would do all the hard and disagreeable work, and need human beings only as superintendents. Perhaps, in the revolution of ages, as Johnson somewhere says, when the rule of secondary sentiments shall have run its course, we shall see some

large portions of the earth transferred to the superior bond of love, and whole nations living in mutual helpfulness, like the fancied inmates of Torrington Hall.

THE VISITORS OF KEW GARDENS.

In a report by Sir William Hooker on the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, dated December 1841, the following passage occurs:—'With the fact before me that the vast stores of the British Museum are freely opened to the public, and visited by thousands of persons in a day with impunity, or comparative impunity to the collections, I did not hesitate, on my arrival here, to have it announced that the grounds should be thrown open from one to six o'clock, with free admission to the hothouses and greenhouses, without the ceremony of conductors; and the public have taken ample advantage of this privilege, and prize it highly; the number of visitors annually increasing, till so many as 15,000 persons have frequented the garden during the past twelve months. The experiment was considered by many a dangerous one; but it has been pursued now for nearly four years, and, thanks to the diligence and attention of those employed in the garden, *with little or no damage to the plants*, nothing worth recording; and this being the case it becomes easy to show the benefit accruing to the establishment itself, and to the public, by such an act of liberality. The institution gains friends and numerous contributors to its already unvalued stores; and it is impossible to see so many visitors of all classes frequenting this noble garden, without a conviction that, while educated and scientific individuals cannot fail to derive instruction from such an assemblage of well-arranged and skilfully-cultivated productions, including the useful and the ornamental, the minds of the middle and lower ranks are enlarged and enlightened by a display of all that is most beautiful and lovely in the vegetable creation; and thus a *gradual improvement must ensue in the habits and morals of the people*.' The philanthropic reader will duly appreciate such an additional testimony to the general harmlessness of crowds admitted freely to public places.

INDIA.

Queen Victoria now governs India as much as she does England; and this is a great fact by no means adequately impressed on the public mind. Steam navigation, perhaps, will be the most efficacious means for bringing it home to our bosoms and consciences. Bombay is now distant about as many weeks as it was months in times gone by. The voyage and journey thither seem about to become a holiday trip to the enterprising tourists who are resolved to make the most of a long vacation. They rush to Marseilles, embark for Malta, glance at Alexandria and the needle of Cleopatra, visit Cairo, and mount the pyramids, cross the desert, call at Aden, steam through the far-famed Straits of Bab el Mandel, splash along for a delicious fortnight over the Indian Ocean, and inscribe their names in an album at the caves of Elephantia, literally within less than fifty days! Such expeditions, growing into general fashion, may serve to remind us of our perils and responsibilities with respect to the glorious Orient.—*Edinb. Review for July.*

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

It is said that at that period of his life when the consequences of his infatuated conduct had fully developed themselves in unforeseen reverses, Napoleon, driven to the necessity of infusing himself within his own kingdom, with the shattered remnant of his army, had taken up a position at Brienne, the very spot where he had received the rudiments of his early education, when, unexpectedly, and while he was anxiously employed in a practical application of those military principles which first exercised the energies of his young mind in the college of Brienne, his attention was arrested by the sound of the church clock. The pomp of his imperial court, and even the glories of Marengo and of Austerlitz, faded for a moment from his regard, and almost from his recollection. Fixed for a while to the spot on which he stood, in motionless attention to the well-known sound, he at length gave utterance to his feelings, and condemned the tenor of all his subsequent life, by confessing that the hours then brought back to his recollection were happier than any he had experienced throughout the whole course of his tempestuous career.—*Kidd.*

THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

ADVICE TO AN ASPIRANT.

[From 'Legends of the Isles and other Poems,' by CHARLES MACKEY, author of 'The Salamandrine,' &c. Blackwood and Sons. 1845.]

If thou wouldst win a lasting fame;
If thou th' immortal wreath wouldst claim,
And make the future bless thy name;

Begin thy perilous career;
Keep high thy heart, thy conscience clear;
And walk thy way without a fear.

And if thou hast a voice within,
That ever whispers, 'Work and win,'
And keeps thy soul from sloth and sin:

If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife thy heart should bleed:

If thou canst struggle day and night,
And, in the envious world's despite,
Still keep thy cynosure in sight:

If thou canst bear the rich man's scorn;
Nor curse the day that thou wert born
To feed on husks, and lie on corn:

If thou canst dine upon a crust,
And still hold on with patient trust,
Nor pine that fortune is unjust:

If thou canst see, with tranquil breast,
The knave or fool in purple dressed,
Whilst thou must walk in tattered vest.

If thou canst rise ere break of day,
And toil and morn till evening gray,
At thankless work, for scanty pay:

If in thy progress to renown,
Thou canst endure the scoff and frown
Of those who strive to pull thee down:

If thou canst bear th' averted face,
The gibe, or treacherous embrace,
Of those who run the self-same race:

If thou in darkest days canst find
An inner brightness in thy mind,
To reconcile thee to thy kind:—

Whatever obstacles control,
Thine hour will come—go on—true soul!
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal.

If not—what matters? tried by fire,
And purified from low desire,
Thy spirit shall but soar the higher.

Content and hope thy heart shall buoy,
And men's neglect shall ne'er destroy
Thy secret peace, thy inward joy.

But if so bent on worldly fame,
That thou must gild thy living name,
And snatch the honours of the game,

And hast not strength to watch and pray,
To seize thy time, and force thy way,
By some new combat every day:

If failure might thy soul oppress,
And fill thy veins with heaviness,
And make thee love thy kind the less;

Thy fame might rivalry forestall,
And thou let tears or curses fall,
Or turn thy wholesome blood to gall:—

Pause ere thou tempt the hard career—
Thou'lt find the conflict too severe,
And heart will break, and brain will scar.

Content thee with a meannest lot;
Go plough thy field, go build thy cot,
Nor sigh that thou must be forgot.

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EIGHTEEN-FORTY-FIVE IN RETROSPECT.

ONE day, having pondered much on several of the great questions of the age, I fell asleep. In my sleep, the vision of a year of the twenty-second century was presented to me, and I dreamed that, living then, I was engaged to write a history of the present reign. On awaking, the following chapter was so thoroughly photographed upon my mind, that I was enabled to write it down without hesitation:—

It is difficult, in the present state of society, to form any idea of its condition in the reign of Victoria I. Yet it was an age of promise—there were hints, as it were, of the good things that have since come, and, while the bulk of the community was marked by barbarism, there were a few spirits which soared towards a genuine civilisation. Many others there were who had become sensible of public and social evils, but could not agree about the best means of remedying them. Each man would be found going about with his nostrum for making all as it ought to be, but all different from each other; so that, amidst the contending claims of various dogmas, it was impossible for a rational person to say what should be done.

War was at that time too recent to be altogether despised as it deserved. The populace liked the roll of the drum, and the measured tread of a regular force as it moved along in its glaring livery and with glancing arms. Surviving commanders were looked on with pride; monuments were raised to the deceased. Accordingly, young men at school were extremely apt to pine for commissions in the army and navy, although there was scarcely any life more devoid of all that can interest an intelligent and generous mind. Young ladies, too, were apt to regard soldiers as far more interesting than the members of more useful professions. There was a disinclination to go to war, on the ground that it was expensive, and interfered with commerce; but few were ever heard to condemn it because it tended to cutting of throats and brutalising of minds, or because it was inconsistent with Christian brotherly love. Indeed, the clergy themselves would still be occasionally seen affecting to confer heavenly benedictions on the colours under which men were to rush against their fellow-creatures in ruthless conflict, as if the God of peace could have been expected to smile on what were only the emblems of deadly rage and hatred between man and man. War was spoken of at the worst as a resource which in some circumstances might be unavoidable; and thus men might have been heard in that age gravely counselling to go to war at an expense of forty millions a-year, in order to save a nook of waste territory not worth as many pence in fee simple. Such ideas were then extremely plausible with a large portion of the people; and two nations would be seen

maintaining great armies and navies against each other; each fearing that, if he were unarmed, the other might fall upon him. France and England might have each saved at least fifteen millions a-year, if they could have been mutually sure that they neither inclined to go to war, which in reality proved to have been the case with both many years afterwards.

While public war was generally regarded as right and proper, it is not surprising that private persons who happened to quarrel should have thought themselves entitled to settle their disputes by fighting. A man who had been insulted by another, was expected by society to go out to a retired place and fight that person with pistols, although he might be quite unskilled in the use of the weapon, while the other was the reverse. He was to seek for satisfaction by exposing himself to a chance of being shot through the heart, while the aggressor was exposed to no worse fate. And it did accordingly happen, in many instances, that a poor gentleman who had been assailed with bad words, or wounded by calumny, was slain in an attempt to bring his injurer to account, the said injurer escaping quite free, except that he had to submit to have his innocence pronounced by a jury of his countrymen. There might now be some doubt that any custom so unreasonable had existed even in that age, if it were not substantiated by incontestable evidence in the national archives. It further appears that, when any man was so poorly spirited as to decline fighting, however trifling might be the cause of dispute, he was made miserable by the contempt of society. The people acknowledged 'Thou shalt not kill' as a divine command; but they practically told their neighbour, 'If you do not take your chance of killing or being killed, we will hunt you out from amongst us.'

A strange custom of that age was to use artificial liquors of an intoxicating quality. It had come down from antiquity, and was much modified by the progress of reason, but still held great sway over mankind. Gentlemen would continue at table after dinner, in order to drink more or less of these liquors, and poor people were wont to resort to houses called taverns and beer shops in order to indulge in the same manner. The professed object was to exhilarate their spirits and promote social feeling; but it was merely a bad old custom, which the people at length found it better entirely to abandon. While it lasted, men were accustomed to drink to each other's healths, although every particle they took tended to derange their stomachs, and consequently to injure their own health. It was also customary to select a particular person distinguished for some merit, and pronounce an oration over him, full of such flatteries as no man could then address to another in private without being thought guilty of the grossest rudeness; and after this speech was con-

cluded, the company would toss off a glass of liquor, by way of expressing their wishes for his welfare. It was then expected that he would stand up and disclaim all the merits attributed to him, for modesty demanded no less at his hands; and the whole company would sit with apparent delight, listening to a contradiction of everything they had said or approved of formerly. But indeed liquor so affected the brains of men, that nothing but absurdity could be expected from it. Its effects were worst amongst the humbler class of people. They sometimes spent so much of their earnings upon liquor, that they and their families could hardly obtain the common necessities of life. And what is strange, the poorer any man was, the more disposed was he to resort to drink, notwithstanding its being a costly article. Some pictures of that age, and certain portions of its poetical literature, convey a striking idea of the extent to which the madness of drinking was carried. Men, under the influence of liquor, would reel to and fro, and fall into gutters and ditches, and beat their wives and tender little ones. In short, it deprived all who were addicted to it. It was the ruin of hundreds of thousands every year; and murders, and almost every inferior crime, continually flowed from it. At length a few bold philanthropists determined to attempt a reform. They lectured, wrote, and argued for the disuse of liquor with the greatest zeal, and, what was best of all, they abjured it themselves. Though much ridiculed at first, they were in time successful, and in the course of a single age, the world was corrected out of an error which appeared to have been in vogue from the dawn of history. Specimens of liquor-measuring vessels, and of drinking cups and glasses, are to be seen in our principal museums.

The ideas of that age with respect to education were extremely curious, so unsuitable do they appear to have been to the purpose. Men had then a very indistinct idea of what they themselves were. Their notions about the constitution of the human mind were of the most childish and fantastic nature. Not knowing the real character of the subject to be treated, they could not be expected to treat it well. One very prevalent notion was, that to learn to read one's own tongue was education. The English language was then written in a manner which now could only excite ridicule, there being no sort of systematic relation between the pronunciation and the spelling. Consequently, there were great and unnecessary difficulties in the way of learning it, and he who could spell well—that is, who had overcome this unnecessary difficulty—was considered as possessing one of the strongest marks of a good education. It was just beginning in that age to be perceived that merely to read English, or even to possess the art of writing it, was not education. To understand it also was now seen to be essential. Still, in many schools, to possess the art of reading English was thought all in all. For the higher classes, who required a better education to distinguish them from the mass, it was thought sufficient to learn one or two dead languages. Thus youths were turned out into the world without the least preparation for its actual duties, much less any knowledge of nature, or of the relations in which Providence had placed them; so that it was a mere matter of chance that they should become tolerable members of society, or acquire any fair share of knowledge. Nor were the plans adopted for conducting schools more rational. The means chiefly trusted for inducing the children to apply to their tasks was the rod or scourge, which never failed to be applied to the backs of all dunces. There is still preserved in the British Museum a board said to have then been fixed up in Winchester school, on which is represented a lash of three thongs, being the instrument employed in compelling the boys to learn their unsuitable

lessons. It is justly regarded, as a curious illustration of the barbarism of that age. Another custom was that of place-taking. The children were all ranged in a row, and encouraged to contend with each other for the uppermost places, at the same time that they were expected to be loving and kind with each other, and punished for any exhibition of envy and uncharitableness. Thus the seeds were sown, at the tenderest age, for an after-growth of that selfishness which rendered the society of the nineteenth century a scene of continual mutual grinding, sharpening, and strife.

In the present age, there is no feature of those remote times more difficult to realise than what appertained to criminal jurisprudence. The very idea of crime is now happily unknown. In our improved social relations, any analogous demonstration of a selfish or unregulated mind is easily repressed by a little treatment in the asylums for mental disease. But in those days, when selfishness was the predominant rule of life, there were frequent instances of what were called offences; that is, demonstrations of selfishness which society had come to consider as inconvenient, and which it therefore wished to repress. To effect this end, a frightful system of terror was kept up. Offenders were subjected to severe punishments, such as imprisonment, banishment, and death, it being thought that, when bad men were seen thus suffering, others would be prevented from becoming bad. The government of that day had immense prisons for the reception of culprits—also colonies, to which they were consigned as slaves; and it was no uncommon thing to see a man or woman put to death in a public place, with legal officers and clergymen standing by their sides all the time, while vast multitudes of the humbler classes gazed over the butchery, as if it had been a spectacle designed for their especial gratification. At this very time, the greater part of the community would have shrunk from any cruelty deemed wholly unnecessary, such as trampling on a worm or killing a fly; yet hardly any one but sanctioned the killing of human beings in this manner, believing that it was unavoidably necessary for preserving life and property. We thus see what strange things custom and the tyrant's plea, necessity, will induce tender hearts to consent to. It would be painful to dwell longer on such a subject. With the conclusion of the dark ages in the twentieth century, vanished the last vestige of a system which had only reacted for evil throughout thousands of years.

A perusal of the newspapers of that age, copies of which have been carefully preserved, would serve better than anything else to convey a due sense of the character of the time, 'its form and pressure.' We see strong traces of the zeal and success with which mechanical, labour-saving, and money-making improvements were followed out. The wits of men appear to have been sharpened to an extraordinary degree, in devising all sorts of plans for making sensual life more agreeable. Some men realised enormous sums of wealth, the most of which was employed in establishing means of accumulating still more. Luxury and refinement were carried to an extreme in some quarters. On the other hand, vast numbers of persons, chiefly resident in large towns, had sunk into a degree of misery which was unknown in earlier and more barbarous times. Society seemed as if polarised, the rich being unprecedentedly rich, and the poor unprecedentedly poor. A few strides would have conducted the philanthropic inquirer from the portals of the superb millionaire, to the stifling dens 'where hopeless want retired to die.' While the higher circles also displayed a delicacy, and in many cases a purity, such as had not previously been known, the lower exhibited a savagery exceeding even that of the most primitive ages. Elegance learned through the newspapers that hordes of the humbler classes lived in places worse in all respects than those in which the domestic animals are usually lodged. Piety heard from her luxurious oratory that hundreds of thousands grew up in a state of exemption from almost every kind of moral influence. Wealth, which could have succoured

and restored to righteous feelings the want that growled with rage and despair, was expended in frantic attempts at its own increase, and in frivolities which could not be enjoyed. The finest natures, which could have operated to the most beneficial results upon those less fortunately endowed, whom Providence designs to be their care, sickened with ennui in the pursuit of idle pleasures. In that uneasy system of things, men turned round upon human nature itself, and attributed half the evils they suffered to the increase of the population. And yet this age, which was full of ignorance and error, and animated by but one ruling spirit—the spirit of self—was accustomed to speak of itself as a civilised age, and to look back with pity upon such simple times as those of the Plantagenets and Tudors. It was, indeed, an improvement upon those times; but to us who live under circumstances so different that we can hardly perceive any distinction, the pretensions which it sets forth to be an age of true civilisation must appear supremely ridiculous, and we only can set them down amongst those delusive notions which mankind have in all ages conceived for their own glorification.

THE STORY OF ROSA GOVONA.

A LITTLE before the middle of the last century, there resided at Mondovì, a city in Italy, a young girl called Rosa Govona. Left an orphan at an early age, she had no other apparent means of earning a livelihood than the use of her needle, in which she showed great skill, combined with the most remarkable industry. Being of a reflecting mind, she took no delight in those pleasures and frivolous amusements which too often engage the female heart. Confiding in the resources of an active and benevolent nature, she wished for no companions save those of misfortune, and for no recompense save the blessing of Heaven.

Whilst Rosa was thus living and labouring by herself, she happened to meet with a young girl who had lost both her parents, and who had no means of supporting herself in an honest manner. No sooner did the good Rosa become acquainted with the sad story of the distressed girl, than she generously stretched forth her hand to help her. 'Come and live with me,' she said; 'you shall share my bed, and drink out of my cup, and, above all, you shall live honestly by the work of your hands.' When she had thus made a commencement, others joined her, and she soon congregated round her a society of young girls, all equally poor, and, by the most assiduous application, procured the necessaries of life for them all.

But the little house in which the young girls dwelt soon attracted the attention of all the dissolute young men of the place, who were for ever seeking after adventures of some kind or other. They began by following them whenever they left the house; but the young women silently repulsed all their impertinences, and even forced them, after some time, to blush at their conduct. The house incurred, also, the displeasure of those old people, who, considering all innovations (whether of a beneficial character or not) as dangerous, wish for ever to abide by the old forms and regulations which governed the actions of their ancestors. They could not divest themselves of a mean suspicion that all was not right, and many of the citizens observed Rosa with much curiosity, and began to whisper all manner of things to her prejudice. Thus this retreat of industry and virtue became the object of the most malignant calumnies, and the good Rosa saw herself the subject of impertinent inquiries, of rumours the most vexatious, of suspicions the most unjust. But the wise

and courageous girl, fully assured in the purity of her actions and intentions, opposed perseverance to indiscretion, and sense to calumny. The truth could not remain long doubtful; Rosa soon gained the applause of the virtuous, and the commune granted her a larger house, in the plain of Carrasone, as the number of her companions increased daily. This augmented the jealousy of her enemies, who had been hitherto unsuccessful in their endeavours to injure her character; but these new obstacles served only to redouble the ardour of Rosa, and to raise her courage. There were now about seventy young women in the house, all of whom worked in common with herself to procure an honest livelihood. As the house they inhabited was scarcely large enough to accommodate the number of workwomen, she solicited the commune to grant her another still larger habitation. The municipal body, to show their sense of her exertions in the cause of virtue, voluntarily made her a gift of a very large and commodious dwelling in the valley of Brao: here she established a workshop for the manufacture of woollen articles.

The excellent Rosa, who was now about thirty-nine years of age, had at this period, by her indomitable perseverance, triumphed over all obstacles; and by her exertions in extending the association, and her wisdom in superintending the affairs of the community, created an asylum for poor and indigent females. The more she considered the utility of her institution, the greater became her desire to extend the benefits which such an asylum presented. 'How many poor and destitute beings,' thought she, 'must there be in a large and populous city, who are deprived of all means of procuring an honest livelihood.' Filled with this idea, and relying entirely on the sanctity of her mission, she proceeded to Turin in the year 1755. Arrived in the capital of Sardinia, she asked the use of a building suitable for the carrying out of her intentions, and obtained from the priests of the Oratory of St Philip several capacious rooms. Some chairs, tables, and different articles of furniture, were also provided for her use by the good priests. She received the little they gave her with the greatest delight; and thus established, with some of her companions, in the capital city of the kingdom, she resolutely set about prosecuting the objects of her mission.

The novelty of the idea soon engaged the attention of the citizens: they saw, and, what is more astonishing still, they applauded her design; and her shop, or rather factory, soon became the talk of the whole city. At this period, Charles Emanuel III., having established on a firm footing the independence of his people, gave himself up entirely to the paternal administration of the country. As a protector of labour, he accorded to the pious Rosa some houses which had formerly belonged to a religious establishment. Rosa installed herself here, increased the number of her companions, and greatly extended the branches of labour to which they applied themselves.

Two years after this, by order of the same prince, the manufactures carried on by Rosa were properly organised, and registered by the magistrates of commerce; and regulations were drawn up for the government of the institution, which now received the name of Rosines (from that of the foundress), and above the principal entrance was inscribed the following words, addressed by Rosa to her first companions:—'You shall live honestly by the work of your hands.'

The prosperous condition of her institution filled the heart of the pious foundress with joy, but she could not divest herself of a desire to extend its blessings still further. She had left an establishment at Mondovì, and she wished now to form similar ones at other populous places. With this end in view, she visited several provinces of the kingdom, called around her all the young women who were desirous of finding a decent means of subsistence, and founded asylums at Novare, Fossano, Savigliano, Saluces, Chieri, and St Damiano d'Asti, all of them towns of considerable note and population. These

were provided with the necessary materials for work, and every other want was generously supplied by the excellent Rosa.

She lived twenty-two years after quitting her native city, during all of which period she was engaged in work, labouring unceasingly for the establishment of her eight institutions, and providing asylums for the sustenance both of the bodies and souls of the unfortunate of her sex. On the 28th February 1776, this excellent woman expired, in the midst of her sorrowing pupils, being quite worn out, not with age, but fatigues. Her memory was held in the greatest veneration, as well by those, many of whom she had rescued from misery and idleness, if not from the depths of sin and shame, and rendered good and useful members of society, as by all classes of the Sardinian subjects who had experienced the benefits arising from her exertions, and who knew how to applaud, and take example from the virtue of a simple maiden, who, from the lowest condition of poverty, had raised, by her wisdom and virtue, a monument in the hearts of all well-disposed and charitable persons.

In the establishment of Rosines are received all indigent young girls, of from thirteen to twenty years of age, who have no means of subsistence, but who are qualified for manual labour. 'You shall live honestly by the work of your hands'—such is the fundamental rule and the base of the establishments of Rosines, which rule is never perverted. All the means of subsistence are derived from the labour of the young girls; and the resources for the support of the aged and infirm members are procured from the work of their more youthful companions. The establishment at Turin is a centre of manufactures, and so are the other affiliated houses, all of which flourish at the present time, with the exception of that at Novare, which was closed when that city became part of the kingdom of Italy, and which has never been re-opened since. To avoid all interference with the manufacturers elsewhere, Rosa ordained that all connected with the different establishments should be at the charge of each, and that all should correspond with the principal institution at Turin, which should exercise a surveillance over the others, and be considered as the centre of their operations.

The arts and manufactures carried on by the Rosines are as varied as the taste of woman can make them. After receiving the raw material, the whole operations from first to last are carried on by them. Take, for example, all silken articles. The cocoons of the silk-worm are purchased at the proper season; these are divided by the hands of the Rosines, and the silk is then spun, and undergoes every other preparation necessary, before it is delivered into the hands of the weavers. The most beautiful stuffs, gros de Naples, levantines, satins, &c. are thus fabricated, and more particularly ribbons, for the manufacture of which there are more than twenty looms. These ribbons are of excellent quality, and really beautiful. Those silken stuffs, the fabrication of which requires a frequent change of machine, are never made by the Rosines, as in other manufactories, because in that case, and in every change of fashion, they would be obliged to introduce people from without into the house. But all that is really convenient and useful may be found in their warehouses at almost any time. Linen is also fabricated in these institutions, particularly table-cloths; but this species of work is very laborious to young women, and consequently there are not many employed in it. A large number are likewise occupied in the manufacture of cotton articles: the raw material being purchased by the Rosines, it is then transformed into all kinds of goods. The woollen factory is at Chieri, because at Turin it would interfere greatly with the silk trade. This establishment is complete in all its arrangements, the wool being here scoured, carded, spun, and woven entirely by the Rosines, who fabricate cloths of every quality from it.

As may be supposed, there are many industrious

Rosines employed in the article of embroidery. In fact, in this particular branch the Rosines have acquired as much perfection as can possibly be obtained by the industry of women. A few species of manufacture has lately been introduced into the establishments, namely, that of gold thread for the fabrication of lace: this is a most beautiful article, and particularly adapted for church ornaments. All the habiliments of the clergy are made in these institutions.

Our readers will no doubt be curious to know by what means the young women contrive to dispose of their various goods, in order to cover the outlay, and to gain a profit on the raw material. This is managed in the following simple manner:—Each establishment acts, as we have said, as a centre of manufacture—as a great commercial dépôt; and each of them has a magazine or shop attached to it, in which the handiwork of the Rosines is sold by persons in the employment of the institution.

All the cloths necessary for the army are purchased by the government from the warehouses of the Rosines. They not only fabricate the cloth itself, but also every other article of ornamental attire, and skilful tailors are employed by them to cut out the different coat pieces, which are then perfected by the Rosines, and delivered to the government all ready to be put on by the soldiers. Besides this, the inhabitants of Turin, and even the tradesmen themselves, are glad to make their purchases at the institution, because here they are sure to get everything good and cheap.

In this manner, then, the institutions are never in want of employment, and a considerable profit is generally left after deducting all the expenses of the different establishments. That at Turin alone brings in a sum of £3,333, 6s. 8d. per annum; it contains three hundred females, amongst whom there are about fifty aged or infirm inmates, who in consequence are chargeable to the community. 'I visited this remarkable institution,' says Signior Sacchi, 'thanks to the kindness of a worthy ecclesiastic who presided over its administration. He accompanied me round the different apartments, which contained many young females animated by the holy ardour of labour. With an air of quiet content, the girls were engaged in their several tasks, all apparently animated with an anxiety like that which a mother displays when labouring with her children for their common subsistence. Six mistresses and a matron preside over the different workrooms, and the institution is frequently visited by one of the ladies of honour to the queen (of Sardinia), bearing the commands of her majesty, who gives her special protection to the industrious girls.'

'Such is this asylum, truly admirable in all its details, founded by the exertions of a poor woman; so true is it that Providence frequently, from the smallest origin, produces the greatest results. The story of Rosa Govona serves to prove in what way, without saddling any expense upon the citizens, and without donations or legacies, so vast a scheme of labour may be brought to a successful termination. In a little chapel adjoining the work-rooms, I read the following monumental inscription:—"Here repose the remains of Rosa Govona de Mondovi, who from her youth consecrated herself to God, for whose glory she founded in her country, in this city, and gives others, retreats for unfortunate young females, in order to lead them to serve God, and gave them excellent rules, to attach them to piety and labour. During her administration of more than thirty years, she gave constant proofs of an admirable charity and an indomitable perseverance. She passed to the life eternal the 28th day of February, in the year 1776, and of her age the 60th. The children recognise in her their mother and benefactress, and consecrate this monument to her memory."

'Humble words these, when one considers the good which has been done, and the benefits which these institutions still continue to confer upon the country, and for which Rosa merits the highest possible eulo-

giuma. I was deeply affected, especially when I considered that the good Rosa Govona had as yet received no place amongst the list of the benefactors of the human race.* May this little paper make her known as she deserves to be.

THE LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

SCARCELY a book of eastern travel has been issued for the last twenty years, but has contained some notice of the singular character whose name appears at the head of this article. Her career was at once brilliant, eccentric, and sad. Born of parentage as illustrious for extraordinary talent as for high rank, she appears to have inherited a degree of natural ability which falls to the lot of few women. As the niece and associate of the great statesman William Pitt, she possessed, in the early part of her career, an indirect influence over the destinies of the British empire; yet she ended her days immured in an almost deserted habitation on Mount Lebanon. The course of events, and the imperiously-unbending disposition, which gradually transferred her from the dazzling halls of a splendid court, and the political intrigues of Downing Street, to voluntary exile and solitude in Palestine, deserve, from their unusual nature, to be called a romance.

Materials for a complete biography of the Lady Hester Stanhope do not exist; but from the scattered notices of travellers, and from a work recently published by her medical attendant,* such an outline may be drawn up as will prove interesting and instructive.

Hester Lucy—eldest daughter of Charles, third Earl Stanhope, and of Hester, daughter of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham†—was born on the 12th March 1776. Her father rendered himself famous by his mechanical inventions; amongst which are the 'Stanhope' printing-press, a monochord for tuning musical instruments, a calculating machine, a method of securing buildings against fire, besides many minor contrivances. By the extreme republicanism of his political opinions, he gained another sort of celebrity. All the trappings and conveniences of rank he at one time summarily abolished: he put down his carriages, and caused his armorial bearings to be erased from his furniture and plate.

Some of his talents, with much of his eccentricity, descended to his daughter; but her opinions, when she was of an age to form them, were directly opposed to her father's: so far from leaning towards democracy, she was a slave to aristocratic notions. At an early age she showed great ingenuity. When two years old, she states, during one of her conversations with her physician—'I made a little hat. You know there was a kind of straw hat with the crown taken out, and in its stead a piece of satin was put in, all puffed up. Well, I made myself a hat like that; and it was thought such a thing for a child of two years old to do, that my grandpapa had a little paper box made for it, and had it ticketed with the day of the month and my age.' The solicitude of Earl Chatham, the most eminent politician the country ever saw, about a child and its toy-hat, deserves notice, as one of the amiable little

doings of great men. The anecdote makes a pleasing pendant to the story of another remarkable politician—Henry Quatre, who was not ashamed to be caught playing at leap-frog with his little children.

Lady Hester was scarcely eight years of age when that love of enterprise which afterwards so much distinguished her was first evinced. Just before the Revolution, the French ambassador, Comte d'Adhémar, was a guest at her father's mansion at Chevening, near Seven Oaks, in Kent. 'There was such a fuss with the fine footmen with feathers in their hats, and the count's bows and French manners, and I know not what, that, a short time afterwards, when I was sent to Hastings with the governess and my sisters, nothing would satisfy me but I must go and see what sort of a place France was. So I got into a boat one day unobserved, that was floating close to the beach, let loose the rope myself, and off I went. Yes, doctor, I literally pushed a boat off, and meant to go, as I thought, to France. Did you ever hear of such a mad scheme? Her juvenile ladyship failed in getting much nearer to France than the Hastings beach; but how she got ashore again is not stated; though we suppose in safety. Her masculine tastes may be judged of from her confession that she 'played at horses' at Chevening, performing the part of driver, whilst once, at least, Mr Abercrombie, late Speaker of the House of Commons, was the 'wheeler.' Who completed the team, we cannot ascertain: men, perhaps, who have risen to equal eminence. That she was an imperious little personage, there can be no doubt; for from her early girlhood she obtained and exercised a vast degree of command over her sisters. 'They never came to me when I was in my room, without sending first to know whether I would see them.'

These traits of Lady Hester's childhood—cleverness, enterprise, and love of power and rule—grew with her growth, and strengthened with her strength. To put a well-known proverb into the feminine gender—'the girl was mother to the woman;' for it will be seen that there occurred no single incident in her after life, the first cause of which is not to be traced to one or other of these characteristics, or to a romantic rather than a useful degree of benevolence, which formed a prominent feature in her disposition.

Her education, with that of her sisters, was solely conducted by governesses. Her mother died when Lady Hester was only four years old, and Lord Stanhope married again some ten months afterwards. So little share did the earl and countess take in the management of the girls, or in their progress in the schoolroom, 'that,' remarked Lady Hester, 'if Lucy met her stepmother in the streets, she should not have known her. Why, my father once followed to our own door in London a woman who happened to drop her glove, which he picked up. It was our governess; but, as he had never seen her in the house, he did not know her in the street.' In those days the intellectual accomplishments taught to young ladies were much more limited than at present, whilst their physical culture was carried on by means not very dissimilar to some of the milder modes of torture employed by the Spanish Inquisition. Back-stays, spine-boards, and foot-stocks, were then the implements in use to force the natural graces of the female form into 'what were supposed to be 'good figures.' From these punishments, Lady Hester had her share of suffering; but, notwithstanding, she grew up to be one of the finest women of her time. She was tall, well-proportioned, and possessed no exquisite a complexion, that at five paces' distance the sharpest eye could not distinguish her pearl necklace from her skin. Her head, seen in front, was a perfect oval; her cheeks presented a fine contour, rounding off towards the neck: her eyes were large, and of a grayish blue. The effect of her *tout ensemble* was commanding and striking. 'When you first came out,' said Sir Sydney Smith to her, 'you entered the room in your pale shirt, exciting our admiration by your magnificent and majestic figure. The roses and lilies were blended in your face, and the

* Memoirs of the Lady Hester Stanhope, as related by herself in conversations with her physician. In 3 vols. Colburn: London. 1845.

† The Earl Stanhope was twice married; Hester Lucy, Griselda, and Lucy Rachel, were the produce of his first marriage.* His second wife, Louisa, niece of the Marquis of Buckingham, brought him Philip Henry, the present Earl Stanhope, Charles Banks, a major in the army, who was killed at Corunna with the unfortunate Sir John Moore, and James Hamilton, who died in 1825.

ineffable smiles of your countenance diffused happiness around you.' Lady Hester's own criticism on herself is perhaps more characteristic of the describer than the described. Lord Hertford had been praising her attractions, 'but,' she answered, 'he is deceived if he thinks I am handsome, for I know I am not. If you were to take every feature in my face, and put them, one by one, on the table, there is not a single one would bear examination. The only thing is that, put together, and lighted up, they look well enough. It is homogeneous ugliness, and nothing more.' This self-judgment was scarcely correct; for, from the time she made her appearance in society, to the death of her uncle, William Pitt, Lady Hester was the reigning beauty and wit of the court of George III. 'Herminien,' says her biographer, 'was majestic; her address eminently graceful; in her conversation, when she pleased, she was enchanting; when she meant it, dignified; at all times eloquent. She was excellent at mimicry, and upon all ranks of life. She had more wit and repartee, perhaps, than falls to the lot of most women. She was courageous, morally and physically so; undaunted, and proud as Lucifer.'

Lady Hester took the earliest opportunity of leaving her father's roof. She went to live with her maternal uncle, William Pitt, then prime minister; and her residence with him forms the most brilliant part of her career. To show how highly her talents were estimated by Pitt, he allowed her unreserved liberty of action in state matters: the consequence was, that people who had favours to ask, or intrigues to forward, managed, if possible, to gain over Lady Hester first. But in this they were generally foiled; for soon acquiring a vast insight into human nature, she could turn that knowledge to account to its utmost extent, and in the minutest trifles. Pitt would say to her in the troublesome times of his power, 'I have plenty of good diplomatists, but they are none of them military men; and I have plenty of good officers, but not one of them is worth sixpence in the cabinet. If you were a man, Hester, I would send you on the continent with 60,000 men, and give you *carte blanche*; and I am sure that not one of my plans would fail, and not one soldier would go with his shoes unblackened; meaning,' added her ladyship, 'that my attention would embrace every duty that belongs to a general and a corporal—and so it would, doctor.' This, indeed, was most true of her; for, to an almost inordinate love of rule, Lady Hester added an invincible propensity to teach people what they ought to do. She would have been one of the most inveterate givers of advice ever heard of, had not her counsels been usually delivered more in the spirit of commands.

Her domiciliation with Pitt afforded her opportunities of observing the excess of occupation to which a premier is doomed. 'People little knew what he had to do. Up at eight in the morning, with people enough to see for a week, obliged to talk all the time he was at breakfast, and receiving first one, then another, until four o'clock; then eating a mutton-chop, hurrying off to the house, and there badgered and compelled to speak and waste his lungs until two or three in the morning!—who could stand it? After this, heated as he was, and having eaten nothing, in a manner of speaking, all day, he would sup with Dundas, Huskisson, Roze, Mr Long (all these gentlemen were officials of the government), and such persons, and then go to bed to get three or four hours' sleep, and to renew the same thing the next day, and the next, and the next.' Even when the unfortunate prime minister got to rest, it was often broken. Frequently he was 'roused from his sleep (for he was a good sleeper) with a despatch from Lord Melville; then down to Windsor; then, if he had half an hour to spare, trying to swallow something. Scarcely up next morning, when tat-tat-tat—twenty or thirty people one after another, and the horses walking before the door from two till sunset, waiting for him. It was enough to kill a man—it was murder!' In this hard work his servants necessarily shared. 'He had

four grooms who died of consumption, from being obliged to ride so hard after him; for they drank, and caught cold, and so ruined their constitutions.' Connected with one of these servants, Lady Hester told a very interesting anecdote, showing the solicitude both her uncle and herself showed towards their domestics. The groom she spoke of fell, like his fellows, a victim to a pulmonary complaint, and 'was placed at Knightsbridge, and then sent to the seaside. One day Mr Pitt, speaking of him, said to me, "The poor fellow, I am afraid, is very bad; I have been thinking of a way to give him a little consolation. I suspect he is in love with Mary, the housemaid; for, one morning early, I found them talking closely together, and she was covered with blushes. Couldn't you contrive, without hurting his feelings, to get her to attend on him in his illness?" Accordingly, soon after, when he was about to set off for Hastings, I went to see him. "Have you nobody," I asked him, "whom you would like to go to the seaside with you?—your sister or your mother?" "No, thank you, my lady." "There is the still-room maid, would you like her?" "Ah, my lady, she has a great deal to do, and is always wanted." From one to another I at last mentioned Mary, and I saw I had hit on the right person; but, however, he only observed he should like to see her before he went. Mary was therefore sent to him; and the result of their conversation was, that he told her he would marry her if he recovered, or leave her all he had if he died; which he did.'

According to Lady Hester, the duties of prime ministers are frequently less grave than they are vulgarly supposed. 'Most simple persons,' writes Dr M., 'imagine that prime ministers of such a country as England, when promoted to so elevated a station, are only moved by the noble ambition of their country's good; and, from the first moment to the last, are ever pondering on the important measures that may best promote it.' He then relates an anecdote to correct such erroneous notions. There was, it seems, a Mr Rice, who had been a *maitre d'hôtel* in Mr Pitt's family, and who, having been employed by the Duchess of Rutland to arrange a grand *fête* on her son's coming of age, attracted her grace's admiration by his 'pretty eyes,' which she voted to be 'too good for a kitchen.' This was the man whose interests took precedence of all other questions in the newly-appointed premier's mind.

'The very first thing Mr Pitt did,' said Lady Hester, 'after coming into office the second time, was to provide for Mr Rice. We were just got to Downing Street, and everything was in disorder. I was in the drawing-room; Mr Pitt, I believe, had dined out. When he came home, "Hester," said he, "we must think of our dear, good friend Rice. I have desired the list to be brought to me to-morrow morning, and we will see what suits him." "I think we had better see now," I replied. "Oh no; it is too late now." "Not at all," I rejoined; and I rang the bell, and desired the servant to go to the Treasury and bring me the list.'

'On examining it, I found three places for which he was eligible. I then sent for Rice. "Rice," said I, "here are three places to be filled up. One is a place in the Treasury, where you may fag on, and, by the time you are forty-five or fifty, you may be master of twenty or twenty-five thousand pounds. There is another will bring you into contact with poor younger sons of nobility: you will be invited out, get tickets for the opera, and may, make yourself a fine gentleman. The third is in the customs: there you must fag a great deal; but you will make a great deal of money. It is a searcher's place."

'Rice, after considering a while, said, "As for the Treasury, that will not suit me, my lady; for I must go on plodding to the end of my life. The second place your ladyship mentioned will throw me out of my sphere: I am not fit for fine folks; and, if you please, I had rather take the third." So the very next morning I got all his papers signed.'

Such is the anecdote, which, after all, has a benevolent aspect; and there are many things in these volumes which give an amiable impression of Mr Pitt's character; indeed Lady Hester affirmed that nobody ever knew or estimated it rightly. 'His views,' she asserted, 'were abused and confounded with the narrow projects of men who never could comprehend them; his fidelity to his master was never understood. Never was there such a disinterested man; he invariably refused every bribe, and declined every present that was offered to him. Those which came to him from abroad he left to rot in the customhouse; and some of his servants, after quitting his service, knowing he never inquired about them any more, went and claimed things of this sort: for Mr Pitt would read the letter, and think no more about it. I could name those who have pictures hanging in their rooms—pictures by Flemish masters of great value—procured in this way.'

'Mr Pitt used to say of Lord Carrington, when he saw him unable to eat his dinner in comfort, because he had a letter to write to his steward about some estate or another—"Voilà l'embarras des richesses;" but when he heard of some generous action done by a wealthy man—"There's the pleasure of being rich," he would cry. He did not pretend to despise wealth, but he was not a slave to it, as will be seen by the following anecdotes:—

'At one time a person was empowered by his city friends to settle on him L.10,000 a-year, in order to render him independent of the favour of the king, and of everybody, upon condition (as they expressed it) that he would stand forth to save his country. The offer was made through me, and I said I would deliver the message, but was afraid the answer would not be such as they wished. Mr Pitt in fact refused it, saying he was much flattered by their approval of his conduct, but that he could accept nothing of the sort.

'Yet these people,' added Lady Hester, 'were not, as you might at first suppose, disinterested in their offer: I judged them to be otherwise. For if it had been to the man, and not to some hopes of gain they had by him, would they not, after his death, have searched out those he esteemed as angels, and have honoured his memory by enriching those he loved so much? [alluding to herself and brothers.] But no—they thought if Mr Pitt retired from public affairs, the country and its commerce would go to ruin, and they, as great city men, would be the losers; whereas, by a few thousand pounds given away handsomely, if they got him to take an active part in the government, they would in turn put vast riches into their own purses, and make a handsome profit out of their patriotism.' She added, 'There are no public philanthropists in the city.'

'I recollect once a hackney-coach drawing up to the door, out of which got four men: doctor, they had a gold box with them as big as that' (and she held her hands nearly a foot apart to show the size of it), 'containing L.100,000 in bank-notes. They had found out the time when he was alone, and made him an offer of it. It was all interest that guided them, but they pretended it was patriotism—rich merchants, who were to get a pretty penny by the job. He very politely thanked them, and returned the present.

'I was once in the city at an Irish linen warehouse—very rich people, but such a nasty place—so dark! You know those narrow streets. They offered to buy Hollwood for him, pay his debts, and make him independent of the king, if he would contrive to take office; for he was out at the time. I mentioned it to him, as I thought it my duty to do so; but he would not listen to any such proposal.

'When I think of the ingratitude of the English nation to Mr Pitt, for all his personal sacrifices and disinterestedness, for his life wasted in the service of his country!—Here Lady Hester's emotions got the better of her, and she burst into tears. After alluding to the work he had to perform, she condescended to minute particulars; such, for instance, as the following:—

'Lastly, Mr Pitt used to suffer a great deal from

the cold in the House of Commons; for he complained that the wind cut through his silk stockings. I remember one day I had on a large tippet and muff of very fine fur: the tippet covered my shoulders, and came down in a point behind. "What is this, Hester?" said Mr Pitt; "something Siberian? Can't you command some of your slaves—for you must recollect, Griselda, Hester has slaves without number, who implicitly obey her orders" (this was addressed to Griselda and Mr Tickell, who were present)—"can't you command some of your slaves to introduce the fashion of wearing muffs and tippets into the House of Commons? I could then put my feet on the muffs, and throw the tippet over my knees and round my legs."

It appears that Mr Pitt was far from being so insensible as was supposed to the fascinations of female society. He was even anxious to have married, and we have here a curious story of an attachment he had formed with that view to the daughter of a peer; but, if we are to believe what Lady Hester reports of his feelings, he abstained from marriage that he might have nothing to interfere with the duty he owed to his king and country. Lady Hester Stanhope's personal sympathy for her own sex does not seem to have been equal to that of her great patron and relative. Dr M. soon found reason to repent of bringing his wife within her influence, and most married travellers found it impossible to get access at Syria to her with theirs. Lady Hester Stanhope seems, however, to have felt deeply for the wrongs of women, particularly those done to the humbler class of females by aristocratic seducers, whose conduct she indignantly exposed, but into which delicacy prevents us from entering; and, as illustrations of her argument, she adduced the case of Lady Hamilton and Mrs Jordan. But she felt little sympathy with the cause of Queen Caroline, notwithstanding her decided expression of dislike to George IV. himself. It must not be supposed that we concur in all her decisions and estimates of character; for obvious reasons, this would be absurd. To Mr Canning her ladyship is especially unjust; and we are told by her biographer, that such was her antipathy, she never could speak calmly of him, and that his name once introduced, was sure to lead to an angry diatribe. She confessed, however, that his literary talents were useful to Mr Pitt. 'He was clever,' said she, 'and wrote well, whilst Mr Pitt could never trust Lord C. to draw up an official paper, without having to cross and correct half of it.'

Some anecdotes relating to her relative Lord Camelford, the noted duellist, are of an unexpected character:—'People were very much mistaken about him. His generosity and the good he did in secret, passes all belief. He used to give L.5000 a-year to his lawyer to distribute among distressed persons. "The only condition I enjoin," he used to say, "is not to let them know who it comes from." He would sometimes dress himself in a jacket and trousers, like a sailor, and go to some tavern or alehouse; and if he fell in with a poor-looking person, who had an air of trouble or poverty, he would contrive to enter into conversation with him, and find out all about him. "Come," he would say, "tell me your story, and I will tell you mine." He was endowed with great penetration, and if he saw that the man's story was true, he would slip fifty or a hundred pounds into his hand, with this admonitory warning—"Recollect, you are not to speak of this; if you do, you will have to answer for it in a way you don't like."

'I recollect once he was driving me out in his curricule, when, at a turnpike-gate, I saw him pay the man himself, and take some halfpence in exchange. He turned them over two or three times in his hand without his glove. Well, thought I, if you like to handle dirty copper, it is a strange taste. "Take the reins a moment," said he, giving them to me; and out he jumped; and before I could form the least suspicion of what he was going to do, he rushed upon the turnpike-man, and seized him by the throat. Of course

there was a mob collected in a moment, and the high-spirited horses grew so restive, that I expected nothing less than that they would start off with me. In the midst of it all, a coach and four came to the gate. "Ask what's the matter," said a simpering sort of gentleman, putting his head with an air out of the coach-window, to the footman behind. "It's my Lord Camelford," replied the footman. "You may drive on," was the instant ejaculation of the master, frightened out of his senses at the bare apprehension lest his lordship should turn to him.

"The row was soon over, and Lord Camelford resumed his seat. "I daresay you thought," he said very quietly, "that I was going to put myself in a passion. But the fact is, these rascals have barrels of bad halfpence, and they pass them in change to the people who go through the gate. Some poor carter, perhaps, has nothing but this change to pay for his supper; and when he gets to his journey's end, finds he can't get his bread and cheese. The law, 'tis true, will fine them; but how is a poor devil to go to law?—where can he find time? To you and me it would not signify, but to the poor it does; and I merely wanted to teach these blackguards a lesson, by way of showing them that they cannot always play such tricks with impunity."

"Doctor, you should have seen, when we came back again, how humble and cringing the turnpike-man was. Lord Camelford was a true Pitt, and, like me, his blood fired at a fraud or a bad action."

But the god of her idolatry is, after all, Mr Pitt. Of him she never wearied of discoursing; things great and little concerning him were to her of equal importance; made so by the strength of her undying regard. The following correction of the current description of Mr Pitt's death is curious. Dr M. happened to observe that he had "read an account of Mr Pitt's last moments in Gifford's life of him, and that his dying words, praying for forgiveness through the merits of his Redeemer, or words to that effect, together with the whole scene of his deathbed, appeared, as I thought, too much made up, and too formal to be true; leaving the impression that the author, and those from whom he gathered his information, had considered it a duty to make the close of a great man's life conformable to their religious feelings rather than to facts and reality." "Who is it that says it of him?" asked Lady Hester. "Dr Prettyman and Sir Walter Farquhar." "Oh, it's all a lie!" she replied, rather indignantly. "Dr Prettyman was fast asleep when Mr Pitt died; Sir Walter Farquhar was not there; and nobody was present but James. I was the last person who saw him except James, and I left him about eight o'clock, for I saw him struggling as if he wanted to speak, and I did not like to make him worse." After a short pause, she resumed: "What should Mr Pitt make such a speech for, who never went to church in his life? Nothing prevented his going to church when he was at Walmer; but he never even talked about religion, and never brought it upon the carpet."

Nor are the reflections that succeed the narrative un-suggestive:—

"When I think of poor Mr Pitt, I am the more and more persuaded that the greater part of mankind are not worth the kindness we bestow on them. Never did so pure an angel enter upon life as he; but, when he died, had he had to begin the world again, he would have acted in a very different manner. The baseness, and ingratitude that he found in mankind were inconceivable. All the peers that he had made deserted him, and half those he had served returned his kindness by going over to his enemies."

* Lord Malmesbury cites Lady M.'s account of Mr Pitt's last words as follows:—"Lady M., who saw Sir Walter Farquhar three days after Pitt's death, and received from him an account of his last hours, said, that almost the last words he spoke intelligibly were these to himself, and more than once repeated—"Oh! what times! oh! my country!"

"Then see, doctor, what fortune and luck are! Mr Pitt, during his life spent in his country's service, could seldom get a gleam of success to cheer him, whilst a Liverpool and a Castlereagh have triumphs fall upon them in showers. Oh! it makes me sick to think that Mr Pitt should have died through hard labour for his country; that Lord Melville, so hearty as he was, should almost have sunk under it, and should have had nothing but difficulties and disappointments; whilst such fellows as H. and C., who do not care if the country were ruined, provided they kept their places, should have nothing but good fortune attend them, as if it were the effect of their stupid measures. But, not contented with that, they must even bring discredit on his memory, by attributing to him a line of conduct he never pursued. To think of Canning's going about and saying "This is the glorious system of Pitt!" and the papers echoing his words—"This is the glorious system of Pitt!" Why, when Louis XVIII. came to England, Mr Pitt would not receive him as king, but only as count somebody. (I declare I forget what, it made so slight an impression on me.) And when I used to say to Mr Pitt, "What does it signify?—do let him be king if he wants it?"—"No," replied Mr Pitt, "I am not fighting to re-establish the Bourbons on the throne: only let the French have some stable government that we can make peace with, that's all; I am not going to sacrifice the interests of my country to the Bourbons, Hester."

We cannot quit this part of the subject without another extract or so:—

"After Mr Pitt's death, I could not cry for a whole month and more. I never shed a tear, until one day Lord Melville came to see me; and the sight of his eyebrows turned gray, and his changed face, made me burst into tears. I felt much better for it after it was over."

"Mr Pitt's bust was taken after his death by an Italian, named, I think, Tomino—an obscure artist, whom I had rummaged out. This man had offered me at one time a bust worth a hundred guineas, and prayed me to accept it, in order, as he said, to make his name known; I refused it, but recollected him afterwards. The bust turned out a very indifferently resemblance; so, with my own hand, I corrected the defects, and it eventually proved a strong likeness. The D. of C. happening to call when the artist was at work in my room, was so pleased, that he ordered one of a hundred guineas for himself, and another to be sent to Windsor. There was one by this Tomino put into the exhibition."

"A fine picture in Mr Pitt's possession represented Diogenes with a lantern searching by day for an honest man. A person cut out a part of the blank canvas, and put in Mr Pitt's portrait."

The influence which Lady Hester exercised in affairs of the highest moment to the interests of this nation, at a time when it was placed in most unfavourable circumstances by foreign wars and commercial depression, proved her to have been a woman of extraordinary genius; though it also showed that her genius was only suitable for the circumstances in which it happened to be then exercised. This the event proved. When Pitt died, and his political opponents came into office, her ladyship's reign in Downing Street was of course over; and she was obliged to retire into private life—a sphere for which her energetic mind was found to be totally unfitted.

Scattered over these interesting memoirs, are a few passages which, portraying the manners of bygone times, show, by comparison with those of the present day, what great changes a half century has worked. To begin with the education of young ladies. "How well I recollect what I was made to suffer when I was young!" exclaimed her ladyship to her physician, "and that's the reason why I have sworn eternal warfare against Swiss and French governesses. Nature forms us in a certain manner, both inwardly and outwardly, and it is in vain to attempt to alter it."

One governess at Chevening had our backs pinched in by boards, that were drawn tight with all the force the maid could use; and as for me, they would have squeezed me to the size of a puny miss—a thing impossible! My instep, by nature so high that a little kitten could walk under the sole of my foot, they used to bend down in order to flatten it, although that is one of the things that shows my high-breeding.

'Nature, doctor, makes us one way, and man is always trying to fashion us another. * * But nature was entirely out of the question with us: we were left to the governesses. Lady Stanhope got up at ten o'clock, went out, and then returned to be dressed, if in London, by the hairdresser; and there were only two in London, both of them Frenchmen, who could dress her. Then she went out to dinner, and from dinner to the opera, and from the opera to parties, seldom returning until just before daylight.'

Tutors, physicians, and men of science, were not allowed to mix so familiarly with the nobility as they do in these more enlightened times. 'As for tutors, and doctors, and such people, if, now-a-days, my lords and my ladies walk arm-in-arm with them; they did not do so in my time. I recollect an old dowager, to whom I used sometimes to be taken to spend the morning. She was left with a large jointure and a fine house for the time being, and used to invite the boys and girls of my age—I mean the age I was then—with their tutors and governesses, to come and see her. "How do you do, Dr Mackenzie? Lord John, I see, is all the better for his medicine. The duchess is happy in having found a man of such excellent talents, which are almost too great to be confined to the sphere of one family."—"Such is the nature of our compact, my lady; nor could I on any account violate the regulations which so good a family has imposed upon me." "It's very cold, Dr Mackenzie; I think I increased my rheumatic pains at the opera on Saturday night." "Did you ever try Dover's powders, my lady?" He does not, you see, tell her to use Dover's powders; he only says, did you ever try them? "Lord John, Lord John, you must take care and not eat too much of that strawberry preserve." "How do you do, Mr K.?—How do you do, Lord Henry? I hope the marchioness is well? She looked divinely last night. Did you see her when she was dressed, Mr K.?" "You will pardon me, my lady," answers the tutor; "I did indeed see her; but it would be presumptuous in me to speak of such matters. I happened to take her a nap" (mind, doctor, he does not say a map of what), "and certainly I did cast my eyes on her dress, which was no doubt in the best taste, as everything the marchioness does is." Observe, here is no mention of her looks or person. Doctors and tutors never presumed formerly to talk about the complexion, and skin, and beauty of those in whose families they lived or found practice. Why, haven't I told you over and over again how Dr W—— lost his practice from having said that a patient of his, who died, was one of the most beautiful corpses he had ever seen, and that he had stood contemplating her for a quarter of an hour? She was a person of rank, and it ruined him. Even his son, who was a doctor too, and had nothing to do with it, never could get on afterwards.'

Servants were also kept in much better order, according to the ideas of our seniors, than they are at present. 'There was the groom of the chamber at Mr Pitt's,' continued Lady Hester; 'I don't think I ever held half an hour's conversation with him the whole time he was there: he was, however, a man with quite a distinguished look, and ten times more of a gentleman than half those who call themselves so. He came in, delivered a note or a message with a proper air; and, if I had one to send anywhere, I threw it along the table to the end, so' (and here Lady Hester put on one of those—what shall I call them?—queen-like airs which she was fond of assuming), 'or else gave it into his hand, telling him, or not telling him—for he could see by looking at it—where it was to go. He afterwards married one of

the maids, and took Thomas's, or some such named hotel, where he was well patronised by the great.'

The management of a nobleman's household is graphically described. Speaking of the last day of each year, Lady Hester remarked, in reference to the mansion of Chevening, at Seven Oaks, in Kent, 'To-night in my father's house there used to be a hundred tenants and servants sitting down to a good dinner, and dancing and making merry. I see their happy faces now before my eyes; and when I think of that, and how I am surrounded here, it is too much for me. * * Lady Hester reverted again to Chevening, and spoke at great length of her grandmother Stanhope's excellent management of the house, when she (Lady Hester) was a child. At all the accustomed festivals, plumpuddings, that required two men to carry them, with large barons of beef, were dressed, &c. &c. All the footmen were like gentlemen, ushers, all the masters and mistresses like so many ambassadors and ambassadresses, such form and etiquette were preserved in all the routine of visits and parties. Every person kept his station, and precise rules were laid down for each inmate of the family. Thus, the lady's-maid was not allowed to wear white, nor curls, nor heels to her shoes beyond a certain height; and Lady Stanhope had in her room a set of instruments and implements of punishment to enforce her orders on all occasions. There were scissors to cut off fine curls, a rod to whip with, &c. &c. No poor woman lay-in in the neighbourhood, but two guineas in money, baby-linen, a blanket, some posset, two bottles of wine, and other necessaries, were sent to her. If any one among the servants was sick, the housekeeper, with the still-room maid behind her, was seen carrying the barley-water, the gruel, the medicine, &c. to administer to the patient, according to the doctor's orders. In the hopping time, all the vagrants and Irish hoppers were locked up every night in a barn by themselves, and suffered to have no communication with the household. A thousand pieces of dirty linen were washed every week, and the wash-house had four different stone troughs, from which the linen was handed, piece by piece, by the washerwomen from the scalding down to the rinsing. In the laundry a false ceiling, let down and raised by pulleys, served to air the linen after it was ironed. There was a mangle to get up the table-linen, towels, &c. and three stoves for drying on wet days. The table-cloths were of the finest damask, covered with patterns of exquisite workmanship. At set periods of the year, pedlars and merchants from Glasgow, from Dunstable, and other places, passed with their goods. The housekeeper's room was surrounded with presses and closets, where were arranged stores and linen in the nicest order. An ox was killed every week, and a sheep every day.

'Servants work twice as hard in England as they do here. Why, there was the boy of twelve or thirteen years old, that used to go to Seven Oaks to fetch papa's letters. Every day but one in the week did that boy ride backward and forward; and sometimes I have seen him lifted off his horse with his fingers so benumbed, that he could not even ring the bell; and his face and hands were rubbed with snow, and he was walked about for a quarter of an hour before he was allowed to go into the servants' hall. There was the shepherd's daughter, who would take up a sheep over her shoulders, and carry it like a nothing; ay, and whilst it was struggling too pretty stoutly, I can tell you. Then the washerwomen, who used to begin every Monday morning half an hour after midnight, and work all through the day and the next night until eleven or twelve, without ever sitting down, except to their meals. There was hard work!'

When the late George IV. was Prince of Wales, and the leader of fashion, he was very fond of inviting himself out to dinner. Such entertainments were of course obliged to be prepared in a style commensurate with the high rank of the guest. Many of the poorer friends of his royal highness were therefore often put to greater

expenses than they could afford. At some brilliant assembly 'there you would see him' [the prince], remarked her ladyship to her medical adviser, 'at the doorway of two rooms, speaking loudly to some one:— "Well, then, it's all fixed; on Wednesday next I dine with you, and shall bring about a dozen friends." "Why does your royal highness say a dozen? let it be fifteen." "Well, a dozen—fifteen; but we shall dine precisely at four." And there was the man's wife, standing breathless, with scarce strength to keep down a suppressed sigh, thinking with herself, "What shall we do, and how shall we provide for all this?" Then the husband, with a forced smile, would endeavour to relieve her with, "My dear, did you hear? his royal highness intends us the honour of dining with us on Wednesday—you forget to thank him;" and the poor wife strains at a compliment, ill-worded from her uneasiness. Oh! doctor, it has made my heart ache.'

MORE WORDS FROM THE COUNTER.

SINCE noticing, two years ago, the efforts made in London to bring about an earlier shutting of places of business, and thus relieve many thousands of young persons from an irksome and unnecessary protraction of daily labour, we are glad to know that a number of shopkeepers of respectability have consented to the very reasonable claims made on their humanity, that the public have been roused on a subject of such vital interest, and that in time we may expect to see realised nearly all those reforms which the more intelligent of the shop-assistants have pointed out as desirable.

In the course of the agitation which has taken place on the present shop-system, a variety of curious particulars have been made known respecting the number of assistants, their duties, and the physical and moral evils which beset their course of life. There can be no doubt that there are many most respectable establishments in London and elsewhere conducted on a humane and honourable plan; but it is equally true that there are yet more houses where the assistants are systematically taught the most unwarrantable tricks, for the sake of inducing customers to purchase their goods. Common sense tells us that those who conduct their affairs in this manner must belong to that unscrupulous class who are determined at all hazards to drive a quick business. Thus, when we find an establishment in which the assistants are harshly and unfairly treated—for instance, condemned to remain in the heated atmosphere of a draper's shop fifteen or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, forbidden, even if there be nothing to do, to rest themselves by being seated for five minutes—(it is a by-law in such establishments to seem busy at all times, and to roll and unroll goods if there be no better occupation)—and debarred all fresh air, and the necessary portion of time for bodily and mental recreation—we may fairly conclude, that the absence of high principle, remarkable in this portion of the management, will also prevail in that affecting the public at large.

The very praiseworthy exertions of the Metropolitan Drapers' Association have brought so many traits of harsh rule and mean trickery to light—not to mention the incidents which the newspapers now and then reveal—that there can be no breach of confidence in our referring to the subject. In inferior establishments, it is a custom to recommend old goods, declaring them to be of the newest fashion, and citing imaginary customers and titled personages as admirers and wearers of the same. This kind of falsehood, however, can only succeed with the very credulous, and is

adopted with caution. It is a more common trick, when ladies complain of an article being not so good as they desire, to bring out something for their inspection which is represented as very superior, and of course higher in price, but which in reality is no better than the first which had been offered. Instances have even been known of the same piece of goods being only removed out of sight, there divided in two, so as to alter its outward appearance of form and bulk, and then offered as a superior fabric, with an increase of price. It may be argued that this evil would bring its own remedy, that purchasers would soon discover such deceptions, or, at any rate, that they must be deficient in the powers of observation to be so easily deceived. But, on the other hand, it is affectation to suppose that a lady, whose experience has been limited to the purchase of clothing for herself and family, can be so competent a judge of the real worth of articles offered to her, as the tradesman whose life has been spent in acquiring that kind of knowledge, and with whom it is an engrossing thought and occupation: and the confidence which she places in a tradesman, when she relies on his word and recommendation, seems to us only to make his falsehood the more detestable. Besides, many persons possessing limited incomes apportion certain sums for certain purposes, and such individuals not unfrequently mention the price they are inclined to give, thus offering a guide to the shopkeeper as to the articles most likely to suit them—worthy of a better return than it often receives.

Those ladies who are in the habit of giving much inconsiderate trouble to drapers' assistants, turning over a variety of goods, having ribbons unrolled and silks unfolded, without effecting a purchase after all, are perhaps not aware that there is always a person in the shop deputed to keep an account of those assistants who are unsuccessful; that is to say, who fail to persuade the ladies to make purchases. A harsh word or discouraging look may be the only punishment for a first offence of this kind; if repeated, a reprimand is sure to follow; afterwards the penalty of a fine is resorted to; and if, after all, the young man does not become such an adept in insinuation, or the tricks of his trade, as to persuade ladies that black is white, that though they require coarse cotton, fine linen will answer their purpose better; and, in fact, run through the whole jargon of insidious deceit, he is turned adrift as unfit for his profession. Why so much talk and blandishment should have been lavished on the attempt to dispose of such a trifle as a yard of ribbon, may often have surprised our lady readers; but let all surprise on the subject vanish. What seems a trifle on one side of the counter, may be a matter of life and death on the other. 'If I fail to charm her into a purchase, though never so small, I am a done man; in six hours hence I may be an outcast!' Thinking, if he does not say this to himself, the young assistant desperately increases his eloquence, adds lie to lie, and happy does he consider himself if his manifold efforts finally succeed; if unsuccessful, what mortification, what an agony of discomfiture! This, then, is one of the prevalent causes of that vexatious impatience which most persons must have encountered at one time or another in their shopping excursions; and who can doubt the demoralising results of a system based on such falsehood, trickery, and deception?

As already mentioned, these revelations from the counter are not by any means of universal application. Oppression and deceit are not English vices, and are only found in alliance with what may be called flash or struggling concerns, of which, however, there are more than could be suspected from external appearances. In the shopkeeping, as in the factory system, the establishments best conducted—we mean as respects justice, mercy, and kindness—are uniformly those in which the

proprietors are the most opulent and most prosperous. There are thus many shopkeepers in London distinguished not less for their integrity than their considerate liberality towards their assistants. What we would wish to see is an exaltation in tone of mind both in masters and men. Trade, not united with a keen sense of justice, becomes sordid and mean, and will pull down to a base level the highest aspirations. But to cultivate those moral and intellectual amenities which exalt the character, a certain portion of daily existence must be devoted; and assuredly not less by masters than servants is this time required. Leaving the proprietors of shops to look about for such means of relaxation as fall within their reach, we would in an especial manner plead the cause of the large body of youth whose fate it is to consume so much time—almost their whole waking existence—in the toils of an irksome profession. There are, it is alleged, twenty thousand drapers' assistants in London, performing an unvarying dull round of duty; and it is no small matter that this large body of young men, not to speak of many others, should be habitually, and by a pernicious custom, shut out from the means of that moral improvement which would lift them above the trickery to which too many of them are at present condemned. We cannot attempt to deny that in many instances additional leisure might be abused; but this we suspect would most likely be the case among those the most corrupted. It is hard that the well-intentioned should suffer for their faults.

One subject of complaint among those who are striving for the early closing of shops—and we think a very just one—is, that when released from the counter, at ten or eleven o'clock at night, assistants have no alternative but to roam the streets, or enter those places of public entertainment where temptations to many kinds of dissipation exist. At this hour lectures are over, and these opportunities of mental recreation and improvement are lost. At this hour the doors of their friends are virtually closed against them, for they cannot pay visits at nearly midnight; and so in a little time the healthful pleasures and cordial sympathies of the domestic circle become forgotten things.

After all, it rests with the public to amend this state of things. The members of the association—acting, be it always remembered, under the sanction of the most respectable employers—can only promote investigation, and draw attention to the evils of the late-hour system—evils which press most heavily on the youth of the country; that body, or rather the survivors among it, who in a very few years will fill the responsible offices of parents and masters, and who even in the present are not unfrequently the chief hope and stay of aged or infant relatives. It remains with the public to achieve the victory by abstaining from late shopping. Tradesmen will soon close their shops when they find that no customers enter them after six or seven o'clock. We are aware that it will be argued that servants and others are so much tied by their own duties during the day, that only in the evening can they find the opportunity of making purchases. But our gorgeous shops are not supported by this class; and when the time arrives that they are the only late shoppers, let us be sure some plan—such, for instance, as setting apart one evening in the week for their accommodation—will be resorted to, and meet their wishes. It is highly satisfactory to learn—and this we have heard from the lips of employers themselves—that, in adopting the humane system of closing at an early hour, those who have done so have already found their reward. They are unanimous in declaring that the increased activity of their assistants during business hours, and the general elevation of their character, have done much more than compensate for the grace awarded to them. Such employers have, in numerous instances, established libraries and reading-rooms under their own roof, and have in no case found reason to lament their generous indulgence. We believe that the public would find it a safe plan to rely on the general integrity of those establish-

ments in which they perceive the more enlightened system adopted. In these an elevation of character prevails, which is their best protection from the meannesses and trickeries of the trade.

NEWSPAPERS FROM 'FOREIGN PARTS.'

SEVERAL newspapers—each a curiosity in its way—have been sent to us from the most distant parts of the globe. One file is dated from the Sandwich Islands, another from Hong Kong in China, a third from Boston, and a fourth from Philadelphia in North America. A selection from their contents, with a passing word on the places in which they are printed, will be amusing and useful to many of our readers.

The Sandwich Islands file was sent by some unknown friend residing in Honolulu—the capital—where the newspapers were printed. Honolulu stands on the island of Oahu, one of the ten situated in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, known as the Sandwich Islands. It is not the largest, that being Hawaii, commonly called Owhyhee, which contains 11,000 inhabitants, whilst Oahu numbers only about 7000. Since the time of Captain Cook, who was murdered at Owhyhee in 1779, civilisation has been gradually spreading its blessings over the Sandwich Islands. The metropolis, Honolulu, is inhabited partly by settlers from America and Europe, and partly by natives. The houses of the former are built of stone, but the aborigines still prefer wigwams or huts, so that the town presents a grotesquely irregular appearance. As Christianity and civilisation have made more way in the Sandwich Islands than in any of the neighbouring groups, there is a well-attended English school, which is the chief building in the place, two churches, and a chapel expressly devoted to the use of the sailors who may touch at the island. That European tastes and modes of life have been extensively adopted in these islands, is attested by the articles exhibited for sale in the shops of Honolulu, which include every sort of food, clothing, and luxury, even (as the advertisements in the Sandwich Islands Gazette prove) to ladies' shoes from Paris, and *eau-de-Cologne*! It would seem that the baneful indulgence which has nearly everywhere accompanied white men amongst their uncivilised brethren, had for many years a most demoralising effect on the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Ardent spirits were largely imported, and did infinite mischief. Happily, however, the temperance movement has extended itself into the very midst of the Pacific, and with the most signal success. The publications which have reached us from the Sandwich Islands are almost entirely occupied in the inculcation and furtherance of temperance. One is entitled 'The Friend—a semi-monthly journal devoted to temperance, marine, and general intelligence.' It is neatly printed on good paper, and contains eight pages. The numbers before us were published at the end of the last, and the beginning of the present year. The other journal, though printed at Honolulu, appears from its title to be intended for circulation amongst the inhabitants of Owhyhee. It is called the Hawaiian Cascade and Miscellany, and contains a lighter and more amusing sort of information than 'The Friend.'

From the latter publication we learn that many useful works have been translated and printed in the Hawaiian or native tongue, on several branches of science, art, and religion; and that an almanac, and four newspapers, are regularly published in the same tongue. No fewer than 22,652 individuals were in 1844 in full communion with the Protestant churches planted by the American missionaries; the entire population has been estimated at 150,000. The commercial prosperity of these islands chiefly arises from the visits of whalers, particularly of those from America. During the past year 224 whale-fishing vessels, navigated by 4600 American and 1662 foreign seamen, visited the various ports of the Sandwich Islands. A series of very interesting

articles, entitled *Notes on the Shipping-Trade, &c. of the Sandwich Islands*, has been continued in 'The Friend' from week to week by an intelligent English merchant, and contains a host of minute and interesting particulars.

Turning to the 'Hawaiian Cascade' for matters of less import, we find amidst some earnest warnings against intemperance one or two amusing pieces, which we shall take leave to extract. The first may be, for aught we know, a specimen of the Honolulu muse. Beneath a veil of jocularity, it gives a strong practical exemplification of the effects of drunkenness. It is an address to a brandy bottle.

You old brandy bottle, I've loved you too long,
You have been a bad mesmate to me;
When I met with you first I was healthy and strong,
And handsome as handsome could be.
I had plenty of cash in my pocket and purse,
And my cheeks were as red as a rose,
And the day when I took you for better for worse,
I'd a beautiful aquiline nose.

But now, only look! I'm a fright to behold,
The beauty I boasted has fled,
You would think I was nearly a hundred years old,
When I'm raising my hand to my head;
For it trembles and shakes like the earth when it quakes,
And I'm constantly spilling my tea;
And whenever I speak I make awful mistakes,
Till every one's laughing at me.

The ladies don't love me, and this I can trace
To the loss of my aquiline nose,
Like an overgrown strawberry stuck on my face,
Still larger and larger it grows.
And I haven't a cent in my pocket or purse,
And my clothes are all dirty and torn;
Oh, you old brandy bottle, you've been a sad curse,
And I wish I had never been born!

You old brandy bottle, I'll love you no more,
You have ruined me, body and soul,
I'll dash you to pieces, and swear from this hour,
To give up both you and the bowl.
And I'll now go and 'sign'—I could surely do worse—
On that pledge all my hopes I repose,
And I'll get back my money in pocket and purse,
And perhaps, too, my beautiful nose!

With the following extraordinary but well attested anecdote, we conclude our extracts from these interesting specimens of the Sandwich Islands press:—

What a *Bill-Fish* can do.—Under what genus and species the ichthyologist will class the specimen of the funny tribe called *bill-fish*, we know not; but according to Captain Lincoln of the William Penn, this fish possesses great physical power, sufficient to thrust its bill through the solid oak sides of a ship. Shortly after the William Penn sailed from the Sandwich Islands, in the spring of 1842, she was obliged to put in at the Society Islands on account of a leak. On heaving out, about six feet from the keel was found the *bill* of the above-mentioned fish. It had been thrust several inches through the following materials:—1st, copper; 2d, sheathing, 1-inch pine; 3d, plank, 3-inch oak; 4th, timber, 4-inch oak; 5th, coaling, 2½-inch oak. In all, 9½ inches solid oak and 1 inch pine—total 10½ inches. Captain Lincoln has preserved the identical bill, being about 1½ inch in diameter, so that he is able to convince the incredulous by ocular demonstration. We recollect some years since to have seen the blade of a sword-fish thrust through a piece of solid oak timber: it was cut from the side of a whale-ship, and is now preserved as a curiosity in the Marine Museum, Nantucket, Massachusetts.

In point of typography and paper, these journals do great credit to the Sandwich Islanders. They must be a vast improvement on the first newspaper essay made at Honolulu, which was—we learn from the United States Exploring Expedition—effected by means of a common mangle.

Turning from these Sandwich Islands sheets, our ideas are rapidly transferred to the opposite corner of the map of the world, by a perusal of the 'China Mail'—the first number of a newspaper edited, printed, and published at our new colony of Hong Kong. This little island is situated in the Chinese sea, at the mouth of

the Canton river, and not far from the mainland of the province of Quang-tung. At the conclusion of the recent war, it was ceded to this country, and has already become a flourishing entrepôt of trade between Hindostan, Europe, and the rest of China, *via* the old port of Canton. A town called Victoria has already sprung up, besides detached residences, which are dotted all over it. There is a regular staff of government officers, headed by Mr J. F. Davis, whose work on the Chinese affords us nearly all that is known concerning that singular and mysterious people. His viceroyalty, though small—being only fifteen miles in circumference—is flourishing, as the newspaper before us testifies.

It is a goodly sheet of four well-printed pages. The number of advertisements it contains is one proof that the new colony can boast of a busy trade, whilst a government return shows that a lively communication is kept up between the snug little island and the interior of China, by the fact, that during the year ending 31st December 1844, no fewer than ninety-six native boats (*lorchias*), having an aggregate of 5774 tons burthen, were employed in conveying merchandise between Hong Kong and Canton.

A list of prices informs us that on the 27th February of the present year (the date of the paper before us), beef at Victoria was 12 cents per catty; pork, when 'fat,' 10, but when not fat, fifty per cent. dearer; mutton, 40; eggs were 1 dollar per 160, whilst their parents were from 15 to 18 cents each; the latter being also the price of capons, which were dearer than geese at 12 cents. Pigeons, partridges, and quails, were 1 dollar each. The Chinese never use milk in any form, hence we are well prepared to find it scarce and dear: 25 cents was the price of a quart bottle, whilst fresh butter was 1 dollar per pound.

The editor apologises in his first number for whatever errors it may contain, declaring that he had to educate his own compositors before he could get the types properly set. Some were natives, others soldiers—the only persons, in short, whom he found willing to undertake a share of the task. It is the more creditable to his own skill and energy, therefore, that very few mistakes appear; indeed, the second number of the China Mail would do credit to any provincial press in Great Britain. We wish the editor, Mr Shortrede, every success in his novel undertaking—the more so as he is a worthy and widely-esteemed fellow-townsmen, whose social qualities have caused his absence to be much felt in Edinburgh.

The third periodical is a sign of the times in the United States, which we hail with pleasure; it being evidently the result of a struggle amongst a humble class of citizens to do good, by advocating sound moral principles. It is entitled the 'Mechanic Apprentice,' and published on the 15th of every month, at a small price. The conductors are members of an association called 'The Mechanic Apprentices' Library Association,' and although the compositions are not always very clearly or forcibly worded, yet they evince a propriety and earnestness of intention, which is all that can be expected from youth. The gross personalities and exciting political tirades with which too much of the North American press is occupied, are much in need of counteracting influences directed to better aims; and although the little work we are now discussing contributes in itself but a drop to the ocean of good which remains to be done, yet it shows the existence of a spirit amongst the younger community, of at least one important city in the states, from which much may be expected hereafter.

Another equally gratifying attestation of an improving spirit in the states, is the increase of periodicals devoted to the working out of some defined and special object of social improvement. Temperance, for instance, is inculcated by numerous publications. There is scarcely a native state or a colony in which America holds influence (of which the Sandwich Islands is an instance), where at least one such print is not widely supported, and eagerly read. If, therefore, the mere

subject of temperance be interesting to the vast population of North America, the inference follows, that the virtue itself is fast gaining ground. In like manner, the iniquity of slavery in a nation whose reiterated boast it is to be the freest in the world, is happily lessening through the influence of newspapers, and other works set on foot expressly to advocate abolition. We hold all such circumstances as cheering indications of social progress.

COLONISATION OF PALESTINE BY THE JEWS.

THE recent persecutions of the Jews by some of the bigotted people of the East, and the opposite efforts which are now making in this and neighbouring countries to abolish their civic and legislative disabilities, have of late attracted much public attention. It would appear that nearly seven millions of this persecuted race are now scattered over the face of the globe,* in various degrees of prosperity; and to better the condition of the poorest, a plan has been proposed, which appears to have in it the elements of success. This is simply the colonisation of Palestine.

The Jews, in whatever country residing, have always exhibited an aversion to engage in agricultural pursuits, or to invest their capital in land. Relying on the Scripture promise of being eventually restored to their country and united again as one nation, they hold themselves in readiness to depart from the place of their present sojourn at the shortest notice. Most of the property they accumulate is either readily transportable, or is convertible into articles which are current coin everywhere—such as gold, silver, and jewels. They are seldom handicraftsmen or artisans, especially of arts peculiar to their abiding places; from which it has always been their policy to be able to avert themselves as speedily as possible, when the wished-for day of union in Palestine shall arrive. Most of the attempts, therefore, to amalgamate the people of Israel with those they may reside amongst, have signally failed. Recently, in Poland and Russia—where the largest section of the nation resides—the emperor ceded a portion of the crown lands to be allotted amongst certain Jews deported from the frontiers; but many of them showed reluctance to take advantage of the cession. Wishing to abolish distinctions, he also issued a ukase or proclamation for the abandonment of the peculiar garb worn by his Jewish subjects; but they considered it as an intolerant hardship, and so few obeyed the injunction, that the emperor, visiting the Jewish hospital at Warsaw, found one only of the patients not dressed in the Jewish garb. The czar noticed this one particularly, and commended his example to the others; observing, that in five years he should command them to adopt the general costume; meanwhile, he would ask it of them as a favour. How many have complied with this polite wish, we have not ascertained.

The rooted aversion of the bulk of the Hebrew nation to regard any country as their permanent home, is of course a bar to their civilisation and advancement. Several benevolent persons, with Sir Moses Montifore at their head, have however found a way out of the difficulty, by proposing a colonisation of Palestine by the Jews. This proposition seems to reconcile all difficulties, and to remove all prejudices. 'The Voice of Jacob,' a periodical supported by the most influential London Jews, and previously noticed in this Journal, approves of such a plan; whilst the organ of the French Jews, the *Archives Israélites* for February last, proposes 'a European committee for Jewish colonisation.' Every

Jew, looking towards Palestine with a pious love as his true home, would no longer object to 'put his hand to the plough,' and to possess a property in the soil. That the land is capable of supporting a vast body of emigrants, is proved by the Parliamentary Report on Syria, published in 1840. Mr Consul Moore states, that the population of the whole country is at present reduced to a tithe of what the soil could abundantly support. Lands, therefore, with the permission of the sultan, could easily be found; and, as to another great necessary in every undertaking—money—who, according to the proverb, are so rich as the Jews?

An important advantage which would result from such a colonisation to the region itself and its neighbourhood, is pointed out in a pamphlet recently issued by Colonel Gawler.² The Jews, who, wherever located, are acknowledged to be an orderly and industrious people, would form the nucleus of a well-doing and peaceful population amidst whole tribes who are now the reverse. The Turkish provinces have become, since the declension of Ottoman power, nothing better than diplomatic nuisances. They give more trouble to European governments than all the rest of Asia, and, indeed, of the entire globe. The pashas, each struggling for independence, are constantly squabbling with their neighbours; while in many of these squabbles the already independent ruler of Egypt thinks it necessary to interfere on one side, and his late master, the sultan, finds it his duty to interfere on the other. Hence a constant fermentation is kept up, and the simplest advances towards civilisation cannot be effected. But if the very generally expressed desire of the Jews were acceded to—that is, the colonisation of Palestine under European protection—most of these evils would vanish. The belligerent pashas would not dare disrespect such powerful protection, even in prosecuting their own quarrels, whilst the industrious colonists would be showing them the advantages of peace and industry.

A number of Jews have already established themselves in Jerusalem; but, from various causes, are not at present in a very flourishing condition. Efforts are making, however, to introduce manufactures into the city, and three intelligent inhabitants have recently made a tour in the English manufacturing districts, for the purpose of learning power-loom weaving, with the view of exporting spinning-mills, and setting them up in Jerusalem. Cotton, silk, and wool, are abundantly produced in and near the city, the first being now spun and woven after the most primitive methods.

The known enterprise, energy, and prudence of the Jews turned into a new, and to them most exciting channel, will, should the scheme be carried out, be productive, there can be little doubt, of the most important results. If, after eighteen centuries of wandering and persecution, they should at last return to the home of their fathers, they will surely excite the interest and good wishes of the whole civilised world.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

NO. II.

ALL letters, even those of a private nature, were composed in Latin until the commencement of Edward I.'s reign, when the French language was suddenly made use of for that purpose. French had been spoken by the higher classes from the entrance of the Conqueror, and continued to be orally employed to the reign of Edward III. That period was distinguished by Chaucer, whose works are oftener praised than read. His writings ennobled the vulgar speech; and it is no wonder that it should be then declared by act of parliament to be the language of legislation. The oldest private letter in English that we are aware of is one written by the lady of Sir John Felham to her husband in 1399.

One of the most wonderful things about Sir Walter Scott's mental constitution was the strength of his me-

* The Jewish population of Russia and Russian Poland is 1,700,000; that of Great Britain and Ireland is 30,000; France, 80,000; Austria, 463,284; Prussia, 184,608; Germany, 145,000; Holland and Belgium, 80,000; Denmark, 6000; Sweden, 1280; Switzerland, 2000; Turkey in Europe, 325,000; Italy, 200,000; Gibraltar, 2000; Portugal, 1000; Ionian Islands, 8000. Making in the whole of Europe about three millions and a quarter. America is said to contain 75,000; Asia, 3,000,000; Africa, 800,000. The total number of Jews scattered over the face of the globe may be above 6,800,000.

² Observations and Practical Suggestions in Furtherance of Jewish Colonies in Palestine. London.

mory. By some extraordinary process, it seemed able, amidst the bustle of active employment, to fix upon everything presented to it which could by possibility be afterwards required. No little fact, trivial incident, old thread-larg story, or ragged song, once heard, was forgotten. It was laid by with little effort, to be brought out when an opportunity occurred for using it. The ancient mythology called the Muses the daughters of Memory, and we may perceive a good deal of truth in the fiction. It would not be difficult to give several instances of the wonderful power of memory displayed by some people, either of original strength, or perfected by discipline. Porson, the Greek professor, used to say that, originally, he had a good memory, but what he obtained in this respect was the effect of discipline only. He could not remember anything but what he transcribed three times, or read six times over. His power of retention was thus rendered extremely great. He has been known to challenge any one to repeat a line or phrase from any of the Greek dramatic writers, and would instantly go on with the context. The Letters of Junius, the Mayor of Garrat, and other favourite compositions, he would repeat until his hearers were fairly tired out. Mrs Hemans, by way of testing her memory, once learned by heart a poem of Heber's, containing 424 lines, in an hour and twenty minutes.

Gibbon the historian, being then resident abroad, but on a visit to friends in London, was present at the august spectacle of Mr Hastings's trial in Westminster Hall. Sheridan, in the course of his speech, declared that the facts which made up the volume of narrative were unparalleled in atrociousness, and that nothing equal in criminality was to be traced either in ancient or modern history, in the correct periods of Tacitus, or the luminous page of Gibbon. 'It is not my province,' says Gibbon in his autobiography, 'to absolve or condemn the governor of India; but Mr Sheridan's eloquence commanded my applause, nor could I hear without emotion the personal compliment he paid me in the presence of the British nation.' Nor would the historian have heard without emotion the malicious turn which the wit afterwards gave to his 'compliment.' 'I meant to say ruminous.' By the way, there has been much difference of opinion expressed with regard to the History of the Decline and Fall, and its style has been highly praised and as deeply condemned. A late writer (Professor Smyth), whose learning is unquestioned, and whose simplicity of style is in striking contrast with the ornament and swell of Gibbon's, says that it must be confessed the chapters of that work are replete 'with paragraphs of such melody and grandeur, as would be the fittest to convey to a youth of genius the full charm of literary composition, and such as, when once heard, however unattainable to the immaturity of his own mind, he would alone consent to admire, and sigh to emulate.' The words in which Gibbon has described the conception and completion of his great work are so solemnly fine, and so soon brought together, that we cannot refrain from transcribing them here:—'It was at Rome, on the 15th of October 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind. * * I have presumed to mark the moment of conception; I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting farewell of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.'

In that very interesting work of D'Israeli's, 'The Literary Character,' there is an allusion to the vivid dreams which sometimes disturb the sleep of poets, and he mentions that Tasso frequently awoke himself by repeating a verse aloud. There is a most extraordinary instance of the mental activity during sleep related by Coleridge, respect-

ing the composition of a poetical fragment called 'Kubla Khan.' Being in a state of ill health, he had taken an anodyne, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair, just as he finished reading this passage from Purchas's Pilgrimage:—'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' He continued about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he had a vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines. All the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking, he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole; and taking his pen, he eagerly wrote down the lines preserved in his poems. At that moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business, and detained by him above an hour. On his return he found, to his great surprise and vexation, that though he still retained a vague recollection of the vision, yet, with the exception of a few scattered lines, all the rest had vanished. Other instances of the assiduity of the intellectual powers whilst the corporeal faculties are entranced, can be furnished, to show that *if le fait n'est pas vraisemblable il est vrai*. Lord Byron once became delirious when attacked by a tertian fever. The Countess Guiccioli states that in his delirium he one night composed several verses, which he directed his servant to put into writing at his dictation. The metre was perfectly correct, and no one could have guessed from the matter under what circumstances they had been written. The poet kept the lines some time after he recovered, and then burned them.

How pleasant is it to turn from the heyday and the bustle of modern literature, to the twilight stillness of some quaint old writer! It is like quitting the full stream of human life, pouring through Fleet Street (pardon the illustration of a Londoner) for the quiet verdure of the Temple Gardens, or the 'sacred calm' of the Temple church. Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici, Lord Bacon's Essays, and Jeremy Taylor's Discourses, are such books as we allude to. As to the first, a prime favourite of Charles Lamb, Byron said it was the most amusing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes he ever perused. Half your modern books, said Beckford, are decanted out of it. We may add, that it contains a poem which suggested to Milton his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. Talking about old books, it is curious to observe, when looking over an old library, into what utter oblivion many works, to which contemporaries confidently promised an immunity from literary death, or whose intrinsic merit bade fair to secure that privilege, have fallen past all revivification. Swift, in his Tale of a Tub, says 'the Earl of Orrery's Remarks will be read with delight, when the Dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found.' The dissertation here meant is Bentley's, on the Epistles of Phalaris, a book still in repute, whilst Boyle's Remarks have been long unread. 'L'Immortel auteur de la *Basiliad*,' so writes M. Beyle the author; perhaps in some one's estimation the 'immortal auteur' of a History of Painting in Italy. But who nowadays knows anything about M. Beyle or his apotheosised friend? Have any of our readers ever met with Barclay's Argensia, a Latin romance published about 1620, which once enjoyed such reputation, that translations were made into French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Polish, and Icelandic? Cowper declared that it was the best romance ever written; and Coleridge bestows great praise upon it. It absolutely distresses me, says the latter, when I reflect that this work, admired as it has been by great men of all ages, should be only not unknown to general readers.

The term 'classic' is of Latin origin, and derived from the social economy of Rome. One man was said to be of the second class, another man was in the third, but he who was in the highest was said emphatically to be of the class—*classicus*—as we say, 'men of rank,' meaning those who are of the highest ranks in the state. Hence, by an obvious analogy, the best authors were termed classic; that is, of the highest class.

Greek wills were executed in the presence of the magistrates. In the time of Nero, a special method of sealing was adopted with respect to Roman wills, in order the more effectually to prevent the forgeries which had become shamefully common. When signed, they were sealed up, after they had been pierced, and a linen envelope passed

three times through the holes. The names of those who had affixed the seals were then indorsed. Upon the first page, or left-hand tablet, were written the names of the principal heirs; upon the second, or right-hand tablet, the names of the legatees. The Germans and Gauls copied these Roman ceremonies. Anglo-Saxon wills were transcribed three times upon the same sheet, or parchment. They were then read over in the presence of witnesses, cut off from each other with a waving or indented line, so as to match like a tally, and the copies transferred to different persons for safe custody. This custom continued down to a late period. Du Cange mentions a will written on bark about 690, and also wills written on wood.

Those manuscripts are called *Palimpsest* which have been written on a second time, after the original writing was erased or expunged. The expense of parchment, and the demand for books of devotion, and copies of the Fathers, induced the monks of the middle ages to perform this barbarous process. In this way many very valuable manuscripts have been irrecoverably lost; but in some instances, where the original writing had not been entirely destroyed, works of great interest have been found overlaid by a later manuscript, and, after a laborious investigation, recovered. A palimpsest manuscript was discovered in 1816, which some German literati undertook to decipher. The original writing turned out to be a famous treatise on Roman law, which it was imagined had been lost. The manuscript consisted of 127 sheets of parchment, and the patient labour required to disentangle the buried text may be estimated from the fact, that it had as far as possible been washed out or erased, and nearly the whole re-written with the epistles of St Jerome. The lines of the first and second writings ran in the same direction, and were frequently similar. Moreover, sixty-three pages had been covered with writing *three times*. At length the Institutions of Gaius were entirely retrieved, to the delight of continental jurists.

Parchment was at one period so valuable, that when Gui, Count of Novers, presented the monks of the Chartreux, near Paris, with some plate, they sent it back, begging him to let them have parchment instead.

In 1765 there appeared a translation of the Old and New Testaments, with notes, critical and explanatory, in two volumes, by Anthony Parver. This translator was a poor shoemaker, who was seized with the notion that he was called to render the Scriptures into English. In pursuance of this divine command, as he imagined it was, he diligently began the study of Hebrew, and then acquired a knowledge of Chaldee, Syriac, Greek, and Latin. Thus armed, he commenced his translation, which he was enabled to publish by the pecuniary assistance of some of his friends.

Our authorised version of the Holy Scriptures was begun in 1607, and finished in 1611. Forty-seven divines, in six companies, distributed the labour amongst them, twenty-five being assigned to the Old Testament, fifteen to the New, and seven to the Apocrypha. Three copies of the whole Bible, one from each university, and one from Westminster, were then sent to London, where a committee of six persons, two being deputed by the companies at each place, reviewed and polished the whole work. The pure Saxon of the translation has been much commended, and some have ventured to style it the perfection of English.

THE OLD MAN OF THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

[From Stilliman's Tour between Hartford and Quebec, in 1819.]

Two miles from Whitehall, on the Salem road to Albany, lives Henry Francisco, a native of France. Having a few hours to spare before the departure of the steamboat for St John's in Canada, we rode out to see (probably) the oldest man in America. He believes himself to be 134 years old, and the people around believe him to be of this great age. When we arrived at his residence, a plain farmer's house, rather out of repair, and much exposed to the wind, he was up stairs at his daily work of spooling and winding yarn. This occupation is auxiliary to that of his wife, who is a weaver, and although more than 80 years of age, weaves six yards a-day. Supposing he must be very feeble, we offered to go up stairs to him; but he soon came down, supported by a staff, but with less apparent inconvenience than most persons exhibit at 85 or 90. His stature is of the middle size; and although his person is rather delicate and slender, he stoops but little even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate,

and his expression bright, cheerful, and intelligent: his features are handsome, and, considering that they have endured through one-third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and wonderfully undisturbed by the hand of time: his eyes are of a lively blue: his profile is Grecian, and very fine: his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and abundant, as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head, parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down from his shoulders: his hair is perfectly snow-white, except where it is thick in his neck; when parted there, it shows some few dark shades, the remnants of a former century. He still retains the front teeth of his upper jaw: his mouth is not fallen in, as in old people generally, and his lips, particularly, are like those of middle life: his voice is strong and sweet-toned, although a little tremulous: his hearing very little impaired, so that a voice of ordinary strength, with distinct articulation, enables him to understand: his eye-sight is sufficient for his work, and he distinguishes large print, such as the title-page of his Bible, without glasses: his health is good, and has always been so, except that he has now a cough and expectation. He informed me that his father, driven out of France by religious persecution, fled to Amsterdam: by his account, it must have been in consequence of the persecutions of the French Protestants or Huguenots, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. At Amsterdam his father married his mother, a Dutch woman, five years before he was born, and before that event, returned with her into France. When he was five years old, his father again fled on account of 'de religion,' as he expressed it; for his language, although very intelligible English, is marked by French peculiarities. He says he remembers their flight, and that it was in winter; for he recollects that they were descending a hill which was covered with snow, and he cried out to his father, 'Oh, fader, do go back, and get my little carrolle'—(a little boy's sledge or sleigh).

From these dates, we are enabled to fix the time of his birth, provided he is correct in the main fact; for he says he was present at Queen Anne's coronation, and was then 16 years old, the 31st of May, old style. His father, as he asserts, after his return from Holland, had again been driven from France by persecution, and the second time took refuge in Holland, and afterwards in England, where he resided with his family at the time of the coronation of Queen Anne in 1702. This makes Francisco to have been born in 1686; to have been expelled from France in 1691; and therefore to have completed his 133d year on the 11th of last June: of course he is now more than three months advanced in his 134th year. It is notorious that about this time multitudes of French Protestants fled, on account of the persecutions of Louis XIV., resulting from the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which occurred October 12, 1685; and notwithstanding the guards upon the frontiers, and other measures of precaution or rigour to prevent emigration, it is well known that for years multitudes continued to make their escape, and that Louis lost 600,000 of his best and most useful subjects. I asked Francisco if he saw Queen Anne crowned; he replied, with great animation, and with an elevated voice, 'Ah, dat I did, and a fine-looking woman she was too, as any dat you see now-a-days.' He said he fought in all Queen Anne's wars, and was at many battles, and under many commanders, but his memory fails, and he cannot remember their names, except the Duke of Marlborough, who was one of them. He has been much cut up with wounds, which he showed us, but cannot always give a very distinct account of his warfare. He came out with his father from England to New York probably early in the last century, but cannot remember the date. He said pathetically, when pressed for accounts of his military experience, 'Oh, I was in all Queen Anne's wars; I was at Niagara, at Oswego, on the Ohio (in Braddock's defeat, in 1755, where he was wounded). I was carried prisoner to Quebec (in the revolutionary war, when he must have been at least ninety years old). I fight in all sorts of wars all my life; I see dreadful

trouble; and den to have dem we tought our friends, turn Tories; and the British too, and fight against ourselves; O, dat was worst of all.' He here seemed much affected, and almost too full for utterance. It seems that during the revolutionary war he kept a tavern at Fort Edward, and he lamented, in a very animated manner, that the Tories burnt his house and barn and 400 bushels of grain. This, his wife said, was the same year that Miss M'Crea was barbarously murdered. He has had two wives, and twenty-one children. The youngest child is the daughter in whose house he now lives, and she is now fifty-two years old; of course he was eighty-two when she was born. They suppose several of the older children are still living, at a very advanced age, beyond the Ohio; but they have not heard of them for several years.

The family were neighbours to the family of Miss M'Crea, and were acquainted with the circumstances of her tragical death. They said that the lover, Mr Jones, at first vowed vengeance against the Indians; but, on counting the cost, wisely gave it up.

Henry Francisco has been all his life a very active and energetic, although not a stout-framed man. He was formerly fond of spirits; but that habit appears to have been long abandoned. In other respects he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly abstaining, almost entirely, from animal food; his favourite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said that after such a breakfast he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same, if he could get it; and then take the same at night; and particularly he always drank tea, whenever he could obtain it, three cups at a time, three times a-day. The old man manifested a great deal of feeling, and even of tenderness, which increased as we treated him with respect and kindness. He often shed tears, and particularly when, on coming away, we gave him money: he looked up to heaven and fervently thanked God, but did not thank us; he, however, pressed our hands very warmly, wept, and wished us every blessing, and expressed something serious with respect to our meeting in another world. The oldest people in the vicinity remember Francisco as being always, from their oldest recollection, much older than themselves; and a Mr Fuller, who recently died there, between eighty and ninety years of age, thought Francisco was one hundred and forty. On the whole, although the evidence rests in a degree on its own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless, and affectionate, I am inclined to believe he is as old as he is stated to be. He is really a most remarkable and interesting old man. There is nothing either in his person or dress of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well-furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man. Little could I have expected to converse and shake hands with a man who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for 100 years; who, more than a century ago, fought under Marlborough, in Queen Anne's wars, and who (already grown up to manhood) saw her crowned 117 years since; who, 128 years ago, and in the century before last, was driven from France by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV.; and who has lived a 44th part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe! What an interview! It is like seeing one come back from the dead to relate the events of centuries now swallowed up in the abyss of time! Except his cough, which they told us had not been of long standing, we saw nothing in Francisco's appearance that might indicate a speedy dissolution, and he seemed to have sufficient mental and bodily powers to endure for many years to come. [He died the year after of fever and ague.]

IDLE WISHES.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes; and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.—*Idler*.

THE GLOW-WORM.

BY S. W. PARTIDGE.

HAIL, little joyful, glimmering spark,
So gaily shining in the dark,
I love to see thy emerald light,
Thus gladdening the gloomy night;
And more because thy lamp, in sooth,
Doth light my mind to many a truth,
And many a lesson doth impart
To teach the head and mend the heart.

Say, dost thou trim thy lamp to guide
Thy insect lover to thy side,
Like fair enamoured Sesto's daughter,
Who lit her love o'er Helle's water?
Love is the life of life, no doubt—
A secret thou hast long found out;
And, therefore, to divide thy cares,
Liv'st not in units, but in pairs,
And seal'st the truth by heaven made known—
It is not good to live alone.

Thou dost well to hide by day,
Nor in the glare of noon display
A form with little grace endued,
But fit for night and solitude.
Ah, modest worm, thou'rt wiser far
Than many empty upstarts are,
Who, leaving their appointed sphere,
Would needs be shining everywhere,
And who, with justice most undoubted,
Are only noticed to be scented;
Yet who, in an obscurer place,
Might some small circle please and grace;
And, would they but the day resign,
By night perhaps the worms might shine;
And, to their proper station thrust,
Might dazzle whom they now disgust.

And ah! methinks, poor worm, thy light
Is like to genius, dazzling bright,
Whose glare but lures the heartless eye
Of every clownish passer-by,
And, pelted by each brainless knave,
Its very glory digs its grave;
While ignorance soundly slumbers on,
Secure, because unseen, unknown.

And then, to moralise again,
Another truth thou teachest plain—
That though the brightest, 'tis confessed,
Are but, like thee, poor worms at best,
Yet each has some small talent given
To adorn the earth and honour Heaven;
And wise is he who well doth know
Both what he can and cannot do;
The one, ambitious, never tries,
The other may not dare despise,
And knows (oh, knowledge half divine!)
Both when to hide and when to shine;
Nor once presumes, a child of night,
To obtrude upon the glaring light,
Nor yet at eve withholds his ray,
Because he cannot shine by day.

FLATTERERS.

Take care thou be not made a fool by flatterers, for even the wisest men are abused by these. Know, therefore, that flatterers are the worst kind of traitors; for they will strengthen thy imperfections, encourage thee in all evils, correct thee in nothing, but so shadow and paint all thy vices and follies, as thou shalt never, by their will, discern evil from good, or vice from virtue: and because all men are apt to flatter themselves, to entertain the additions of other men's praises is most perilous. A flatterer is said to be a beast that biteth smiling, and has been compared to an ape, who, because she cannot defend the house like a dog, labour as an ox, or bear burdens as a horse, doth therefore yet play tricks, and provoke laughter. Thou mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee thy faults is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and doth hazard thy hatred; for there are few men that can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

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A VISIT TO THE GARDEN PAVILION IN THE GROUNDS OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

AMONGST the subjects of public attention in London last month, was the newly-finished summer-house or pavilion erected by her majesty and Prince Albert in the grounds connected with Buckingham Palace. Tickets having been issued to enable a limited portion of the public to see this novel object, and one of these having fallen into the hands of a friend, I was enabled to pay the place a visit. For the information of those who are not familiarly acquainted with London, I may begin by mentioning that Buckingham Palace—built in the reign of George IV.—occupies a somewhat disadvantageous situation on the west side of St James's Park, contiguous to the suburban district of Pimlico. In the rear of the palace is a piece of pleasure ground, comprising wood and lake, and really a beautiful retired scene, notwithstanding that the roar of Piccadilly speaks, in a way that cannot be mistaken, of the near neighbourhood of an active city. Between the grounds and the adjacent suburb, an artificial mound, covered with shrubbery, helps to shut in the place; and on the summit of this mound is perched a small Chinese-looking building with a little platform in front. This is the Pavilion.

The external appearance is by no means impressive. Many a lodge at a gentleman's gate is finer. It is on entering that we become aware that something extraordinary is intended. The fact is, that the queen and her consort have here made an experiment in that combination of Decorative Painting with Architecture, for which Italy is remarkable, but which has as yet been scarcely exemplified in our own country. The great and affluent in England have recently been made comparatively familiar with this style, by the publication of a superb work by Mr L. Gruner, embodying the decorations contributed by Raphael to the Vatican, and the similar productions of other Italian masters. When her majesty, therefore, determined on having this summer-house decorated in such a manner, she very appropriately employed Gruner to direct the general arrangements, and engage the various artists and others required for the purpose. So much being premised, let us step across the threshold, and inspect what it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive as a fairy palace. We enter at once a small octagonal room (15 feet 8 inches in diameter, and 15 feet in height), being, little as it is, the chief room of the building. From the gray marble floor to the centre of the vaulted ceiling, it is one blaze of the most gay and brilliant colouring. Before, however, going into the particulars of the decoration, let us see the remainder of the house, in order to have a general idea of its character and proposed uses. Opposite, then, to the entrance of this room are two doors, occupying compartments in the octagonal

arrangement, but having one compartment containing a fireplace and mirror between: these lead into two smaller rooms (8 feet 10 inches by 9 feet 7 inches, and 12 feet in height), betwixt which is interposed a small kitchen, provided with every suitable convenience. Such are the whole accommodations.

The principal or octagon room is an illustration of Milton's youthful production, the *Masque of Comus*, 'in itself, like an exquisite many-sided gem, presenting within a small compass the most faultless proportion and the richest variety.*' The suitableness of this poem for being illustrated in such a room, where more heroic and solemn subjects would have been altogether inappropriate, must strike every eye. '*Comus*,' says Mrs Jameson, 'at once classical, romantic, and pastoral, with all its charming associations of grouping, sentiment, and scenery, was just the thing fitted to inspire English artists, to elevate their fancy to the height of their argument, to render their task at once a light and a proud one; while nothing could be more beautifully adapted to the shades of a trim garden devoted to the recreation of our Sovereign Lady, than the chaste, polished, yet picturesque elegance of the poem, considered as a creation of art.'

From the eight angles of the room rise as many 'ribs,' which, meeting in the centre, form a dome-shaped roof, divided into eight compartments. In these are painted circular openings, with a sky background, for the purpose of indicating the time of the scenes depicted below: those on the west side present midnight, with its star, and those on the east the approaching dawn. At the point where the walls and dome meet, there is a rich cornice, below which are eight lunettes or semicircular spaces, filling the upper portion of the eight sides of the room; and in these lunettes are as many frescoes, or paintings upon plaster, containing scenes from the poem. Each lunette is six feet by three, and over each is a tablet, on which is inscribed in gilt letters, on a brownish-red ground, the particular passage of the poem which has suggested the subject of the picture. All of these paintings are by English artists of the highest reputation. Such are the chief objects which meet the eye in this room: there is, besides, a great quantity of minute ornament. The spandrels, or angular spaces left by the curves of the lunettes, are occupied by figures relating to the subjects of the respective pictures. Beneath the lunettes are panels adorned with arabesques, in harmony with the main subjects. Over each door are winged panthers, in stucco, with a head of Comus, ivy-crowned, between them. Beneath each window is the cipher of her majesty and Prince Albert, encircled

* Mrs Jameson's introduction to a volume entitled '*The Decorations of the Garden Pavilion of Buckingham Palace, engraved under the superintendence of L. Gruner.*' 1845.

with flowers. The pilasters running up the angles of the room present, in medallions, figures and groups from a variety of Milton's poems—as Eve relating her dream to Adam, Adam consoling Eve, 'the bright morning star, day's harbinger,' Samson Agonistes, &c. Red, blue, and white mingle beautifully in this profusion of ornament, by which the eye is for some time too much dazzled to apprehend the details.

The Masque of Comus was a compliment paid by Milton to the Earl of Bridgewater, then residing in Ludlow Castle as president or viceroy of Wales. It was acted at Ludlow before the earl's family in 1634. The story is of the simplest kind, relating only how a lady lost her way in a wood, and, falling under the enchantments of Comus, a son of Bacchus and Circe, was with some difficulty rescued and restored to her friends. Besides Comus and the lady, the characters presented are her two brothers, an attendant spirit who puts on the guise of a shepherd, and Sabrina, the goddess of the Severn river. In the age following that in which Spenser spun his fine allegories, and Dryden personified every wood and stream in the country, this union of ancient mythology with British scenery, and the calling in of a river spirit for the protection of a beighted young lady, would appear sufficiently rational. The first lunette (by Mr Stanfield) is designed to realise the passage near the commencement of the poem, in which the attendant spirit speaks of his errand being to those exceptions from the common run of human beings who

by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on the golden key
That opens the palace of eternity.

The scene is a landscape—a river flowing through forest scenery; the spirit, in shepherd weeds, is seen leaning meditatively upon his crook, while in the background, through the glade, we see the rabble rout of Comus holding their nocturnal orgies by torchlight. In the spandrels are a cherub weeping and a fiend exulting.

In the poem, the spirit describes Comus's birth as a character, and his haunting 'this tract that fronts the falling sun,' for the purpose of tempting weary travellers to drink of his glass, when,

Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before.

The spirit announces his own function to be the preservation of 'any favoured of high Jove' from the spells of this dangerous deity. Comus then enters, and proposes to commence his usual revels for the night; but presently an interruption takes place, from the entrance of the lady, who, having been left for a while by her brothers, had wandered on through the forest till thick night overtook her, and she had become exhausted with fatigue. The second lunette (by Mr Uwins) represents her standing under an oak, saying,

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of rude mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses. *
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn out her silver lining to the night? * *

Comus is seen amidst the neighbouring foliage listening to her soliloquy. In the spandrels, a seraph looks down with anguish, and a satyr with triumph.

Comus appearing before the lady as an honest homely swain, the lady agrees to accept his hospitality; and when they have left the stage, the two brothers enter, to express their distress at the loss of their sister. Some

parts of their conversation betoken, in the Milton of six-and-twenty, what he was to become in his riper days.

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
Where with her best nurse contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit 't the centre, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Hemmed in under the mid-day sun;
Himself in his own dungeon. * *

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lucky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on 't outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

The attendant spirit, in his shepherd dress, joins them with intelligence of their sister, of whom the three then proceed in quest.

The next scene presents the lady sitting in a palace, 'full of all manner of deliciousness,' while Comus tempts her, the brutish rabble standing by. This is the subject of the third fresco (by Mr C. Leslie), the precise point being that when the lady exclaims,

Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!
Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
With vi-ored falsehood and base forgery?
Were it a draft for Juno when she languets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer.

After a colloquy between the two, in which Comus confesses himself foiled by her words, the brothers rush in with drawn swords, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven off. The attendant spirit then enters, and says,

What! have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
Oh, ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand
And bound him fast.

This incident is the subject of two of the lunettes; an unlucky consequence of the artists having been left to choose the subjects from the poem at their own discretion. Fortunately, however, they present the subject in styles so dissimilar, that no one at first sight could detect the identity. In Sir William Ross's picture, the lady in her chair forms the central figure, while the enchanter is seen lying off at the side from before an armed figure. In Mr Landseer's painting, we have Comus's rabble presented most conspicuously, their animal heads affording a most appropriate subject for the peculiar genius of that artist. Comus, alarmed at the appearance of the armed brothers, receives a Bacchante with a greyhound's head, who has thrown herself upon his arm. The mixture of grotesque and imaginative in this picture, and the union of tipsy stupidity and terror in the separate figures, render it by far the most remarkable picture in the series, though it certainly is far from being the most pleasing.

To return to the poem: the lady being fixed by enchantment to her chair, it is necessary to call in the aid of the river goddess, Sabrina, who, having been duly invoked, rises from her cave, and says

Brightest lady, look on me;
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure.

This is the subject of Mr MacIose's fresco, which is marked by his usual liveliness and brilliancy, profusion of figures, and painstaking in their execution. The lady sits in her chair, 'in stony fetters fixed and motionless,' Sabrina and her attendant spirits hover around her. One nymph presents in a shell the water of precious

cure, which Sabrina is about to sprinkle over the victim of enchantment. The brothers and the star-browed spirit stand by. In the spandrils are two of the rabble rout looking down in affright.

The lady, being now disenchanting, returns with her friendly guardians to her father's mansion, where she and her brothers are presented to their parents by the spirit.

Noble lord and lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight;
There behold, so goodly grown,
Three fair branches of your own;
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.

Mr Dyce gives us this scene in a very pleasing picture, 'graceful, simple, full of intelligence, and the colouring rich without trickery,' according to a critical contemporary. In the connected spandrils are two guardian angels presenting crowns of white roses and myrtle. In conclusion, the spirit flies to

Happy climes, that lie
Where day never shuts an eye,

but first calling on mortals to follow virtue. She, he says,

can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

The two last lines, with which the poem terminates, are the subject of the last fresco of the series (by Mr Eastlake), where Virtue is represented fainting upon the high and rugged path, and succoured there by a seraph; while Vice, represented by a serpent, is seen gliding away; a choir of angels leaning from the clouds above, to receive the coming visitant.

Having thus at some length given a description of the chief room, I proceed to the next, which may be called the *Scott Room*, since its decorations wholly bear reference to the productions of that illustrious person. The four sides of this apartment are painted in imitation of gray veined marble, so exquisitely, that I only became aware of their not being real marble after I returned home. Round the upper portion of the walls runs a rich frieze, presenting three compartments on each side, the central one a bas-relief in white stucco on a blue ground, the side ones paintings of small size, representing views of places celebrated by Scott. Here we have Melrose, Abbotsford, Loch Etive, Dryburgh Abbey, Craig Nathaniel, Loch Awe, Aros Castle, and Windermere Lake, painted by Mr E. W. Dallas from Mr Gruner's sketches. In the bas-reliefs we have groups from the poems—Clara recognising Wilton on the field of battle, Bruce raising his page from amidst the slain (these two by Mr Timbrell), William of Deloraine taking the book from the magician's tomb, and Roderick Dhu overcome by the Knight of Snowdown (these last by Mr J. Bell). In eight lunettes are as many scenes from the Waverley novels, the production of different artists, two of whom are, I understand, sons of the celebrated caricaturist (Doyle), who usually passes by the name of H. B. Eight heads in white stucco, surrounded by arabesques in relief, represent as many of Scott's heroines. This completes the list of figures, but not the whole ornaments of the room, for the flooring—not yet laid down—is chequered, and surrounded by a border of thistles, along with festoons of the various tartans of the Highland clans. Only one specimen of the tiles forming this pavement was shown when we visited the pavilion; it contained the tartan of the Camerons, with the name of that clan inscribed upon it. In 1745, this kind of cloth was looked upon at court as a spell to raise fiends: in 1845, it is cherished in the most private domestic retreats of royalty as a memorial of a romantic period of our national history. In a late visit to Hampton Court, I observed a picture equally indicative of change of times and of feelings; namely, a portrait of the poor old Chevalier taking his

place among the other royal personages who figure in such profusion in that palace.

The remaining small room is designed as an imitation of the style which prevails in the ancient city of Pompeii; all the ornaments, friezes, and panels being suggested by, or accurately copied from, existing remains, except the coved ceiling, which is the invention of Mr Augustine Aglio. 'This room,' says Mrs Jameson, 'may be considered as a very perfect and genuine example of classical domestic decoration, such as we find in the buildings of Pompeii—a style totally distinct from that of the baths of Titus, which suggested to Raphael and his school the rich arabesque ornaments in painting and relief which prevailed in the sixteenth century, and which have been chiefly followed in the other two rooms.'

I spent fully two hours in perusing the pavilion in all its various parts, and yet left it without having got above half way through its bewildering minutie. The work as a whole, and in its parts, has been keenly criticised by those who assume the duty of warning the public against being too much pleased with books, pictures, and other productions of the finer intellect of our species. It has, doubtless, some faults and infelicities, the want of harmony being, I think, the chief. Yet, taken as the first English attempt at such a style of decoration, and considering the merely nascent condition of art in our country, I cannot help regarding the whole as creditable, and calculated to afford pleasure to the exalted personages for whose use the little mansion is designed.

THE LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE government were not unmindful of the services of our extraordinary heroine, and Mr Fox, Pitt's successor in the premiership, sent to offer her a princely reward. 'It was,' according to her ladyship's account, 'as good as ten thousand pounds a-year to me. He was to make me ranger of some park, with a house; and then I was to have a house in town; and the rest was to be done in the way they shuffle those things through the public offices.' This splendid income Lady Hester had the magnanimity to refuse. Mr Ward was sent to endeavour to make her ladyship alter her determination. 'I told him that it was not from a personal disregard for Mr Fox that I refused; because, when I asked Mr Pitt upon one occasion who was the cleverest man in England, he answered, "Mr Fox;" but as the world only knew Mr Pitt and Mr Fox as opposed to each other, I should be considered as receiving benefits from Mr Pitt's enemy. "You will live to repent your refusal," said Mr Ward. I answered him that might be, but that if he talked for a year, he never would alter my resolution.' On his deathbed, however, Mr Pitt had written a request to the king that she should be allowed a pension; and her name was eventually placed on the pension-list for £1200 per annum.

With this and some small family property, another woman would have retired, and become the ornament, or perhaps the oracle, of a smaller sphere than that in which she had hitherto moved; but Lady Hester, though she made an attempt of the kind, could not persevere in it. She took a house in Montague Square. 'But,' she would say, 'a poor gentlewoman, doctor, is the worst thing in the world. Not being able to keep a carriage, how was I to go out? If I used a hackney-coach, some spiteful person would be sure to mention it:—"Who do you think I saw yesterday in a hackney-coach? I wonder where she could be driving alone, down those narrow streets?"'

She remained almost shut up in Montague Square (for she gave many reasons for not going otherwise than as formerly in a carriage), till the death of her brother Charles at Corunna disgusted her with London; and, breaking up her little establishment, she went down into Wales, residing in a small cottage at Builth, somewhere near Brecon, in a room not more than a dozen feet square. Here she amused herself in curing the poor, in her dairy, and in other rustic occupations; until, not finding herself so far removed from her English acquaintances but what they were always coming across her, and breaking in upon her solitude, she resolved on going to the Mediterranean. Accordingly she left England, accompanied by a faithful female companion, the medical gentleman to whom we are indebted for the memoirs so often quoted, and a suite of servants.

After remaining some time at Gibraltar and Malta, she departed for Zante about July 1810; from whence she passed over to Patras, visited Constantinople, and sailed for Egypt. At Rhodes she was shipwrecked, where Dr M., who then accompanied her on her travels, lost his journals, and the public consequently much information.

After many wanderings in the East, the doctor saw her, as he states, finally settled on Mount Lebanon, when, after seven years' uninterrupted service, he took a temporary leave of her. At the end of a year or two he revisited Syria; but finding 'that her ladyship had in the meanwhile completely familiarised herself with the usages of the East, conducting her establishment entirely in the Turkish manner, and adopting even much of their medical empiricism,' he again left her. Circumstances, however, at length restored them to each other; and in December 1829, Dr M. returned to Lady Hester's service, in which he continued till her death.

The scene is now changed. Having once left England, Lady Hester Stanhope had left it for ever. Reduced from power and greatness to dependence and relative poverty, she, like Coriolanus, banished her country, and in so doing banished herself. Her old habits and feelings, however, never forsook her; she was the same woman in the wilderness that she had been in the court, thirsting for dominion, and exercising influence, by the force of rooted habit. Her master passion was the love of absolute power, which, whether in Britain or Syria, she seemed resolved to gratify. She had, however, a difficulty in doing this at her new position; for, though taking up her residence two miles distant from the city—the ancient city of Sidon—she was still too much in the midst of society to suit her purpose. A lonely and insulated residence was necessary for her, if she would prevent her servants from absconding when wearied of her tyranny, or desirous of change. She accordingly removed to Joon, to a house situated 'on the summit of a conical hill, whence corners and goers might be seen on every side.' From hence, also, 'a poor slave could rarely muster courage enough to venture by night across lonely mountains, when jackals and wolves were abroad; or, if he did, by the time he reached Sayda, or Beyrout, or Dair-el-kamar, the only three towns within reach, his resolves had cooled, the consequences of the step he had taken presented themselves forcibly to his mind, or there was time to soothe him by promises and presents.' On one occasion, however, we are told that, notwithstanding these precautions, all her free women decamped in a body; and, on another, her slaves attempted to scale the walls, and some actually effected their escape. But this was a solitary instance: in general, her arrangements were sufficient security. Besides, 'she was known to have great influence with Abdallah Pasha, to whom she had rendered many services, pecuniary and personal; for to him, as well as to his harem,

she was constantly sending presents; and he, as a Turk, fostered despotism rather than opposed it. The Emir Beshyr, or prince of the Druzes, her nearest neighbour, she had so completely intimidated by the unparalleled boldness of her tongue and pen, that he felt no inclination to commit himself by any act which might be likely to draw either of them on him again. In what direction, therefore, was a poor unprotected slave or peasant to fly? Over others, who, like her doctor, her secretary, or her dragoman, were free to act as they liked, and towards whom she had more *ménagemens* to preserve, there hung a spell of a different kind, by which this modern Circe entangled people almost inextricably in her nets. A series of benefits conferred on them, an indescribable art in becoming the depositary of their secrets, an unerring perception of their failings, brought home in moments of confidence to their bosoms, soon left them no alternative but that of securing her protection by unqualified submission to her will.'

Such power belongs to force of character. It is but justice, however, to Lady Hester Stanhope to add, that hers had its root in piety; which, too, was of a kind to procure her favour in the East. A passage in one of her letters places this trait of her character in a beautiful light.

'A young seyid, a friend of mine,' she wrote to Dr M., 'when riding one day in a solitary part of the mountain, heard the echo of a strange noise in the rocks. He listened, and, hearing it again, got off his horse to see what it was. To his surprise, in a hollow in the rock, he saw an old eagle quite blind and unfledged by age. Perched by the eagle, he saw a carrion-crow feeding him. If the Almighty thus provides for the blind eagle, he will not forsake me: and the carrion-crow may look down with contempt on your countrymen.'

'I say this, because I have seen two doctors—they were English—and they tell me that, though my eyes are good, my nerves are destroyed, and that causes my blindness. Writing these few lines will be some days' illness to me; but I make an effort, in order to assure you of the grief I have felt at being, I fear, the cause of your affairs being worse than if you had not known me. All I can say is, if God helps me, I shall not forget you. You can do nothing for me now; trust in God, and think of the eagle. Remember! all is written: we can change nothing of our fate by lamenting and grumbling. Therefore, it is better to be like a true Turk, and do our duty to the last, and then beg of the believers in one God a bit of daily bread, and, if it comes not, die of want, which perhaps is as good a death as any other, and less painful. But never act contrary to the dictates of conscience, of honour, of nature, or of humanity.'

A person with such a turn of mind is half an Asiatic already; the costume which she afterwards adopted was not more so than her creed. Of the latter Dr M., however, finds it difficult to give a distinct account—the former he thus describes:—

'Her turban, a coarse, woollen, cream-coloured Barbary shawl, was wound loosely round, over the red *fez* or *tarboush*, which covered her shaved head; a silk handkerchief, commonly worn by the Bedouin Arabs, known by the Arabic name of *keffiyah*, striped pale yellow and red, came between the *fez* and the turban, being tied under the chin, or let fall at its ends on each side of her face. A long sort of white merino cloak (*mishlah*, or *ablah* in Arabic) covered her person from the neck to the ankles, looped in white silk brandenburghs over the chest; and, by its ample and majestic drapery and loose folds, gave to her figure the appearance of that fulness which it once really possessed. When her cloak happened accidentally to be thrown open in front, it disclosed beneath a crimson robe (*joobey*) reaching also to her feet, and, if in winter, a pelisse under it, and under that a cream-coloured or flowered gown (*kouffiz*), folding over in front, and girded with a shawl or scarf round the waist. Beneath the whole she wore scarlet pantaloons of cloth, with yellow low boots, called *mest*, having pump soles, or, in other words, a yellow

leather stocking, which slipped into yellow slippers or papouches. This completed her costume; and although it was, in fact, that of a Turkish gentleman, the most fastidious prude could not have found anything in it unbecoming a woman, except its association, as a matter of habit, with the male sex.

In the land of her adoption, Lady Hester became much mixed up with the affairs of pashas and princes: among these, as already mentioned, her nearest neighbour was Emir Beshyr, prince of the Druzes, and with him she had most to do. At a remote period, the ancestors of this treacherous man had migrated from the neighbourhood of Mecca. Their origin was noble, and the family reached to great consideration in Mount Lebanon, and stamped him who sprung from it as an emir, or prince. Though a Mahomedan born, he occasionally professed Christianity; but never was a man guilty of more barbarities. He became Lady Hester's determined enemy; but she was not a woman to be frightened, and openly cultivated, notwithstanding, the friendship of his rival, the Sheikh Beshyr; nay, she even sent to him ingenuitous messages, calling him 'dog and monster.' On one occasion 'one of the Emir Beshyr's people came on some message to her, but, before he entered her room, laid by his pistols and his sabre, which, in Turkey, these myrmidons always wear on their persons. Lady Hester's maid whispered to her what the man was doing, when her ladyship, calling him in, bade him gird on his arms again. "Don't think I'm afraid of you or your master," she said; "you may tell him I don't care a fig for his poison—I know not what fear is. It is for him, and those who serve him, to tremble. And tell the Emir Khalyl (the Emir Beshyr's son), that if he enters my doors, I'll stab him—my people shall not shoot him, but I will stab him—I, with my own hand."

'Lady Hester, after relating this to me, thus proceeded:—"The beast, as I spoke to him, was so terrified, doctor, that he trembled like an aspen leaf, and I could have knocked him down with a feather. The man told the Emir Beshyr my answer; for there was a tailor at work in the next room, who saw and heard him, and spoke of it afterwards. The emir pulled such a puff of smoke out of his pipe when my message was delivered, and then got up and walked out."

Emir Beshyr, it appears, is now more than eighty-four years old, and has been compelled to fly more than three or four times from his principality to Egypt, having, on many occasions, with difficulty escaped the vengeance of three successive pashas of Acre, who, for his treasonable practices, sought his head. In his last flight, it is suspected that he laid the plan with Mahomet Ali for the invasion of Syria, which Ibrahim Pasha subsequently undertook. The Druzes, of whom he is the emir, are a warlike people, hardy, accustomed to fatigue and to the use of arms, living in villages difficult of access and easily capable of defence, the houses being of stone. Besides the Druzes, there is a race of Christians, known as the Maronite population, whose villages cover that part of the chain of Mount Lebanon which runs behind Tripoli as far as Calat el Medyk, and the plain of Accir, where a narrow defile occurs, through which there is a communication between the plains of Accir and the Bekaa, which is the plain that divides Lebanon and Ante-Lebanon. Beyond this defile the mountain rises into a lofty chain, running towards Latakia, and there dwell the Ansarâs, the Ishmaelites, and some other races. In connexion with these localities we have the following important narrative, explanatory of events which are even now acting there, and with which the columns of the daily papers frequently teem.

'By arrangements, supposed to have been previously made between the emir and Ibrahim Pasha, and in order that it might look as if the emir was taken totally by surprise, one fine night in the summer several regiments of Ibrahim Pasha's troops were marched from Acre, Sayda, and Tripoli, on one side, and from Da-

muscus and Bâalbec on the other, so as to arrive at Bledyn (the emir's palace), at Dair-el-kamar (the chief town), and at all the other important points of Mount Lebanon precisely on the same day, and, as nearly as possible, precisely at the same hour. Either that the time had been well chosen, inasmuch as the Druzes were then employed in harvesting and other agricultural labours, or else the plan had been so laid as to insure success and to preclude resistance; the result was, that the mountain was taken possession of without firing a gun. The Emir Beshyr, acknowledged to be the most consummate and perfidious hypocrite of modern times, played his part so well, and feigned such great trepidation and alarm when two regiments marched into the courtyard of his palace, that he persuaded his household, his minister, and the Druze people in succession, that he was the victim of the stratagem as much as they were themselves.'

'The Druzes thus betrayed were of course treated with indignity: the whole of Syria also was thereby defenceless. Nothing was more likely than such conduct to excite Lady Hester's spleen and activity. Meantime, the spirit of the Druzes was not broken; though they fled from Mount Lebanon to the Horân, where they were joined by Bedouin Arabs, who hover round that quarter. The part that Lady Hester took was characteristic.

'When Ibrahim Pasha made so easy a conquest of the mountain, a word fell from his mouth which, if ever the Druzes succeed in expelling him, may be said to have been the cause of his reverses. He is reported to have exclaimed from his divan, when the news of the entire occupation of Mount Lebanon, without firing a single shot, was brought to him, "What! those dogs of Druzes had not a single bullet for us!" This little sentence was repeated to Lady Hester, and not long afterwards a Druze of some note came to pay her a visit. As he entered the room, she abruptly addressed him in the same words. "Dog of a Druze! what! hadn't you one single bullet for Ibrahim Pasha?"—and then, with a sort of sarcastic pity, dilated on Ibrahim Pasha's exultation over them. She made it a byword among her servants; and not a Druze came near the house but he was saluted with, "Dog of a Druze! what! had not you a single bullet for the pasha?" To people connected with Ibrahim Pasha's government she told the same story, seemingly as if in praise of the pasha's bravery, who loved war so much that he could not bear an easy and bloodless conquest, even though to his own advantage. In every quarter, through every channel, the pasha's saying was echoed in the Druzes' ears; and his followers, thinking it an anecdote that told well for their master, never considered that it rankled in the bosoms of the Druzes, who, stung to the core by these cutting words, swore never to sleep until the hour of vengeance came.'

The hour of vengeance did come; nor has it, as we may see from the daily papers, yet passed. Lady Hester foresaw and promoted the Druze insurrection. On the first outburst, she exclaimed, 'I don't fear; I would throw all my doors open if the Druzes were on the outside, and should not be afraid that anybody would touch me.' She was, no doubt, moved also by fanatical feelings: this is indicated by a dream in which she believed, and in which the dreamer had seen a hand waving over her head, and several crowned heads humbled before her—interpreted, of course, to mean the greatness that, at this juncture, she thought awaited her. It was thus she expected that she should be relieved of all her debts and disappointments. Most of these events, too, she connected with the Second Advent, in which doctrine she was a believer, and looked upon herself as the Woman desiderated by the St Simonians and the Freemasons. Many of them, she said, had been sent as spies on her actions. It was therefore with 'feverish greediness' that 'she received all reports of insurrections, revolts, and political changes. Even her servants knew her weakness on these points,' and constantly took advantage of it. She looked then for

the coming of the Mahedi,* and in expectation of it kept two favourite mares, which she never suffered any person to mount. They were called Laila and Lulu. Laila was exceedingly hollow-backed, being born saddled, as Lady Hester used to say, and with a double backbone: she was a chestnut, and Lulu a gray. They were both thoroughbred: they had each a groom, and were taken the greatest care of. The green plat of ground on the east side of the house-wall was set apart entirely for exercising them twice a-day; and round this the grooms, with *longes*, were made to run them until they were well warmed. This spot was sacred; and, whilst they were at exercise, nobody, neither servant nor villager, was allowed to cross it, or to stand still to look at them, under the penalty of being dismissed her service. Such an order, from its nature, would necessarily be violated very often, but unknown to Lady Hester; for, as she never went out of her house, and could not overlook that side of it, a tacit understanding among the people made them true to their own secrets: but, from time to time, accident, or the unguarded disclosures of some of the maids, made her aware that her orders had been slighted, and then her anger exceeded all bounds. Few were the travellers who were admitted to see these mares in their stable; and never was the permission granted, until it had been ascertained that their star would not be baneful to them.

Horses in Syria, for about seven months in the year, are tethered out of doors, where they are fed and littered down. It was under a shed, covered with thatch, shut in at the two sides by a treillage, with three parterres of flowers and shrubs behind them, that these two beautiful animals stood. Every morning, in the summer, the grooms washed their tails, legs, and manes in soap and water, and watered the ground beneath their feet, to keep them cool; but during the winter months, they were stalled in their stables, and warm felts covered their delicate limbs. Apis, in his most glorious days, and surrounded by his priesthood, could not have been better attended to.

Lady Hester Stanhope one day assured me that, when her pecuniary difficulties pressed hardest upon her, had it not been for the sake of those two creatures, she should have given up her house and everything to her creditors, sold her pension to pay them, and have quitted the country: but she resolved to wait for the consummation of events on their account. "Ah, doctor," added she, "I recollect, when I was at Rome, seeing, in a beautiful bas-relief, that very mare, with her hollow back made like a saddle. Two Englishmen were standing by, and were criticising the very same thing that caught my attention. 'How very beautiful,' said one, 'is that basso-relievo! but the aquasinta, somehow, never could set about a good thing without spoiling it. There is that hollow-backed horse—did you ever see such a thing?' I heard it all, but I made my own observations; and now, you see, I have got a mare of the very same breed."

What we have just related shows plainly enough that Lady Hester Stanhope had compounded her religion of the Bible and the Koran. It seems, indeed, that she professed no specific creed, and defined religion to be simply 'the adoration of the Almighty.' She had also a faith in spirits, astral influence, magic, and demonology. Early in life, too, the notorious Brothers had prophesied her seclusion in the desert; and truly some strong stimulus was needed to fortify her mind against the annoyances to which she was hourly liable. All her attempts to introduce European order into her Syrian

establishment failed, and her temper, always ungovernable, was constantly irritated in consequence. Still, she was better off than she would have been with European servants, for these could never have reconciled themselves to the seclusion, the unceasing activity, and long vigils required. As Turkish servants (to use a nautical phrase) *turn* in almost universally in their clothes, only drawing a counterpane over themselves when they lie down, they are enabled thus to steal a short sleep at any hour they can get it, and are ready to rise at a moment's call. This is a great advantage, especially to sick people; indeed, in Lady Hester's case, it almost compensated for all their faults. In the twinkling of an eye, upon an emergency, the whole household, only a moment before buried in profound sleep, would start up on their feet; and, their duty once over, would suddenly drop again into a deep slumber. To compensate, on the wrong side, for this virtue—if it deserve so grand a name—they had no other which could be relied on, being neither honest nor chaste, and, least of all, diligent, save when under surveillance, and scarcely then.

If Lady Hester left England with the expectation of living more cheaply, she wofully deceived herself. Her generosity was so frequently in request, first, by the injured Jews of the pashalik, next by Abdallah Pasha himself, when outlawed by the Porte, that she soon found herself left without a farthing, and deeply burdened with debt, being compelled to borrow money at twenty-five per cent. Great were the anxiety and persecution she consequently suffered. But, nevertheless, her beneficence was not impaired in the least by her want of means. She was, says her biographer, 'indeed generous and charitable, giving with a large hand, as eastern kings are represented to have given. She would send whole suits of clothes, furnish rooms, order camels and mules to convey two or three quarters of wheat at a time to a necessitous family, and pay carpenters and masons to build a poor man's house; she had a munificence about her that would have required the revenue of a kingdom to gratify. Hence, too, sprung that insatiable disposition to hoard—not money, but what money could buy: she seemed to wish to have stores of whatever articles were necessary for the apparel, food, and convenience of man. Beds, counterpanes, cushions, carpets, and such-like furniture, lay rotting in her storerooms. Utensils grew rusty, wine spoiled; reams of paper were eaten by the mice, or mildewed by the damp; carpenters' work lay unserviceable, from an over-supply; mats rotted; candles, almonds, raisins, dried figs, cocoa, honey, cheese—no matter what—all was laid by in destructive profusion; and every year half was consumed by rats, ants, and other vermin, or otherwise spoiled. One storeroom, which was filled with clothes, linen, bedding, cushions, books, carpets, and counterpanes, together with locked-up trunks, full of what was most valuable, had not been entered for three years; and oh, what ruin and waste did I not discover!

When I told her of all this, and suggested that it would be better to give them to her poor pensioners, she said—"Such things do not ever cause me a moment's thought: I would rather they should have been used to some good purpose; but if I have got such rascals about me, why, let the things all rot, sooner than that they should profit by them. Money can replace all that; and if God sends me money, I will do so. If he does not, he knows best what should be; and it would not give me a moment's sorrow to lie down in a cottage with only rags enough to keep me warm. I would not even then change places with Lord Grosvenor, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Buckingham, or any of them: they can't do what I can; so of what use are all their riches? I have seen some of them make such a fuss about the loss of a ten-guinea ring, or some such bauble; not that they cared for it, but they could not bear to lose it. But if I want to know what is passing at Constantinople, or London, or anywhere, I have no-

* The title of Mahedi was given to Abulcassem Mohammed, the last of the imams of the race of Ali, born in the year 255 of the hejira. At nine years of age, he was shut up in a cavern by his mother, who is supposed, by the superstitious followers of Mahomet, still to keep watch over him, until he shall reappear at the end of the world, when he will unite himself with Jesus Christ; and the two religions, Musliman and Christian, being merged into one, he will, in conjunction with our Saviour, finally overcome the machinations of the antichrist.—HARRIS.

thing to do but to turn my thoughts that way, and in a quarter of an hour I have it all before me, just as it is; so true, doctor, that if it is not actually passing, it will be in a month, in three months—so true: isn't it extraordinary?"

'Upon some occasions her munificence wore the appearance of ostentation. She would bestow on strangers, like dervises, sheikhs, and fakirs, large sums of money, and yet drive hard bargains with those about her neighbourhood: and would sometimes make presents, not so much to comfort those who received them, as to display her own superiority and greatness over others.'

In the midst of this penury and extravagance came a sudden and unexpected blow from England. An application had been made to the English government by one Mäalem Homay, a creditor of Lady Hester Stanhope, in consequence of which an order was sent from Lord Palmerston to stop her pension unless the debt was paid. The letter conveying this intelligence reached Lady Hester at a time when she was expecting one from Sir Francis Burdett, with news of good fortune in an accession of property. What with the disappointment on the one hand, and the insult, as she esteemed the official announcement to be, on the other, her indignation knew no bounds. It is painful to go into the particulars; but her well-known letter to the queen was the result of the disease of mind, driven almost to insanity, which she experienced on the occasion. To the Duke of Wellington and other official persons she also wrote on the same subject; but every new step she took was only an additional imprudence, and, in fine, she was, by her own conduct, thrown into a condition of irretrievable bankruptcy. But in the proportion that her affairs became desperate, her spirit rose, her pride augmented, and, as her frenzy increased, she triumphed in her ruin.

She had long suffered under a pulmonary complaint, her health was further affected by her afflictions, and her irritability became intolerable both to herself and others. The picture drawn by Dr M. of Lady Hester's mental sufferings is ghastly; and it is with reference to them that he defends her from the censures of travellers, for declining their visits. It appears that she sometimes declined visits, merely because she had not the means of entertaining guests.

We must now draw our imperfect notices to a conclusion. Lady Hester at length resolved to reduce her establishment, and to dismiss Dr M. and his family. She hastened his departure, employing him a few days before it in paying off the servants. She had determined to keep none but two boys, a man to fetch water, the gardener, and some girls. These arrangements completed, she turned her attention to the accomplishment of her strange project—that of building up every avenue to her premises, and waiting there with patience, immured within the walls, until it should please God to send help. The gateway was completely masked by a screen, which left a side opening just large enough for a cow or an ass laden with water to enter. She was suffering at the time under 'the most formidable attack of pulmonary catarrh which Dr M. had ever seen a human being withstand.' But she thought, nevertheless, her constitution invulnerable; 'she thought she should yet live to see her enemies confounded, the sultan triumphant, her debts paid, and an ample income at her disposal. She dwelt with the same apparent confidence as ever on the approaching advent of the Mahedi, and still looked on her mare, Lalla, as destined to bear him, with herself on Lulu by his side. "I shall not die in my bed," she would say, "and I had rather not; my brothers did not; and I have always had a feeling that my end would be in blood: that does not frighten me in the least."

In all this she was, however, mistaken. In June 1839 she died; 'slowly wasting away, everybody being in ignorance of her approaching end, except Logmagi and the servants immediately about her. She had no Frank or European near her, and Lunardi, who was

coming out to her from Leghorn, reached Bèyrolt unfortunately too late. Her emaciated corpse was interred in the same grave where the body of Captain Loustanaud had been placed, some years before, in her own garden.'

Such was the termination of a life which Dr M. justly terms 'extraordinary'—full of vicissitudes—'beginning in pomp and power, and closing in pecuniary difficulties and neglect.' An aristocrat by birth, Lady Hester Stanhope was eminently one in her feelings, her principles, and her conduct. Every thing she did was, as a Dr Canova said of her, '*en grand*'—there was nothing little about her. Whatever we may think of her extravagances, whether in action or opinion, we must confess that she was a great woman. There was certainly a want of balance in her mind, owing to her intellectual not having been so well cultivated as her moral powers; but there was a wonderful energy of faith in the good and true. That she always meant to act and speak in accordance therewith, there is no doubt; that frequently she did neither, there is as little. Much of her conversation, there is reason to suspect, is misrepresentation; but she thought it quite accurate. In fact, it was rendered merely mythical by her blending with the stern fact the unsuspected impression of her own fancies and feelings. Lady Hester Stanhope trusted also too much to unassisted memory; and though hers evidently was strong, yet the most tenacious will, in the course of time, become indistinct and confused in its relative bearings, and places, periods, and persons, will shift about with extraordinary mutation. Dr M. attempts to draw a moral from the evident unhappiness of her latter life. 'Although her buoyant spirits usually bore her up against the weight by which she was oppressed, still there were moments of poignant grief, when all efforts at resistance were vain and her very soul groaned within her. She was ambitious, and her ambition had been foiled; she loved irresponsible command, but the time had come when those over whom she had ruled defied her; she was dictatorial and exacting, but she had lost the talisman of that influence which alone makes people tolerate control when it interferes with the freedom of thought and action. She had neglected to secure wealth while she had it in her power; but the feelings which prompted her princely munificence were as warm as ever, now that the means were gone which enabled her to gratify them. Her mind was in a perpetual struggle between delusive schemes and incompetent resources. She incurred debts, and she was doomed to feel the degradation consequent on them. She entertained visionary projects of aggrandisement, and was met by the derision of the world. She spurned the conventional rules of that society in which she had been bred, and perhaps violated propriety in the realisation of a singularity in which she gloried. There was the rock on which she was finally wrecked; for, as Mädam de Staël somewhere says, a man may brave the censures of society, but a woman must accommodate herself to them. She was thought to defy her own nation, and they hurled the defiance back upon her. She held in contempt the gentler qualities of her own sex, who, in return, were not slow to resent the masculine characteristics on which she presumed to maintain her assumed position. She carried with her from England the disposition to conciliate, by kindness and forbearance, the fidelity and obedience of her domestics; but she was eventually led into undue harshness towards them, which became more and more exaggerated in her by the idleness, the ignorance, and irritating vices of her eastern household.'

There is much truth in these remarks; but we must recollect that the mark by which we generally distinguish original genius, is its freedom from conventional restraints. In a worldly point of view, the exercise of this liberty is too often imprudent; but the inconvenience thence resulting is the penalty which great minds pay for fame. In asserting superior privileges, we take on ourselves increased responsibilities. If Lady Hester

Stanhope had been more conventional in her tastes and habits, she would never have become the subject of Dr M.'s memoirs—she would have died without celebrity, as she might have lived without reproach.

AFFABILITY.

It was a happy saying of the half-civilised New Zealander, when apologising for the rather vehement eloquence of his untutored brother, 'that his mouth was great because his heart was warm.' In other words, the savage was of a frank, generous, and open nature. Had he been a sulky, morose barbarian, he would have drawn his cloak up to his chin, and met the white man with frowns instead of words, or slunk away to the forest; a cunning, selfish barbarian, only intent on presents of muskets and tobacco, and he would have cringed and touched noses till he had melted the expected donor into liberality; or a treacherous savage, and he would have brought pigs and potatoes, spread the mat, and lighted the fire for the stranger against whom, during sleep, he had determined to raise the tomahawk. But he had a warm heart, and therefore he shook hands, talked, whooped, and danced—shook hands, talked, and whooped again. 'His mouth was great because his heart was warm.' The same attribute obtains among every class of people—enlightened as well as barbarian; only amongst the former it is known by the more familiar and less figurative term—Affability.

Though literally signifying the disposition to talk to, or converse with, affability is totally distinct from garrulity. A garrulous person is ever chattering either from vanity of some fancied acquirement, or for the mere gratification of a gossiping propensity. There is no generosity or nobleness of sentiment in his talk; no reflection or feeling which you can associate with any amiable quality either of head or of heart. In fact, he speaks more the less he thinks, and, like a shallow brook, makes all the greater noise that there is no breadth or volume in the source whence his chattering proceeds. He is an annoyance and hindrance to every one, inundating them with talk, without respect to time, situation, or occasion. He would much rather that he was listened to only by great people; but, failing these, he will stick like a limpet to any one forbearing, or weak enough to grant him an audience. The 'indeed,' 'very good,' and 'ah, really,' which the listener meant as conclusive interjections, the chatterer mistakes for incentives, and so proceeds with increased volubility. Nay, the direct 'so I have heard,' or 'I don't care for that,' has no power to obstruct the current of his words: he rather glories in a little interference, that he may have the pleasure of placing the matter in what he conceives to be an entirely new light. Be the listener gay or sad, exulting over success or sorrowing under some severe privation, it is all one to the chatterer; he has no more appreciation of their feelings than if he had been a speaking automaton. Not so with the affable man: he addresses this or that one, because he acts from the impulses of a frank, generous, and brotherly nature. There is an unmistakable import in his words, however few; nay, his very air and manner would amply interpret his feelings, though his words were altogether wanting. This gift of affability has no special thankings after the titled or great. Its morning salute or weather remark comes in tones as frank and kindly to the pauper as to the peer, perhaps more so, as considerations arise in connexion with the former to which the feelings of the affable are peculiarly alive. Open and generous as is this disposition of affability, it knows that the tones of hilarity are as bitterness to the mourner, and that condolence is not for the individual boisterous with joy. The affable man has a head to perceive as well as a heart to feel, and thus he knows when, where, and to whom to address his conversation. No one ever wished that he should say one word less, or felt for a moment as if he could have bowed him from his presence.

As affability has nothing in common with garrulity,

so it is far removed from officiousness. The officious man elbows himself forward where his presence is often the least desired; and tenders his questionable services in cases where such offers are a positive rudeness and annoyance. In company, conversation is absolutely drugged with his opinions; and he questions with such pertinacity, that one would imagine he had received the commission of confessor-general to society. He is ever obtruding on other people's business, on the plea of tendering assistance; and his advice follows so rapidly, that it would seem all other men were dolts, and he the only one capable of directing them. To be sure officiousness often manifests itself where it cannot possibly have any personal object to serve, and where it is evidently the result of vanity, or of a want of power to discriminate between what is strictly private, and what is the legitimate object of a friendly interest. The affable man is never at fault in this respect. He has a delicate perception of where he shall or shall not present himself; and his generous courtesy often renders him a welcome visitor, under circumstances which would be absolutely exclusive of other individuals. He is frank, because it is his nature to be so, but his generosity teaches him what is due to others; hence he is never found obtruding. Officiousness is an offence, a characteristic of mind, which impinges on others; affability a virtue, which appears chiefly as flowing from its possessor. In the one case we look upon society as the sufferers, in the other we admire the amiable gifts of the individual. The affable man converses freely on subjects which he may approach, maintaining all the while a proper deference for the opinions of others. His sentiments are expressed without any semblance of opinionativeness; and though approaching and approachable in every respect, there is none of that interference and counselling which renders the officious so insufferable.

Again, affability, though implying a frank, courteous, and kindly demeanour, has nothing to do with impudent familiarity. Proceeding upon the idea, that it is only from members of the same family, and from the most intimate acquaintances, that we are to permit familiarity, there can be nothing so objectionable in ordinary behaviour as this characteristic. Your familiar man is quite as intimate with you on the occasion of your second meeting, as though he had been your brother or bosom companion. He thrusts his arm into yours with an air of easy assurance, takes you by the button, or slaps your shoulder, calls you by your Christian name, which, if John, he is sure in a few seconds to familiarise into Jack; congratulates, condole, or questions you on matters so strictly personal, that you are really at a loss whether to pity him for his stupidity, or kick him for his impudence. Affability never offends on this score. It is the emanation of a manly sensibility, discharging itself in society freely and generously, yet without overstepping the bounds of the strictest politeness. The affable man can converse, or can be conversed with, on the occasion of his first meeting, with the most perfect freedom, can render the stage-coach or steamboat agreeable by his obliging and intelligent demeanour; and this too without appearing at the end of the journey in any other light than that of a pleasant stranger. You may meet him five times or fifty times, he will be the same respectful acquaintance—the same frank and buoyant conversationalist, who feels that he owes the duty of cheerful words to his fellow-men—a debt which he can perfectly well discharge, without transgressing the limits of a merely general relation. Nay, it is this very generosity of feeling, this truly cosmopolite spirit of social frankness, that carries him beyond officiousness and familiarity. In the light of kindness, every man stands in the same relation to him; and it is a littleness of which he has no conception, to drop from the broad principle of brotherly recognition to that of personal intermeddling.

It is sometimes objected by a certain narrow-minded set, that the practice of affability tends to lessen the respect of their subordinates; in other words, interferes

with what they imagine to be their personal dignity. 'Dignity' must have a very questionable foundation indeed if its stability even runs the risk of being affected by a frank and courteous demeanour. There may be such a thing as servility engendered by fear and hypocrisy, but there can be nothing like true respect when it is not acquired by kindness and consideration. It is familiarity on the part of a superior, not affability, that induces subordinates to indulge in improper liberties. The nobleman may have a kind and pleasant word for the meanest man on his estate without losing one tittle of real dignity: and so may the master have for his employé, without compromising either his authority or right to direct. It often happens, because there is too little attention bestowed upon the culture of this characteristic, that the employed conceives a dislike for the employer, and acts as if his interests were at variance. A few kindly words, a little considerate attention, on the part of masters, always supposing it to be in union with substantial justice, would prevent, we are confident, much of that unpleasant feeling of class which so frequently prevails, and would be the most effectual extingisher to those strikes and feuds which form one of the most unamiable features of the present age.

Such is affability, taken in contradistinction to garulity, officiousness, or familiarity. As a quality by itself, it is one of the most amiable that can adorn the human character. Proceeding from a generous feeling of brotherly love—from a broad principle of philanthropy, which knows no personal or sectarian antipathies—it breathes kindness and encouragement to all. It carries an atmosphere of cheerfulness around it, makes the desponding think that the world is not quite so bad after all, lightens the burden of the oppressed, smooths the wrinkles of the fretful and sulky, and reconciles to each other the offending and offended. The public street would be but a vista of moving automotons, were it not for the friendly recognition, the hearty shake of the hand, or the affectionate inquiries of your affable men. Without them the business of life would be a sullen huckstering, interrupted only by the impertinences of the officious and familiar. Be it in public or in private, affability is ever a welcome attendant, soothing down asperities, and thawing that reserve which is apt to degenerate into heartless coldness or positive ill-breeding. As it is pleasant and agreeable and useful to others, so it is indicative of a manly and generous sensibility. It is incompatible with a morose, selfish, or deceitful nature; and we may rest assured, with the New Zealander, that he who owns it, 'has his mouth great because his heart is warm.'

THE HARTSDALE VINDICATOR, OR MODERN INNOVATIONS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

'WELL, my dear sir, have you heard the news?' said Major Stukely, a retired officer in an English country town, to a friend who had only just returned home after an absence of some weeks.

'Not a word have I heard that deserves to be called news,' replied he; 'what is going on, pray?'

'Why, a railway is to pass through the town; that is all.'

'A railway! nonsense,' cried the other; 'we are very well as we are. Everything goes on very nicely at present. The stage-coach that comes to the town daily, is sufficient for all the traffic; and to break in upon this quiet rural scene with one of their horrid snorting locomotives, would be a downright sin.'

'Gentlemen, you will all come to my way of thinking at last,' interposed Mr Elliot, the medical practitioner of the place, as he joined the group. 'We must have a paper to protect our interests. What with the new poor-laws, and fifty other newfangled things, we shall

go completely to the wall if we do not assert our opinions, and have our say against such innovations. Ah, if old Sir George had been living, he would have taken care to preserve such a fine hunting country as this from these abominable changes. For my own part, I should not wonder if, in twenty years, there is not a fox to be found. As for our member, the present Sir George, he is not a bit of a sportsman; in fact, I look upon him as a traitor, and think, when we do establish a paper, he ought to be shown up. Why, he has actually given permission for the railway to pass right through his park.'

'But he stipulated for a bridge over it, and really some persons think his property is in no way injured,' interrupted one who, though speaking in a gentle voice, ventured to have an opinion of her own on two or three subjects. 'And as for the foxes,' she continued, 'if the end and aim of hunting be their extirpation, as we must suppose, the result of all these changes which you anticipate will be a very happy one.'

'Ah, Miss Somers,' said Mr Elliot, 'you have not led a country life, or you would not speak in that way.'

'Nay, ever since I left school, for seven years Hartsdale has been my home,' she replied; 'yet I think now, as I thought long ago, that the chase is an occupation only fit for savages, and that the lover of it must of necessity be devoid of humanity and intellectual cultivation. To be sure I feel so great a disgust towards sportsmen, that I have as little compassion for them as they bestow on the brutes, and never can grieve when the loss of life or limb brings them their just deserts. However, as you say, had I lived all my life in the country, and been taken when a little girl to see the hounds throw off, and been taught by my brothers what it was a fine thing to maim poor birds, and to torture a timid hare, perhaps I might have thought differently. But I am thankful to Providence that, as it is, I know how to call some things by their right names.'

Louisa Somers warmed as she spoke, for she felt keenly on the subjects then under discussion. And it is a happy thing for the improvement of the world, that young minds are for ever springing up, untrammelled by old habits or deep-rooted prejudices, but with strong energies and fresh hearts, ready to open out new and better paths.

'I was saying,' proceeded Mr Elliot, who was an excellent man, though a little wrong-headed on some points. 'I was saying that, since Sir George has declared himself on the side of these ridiculous and mischievous innovators, I have no hope for Hartsdale but in the firmness and consistency of its inhabitants; and I think the idea of a monthly newspaper an admirable one. Every considerable body requires its organ. We have been too long without one, and have consequently become the prey of interlopers and speculators of all sorts.'

The somewhat pompous major, who had carried into private life some of the prejudices of his military career, and was a hater of all new plans and projects, perfectly agreed with the doctor, and favoured him with many suggestions thought by both to be very admirable.

The conversation to which I have alluded took place on the occasion of a tea-party at the house of the Misses Gunning, two ancient ladies, who, though they bore the traces of having been dowered in their youth with beauty not inferior to that of their famous namesakes, had passed their lives in a calm seclusion the very opposite to the career of the celebrated dames. Miss Elizabeth, the younger, had been betrothed forty years ago to a handsome soldier cousin, who fell in the peninsular war. The shock to her mind, and the grief that followed his death, brought on a tedious illness, and during many years her sister Susan devoted herself to the suf-

ferer with that self-devotion, patience, and affection, which belong to the heroism of private life. Tenderly attached to each other, the minds of both were sobered down from youth's giddiness by that which had been a mutual grief; and even when Time, the healer, had worked its cure, they looked on the world with different eyes, different wishes, different expectations, from those of their untroubled days. They determined to live for each other only, and, several years before this little story opens, they chose Laurel Cottage for their residence.

If I am too minute in sketching the incidents which had moulded such simple characters as theirs, the reader will bear with it, because it is only by remembering the quiet course of their latter years, and the tone of feeling—so averse to change—which prevailed in the little town, that he can understand the perplexities which came upon its inhabitants. A word must be said about Hartdale itself. Tradition attributes the name to some romantic incident of a hart escaping thither from the hunters, one of whom lost his life in attempting to follow it down a ravine. The spot is shown by the learned to the curious to this day. Situated in a beautiful valley of one of the midland counties of England, and distant about twelve miles from a cathedral city, Hartdale, though it boasts a market once a week, and enumerates other privileges which help to constitute a town instead of a village, is a place to which change and improvements for some time travelled but slowly; and this, although in the 'old times' of fiery red, bright blue, and blinding yellow stage-coaches, no fewer than ten of these machines passed down the High Street in the course of the day. But alas! they passed, or seldom indeed stopped to cast upon the barrenness one particle of news. Yet stay! The 'Telegraph,' moving with a four-horse power at the rate of eight miles an hour, did in those golden days change horses at the White Hart Inn, and consequently and naturally the Telegraph was voted by the Hartdallians to be the safest, quickest, finest, and every way most desirable vehicle on the road. From the driver or passengers of the Telegraph a morsel of news sometimes fell, like a crumb to the hungry; but the mail even dropped the letter-bag without stopping! Nevertheless I have a firm conviction that the circumstance of the town lying in a road through which ten coaches per day, to different parts of the kingdom, must pass, had been a pride, a pleasure, and an attraction, not to be estimated by those who, from their proximity to populous places, have rather an aversion than otherwise to the sound of wheels.

But a new era was at hand; within the last two years the railways had intruded on Hartdale: those moral arteries which, traversing the kingdom from end to end, carrying intelligence of all sorts to and from its mighty heart, and so removing prejudices, jealousies, and enmities, are destined to prove among those triumphs of science which bless and regenerate mankind. But the little community, not clear-sighted or long-sighted enough to perceive all these advantages, and full of local pride and present interests, saw nothing but the petty inconveniences and personal injuries attendant on the changes of the time. One by one the stage-coaches dropped away, just in proportion as the new lines in the neighbouring counties were thrown open. No longer could the schoolmistress dismiss her little flock without reference to clock or sun-dial, knowing full well that when the horn of the 'Defiance' fast-coach was sounded, it must be one o'clock. No longer could the grocer's wife regulate her spouse's dinner-hour by the appearance of 'Lightning' on the brow of the hill. The proud Defiance lay humbled to the dust, wheelless and degraded, in a coachmaker's yard, preparatory to being chopped up for firewood; and Lightning was extinct, or departed no one knew whither. At last a pert new-stuccoed station was erected within three miles of the town, and the encroaching iron enemy thus brought as it were to their very door. Even the Telegraph—their own dear

Telegraph—that had been true to them through all, showed symptoms of desertion. Yet what could it do, poor thing? It died very hard. Day after day it drove through the town without a single passenger; then the four horses were reduced to two; and, finally, so convinced were the Hartdallians that it had 'done all which it became a coach to do' in the maintenance of its existence and its dignity—so clearly did they perceive that it was vanquished only by the stern power of a resistless foe—that though tears were shed at the announcement that it too had found its 'occupation gone,' pity was bestowed upon the proprietor and coachman, instead of the torrent of reproach which had been showered on the heads of the earlier deserters.

And now the blow had fallen—Hartdale was without a coach! And it must be acknowledged that several inconveniences were the result. Not only did the Misses Gunning feel lonely and desolate, now that they could no longer start to their window half-a-dozen times a-day to behold a coach-load of dusty or mud-bespattered travellers, but whenever they themselves made an excursion of a few miles—it scarcely mattered in which direction—a calamity fell on them, to which custom brought no reconciling feelings. Their elderly man-servant Peter, in addition to his care of the garden, was groom to, and driver of, a stout horse, to which was ordinarily attached a low phaeton. The body of the carriage only held the two ladies conveniently—though there were many persons who thought there was abundant room for a third—but the seat beside the driver was one surely open for lawful competition. Now that there were no coaches to take them short excursions, what could people possessing neither carriages nor horses do but—beg the use of them from their more fortunate neighbours? Sometimes—if the weather were doubtful there was the readier plea—there came a courteous message at breakfast-time to ask, 'if the Misses Gunning were going into C—that day, would they be so very kind as to give Mr So-and-so a seat beside Peter? or if they were not going to use the phaeton any day that week, he would consider it a particular obligation if they would lend it to him. Mrs So-and-so had heard that their darling Eleanor, at school seven miles off, had fallen down and hurt her wrist, and she was so anxious to see her—cross roads—no conveyance—a thousand apologies,' &c. &c.

Now, the dear old ladies had the kindest hearts in the world—hearts so kind that their humanity extended to the brutes; and they plainly perceived that the position of their horse Tartar was ceasing to be the enviable one it had long been considered. A council was held, to which Peter was called; and he, judging, as he said, by the manner in which Tartar threw back his ears, either when he started with an unusual load or took up a stray pedestrian on the way, was of opinion that the horse could not stand it. Alas! alas! many a time the ladies deprived themselves of their accustomed ride to oblige an acquaintance, stipulating always, however, that Peter should drive, on which occasions he took care that Tartar should neither go too far nor too fast.

And now another disturbance was coming, like an avalanche, upon Hartdale. The railway had brought so many strangers to the spot, that its 'capability' and 'resources' were perceived and acknowledged. It was thought a pity that the clear and rapid stream, which flowed like a girdle half round its sheltering hills, should sink into the navigable river, which nearer to the ocean it fed, without fulfilling some useful destiny—something more important, if less poetical, than laving the graceful willows which overhung its waters. In fact, rumour said that a great capitalist was in treaty for some land, and that a paper mill would be erected in the valley. The idea of a newspaper to support what seemed the tottering interests of Hartdale was certainly a bold one, and its establishment was a proof what great things determined perseverance may accomplish. Mr Elliot was the apothecary of the place, but fortunately

for him he possessed some private property, for really the Hartadalians were so remarkably healthy that it is very probable his gentle wife and rosy children would have fared something worse than they did. Fortunate, too, was it in another sense; for his labours were so light, that they afforded him abundant leisure for the cultivation of a literary taste, which it was said had descended to him thus:—His grandfather had, in the brilliant days of his contemporary Hayley, contributed verses to the Gentleman's Magazine, which same effusions, though published anonymously, were registered in the family archives as his; albeit certain Critics of the time had attributed them to the immortal bard before mentioned. His immediate progenitor had once had the honour of dining in company with Byron—had even spoken to and shaken hands with him. Whereon it was supposed he took the infection of poesy; for immediately on his return home, he, being very much in love with the lady who ultimately became Mr Elliot's honoured mamma, did indite to her sundry verses or stanzas, which were deemed in themselves so admirable, and every way worthy of preservation, that they were, on the occasion of the marriage, which took place soon afterwards, placed beside the celebrated printed extracts from the Gentleman's Magazine. In the present Mr Elliot the propensity had been more strongly and decidedly developed: he had been a poet from his youth; was quite accustomed to see himself in print; had thrice sent verses to the very editors who now treated his prose communications with so much neglect, which verses had been by them promoted to a place in the Poets' Corner of their respective journals; and had absolutely published a pamphlet on some political topic—I forget what—in which he took great interest.

It was now discovered that Mr Elliot must have been intended by nature for a newspaper editor, an opinion in which, it must be confessed, he was not slow to join. And yet what a mighty weight of business fell on his shoulders! What consultations, what meetings, what tea-parties were there, before even a name could be decided on! At last, and by almost universal consent, 'The Hartdale Vindicator' was adopted as a title that would express the championship, which was undertaken most completely. But when it was known to all the active spirits of the place, and to at least two-thirds of the Hartadalians in general, that Mr Elliot was self-appointed to the cares and difficulties of editing 'their paper,' it all at once occurred to him that an air of mystery was customary in these important literary offices. The majestic editorial we ought to be a concealing visor, as well as an Achilles' shield, from behind which the champion should hurl the arrows of honest indignation. Mr Elliot knew himself to be but mortal: how could he be sure to resist the beseechings of friends, or the workings of party interests, if his privacy were to be invaded by open petitions? How could he anaethematised a railway, when his dearest friend confided to him that he held many shares therein? How could he utterly extinguish the spreading light of a new book, on the title-page of which appeared his name, 'with the author's kindest regards'? It was not to be thought of. No; the strictest incognito must be preserved; and forthwith the editor of the Vindicator was spoken of as a mysterious shade: indeed hints were thrown out (the Hartadalians would not have told a downright fib for the world) of two or three of these incorporeal personages being rolled into one. It was almost, if not altogether impossible, they said, that one person could manage such an affair. A variety of style was indispensable. Departments of politics, literature, science, and art, were spoken about as things requiring each an Atlas shoulder for its support; and any confirmation of another's opinion beyond the nod or the shake of a head, was looked upon as an act of high treason. Of course there was a little knot, including the Misses Gunning, Major Stukely, and Louisa Somers, who owned to each other that they knew all about it.

The directing mental influence being thus decided

on, and contributions of various sorts having been received, and accepted or rejected with due forms and proper courtesy, some duller and more matter-of-fact details came under discussion. As the little knot included the chief 'proprietors' of the work, they were consulted on the size of the projected paper, and the manner of printing it. One timid spirit suggested that it should be printed at the cathedral city, which was the capital of the county; but his single voice was drowned in the exclamations of disapprobation which escaped from the others, at a suggestion so derogatory to the proper dignity of all. The circumstance of Hartdale not possessing a printing-press within the circle of its entire domain, was one of no importance; or rather, such a fact brought to light was only a reason they should more quickly rid themselves of a reproach so suggestive of barbaric darkness. And I do not think the community will easily forget the day on which the carrier's cart brought in the dingy apparatus—a second-hand press, which had seen considerable service—whose destiny it was to usher forth the first number of the glorious Vindicator. Old and young, rich and poor, rushed forth to get a peep at it; and although the bells were not set ringing, I know many persons thought the omission very culpable.

The first number at length appeared, in all the importance of eight pages, three columns each. The title was printed on a flourishing scroll, and beneath it was seen a Shakespeare motto. The leading article treated temperately but firmly on the injuries the Hartadalians had endured, were suffering, and were likely to receive, from divers daring intruders on their rights and privileges. The local intelligence, on which considerable pains had been bestowed, was of a fair average quality, and that was all that could be expected. Louisa Somers—who would not write one line in opposition to what she felt were coming improvements, but who dared not yet become their defender, knowing well that to attack prejudices violently is the way to strengthen them—had contributed an amusing column of gossip about a recent visit to the metropolis, and which everybody, who was not in the secret, attributed to a London correspondent; and somebody else had written a punning poem on the Ruin of the County, taking for his text certain fragments of brick and stone, said to be the remains of an ancient castle, but turning the word with punsterial dexterity to the miseries which threatened their hearths and homes. Altogether, the Hartdale Vindicator was pronounced a neat and interesting paper. A copy was sent to Sir George, the member, who instantly subscribed for a twelvemonth's supply; and the early numbers went off capitally, for most of the Hartadalians took several to send to distant friends. If the truth must be owned, however, the sale was not such as to promise an increase of revenue to the proprietors; and though friends flattered, strangers often applauded, and foes at any rate were silent, there were drawbacks on the dignity of proprietorship and the joys of editorial authority. The interval of a month between the numbers was a long one, and mischief of a grave kind was often done before the Vindicator had an opportunity of raising its voice in defence of good old customs. Excavations were made, and lines laid down, with alarming rapidity; a tall red chimney was already showing itself, seeming, at a little distance, to grow up foot by foot from the rich foliage which skirted the river; till it was soon evident that, before the end of the next summer, the paper-mills would be in full operation.

All looked on with terror and dismay, except Louisa Somers, the curate's sister, who ventured sometimes to own she thought it possible much good might arise from the seeming evil. But then Louisa was not a Hartadalian born or bred, and so her eccentric notions were looked upon with some leniency. And yet she must have loved Hartdale very much I think; and certainly the poor of the place loved her most dearly, notwithstanding her heterodox opinions. Possessed of a small fortune, just enough for lady-like independence, and no more, she

preferred the useful life she fashioned for herself, as mistress of her brother's quiet home, to all the vanities and vexations she might have found amid the gaieties of the metropolis, where the remainder of the family resided. But she was one of those young women, to whose lists I would fondly hope each year adds many, who believe that, whether high or low their station, they have duties to perform in the world apart from mere selfish gratifications, and who would blush to declare what I have twice heard gravely said, 'I have only to get up in the morning and amuse myself all day!' Louisa found something sweeter than amusement in the performance of the active duties she had marked out for herself, or perhaps, more properly speaking, had fallen into. She had made the great discovery, that it is truer benevolence to assist the poor to help themselves, than to bestow on them gold and silver; and though some people thought it a great inconsistency, the fact remains, that she would often give out dresses of her own to be made by the chief dressmaker of Hartsdale, at the very time that she was devoting morning after morning to patiently instructing the children of the poor in the mysteries of the needle and the thimble, in which she was a great adept. Not that she neglected to perform the Christian duties of visiting the sick and feeding the hungry, but her chief aim in all her exertions was to instruct the young, and urge them to habits of self-dependence. And, alas! to own the truth, the poor of Hartsdale were very numerous and very wretched; they were of that low class with whom beggary is held to be no shame.

'And, Martha,' said Miss Somers one morning to her servant, as, with only a garden bonnet to shade her from the sun, and wearing a simple morning dress, which nevertheless was anything but unbecoming, she stood in the garden opposite the open laundry window—'Martha, I have promised the widow Forster's girls that they shall have the benefit of seeing you iron to-day. You know you are the best clear-starcher in the town, and I daresay they will be here directly. I had to scold them, it is true, by offering to pay them for their assistance; but take care you let them touch only such things as they cannot spoil. Poor things, they are sadly—'

But at this moment Louisa stopped, for, happening to turn round, she perceived a gentleman, a stranger, just at her elbow.

'Your pardon, madam, for this intrusion,' he exclaimed, removing his hat with an air of perfect good-breeding; 'but as neither my groom nor I could discover the bell, I have left my horse with him, and ventured to enter at a side gate which I found open. I have the honour of bearing a letter of introduction to Mr Somers,' he added, 'and feel almost sure that I have the pleasure of addressing his sister.'

Miss Somers led the way to the drawing-room, which in the curate's cottage was not very distant from the laundry, but where books, drawings, and musical instruments, proclaimed that the young mistress found time to cultivate the refinements of life, as well as discharge its useful active offices. The stranger, as Mr Percival, who had recently purchased the land by the water's edge, and was erecting paper-mills thereon. Louisa was not at all alarmed at her visitor, not even surprised to find him a handsome and very agreeable person; though it is pretty certain the Hartsdallians in general entertained much such a notion of him as children deeply read in fairy tales may be supposed to do of an ogre.

'From the few words I accidentally overheard,' said Mr Percival, after chatting for a while on several more general topics, 'I feel sure that in Miss Somers I shall find no opponent to my views and wishes. You have discovered that the mere donation of money and food to the poor is but one way to increase pauperism, by destroying all feelings of self-respect and self-reliance. I suppose that you, madam,' he added with a smile, 'will not think it harder for a strong girl to fold or smooth

paper for ten or twelve hours a-day, than for her to walk half a dozen miles to some great house and back again in search of the refuse of the larder; and it may even occur to you that the meal honestly earned will in a very little time seem much the sweeter of the two.'

'I do think so,' replied Louisa; 'but I believe we must act by the poor of Hartsdale in the same manner as it is prudent to do with the higher classes of its inhabitants—we must let them perceive the advantages of these coming changes themselves, rather than reiterate them from day to day. A prejudice is like a porcupine, which only bristles up the more it is attacked.'

Mr Percival smiled at the simile, but heartily agreed with Louisa.

In short, after a somewhat lengthened morning visit, they parted, mutually pleased with each other; he rejoicing that he had found one Hartsdallian—and that the one of all others the most popular among the poor—with liberal and enlightened views, and she perceiving that, though a Revolution was at hand, it must, from its nature, prove an entire Reformation.

The ensuing summer passed rapidly away, during which time the paper-works were completed, and operations commenced therein; although the poor of the place, so newly startled from the sort of lethargy which had fallen on them, had not yet decided whether work was good for them or not. During this summer the monthly numbers of the *Vindicator* had duly appeared; yet it was remarkable that its violent party spirit was somewhat tamed—at any rate the editor had doubts if, after all, the mill might not prove a most opportune relief to the working-classes. Advertisements were augmented with the railway crept in, affording a curious illustration of expanding usefulness. But among all the doings of that summer, perhaps not the least important to the Hartsdale community was the fact, that Mr Percival had become a frequent and most intimate visitor at the curate's cottage; and although it is quite certain he had the highest esteem and respect for Louisa's brother, it is equally true what the Hartsdallians had sometimes suspected, that he entertained yet warmer feelings for Louisa herself. To own the truth, the time appointed for their marriage was drawing near—a circumstance which will account most satisfactorily for the unrestrained confidence now existing between them.

They were in the drawing-room of the cottage, the scene of their first interesting conversation. Louisa was seated near the window, with the last number of the *Hartsdale Vindicator* in her hand, and Mr Percival was leaning over her chair, reading some paragraph with her. Both smiled as their eyes met a moment afterwards.

'You know I have discovered you are quite a literary lady,' exclaimed Mr Percival; 'so tell me, Louisa dear, did you send that paragraph yourself?'

'Vanity! Do you suppose I should praise you so much?' she replied archly; but added in a moment, 'Really and truly I have had nothing to do with it; but I told you long ago the worthy editor was coming round to our opinion of things in general; and here he shows himself a wise and brave man, by owning he has been in the wrong. I only hope this evident change in the Hartsdale politics may increase the sale of the paper, and so make up for past losses.'

'Have they really lost so much by it?' asked Mr Percival with evident interest.

'Much is such a comparative word, I hardly know how to answer the question; especially to you who, in all your concerns, have to speak of tens of thousands rather than tens of pounds.'

'Ay, but tens of pounds are often as important in small undertakings as tens of thousands are in great ones. Do you know, I have sometimes thought of buying the *Hartsdale Vindicator*, employing a first-rate editor to conduct it, and make it what we really want, an important literary organ. Do you think this could be done? Do you believe the proprietors would sell it, or sell the right of conducting it? And, above all, do you

think this generous amateur editor could be persuaded to lay down his wand of office?

'I am certain he would be but too delighted to do it,' exclaimed Louisa; 'for he owed to me the other day that it cost him much time and labour, and interfered sadly with his professional duties, which are very much on the increase since all the new villas are inhabited, and the railway enables him to visit several old patients who have removed. Dear Walter,' she added with pride and animation, 'you are really the good angel of the place!'

'My angelic doings are of a very matter-of-fact mundane description,' he replied laughing; 'but you know I have some deep obligations to the Hartsdalsians, since I take their best and wisest all to myself.'

'Her who has been a traitor in the camp all along, you mean,' she said, smiling; 'did I not encourage the Vindicator at first, only because I knew that the more affairs were investigated, the more would the true interests of the place be discovered? If it could have been shown that the old state of things was the better one, I would have owned myself in error—as now some of our old friends have been brave enough to do.'

'And it is for this very prudence that you are the wisest,' repeated Mr Percival.

Gladly did the proprietors of the Vindicator dispose of their shares to the great capitalist, especially as his offer was so liberal that it much more than remunerated them for their temporary loss. Behold, too, their pride in the first number brought out by the new potentate. It had grown to double its former size, and was to be published weekly: in fact, in outward appearance and absolute literary importance it now competed with the County Herald itself—that insolent rival, that had not even deigned to notice its former existence! No one, however, spoke of the early, modest Vindicator with contempt; on the contrary, its double-sheeted offspring glided in the most respectful terms to the service it had rendered the entire county, and the skill and taste with which it had been conducted; and this was no more than truth, for its unpretending columns, devoted to subjects of local interest, had made the history, the beauties, and the advantages of the valley more extensively known than would have been likely to be the case from any other means. The consequence was, that capital was brought into the neighbourhood, which, distributed in wages amongst the poor, was exactly, in its results, like a fertilising stream to some arid desert. The temporary inconveniences inevitable from a state of transition are already nearly forgotten, or remembered only to provoke a smile. As an omnibus runs six times a-day to the railway station, people have ceased to miss the stages. It is true the White Hart Inn is shut up, but very much more in consequence of a temperance movement among the poor, than because the glories of the Telegraph have departed; an event most significant of the happy moral elevation of the humbler classes.

The Misses Gunning are restored to the undisputed possession of their carriage; and, as if to make amends for the trials to which poor Peter was subjected, he is now relieved from all floricultural duties, since his mistresses, having been tempted to invest some property in railway shares, find an increase in their income, which permits them to add a gardener to their establishment. Major Stukely was the last to hold out for good old customs; but having been twice detected in walking to the station for the mere pleasure of seeing the train come up, he owned there was something very exciting and interesting in the contemplation of such stupendous undertakings—a confession which was taken on all hands as acknowledgment of a defeat. In fact, Hartsdale bids fair to become a considerable and important place, and to be as much distinguished for its intelligence, activity, wealth, and general prosperity, as it was in the 'olden time' for the wretchedness and ignorance of its poor, and the primitive condition of its general inhabitants. It is almost beyond the power of art to destroy the fea-

tures of a really beautiful country; and emotions arise in contemplating the advancement of mankind, it may be of a loftier kind than those which kindle at the sight even of the most exquisite scenery.

THE RAUHE HAUS OF HAMBURG.

THE following account of the Rauhe Haus or Redemption Institute of Hamburg reads like something from a different sphere; but, in reality, it is part of a very sober document—a Report on Education in Europe, prepared from personal observation by the Hon. Horace Mann of Massachusetts, and presented last year to the secretary of the Board of Education for that state. As very few copies of Mr Mann's report have found their way to this country, the extract may be regarded as equal to so much original matter; not to speak of its absolute interest, which, it seems to us, could hardly be overestimated.—

The school of Mr J. H. Wichern is called the 'Rauhe Haus,' and is situated four or five miles out of the city of Hamburg. It was opened for the reception of abandoned children of the very lowest class—children brought up in the abodes of infamy, and taught, not only by example but by precept, the vices of sensuality, thieving, and vagabondry—children who had never known the family tie, or who had known it only to see it violated. Hamburg having been for many years a commercial and free city, and of course open to adventurers and renegades from all parts of the world, has many more of this class of population than its own institutions and manners would have bred. The thoughts of Mr Wichern were strongly turned towards this subject while yet a student at the university; but want of means deterred him from engaging in it, until a legacy, left by a Mr Gereken, enabled him to make a beginning in 1833. He has since devoted his life and all his worldly goods to the work. It is his first aim that the abandoned children whom he seeks out on the highway, and in the haunts of vice, shall know and feel the blessings of domestic life; that they shall be introduced into the bosom of a family: for this he regards as a divine institution, and therefore the birthright of every human being, and the only atmosphere in which the human affections can be adequately cultivated. His house, then, must not be a prison or a place of punishment or confinement. The site he had chosen for his experiment was one enclosed within high strong walls and fences. His first act was to break down these barriers, and to take all bolts and bars from the doors and windows. He began with three boys of the worst description; and within three months, the number increased to twelve. They were taken from the bosom of Mr Wichern's family; his mother was their mother, and his sister their sister. They were not punished for any past offences, but were told that all should be forgiven them, if they tried to do well in future. The defenceless condition of the premises was referred to, and they were assured that no walls or bolts were to detain them; that one cord only should bind them, and that the cord of Love. The effect attested the all but omnipotent power of generosity and affection. Children from seven or eight to fifteen or sixteen years of age, in many of whom early and loathsome vices had nearly obliterated the stamp of humanity, were transformed not only into useful members of society, but into characters that endeared themselves to all within their sphere of acquaintance. The education given by Mr Wichern has not been an æsthetic or literary one. The children were told at the beginning that labour was the price of living, and that they must earn their own bread, if they would secure a comfortable home. He did not point them to ease and affluence, but to an honourable poverty, which, they were taught, was not in itself an evil. Here were means and materials for learning to support themselves; but there was no rich fund or other resources for their maintenance. Charity had supplied the home to which they were invited; their own industry must supply the rest.

Mr Wichern placed great reliance upon religious training; but this did not consist in giving them dry and unintelligible dogmas. He spoke to them of Christ as the benefactor of mankind—who proved by deeds of love his interest in the race, who sought out the worst and most benighted of men to give them instruction and relief, and who left it in charge to those who came after him, and wished to be called his disciples, to do likewise. Is it strange that, enforced by such a practical exemplification of Christian love as their fatherly benefactor gave them in his every-day life, the story of Christ's words and deeds should have sunk deeply into their hearts, and melted them into tenderness and docility? Such was the effect. The most rapid improvement ensued in the great majority of the children; and even those whom long habits of idleness and vagabondry made it difficult to keep in the straight path, had long seasons of obedience and gratitude, to which any aberration from duty was only an exception.

As the number of pupils increased, Mr Wichern saw that the size of the family would seriously impair its domestic character. To obviate this, he divided his company into families of twelve, and he has erected nine separate buildings, situated in a semicircle around his own, and near to it, in each of which dwells a family of twelve boys or of twelve girls, under the care of a house-father or house-mother, as the assistants are respectively called. Each of these families is, to some extent, an independent community, having an individuality of its own. They eat and sleep in their own dwelling, and the children belonging to each look up to their own particular father or mother, as home-bred children to a parent. The general meeting every morning—at first in the chamber of Mr Wichern's mother, but afterwards, when the numbers increased, in the little chapel—and their frequent meetings at work, or in the play-ground, form a sufficient, and, in fact, a very close bond of union for the whole community. Much has been done by the children themselves in the erection of their little colony of buildings; and in doing this, they were animated by a feeling of hope and a principle of independence in providing a dwelling for themselves, while they experienced the pleasures of benevolence in rendering assistance to each other. Mr Wichern mentions, with great satisfaction, the good spirit of the architect who came upon the premises to direct in putting up the first house. This man would not retain a journeyman for a day or an hour who did not conduct himself with the utmost decorum and propriety before the children who were assisting in the work.

Instruction is given in reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and drawing—and in some instances, in higher branches. Music is used as one of the most efficient instruments for softening stubborn wills and calling forth tender feelings; and its deprivation is one of the punishments for delinquency. The songs and hymns have been specially adapted to the circumstances and wants of the community, and it has often happened that the singing of an appropriate hymn, both at the gatherings in the mother's chamber, which were always more or less kept up, and in the little chapel, has awakened the first-born sacred feeling in obdurate and brutified hearts. Sometimes a voice would rise from the choir, and then weeping and sobbing would be heard instead. The children would say they could not sing—they must think of their past lives, of their brothers and sisters, or of their parents living in vice and misery at home. On several occasions the singing exercises had to be given up. Frequently the children were sent out to the garden to recover themselves. An affecting narrative is recorded of a boy who ran away, but whom Mr Wichern pursued, found, and persuaded to return. He was brought back on Christmas eve, which was always celebrated in the mother's chamber. The children were engaged in singing the Christmas hymns when he entered the room. At first they manifested strong disapprobation of his conduct, for he was a boy to whose faults special forbearance had been previously shown.

They were then told to decide among themselves how he should be punished. This brought them all to perfect silence, and after some whispering and consulting together, one, who had formerly been guilty of the same fault of ingratitude under still less excusable circumstances, burst out in a petition for his forgiveness. All united in it, reached out to him a friendly hand, and the festival of the Christmas eve was turned into a rejoicing over the brother that had been lost but was found. The pardon was not in words merely, but in deeds. No reference to the fact was afterwards made. A day or two after, he was sent away on an errand to the distance of half a mile. He was surprised and affected by this mark of confidence; and from that time never abused his freedom, though intrusted to execute commissions at great distances. But he could never after hear certain Christmas hymns without shedding tears; and long subsequently, in a confidential communication to Mr Wichern respecting some act of his former life (an unburdening of the overlaid conscience, which was very common with the inmates, and always voluntary; for they were told on their arrival that their past life should never be spoken of unless between them and himself), he referred to the decisive effect of that scene of loving-kindness upon his feelings and character.

One peculiar feature of this institution is, that the children are not stimulated by the worldly motives of fame, wealth, or personal aggrandisement. The superintendent does not inflame them with the ambition that if they surpass each other at recitation, and make splendid displays at public examinations, they shall, in the end, become high military officers, or Congress men, or excite the envy of all by their wealth or fame. On the other hand, so far as this world's goods are concerned, he commends and habituates them to the idea of an honourable poverty; and the only riches with which he dazzles their imaginations are the riches of good works. He looks to them as his hope for redeeming others from the sphere whence they themselves were taken; and there have been many touching instances of the reformation of parents and families, for whom the natural affection first sprang up in these children's hearts, after they had learned the blessings of home and what the ties of nature really are.

One of the most interesting effects of this charity is the charity which it reproduces in its objects; and thus it is shown that, in the order of nature, the actions of good men—provided they are also wise—not less than good seed, will produce thirty, or sixty, or a hundred fold of beneficent fruit. Mr Wichern makes a great point of celebrating Christmas, and the friends of the school are in the habit of sending small sums of money, and articles of various kinds to adorn the festival. This money has often been voluntarily appropriated by the children to charitable purposes. They frequently give away their pennies; and instances have happened where they have literally emptied their little purses into the hands of poverty and distress, and taken off their own clothes to cover the naked. On one occasion, six poor children had been found by some of the scholars, and invited to the Christmas festival. There they were clothed, and many useful and pleasing articles, made by the givers, were presented to them. One of the boys read a passage from the history of Christ, and the Christmas songs and other songs of thanksgiving and praise were sung. To the sound of the organ, which a friend had presented to the little chapel, some verses welcoming the strangers succeeded. The guests then departed, blessing the house and its kind inhabitants; but who can doubt that a voice of gladness, more precious than all worldly applauses, sprang up unbidden and exulting in the hearts of the little benefactors?

But among numerous less conspicuous instances of the change wrought by wise and appropriate moral means in the character of these so lately abandoned children, the most remarkable occurred at the time of the great Hamburg fire, in May 1842. In July 1843 I saw the vast chasm which the conflagration had made

in the centre of that great city. The second day of the fire, when people were driven from the city in crowds, and homeless and half frantic sufferers came to the Rauhe Haus for shelter, the children—some of whom had friends and relatives in the city—became intensely excited, and besought Mr Wichern for leave to go in and make themselves useful to the sufferers. Not without great anxiety as to the force of the temptations for escape or for plunder, that might assail them in such an exposed and tumultuous scene, he gave permission to a band of twenty-two to accompany him, on condition that they would keep together as much as possible, and return with him at an appointed time. This they readily promised; nor did they disappoint him. Their conduct was physically as well as morally heroic. They rushed into the greatest dangers to save life and property, and though sometimes pressed to receive rewards, they steadily refused them. At stated intervals they returned to the appointed place to reassure the confidence of their superior. On one occasion, a lad remained absent long beyond the time agreed upon, but at last he appeared, quite exhilarated by the labour of saving some valuable property. Mr Wichern afterwards learned from the owner—not from the lad—that he had steadily refused the compensation offered to, and even urged upon him. When the company returned home at the appointed time, he sent forth another band under the care of a house-father, and these exerted themselves in the same faithful and efficient manner. This was done as long as the necessity of the case required. From this time the Rauhe Haus was the resort of the poor and homeless—and not for days only, but for weeks. The pupils shared with them their food, and even slept upon the ground to give their beds to the destitute, sick, and injured. I can hardly refrain from narrating many other facts of a similar character connected with this institution; for if the angels rejoice over a rescued sinner, why should not we partake of that joy when it is our brother who is ransomed?

In his last report, Mr Wichern says the institution was actually so impoverished by the demand made upon it at that time, and the demands upon public charity have since been so great in that unfortunate city, that the inmates have been almost reduced to suffering for the necessities of life, particularly as he was induced to receive several children rendered homeless by that calamity. To this object, however, even the children of the house were ready and willing to contribute portions of their wardrobe, and they submitted cheerfully to other privations. Mr Wichern regretted above all other things the necessity of refusing many applications—and it is but doing justice to the citizens of Hamburg to state, that on an appeal made by him for funds to erect a new building, they were generously and promptly raised by those who had such unusual claims upon their charity.

A single remark I must be allowed to make. When an individual effects so much good, it seems to be often thought that he accomplishes it by virtue of some charm or magic, or preternatural influence, of which the rest of the world cannot partake. The superintendent of the Rauhe Haus is a refutation of this idea. Laboriously, perseveringly, unintermittingly, he uses MEANS for the accomplishment of his desired ends. When I put to him the question, in what manner he produced these transforming effects upon his charge, his answer was, 'By active occupations, music, and Christian love.' Two or three things should be stated in explanation of this commendable reply. When a new subject comes to the Rauhe Haus, he is first received into Mr Wichern's own family. Here, under the wise and watchful guardianship of the master, he is initiated into the new life of action, thought, feeling, which he is expected to lead. His dispositions are watched, his character is studied; and as soon as prudence allows, he is transferred to that one of the little colonies whose house-father is best qualified to manage his peculiarities of temperament and disposition. Soon after the opening of the establishment, and the increase of its numbers, Mr Wichern found that

it would be impossible for him to bestow the requisite care and oversight upon each one of his pupils which his necessities demanded. He cast about for assistance, and though he was able to find those in the community who had enough of the spirit of benevolence and self-sacrifice to undertake the difficult labour to which his own life was devoted, yet he soon found that they had not the other requisite qualifications to make their benevolent purposes available. He could find enough of well-intentioned persons to superintend the workshops, gardens, &c., but they had not intellectual competency. So he could find schoolmasters who could give good lessons, but they were not masters of any handicraft. He was therefore driven, as he says, to the expedient of preparing a class of teachers, to become his auxiliaries in the work. For this end he has superadded to his original plan a school for the preparation of teachers; first to supply himself, then to send abroad to open other institutions similar to his own, and thirdly to become superintendents of prisons. This last object he deems very important. Questions about prison-architecture, he says, have given a new literature to the world; but as yet nothing, or but little, is done to improve the character or increase the qualifications of prison-keepers. I have often felt the force of this remark in the numerous continental prisons which I have visited. Though the masters of the prisons have generally appeared to be very respectable men, yet the assistants or deputy-turnkeys have very often seemed to belong to a low order of society, from whose manners, conversation, or treatment of the prisoners, no good influence could be expected.

This second institution of Mr Wichern is in reality a normal school, which the necessities of his situation suggested and forced him to establish.

During the ten years of the existence of this institution, there have been 132 children received into it. Of these about 80 were there on the 1st of July 1843. Only two had run away, who had not either voluntarily returned, or being brought back, had not voluntarily remained. The two unreclaimed fugitives committed offences, fell into the hands of the civil magistrate, and were imprisoned.

Who can reflect upon this history, where we see a self-sacrificing man, by the aids of wisdom and Christian love, exorcising as it were the evil spirits from more than a hundred of the worst children whom a corrupted state of society has engendered; who can see this without being reminded of some case, perhaps within his own personal knowledge, where a passionate, ignorant, and perverse teacher, who, for the sake of saving a few dollars of money, or from some other low motive, has been in possession of an equal number of fine-spirited children, and has, even in a shorter space of time, put an evil spirit into the bosom of them all? When visiting this institution, I was reminded of an answer given to me by the head master of a school of a thousand children in London. I inquired of him what moral education or training he gave to his scholars—what he did, for instance, when he detected a child in a lie? His answer was literally this—'I consider,' said he, 'all moral education to be a humbug. Nature teaches children to lie. If one of my boys lies, I set him to write some such copy as this—"Lying is a base and infamous offence." I make him write a quire of paper over with this copy; and he knows very well that if he does not bring it to me in a good condition, he will get a flogging.' On hearing this reply, I felt as if the number of things in the condition of London society, which needed explanation, was considerably reduced.

What is most remarkable in reference to the class of institutions now under consideration, is the high character of the men—for capacity, for attainments, for social rank—who provide over them. At the head of a private orphan house in Potsdam is the venerable Von Türk. According to the laws of his country Von Türk is a nobleman. His talents and acquisitions were such that at a very early age he was elevated to the bench. This

was probably an office for life, and was attended with honours and emoluments. He officiated as judge for fourteen years; but in the course of this time, so many criminal cases were brought before him for adjudication, whose only cause and origin were so plainly referable to early neglect in the culprit's education, that the noble heart of the judge could no longer bear to pronounce sentence of condemnation against the prisoners; for he looked upon them as men who, almost without a paradox, might be called guiltless offenders. While holding the office of judge he was appointed school inspector. The paramount importance of the latter office grew upon his mind as he executed its duties, until at last he came to the full conception of the grand and sacred truth—how much more intrinsically honourable is the vocation of the teacher, who saves from crime and from wrong, than the magistrate who waits till they are committed, and then avenges them! He immediately resigned his office of judge, with its life-tenure and its salary; travelled to Switzerland, where he placed himself under the care of Pestalozzi; and, after availing himself for three years of the instructions of that celebrated teacher, he returned to take charge of an orphan asylum. Since that time he has devoted his whole life to the care of the neglected and destitute. He lives in as plain and inexpensive a style as our well-off farmers and mechanics, and devotes his income to the welfare of the needy. I was told by his personal friends that he not only deprived himself of the luxuries of life, but submitted to many privations in order to appropriate his small income to others whom he considered more needy; and that his wife and family cordially and cheerfully shared such privations with him for the same object. To what extent would our own community sympathise with, or appreciate the act, if one of the judges of our higher courts, or any other official dignitary, should resign an office of honour and of profit to become the instructor of children!

Even now, when the once active and vigorous frame of this patriarchal man is bending beneath the weight of years, he employs himself in teaching agriculture together with the branches commonly taught in the Prussian schools, to a class of orphan boys. What warrior, who rests at last from the labours of the tented field after a life of victories; what statesman, whose name is familiar in all the courts of the civilised world; what orator, who attracts towards himself tides of men wherever he may move in his splendid course; what one of all these would not, at the sunset of life, exchange his fame and his clustering honours for that precious and abounding treasury of holy and beneficent deeds, the remembrance of which this good old man is about to carry into another world? Do we not need a new spirit in our community, and especially in our schools, which shall display only objects of virtuous ambition before the eyes of our emulous youth; and teach them that no height of official station, no splendour of professional renown, can equal in the eye of Heaven, and of all good men, the true glory of a life consecrated to the welfare of mankind!

WOMAN'S POWER.

Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so is it beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the more de-

pendent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart. I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. 'I can wish you no better lot,' said he with enthusiasm, 'than to have a wife and children: if you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you.'—*W. Irving.*

VALUE OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

The value of useful knowledge is well illustrated by the following anecdote, which occurs in a recently-issued memoir of the late Mr Reid of Bellary, by Dr Wardlaw. Mr Reid, in returning from London to Leith by smack in October 1825, encountered a severe storm, in which, with the rest of the passengers and crew, he was exposed to imminent danger. 'They struck, in the darkness of the night, on the Goodwin Sands. The captain seemed to lose his presence of mind, and to be at his wife's end. Mr Joseph Hume, M.P. was on board. To his self-command, and such knowledge of navigation and seamanship as he had acquired on repeated voyages across the Atlantic—a knowledge which now became of use—Mr Reid ascribed their preservation. He took the helm himself, and worked the vessel out of danger. And since I have thus mentioned Mr Hume, and shown how the acquisition of knowledge, much as it may be out of a man's own line, may one day come to be of service, and the propriety therefore of never slighting any opportunity of attaining it—it is no more than justice to that gentleman to add, that to Mr Reid and several fellow-students who were returning to college along with him, he was exceedingly attentive and kind, turning his superior acquaintance with the little mysteries of travelling to good account for their direction and accommodation. He was conversible and communicative; and my young friend, having some little portion of a kindred inquisitiveness after general information, availed himself of this, and was indebted to him for various items to his stock of knowledge. In a letter to his mother, after speaking gratefully of his opportune kindness and aid, he adds—"The way we got familiar was this: the captain's chart was all in tatters. On Monday, Mr Hume wanted to look at it, to show us our situation at different times; and finding it in this state, he told the steward to make some paste and he would mend it. I immediately went and offered my assistance, and was with him, I suppose, three hours repairing it. During this time he kept talking to me on many subjects; and finding me inquisitive, he took an interest in giving me information." The member for Montrose and the young logician appear to have mutually fancied each other; the former inviting the latter to breakfast with him in his hotel in Edinburgh, and by the same frankness and familiarity in conversation, increasing not a little his stock of information.'

REASON AND KINDNESS.

The language of reason, unaccompanied by kindness, will often fail of making an impression; it has no effect on the understanding, because it touches not the heart. The language of kindness, unassociated with reason, will frequently be unable to persuade; because, though it may gain upon the affections, it wants that which is necessary to convince the judgment. But let reason and kindness be united in a discourse, and wisdom will even pride or prejudice find it easy to resist.—*Gisborne.*

FLAX-GUM.

It is not generally known, says the editor of the New Zealand Journal, that the gum of the phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax, is admirably adapted for sealing letters; and, when remittances are enclosed, is frequently made use of by the colonists for that purpose. It is insoluble either in water or spirit, and so thoroughly penetrates the envelope as to become part and parcel of it; nor is it possible to get at the contents of a letter so sealed.

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'THROUGH'

THERE are seasons when we dream over a 'book' as we would over a 'running brook'—when the mind indulges in a reverie at the sight of words, similar to that which, during its listless moods, the murmur of waters sometimes induces. Music, also, will excite the like effects; when the mere time will lead to suggestions far other than the composer designed. We once knew a man who could thus dream over a 'dismal treatise' in a language which he did not understand, and put a meaning into every line of it—such a meaning as to prove the best mirror of his own intelligence that he ever looked into. *Levi's*, collections of proverbs, and mottoes, are books naturally calculated to possess this influence. No one thinks of reading these in the usual way, on and on; but we pause, and dwell on words and phrases, until the mind becomes fixed, as it were, on one idea, and the eye remains gazing on one sentence or syllable; the brain at length slightly but pleasantly reels, and the object seems to vanish, and perception, introverted, wanders amid a world of associations, each following the other with the wildest rapidity, and connected by the slightest affinities. We have been led into this speculation by a little fact of this kind in our mental history. We were indolently amusing ourselves by turning over a book of heraldry, reading here and there, as it happened, this and that family motto, and examining this and that family crest, until at length our attention got arrested by the word which gives the title to our present paper. It is the motto of the Hamiltons; but, somehow, we thought immediately of Puck and his companion fairy in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—identifying the word with its older synonyme 'thorough.'

Puck. How now, spirit? Whither wander you?

Fairy. Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Over park, over pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire;

I do wander everywhere,

Swifter than the moon's sphere.

And we have heard now and then of a man, though generally spoken of as a miracle, who would go 'thorough flood, thorough fire,' to serve a friend, ay, or even an enemy. We are disposed to believe, too, that existing instances of the character are less occasional than the ungenerous of mankind would wish us to expect. The 'common earth' is as fruitful of examples, we hope, as the land of Faërie. All the inhabitants of either, it were not likely, should reach the desired standard. We know not whether the prankish knaveries of Puck himself, though named also Robin Goodfellow, were consistent with the possibility of his fulfilling all the conditions required by the rule; but we are certain that in this 'work day world' of ours there is many a plain

human Mr Goodfellow, who would think himself a very bad man, though he might make a tolerable fairy, if he were not habitually willing and ready to go all lengths for a deserving neighbour. Yes, there is many a plain human Mr Goodfellow who would *think* so; but are there many who would *do* so? Ay, that is the question.

Now, here it is that the subject becomes practically important. Mr Goodfellow may have good intentions; but to be Mr True Goodfellow, Mr Thoroughgoing Goodfellow, these intentions must be realised in actions. It is not enough to be 'pure in the last recesses of the mind;' the moral sense will not be satisfied unless this purity be shown in the daily deed; and conversation of a person; the ordinary habits must testify to its existence; it must shape our manners, and regulate our intercourse with society. Neither business nor leisure must be exempt from its operation. In love, in friendship, in trifles as well as in serious occupations, the principle of Thorough-going-ness must be manifested; for whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and the friend or lover who is suspected of being either 'only so far'—'to such an extent'—is sure to be despised. It is an instinct of our better nature to visit such a delinquent with sovereign contempt.

Too many of us, however, stop far short of this. One man is in love perhaps, and his mistress has expectations; marriage under the circumstances would be a comfortable thing; but the lady's reasonable hopes are blighted, and he suddenly finds that he was mistaken in the state of his affections. He never proposes that they shall wait until he, by personal exertions, shall make 'the odds even;' but cuts short the affair at once, that he may not be deprived of the chance of a better matrimonial alliance. Another had a friend whom he loved dearly; but then that friend was prosperous; a day came when his friend would borrow a guinea, and, alas! he was out of cash. He was indeed fain to take up with the hypocritical lamentation of Lucius—'What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! How unlikely it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour.' Yes, and a deal of honour is lost when thus 'policy sits above conscience.' In these few words, Shakespeare has condensed the entire truth of the argument. Only the thoroughgoing man can be truly honourable, truly religious.

For a while, however, Mr Worldly Policy and Mr Heavenly Conscience may seem to get on pretty smoothly together. They make excellent partners in business for a time; but this is while Mr Policy acts in subordination: so soon, however, as he claims to be the head of the firm, it is ten to one but it becomes bankrupt.

To commercial success, perhaps, there is no principle

so essential as the thoroughgoing one. We have known many a good speculation fail because the parties had not spirit enough to go 'through' with it. There will be 'rubs and botches' in the best calculated processes. We should make up our minds from the beginning to allow for friction; we should not expect that matters of business will proceed with strictly mathematical precision, though we should endeavour to make them as exact as possible. Having once formed a project, being duly satisfied of its propriety, and having taken the most eligible means of succeeding in it, we should suffer no accident that may arise in its progress so to affect our resolution as to preclude its ultimate attainment. Before the goal is reached, we readily concede that there is a weary and 'phantasmal interim' which puts the most manly courage to the test. But life is a battle, and time the battle-field; we will occupy the latter, and bravely prosecute the former, and no fear need arise of the final, though perhaps remote result. It is a debt that you owe equally to yourself and your neighbours, to carry the project 'through.' Whatever your original means, you cannot prosecute it to a successful, or even to a partial issue, without their aid; and they must suffer as well as yourself by your want of perseverance. Both your honour and your honesty you will find involved, sooner or later, in the transaction; therefore, we say, let not impediments stop you, but 'through' them, like the ploughshare 'through' the soil, and heap them up on each side of you like ridges, leaving a midway channel before you in which progress is easy. Difficulties in such speculations generally arise from unforeseen circumstances, when you have got some little way in them; they are unexpected from inexperience; but to meet with them is to understand them, and once to understand is to conquer them. A little decision here will do much, and once exerted, will most probably not again be wanted, at any rate not frequently. These dangers passed, all then is for the most part plain sailing; and the true man of business will come out of the affair with credit and profit.

The accomplishment of a meritorious design is a triumph; to fail in it, a shame. The world will laugh at you if, from weakness or terror, you stop short; it may laugh at you even while you are struggling. It sometimes does so spitefully, to induce the enterprising to pause. But you must not suffer yourself to be betrayed by this artifice. Laugh in your turn, and proceed in your work rejoicingly. The time will come when the scorners will 'laugh on the wrong side of the mouth.' It is generally the idle who thus seek to depress the energies of the diligent: let them then waste their time while you use yours. The end will justify your conduct. The time will come when you can afford to pity and forgive them for their want of sympathy and encouragement, and when they will wish that they had imitated instead of having disparaged your example.

'DR WOLFF'S MISSION TO BOKHARA.'

WHATEVER may be thought of the policy of Dr Wolff's mission to Bokhara, or of Captain Grover's motives in promoting the inquiry, it may be readily apprehended that the information obtained by it could not prove otherwise than interesting both to the general and studious reader. The narrative of Dr Wolff's journey* has been therefore received by us with special welcome, and, though unwilling to enter into the political questions involved, we have thought it but right to glean from the record before us such items of knowledge as promised to be useful. In the character of Dr Wolff himself there are also extraordinary traits, rendering a portrait of him desirable; and we are happy to state that the reverend gentleman has not neglected to gratify

the reasonable curiosity of his readers, but has introduced his 'Narrative' with a sketch of his life previous to the period of his undertaking the perilous adventure of ascertaining the state of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.

Dr Wolff was born a Jew; but 'at an early period' he received what he calls 'pure Christianity in the schools of the enlightened Friedrich Leopold, Count of Stolberg, the well-known poet, celebrated Greek scholar, and statesman; next from the distinguished Roman Catholic bishop, Johannes Michael Sailer, Frint at Vienna, Bolzano at Prague, and the writings of Fenelon, Pascal, and Bossuet.' Afterwards introduced to Pope Pius VII., to Cardinal Litta, and the present Cardinal Oastini, he entered the Collegio Romano, and then the Propaganda at Rome. At length, for protesting against the abuses of the church, he was banished from Rome, and took refuge in the convent of Val-Saint, in Switzerland, amongst the monks of the order of the Congregatio Sanctissimi Redemptoris, or the so-called Ligorians. Growing conviction having compelled him to quit this community, he came to England and settled in Cambridge, in the year 1819—acquiring there the knowledge of theology under the Rev. Charles Simeon, of King's College, and studying Persian and Arabic under the direction of Professor Lee. In 1821 he commenced a series of missionary labours among the dispersed Jews in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Crimea, Georgia, and the Ottoman empire, which lasted five years. From 1826 to 1830, he employed himself among his brethren in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and the Mediterranean. 'I then,' he writes, 'proceeded to Turkey, Persia, Türkistan, Bokhara, Afghanistan, Cashmeer, Hindustan, and the Red Sea, from 1831 to 1834. Bokhara and Balkh—when, in 1829, at Jerusalem—occupied especially my attention, on the ground that I expected to find in them the traces of the lost ten tribes of the dispersion. This led to my first visit to Bokhara.'

It is much to Dr Wolff's credit that he applied himself to the literary as well as to the theological objects of his different missions. Accordingly, he omitted no opportunity of examining both Armenian, Persian, Hebrew, Arabic, and Greek manuscripts. In the Armenian Bible he found 'an important variation. In Daniel viii. 14, they read 2068, whereas in our version it is 2300. In this passage, a manuscript in the possession of the Jews of Bokhara reads 2400 instead of 2300.'

Some of his personal adventures we will relate in his own words:—

'Amid the khans of Khorassan, Muhammed Izhak Kerahe of Torbad Hydarä, the rustam of the East, was the most remarkable for ferocity. At Sangerd the caravan was attacked by robbers; one of them seized my horse, crying out, "Pool!" (money): I gave him all I had. I was soon surrounded by others, stripped even of the shirt on my back, and had a rag covered with vermin thrown over me, and was brought out into the highway, where all my fellow-travellers of the caravan were assembled, weeping and crying, and bound to the tails of horses. The robbers were twenty-four in number. We were driven along by them in continual gallop, on account of the approach of the Türkomauns; for if the Türkomauns had found them out, our robbers would have been made slaves by them, they being sheals themselves. During the night three prisoners escaped. At two in the morning we slept in a forest. They had pity on me, and gave me a cup of tea made of my own; they then put a price on me and my servant, valuing him at ten, and myself at five tomauns. They took his money from him, by which I found that he had previously robbed me of sixteen tomauns. After this we were put in irons. They consulted about killing me, but did not do so, from fear of Abbas Mirza. The promise of a good ransom at Torbad Hydarä saved my life. The first question put by the robbers openly before the people of Torbad was, "How is the tyrant Muhammed Izhak Khan going on? Is he not yet dead?"

* Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara, in the Years 1843-1845, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D. London: John W. Parker, 1846.

They replied, "No; but one of his sons is dead." *Robbers.* "A pity that he died not himself; then we should be free from that tyrant, and not be obliged to plunder people in the path, and eat the bread of blood." * *

Though naked, they examined us narrowly as we entered Torbad, thinking we might have money concealed about us. I exclaimed, "Hear, Israel" (a common exclamation of my countrymen throughout the world), and was soon surrounded by Jews. They pledged themselves that I should not run away, and received me to their homes. * * The next day I was desired to go back to the robbers, when I was suddenly put into irons, and chained with the rest of the slaves. One of the slave sellers, a malicious kurd, squeezed the irons over my legs crossways, to pain me still further. My fellow slaves, though bound in one common chain, cursed me incessantly. The director of the police said, "To this infidel you must give neither water to drink nor a galyoon to smoke, for he is nedshas (unclean). If he is thirsty, he may go to the well and drink like any other dog." Suddenly, in the midst of my persecutions, a man appeared, who exclaimed, "Is any Englishman here?" "Yes, yes," was my exclamation. The chains were removed, a soldier of Abbas Mirza had arrived with a letter for Muhammed Izhak Khan, ordering him to release me. He gave instant orders to that effect, and basted the robbers, wishing the whole matter to appear as done without his consent. I was brought before him. He is a tall stout man, with very large eyes, of black complexion, never looking into your face but with a down glance, a deep thundering voice. His sword, they say, is continually girt about him, and he does not lay it aside even in the bath. No one knows where he sleeps. He was seated upon a high throne, all others standing at a distance, terror in every look. He demanded what sum had been taken from me. I replied, Eighty tomanas. He got it from the robbers, but kept it himself. He then said, "You came here with books in order to show us the right way; well, go on."

It was during this journey, it would appear, that Dr Wolff confirmed that affection for Captain Conolly which he has since so singularly manifested. The Jews of Meshed having spoken to him of an exoteric and an esoteric religion, and been reproved by him for not yielding to the influence of Christianity, they observed that he 'was the second Englishman they had seen who was attached to the Book; THE FIRST WAS LIEUTENANT ARTHUR CONOLLY.' He had been in Meshed in 1829, and Dr Wolff had previously known him for 'an excellent, intrepid, and well-principled traveller;' and regretted that, from his want of patronage, he had not been remunerated for his journeys to Meshed, Herat, and Candahar. Meshed, the doctor tells us, is, despite its holy character, 'a grossly immoral place;' adding, that 'the number of pilgrims that arrive at the tomb of Imam Reza amounts to 20,000.' Shortly afterwards, Dr Wolff reached Bokhara: this was his first visit. Then Behadur Khan was king, twenty-eight years of age, who spent 'his mornings in reading the Arabic writings of Jelaal and Bydawee with the mullahs, visited the grave of Baba Deen, a sanctified derweesh of Bokhara, and heard causes of dispute, during the remainder of the day, among his subjects.' After an interesting sojourn, Dr Wolff procured a passport, and, crossing the Oxus, proceeded to Balkh, Muzaur, Cabool, Peshawar, the Punjab, Belaspoor, Cashmeer, Delhi, Agra, and Cawnpore; at which last place he met with Lieutenant Conolly. But here we must quote Dr Wolff's own words:—

'When I travelled first in Khorassan, in the year 1831, I heard at Meshed, by the Jews, that an English traveller had preceded me there, by the name of Arthur Conolly, as I have already mentioned. They described him as a man who lived in the fear of God and of religion. The moment I arrived, he took me to his house, and not only showed me the greatest hospitality, but, as I was at that time short of money, he gave me every assistance in his power; and not only

so, he revised my journal for me with the most unaffected kindness. He also collected the Muhammedan mullahs to his house, and permitted me not only to discuss with them the subject of religion, but gave me most substantial assistance in combating their arguments. Conolly was a man possessed of a deep Scriptural knowledge; a capital textuary; and I bless God that he enjoyed that comfort in his captivity, that inward light, when the iron of tyranny—in his case as in that of holy Joseph—entered into his soul. Various enemies are always found to attack the lone missionary. Nobly and well did this gallant soldier acquit himself in the church militant, both in deeds of arms and deep devotion to the cause of Christ. In 1838, I again met with him in England. Here our friendship was renewed. At Constantinople I learnt that he expressed his deep affection for me to Count Stürmer. I often wished to repay him my debt of gratitude; and the instant the news reached me of his captivity in Bokhara, I offered my aid to release him, in letters to his family.'

We find Dr Wolff afterwards at Lucknow, Benares, Calcutta, Masulipatam, Hyderabad, Madras, Trichinopoly, Cochin, Goa, Poonah, Bombay, Mocha, Jiddah, Suez, Cairo, and Alexandria. He returned to England in 1835, but quitted it again in the autumn of that year, and revisited Alexandria and Cairo, and other places. On the 30th May 1836 he arrived at Mosawah, on the African coast, from whence he proceeded to Eylet, Zassaga, and other localities in Abyssinia and Arabia, particularly visiting the Rechabites around Sanaa. While at the latter place, a fever seized him—and again at Hodeydah. Next year, however, we find him in America, at New York, where he was received into the Episcopal church, and preached at Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore. He quitted New York on January 2, 1838, and arrived in England on the 28th; and shortly afterwards received his degree of LL.D. from the university of Dublin, and that of D.D. from America. In June following, he underwent priest's orders in Ireland from the lord bishop of Dromore; and immediately afterwards was made honorary chaplain to Lord Vex, count Lorton.

'After eighteen years' peregrination in the world,' he continues, 'tired out and enfeebled in constitution, I contemplated now seriously settling in England as one of the clergy of its national church, when the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, was kind enough to procure me the situation of incumbent at Linthwaite, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, where I had the princely income of twenty-four pounds per annum, collected by pew rents, and no augmentation from Queen Anne's bounty. Previous to my arrival, the Pastoral Aid Society had given eighty pounds to my predecessor; but as I did not apply for it previous to my accepting the living, and as they said Lady Georgiana had a sufficient income, they refused to give it to me.'

After a stay of two years at Linthwaite, Dr Wolff exchanged it for the curacy of High Hoyland, near Wakefield; which, however, he left in 1843, having, the previous year, offered to travel to Bokhara to save Stoddart and Conolly.

There can be no doubt that, from his habits and experience, Dr Wolff was precisely the man to send on such a mission. Without repeating particulars with which our readers may be presumed to be already well acquainted, it may suffice to state that all preliminary arrangements were settled, and that Dr Wolff departed from England for Gibraltar on October 14, 1843. General anxiety was felt for his safety and welfare while engaged on the heroic adventure to which he had piously devoted himself. Extracts from his correspondence, reporting his progress, were regularly inserted in the papers; and on his arrival at Bokhara, public interest was excited in an almost unexampled degree. His safe deliverance thence was hailed as an event in which no less than the honour of England itself was greatly implicated. An authenticated and consecutive narrative of the whole transaction was therefore eagerly

expected, and is given to us in the two bulky volumes on our table.

There is no utility in retracing ground already travelled over. We will therefore proceed at once with Dr Wolff to Constantinople, where he had an interview with Sir Stratford Canning, who from first to last rendered him every possible assistance and protection; and he was introduced to the Sheikh Islam, the first mullah of the Muhammedan religion, who received him kindly, and told him that he had already corresponded on the subject with the mullahs of Khiva, Bokhara, Khokand, and Daghestaun. The Reis Effendi also delivered to Dr Wolff eight letters of introduction:—

I. From the sultan: 1, to the king of Khiva; 2, to the king of Bokhara, which his majesty wrote with his own hand at night.

II. From the Sheikh Islam: 1, to the mullahs of Bokhara; 2, to the mullahs of Khiva; 3, to the mullahs of Khokand.

III. From the Reis Effendi: 1, to the pasha of Trebizond; 2, to the pasha of Erzerum; 3, to the general-in-chief of the army at Erzerum.

At Trebizond, Dr Wolff was received with similar civilities—and, in addition, a sum equivalent to forty-four pounds was subscribed towards defraying his expenses. At Erzerum, he likewise met with great sympathy; there were there many English and Russians, besides Persians and Turks. The pasha showed him great respect, and promised to defray the whole expense of his journey to the Persian frontier. The next village of any importance at which Dr Wolff stopped was Tabreez, where he was introduced to the prince of Tabreez and the chief mullah. Here he came to the conclusion, not only that Conolly and Stoddart were yet alive, but that the power of Muhammedan fanaticism is declining. On his arrival at Teheraun, Dr Wolff had an interview with Colonel Shiel, the British envoy in Persia, who then seemed to be of opinion, on the evidence of the eljee, or ambassador from Bokhara, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were not killed, but kept in prison. But this evidence was, after all, doubtful; for the same eljee had told the ambassador of Russia that they were dead; and that the ameer of Bokhara had proceeded against Stoddart for having, contrary to his warning, continued his correspondence with his countrymen in India, and against Conolly for having gone to Khokand. But whether they were dead or not, Dr Wolff resolved on entering Bokhara; and, in case of the worst proving true, there demanding their bodies, to put them in camphor, and convey them to Constantinople, and thence to London. To that city, accordingly, armed with a letter from the shah of Persia to the ameer of Bokhara, he proceeded without delay.

We pass over the occurrences at Meshed and Mowr, as not containing matter of general interest, and hasten at once to Karakol, where rooms were assigned to Dr Wolff 'by the governor, by order of the ameer of Bokhara, and proper provision sent for him.' Here his mind soon felt misgivings—nor without reason; for his servants deserted him, and he learned besides that the ameer persisted in looking upon all Europeans as spies, and would execute them accordingly. The governor himself, indeed, expressed his opinion, that the instant Dr Wolff reached Bokhara he would be beheaded. Perceiving that his only safety depended on his maintaining his character as a mullah, Dr Wolff dressed himself in full canonicals, and kept the Bible open in his hand. 'The uncommon character of these proceedings,' he says, 'attracted crowds from Shar Islam to Bokhara.' Thus armed with his sacred vestments and book, he had courage to resist the temptation of his escort, Dil Assa Khan, who counselled him to enter Bokhara as a poor man. The rest of the description must be given in Dr Wolff's own words:—

'Shouts of "Salaam Aleikoom" from thousands rang upon my ear. It was a most astonishing sight; people from the roofs of the houses, the Nogay Tatars of Russia, the Cossacks, and Girghese from the deserts, the

Tatar from Yarkand or Chinese Tartary, the merchant of Cashmeer, the serkerdeha or grandees of the king on horseback, the Afghauns, the numerous water-carriers, stopped still and looked at me; Jews with their little caps, the distinguishing badge of the Jews of Bokhara, the inhabitants of Khokand, politely smiling at me; and the mullahs from Chekarpoor and Sinde looking at me and saying, "Ingless Saheb;" yelled women screaming to each other, "Englees eljee, English ambassador;" others coming by them and saying, "He is not an eljee, but the grand derveesh, derveesh kelaun of Englistaun."

'My addresses had been circulated throughout all the parts of Persia, Türkistaun, and Bokhara; my object had become widely understood, and I doubtless reaped the fruit of making the object of my mission thus clear and intelligible to all the Mussulman world. Amid the continued shouts of "Salaam Aleikoom," I looked closely among the populace, in the hope that I might recognise Stoddart or Conolly. It was vain.

'Before we were carried to our assigned quarters, we were brought what they emphatically call "bala," up to the palace of the king. This is situated on a lofty eminence. When we reached it, the serkerdeha, that is, the grandees of the empire, were just leaving it, riding upon horseback. The people crowded in masses on me, demanding, "What book have you in your hand?" I replied, "the *Towrat-e-Moosa* (Laws of Moses), the *Saboor-e-Dawood* (Psalms of David), and the *Anjeel-e-Esau* (Gospel of Christ), and the Prophecies of Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, &c. Devoutly did those poor unenlightened souls touch the book. At the entrance of the palace gate we were ordered to dismount from our horses. Only the grandees of the empire, and ambassadors of the sultan of Constantinople, of the shah of Persia, should they come to Bokhara, are permitted to enter the palace gates on horseback. No Christian, heathen, or any other ambassador, is allowed that privilege. Singular to say, however, I was allowed this privilege at my audience of leave, prior to my departure from Bokhara.

'Previous to our entrance, one of his majesty's makhrams appeared before me, and said, "His majesty condescends to ask whether you would be ready to submit to the mode of salaam" (for Stoddart Saheb refused, and drew his sword). I asked, "In what does the salaam consist?" He replied, "You are placed before his majesty, who will sit upon the bala hanah (from whence balkan is derived), and the shekhaw (minister of foreign affairs) will take hold of your shoulders, and you must stroke your beard three times, and three times bow, saying at each time, "Allah akbar, Allah akbar, Allah akbar"—"God is the greatest, God is the greatest, God is the greatest;" "Salaamat padishah"—"Peace to the king." On being asked if I would do so three times, I said, "Thirty times, if necessary." Entering the gate, we were desired to sit down upon a stone seat, and after a few minutes' delay, were ordered to send up our letters.

'After the letters were sent up, we were brought before the king—Dil Assa Khan and myself. His majesty was seated in the balcony of his palace, looking down upon us; thousands of people in the distance. All eyes were bent on me, to see if I would submit to the etiquette. When the shekhaw took hold of my shoulders, I not only submitted to his doing so to me three times, but I bowed repeatedly, and exclaimed unceasingly, "Peace to the king," until his majesty burst into a fit of laughter, and of course all the rest standing around us. His majesty said, "Enough, enough, enough." We were then ordered to retire. The shekhaw, an officer who answers to our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, then assured me that his majesty had smiled upon me, and exclaimed, "What an extraordinary man this Englishman is, in his eyes, and his dress, and the book in his hand."

From Dr Wolff's account, this monarch must be a sad barbarian: his ascent to the throne, effected by the killing of his father, was attended by the murder of se-

veral of his brothers. Notwithstanding that Dr Wolff was at first graciously accepted, the clouds of danger soon gathered around him. The house formerly belonging to Turah Zadeh, brother to the present king, who was killed by order of the latter, being assigned to him as his dwelling, all liberty of going out as he pleased was from that moment taken from him: he was watched day and night by the makhrams of the king, and was continually subject to official examinations. At one of these, the Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan certified Dr Wolff of the deaths of Conolly and Stoddart in the following manner:—

'When Colonel Stoddart arrived at Bokhara, his majesty sent a whole troop of soldiers to receive him: he came to Bokhara, and to the Ark, just when Hazrat returned from a pilgrimage to Baba Deen Nakshbande (a holy man buried outside the town). Colonel Stoddart was on horseback. The shekhawl and several other sorkerdeha (grandees) went up to him and said, "This is his majesty; you must dismount;" but he replied, "I have no orders for doing so." The ameer smiled, and said he is a mehmooon (guest). When you, Joseph Wolff, made your salaam before the ameer, the shekhawl took slightly hold of your shoulders to make you bow down; you submitted with your book in the hand; but when the shekhawl only touched Colonel Stoddart, he laid his hand on his sword and drew it. Nothing was said to this. The house of Turah, the same house in which you live, was assigned to him as his quarters. When, a few days after, the reis (one of the mullahs who watch over the people, and have power to flog any one who does not observe strictly the Muhammedan religion) sent one of his friends to Stoddart, and asked him whether he was an eljee (ambassador) or a sodagur (merchant), Stoddart replied, "*Eat dung!*"

'His imprisonment upon this occasion the nayeb passed over in silence, and continued, "At last, from fear, Stoddart said he would become a Mussulman; and according to the Muhammedan religion, if a person says he will turn Mussulman, he must either do so or die. He became a Mussulman, and a short time after openly avowed again the Christian religion. At last it was agreed that he should write to England to be acknowledged as the accredited agent of Great Britain at the court of Bokhara, and that the king of Bokhara should be the acknowledged sovereign of Turkistaun, &c.; and Colonel Stoddart promised that in four months an answer should arrive from the government of England. Though at his (Stoddart's) request, japar khanas (post houses) were established from Bokhara to Sarakhs, which did not exist either at Bokhara or in the land of Turkistaun from the time of Afrasiab, *fourteen months* elapsed, and no answer arrived. During the time that Colonel Stoddart was at Bokhara, Captain Conolly went from Organtsh (Khiva) to Khokand, where he stopped a considerable time, exciting both countries to wage war against the ameer of Bokhara. He at last arrived at Bokhara, announcing himself as a British agent, without having any letters from the British government; and whatever Colonel Stoddart had agreed to, he upset, announcing to the king of Bokhara that the British government would never interfere with the affairs of Turkistaun, and all that Colonel Stoddart had agreed to went for nothing. Thus it was clear that Colonel Stoddart was a liar. During the stay of Conolly and Stoddart, they took every opportunity of despatching, in the most stealthy manner, letters to Cabul; and on this account his majesty became displeased, and both Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart were brought, with their hands tied, behind the Ark (palace of the king), in presence of Makhrum Saadat, when Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly kissed each other, and Colonel Stoddart said to Saadat, "Tell the ameer that I die a disbeliever in Muhammed, but a believer in Jesus—that I am a Christian, and a Christian I die." And Conolly said, "Stoddart, we shall see each other in paradise (behesht), near Jesus." Then Saadat gave the order to cut off, first the head of Stoddart, which

was done; and in the same manner the head of Conolly was cut off.'

By the order of the ameer, Dr Wolff also addressed a letter to Captain Grover, containing the official details of their execution, stating that it took place in the month of Sarratan 1259. Relatively to this date, considerable difficulty exists; as given in the letter referred to, it corresponds with July 1843. To Colonel Shiel, however, Dr Wolff gave the date as being July 1842. This difference becomes important from the circumstance, that, if the latter be the correct time, the event happened too early for the English government to have prevented it; if the former, its interference would have been possible. We perceive that Dr Wolff, for more reasons than one, adheres, in the volumes before us, to the date he first gave. He regrets, he says, the paper which he gave to Colonel Shiel, which, he adds, 'should not have been demanded from me when I was in a state of the greatest excitement, ill and miserable, and attended by Dr Kade, the physician of the Russian embassy.' At the same time, we cannot refrain from saying that the subject is, even on the most favourable showing, involved in so much doubt, that no argument can be maintained on it either on one side or the other. So far as the settlement of this question is concerned, the mission to Bokhara has been fruitless.

For this inadvertence Dr Wolff, however, should be pardoned; since it is quite clear that he was in such peril at Bokhara, as would have daunted the bravest man, and involved the most cautious in a thousand perplexities. From time to time he was detained on frivolous pretences, long after his immediate mission was finished, and exposed to every kind of annoyance, extortion, insult, and tribulation, either for the purpose of involving him in some transactions that should justify his punishment, inducing him to apostatise, or augmenting the terms of his ransom. He was, in fact, a state prisoner, under a tyrant used to passive submission; and in the hands of barbarians, who took no pains to conceal from him that they were thieves and robbers. On one occasion 'a mullah came, and asked me, in his majesty's name, whether I would turn Mussulman.' I replied, "Tell the king, never—never—never!" He asked me, "Have you not a more polite answer for the king?" I said, "I beg you to tell his majesty that you asked me whether I had not a more polite answer for his majesty, and I said, 'Decidedly not.'" A few hours after, the executioner came—the same who had put to death Stoddart and Conolly—and said, "Joseph Wolff, to thee it shall happen as it did to Stoddart and Conolly," and made a sign at my throat with his hand. I prepared for death." By, however, the interference of the Persian ambassador, Wolff was released: and, with a suddenness of caprice for which tyrants are famous, was even taken into favour at court. He was then dismissed with presents, and in great state; the infamous nayeb, Abdul Samut Khan, having, however, made provision that certain assassins should be in the train, who were pledged to murder him on the road. All these difficulties, however, he was destined to escape, greatly owing to his own prudence in never separating from his Persian friends. Dr Wolff arrived in the Persian capital on the 3d November 1844, and left it three days later. He returned to London by way of Tabreez, Erzerum, Trebizond, and Constantinople.

Before we close this subject, we are desirous of extracting some account of Bokhara. 'Bokhara is situated in 39 degrees 27 minutes north latitude, 80 degrees 19 minutes east longitude. It is surrounded by deserts, and watered by the little river Wafkan, which flows between forests of fruit trees and gardens. It has eleven gates, and a circumference of fifteen English miles; three hundred and sixty mosques, twenty-two caravanseries, many baths and bazars; and the old palace called Ark, built by Arslan Khan one thousand years ago; and has about one hundred splendid colleges. The houses have neither roofs nor windows. The population amounts to one hundred and eighty thousand, composed of Tat-

shicks, Nogays, Affghauna, Mervees, Usbecks, and ten thousand Jews, who are dyers and silk traders, and must wear a small cap, and girdle around their waist, to be distinguished from the Muhammedans. There are several thousand slaves. There are about three hundred merchants from Scinde, and many derveshes. Whole streets contain nothing but shops and magazines for merchants from all the parts of Türkistaun, Cashgar, Hindustaan, and Russia. There are great numbers of country houses, with gardens called Jehaar-Baghs, all around Bokhara. Most delightful villages are to be found eight miles around Bokhara. A sickness prevails, chiefly in the city, called Rishia—an immense worm comes out of the knees, and makes people frequently lame for life: it is ascribed to the water. Ophthalmia is also prevalent. There is only one Jewish physician of some skill, who prides himself on knowing the sense of the word "anfictional," and perpetually uses it, as Abdul Samut Khan prides himself on knowing how to say, "Halt! front!"

The principles of absolutism are dominant in Bokhara. 'Whatever crime or cruelty the king of Bokhara commits, the people simply observe, "This was an act of the king"—"Who can fathom the heart of a king?"' The colleges of Bokhara are, it appears, 'splendid and beautiful buildings.' In them the writings of the learned Sunnics, as well as of the Sheahs, are read and discussed. Oratory, rhetoric, poetry, and logic, are studied besides the Koran; disputations are carried on in a scholastic manner; Jelal, Beydawce, are read. They take as their guide the schools established in Yemen. There is also an ancient Jewish synagogue in Bokhara, though it is out of repair; indeed the ameer has some predilection for the religion of the Hebrews, since he witnesses the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles, and partakes of the banquet. Besides, he has never seized on a Jewish woman, as he has done on the wives of his great ministers. Both he and his nayeb are connected with the Ismaeels, whom the former 'sends for some great purposes always to murder people whom he suspects, like the old man of the mountain, the chief of the assassins. Thus, for instance, one of his serkerdehs, whom he suspected, and who had fled to Shahr-Sabz, was murdered in the palace of the khan of Shahr-Sabz, and the head was brought in triumph to Bokhara.' Dr Wolff, therefore, did not feel himself safe even when so far from Bokhara as Trebizond, and was thrown into considerable trepidation by being assigned there an apartment close to the ambassador of Bokhara.

'He did not,' says the doctor, 'himself come near me, but, what is extraordinary, a makhram, sent after us by the ameer, called on me, and he told me that he believed that the nayeb, Abdul Samut Khan, had met with his deserts already, or would certainly meet with punishment shortly. I confess that I was not easy in his company; though I know that people will think that my fear was imaginary, I am not ashamed to confess it.' 'I have already,' says Dr Wolff in another place, 'adverted to the circumstance that one of the ameer's brothers was murdered at Khokand, and another at Orenbourg, and besides this, that makhram, whose name was Sherief Sultaun, whenever he came to me, desired me to send away my servants. It may be objected that the ameer would not do such a thing, for he would put in jeopardy his own ambassador; but to this I answer, such an argument is quite ridiculous, for a savage like the ameer does not care a straw for the life of his ambassador. It may be objected also that the nayeb would not do such a thing, for he is in the power of the ameer; but to this I answer, that it remains still to be seen whether the ameer will put to death the nayeb or the nayeb the ameer. Both are bent upon each other's destruction, and the self-interests of both cause each to delay the execution of the deed.'

Such facts as these are sufficient to show the savage state in which Bokhara is lying; for the distinct con-

ception which we have now obtained of this, we are greatly indebted to the perseverance of Dr Wolff. The charges made against the two victims of its barbarity by the nayeb are probably false, and Captain Grover, we fear, has too rashly assumed their truth; but the question, whether the Foreign Office is or is not censurable for neglecting its officers in peril, depends on the date of their execution; and this is a matter now involved in such doubt, that no solution of the difficulty is possible. Dr Wolff's conduct, however, cannot fail of having considerable influence both at home and abroad.

THE TREE AND THE FOREST.

A STORY WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG, BUT WHICH MAY BE READ BY THE OLD.

[From the French of Madame Guisot.]

'WHAT splendid trees!' said Monsieur D'Ambly, as he was passing by a fine forest of oaks.

'What a splendid fire they would make!' replied his son Eugene. Eugene had read a few days before in a book of travels the description of a wood on fire, and he could think of nothing else. He was an admirer of everything that was uncommon, everything that produced an effect or a commotion, and, like most children, he seldom carried his ideas beyond what he saw.

'If it would not injure any person,' said he, 'I would be very glad this forest would take fire; it would be a glorious sight. I am sure, papa, that the light would extend as far as the chateau.'

'Would it then be such a pleasant thing to see a tree burning?'

'Oh, a tree,' said Eugene, 'that would be hardly worth the trouble; but a forest would be magnificent.'

'Since we are on the subject of burning,' said Monsieur D'Ambly, 'I think it would be well to cut down that young lime tree on the lawn opposite the chateau; it grows too fast; and if it should spread much more, it would quite intercept our view; I will therefore cut it down for fuel.'

'Oh, papa,' exclaimed Eugene, 'that lime tree that has grown so beautiful since last year! I was looking at it the other day, and I saw shoots of this year as long as my arm.'

At this moment they came to a young poplar which had been blown down by a storm the preceding day. Its leaves were not yet withered, but its young shoots, though still green, began to lose their vigour; they were soft and weak, as if drooping from want of water, but in that case a refreshing shower would have restored it to health and freshness, whereas now it was beyond recovery. Eugene stopped before the poplar, and lamented it.

'Such,' said Monsieur D'Ambly, 'will in two days more be the state of our lime tree.'

'Ah!' cried Eugene, 'can you have the heart to say so?'

'Why not? A lime is not more valuable than a poplar, or an oak; and you would like to see this whole forest in a blaze.'

'Indeed, papa, that is a very different thing.'

'Yes, there is certainly a vast difference between a person cutting down a tree that incommodes him, and that he would then make use of for fuel, and fourteen or fifteen thousand that you would burn for your pleasure.'

'But I do not know those trees.'

'Neither do you know this poplar that you have just been lamenting.'

'But at least I see it.'

'You can as easily see all those that surround it. Look at this one, how strong and how straight it is!'

'Oh, what a fine oak! I do not think my arms could reach round it. See, papa, how high it is, and those three great branches which grow from it look like large trees.'

'It must be sixty or seventy years old: it will grow at least twenty more.'

'How enormous it will be then! I hope I shall see it.'

'But if it should be burned in the meantime?'

'I should be very sorry, now that I know it.'

'You would, then, only spare those trees from the fire which have come under your own particular notice: this is too common a case. Would it give you more pleasure to see this one burning?' said Monsieur D'Ambly, as he showed him another, divided into four enormous trunks, which shot from the same root.

'No, indeed. Look, it makes quite an arbour. Papa, some day when we have more time we will come and sit here, shall we not?'

'So, then, here are two that you would spare from the conflagration of the forest.'

'Oh, if I could but see it on fire, what a fine effect it would have from the windows of the chateau; I should think only of my two favourite oaks that I should be so sorry to see burning.'

'But all those you see equally deserve to become favourites, and those you cannot see are quite as fine; they have each in their different forms something that would interest you as much as your two favourite oaks, the poplar, or our lime tree.'

'I do believe that if I were to think of every particular tree that composed a forest, it would take away all wish to see it burned.'

'That shows the necessity of consideration, my son, to avoid the risk of forming unreasonable wishes, to put them in practice, perhaps, when you grow up. You will probably never have a forest to burn, but you may have men to conduct: just think what might be the consequence of your forgetting that a district, a town, a community, is composed of individuals, as you just now forgot that a forest is composed of trees.'

'Ah, papa, in such a case I could not forget myself.'

'I knew some years ago,' said Monsieur D'Ambly, 'a very good, but rather obstinate man, of the name of De Marne. He had a quarrel with the director of an hospital established in a small town on one of his estates. The greater part of the property of the hospital was situated on this estate, and dependent on it, as was then the custom; that is to say, the hospital only held these lands on condition of paying certain rents to Monsieur de Marne, and of receiving two patients at his option. This right he held in consequence of his ancestors having given these lands to the hospital, and it descended to all the proprietors of the estate. The director began to dispute with Monsieur de Marne about the payment of the rent, and maintained that he had no right to send more than one patient to the hospital. Monsieur de Marne was exceedingly angry, and a lawsuit was the consequence; and it so happened that the person employed by Monsieur de Marne, in searching the papers which had been sent to him, to prove his right, discovered, or thought he had discovered, that the ground which had occasioned the lawsuit belonged to Monsieur de Marne, and not to the hospital, because, said he, the ancestors of Monsieur de Marne only gave it for a certain time, and on certain conditions which had not been fulfilled; so that Monsieur de Marne ought to take possession of it. This would be the ruin of the hospital. The day Monsieur de Marne received this intelligence he was delighted; and the more so, as he had just learned that one of the patients whom he had sent to the hospital had died, in consequence of a relapse from having been discharged too soon. His widow, who was left destitute, travelled on foot to Paris, with her youngest child on her back, to implore the assistance of Monsieur de Marne. She cried bitterly as she related the last words of her husband, who said, when he was dying, "If Monsieur de Marne had been here, he would have had me kept in the hospital, and I should have recovered."

'As Monsieur de Marne listened, with tears in his

eyes, to this recital, he exclaimed, "That villain of a director, I will be the ruin of him!" He forgot that it was the hospital he would ruin, and that he would thus put out perhaps a hundred patients, all as poor and as sick as poor Jacques, and whose condition, had he recollected it, would be equally grievous.

'The lawsuit was carried on with great vigour, not by Monsieur de Marne, who was detained by business in Paris, but by his law agent, who, being interested in supporting what he had advanced, pursued it warmly; and fearing that Monsieur de Marne would relinquish his right, took care to keep back what was said in the country, of his folly and madness, in trying to ruin an hospital which was such a public benefit, and the daily melancholy accounts of the state to which the patients were reduced, because the director, being obliged to give up a great deal of time and money to the lawsuit, had not enough for the necessary expenses of the hospital. Had Monsieur de Marne known all these particulars, his kindly feelings would have returned; he could not have endured the idea of causing so much evil; but instead of that, his agent only entertained him with accounts of the ill doings of the director, and of the designs he had against him. Every letter he received made him more and more angry; and his hatred of one man made him forget the claims of a hundred others, on whom he should have had compassion.

'At length he gained his lawsuit. He had for some days been endeavouring to procure admission for a poor woman into the hospital of incurables at Paris. "Here are two pieces of good news," said he, as he read the letters which announced the success of each of his undertakings; and he wrote immediately to his law agent, expressing his satisfaction at the manner in which he had conducted his suit, and to the person who had procured admission for the poor woman into the hospital of incurables, thanking him for his kindness.

'For some time he thought no more of the matter; however, he one day received a letter from his agent, telling him that the director had become a bankrupt, and had fled; that no one knew where he was; and to increase his dislike to the man, he added, that during three days that his flight was unknown, because he said he was only going into the country, the patients had neither bread nor broth, and that only for some charitable individuals in the neighbourhood who had sent them relief, most of them must have died; and that it was probable some of them would die from the effects of their sufferings, and from their dismay at hearing that the hospital was likely to fall to the ground. He said it had obtained some respite, as the gentry in the town and neighbourhood had given great assistance; but it was all insufficient, and they were obliged to discharge the least suffering; that they left the hospital in tears; and that several who lived in distant villages had fallen on the road from weakness and disappointment. All these details began to make Monsieur de Marne very uneasy. The agent added at the end of his letter, "Every one observed that the director had neither order nor economy: for a long time the affairs of the hospital have been in a bad state, and the loss of the suit has completed it." Then Monsieur de Marne felt his conscience reproach him for what he had done: he pictured to himself those unfortunate people leaving the hospital in tears, sinking with weakness and grief, and perhaps calling for curses upon him. He thought of the three days that they had been without either bread or broth, and he fancied he saw their pale and emaciated countenances, and began to consider each of them individually, as you just now began to consider the trees of the forest. There was not one of them that he would not have shed his blood to save. He could not endure the idea of all the evil which he had caused them, and endeavoured to throw all the blame upon the director. He wrote to his agent, desiring him to send relief to a considerable amount, and as soon as it was possible, he set off himself to this estate, where he had not been for a long time. On his arrival, he repaired

to the town where the hospital had been: it was closed; the last patient had left it, and the house was to be sold to satisfy the creditors. Monsieur de Marne perceived that a great many people avoided him; the lawsuit had given them a very bad opinion of him, and the friends and relations of the director had contributed to increase it; indeed the misery which had been caused to so many poor people had thrown an odium over the whole affair, and turned every person against him. The report spread that he was come to purchase the house and the rest of the hospital lands; and one day, as he was passing through the streets, the children threw stones at him. He began to feel all the injury he had done, and a thousand circumstances perpetually reminded him of it. The son of Jacques, the poor man whose widow he had assisted, had broken his leg, and it remained quite distorted. Monsieur de Marne told his mother that she ought to have had it set. "That would have been easy," she replied, "when there was an hospital here; but now——" and she stopped.

"He saw that the country people were neglecting to cultivate their gardens, which he knew had been profitable to them, and inquired the reason. "Oh," said they, "we used to sell our vegetables to the hospital; but now——" and they stopped; and Monsieur de Marne saw that every one's mind was filled with a subject which it would be impossible for him ever to forget. He was about to quit the country, and even to sell his estate, when an epidemical disease broke out in the next village. It was prevalent there almost every year; and it was for that reason especially that the hospital had been originally founded by a man of wealth, who, having been attacked by the disease, made a vow that, if he recovered, he would found an hospital, into which all the poor of the village, and of a certain distance round it, should be received and taken care of. When his benevolent object was completed, all the poor, on the first symptoms of disease, repaired to the hospital, where, from the care and attention they received, they in most cases soon recovered; and it was also a great means of preventing contagion. This year the disorder was particularly severe, and the ill feeling towards Monsieur de Marne rose to a great height. He sent large assistance to the village, and endeavoured to mitigate the sufferings of the poor people; but he still heard it said as he passed along, "There goes Monsieur de Marne, who has come to restore some small part of the hospital land." If he visited a sick person, and inquired after his health, he would say, "I thank you, sir; it is tolerable; but I should have recovered much sooner at the hospital." Overwhelmed with remorse, uneasiness, and fatigue, he took the disorder and died, chiefly of grief, for having at any time forgotten that an hospital is filled with individuals, as you just now forget that a forest is composed of separate trees.

"Ah, papa! how melancholy that was," said Eugene, who had listened with the greatest attention.

"My son," said Monsieur D'Ambly, "when you grow up you will see even worse consequences arise from that want of reflection which makes us regardless of everything that does not come under our own observation, so that when objects are too great for us to see their details, we think nothing about them."

At that moment Eugene, in a musing mood, took up a stone, as was his custom, to throw among a flight of sparrows which had alighted near him: he paused. "Papa," said he, "I will not throw a stone at those sparrows, for I remember how sorry I feel when any person torments my sister's canary bird, and when I see the poor little thing trying to give itself in every corner of the cage: it seems to me as if each of those sparrows, were I to frighten them, would feel just as my sister's bird does."

"That is precisely, my son, what you ought to do if ever you are intrusted with the interests of a number of persons at once; and that you may be tempted to forget that the regiment you command, or the department you have to manage, is composed of men like

yourself; and you should always put yourself, or those you love, in the place of each of them."

They now reached home, and passed close by the lime tree.

"Ah!" said Eugene, "I must take my leave of you."

"No," said Monsieur D'Ambly, smiling, "it shall remain, provided you promise to remember, every time you look at it, that each tree in a forest is entitled to as much respect as your lime, and that in an assemblage of persons, whatever may be their denomination, each person's interest is of as much importance as your own."

WANT OF READING-ROOMS IN LONDON.

DENIZENS of the provinces are sometimes told by their London friends, that in that city there is every imaginable luxury and convenience. The assertion is liable to exception. We have never visited the metropolis without experiencing a difficulty in seeing the newspapers. Did we belong to a club, or to a literary institution, this difficulty would not be experienced. Were we willing to frequent taverns or coffee-houses, we might see at least a morning, if not also an evening or weekly paper. But if the contrary be the case, an ordinary stranger has no chance of procuring these gratifications without a considerable expense. The cause of this is the want of reading-rooms, where one may see the journals at a small charge, free from all other responsibilities. There is not in London any institution corresponding to the Exchange Rooms of Manchester, Glasgow, and many other cities, where a stranger is allowed to attend free for some time, and where he sees the principal newspapers of the empire. Neither, as far as we could hear, is there any private newspaper reading-room, such as are seen in many smaller cities, where, for a small charge per visit, he can indulge to the utmost possible extent in journal-devouring; having spread before him the *Herald*, *Gazettes*, and *Chronicles* of not only London, but the principal towns in the country. One may, indeed, have a London paper left at his lodgings for an hour by a newsman at a small charge; but this is very far short of what is needed. A gentleman from the country would like, while in London, to see the whole of the newspapers of the district to which he belongs, as well as a variety of the metropolitan and other provincial journals. Thousands of such persons must every day feel this want, and suffer inconvenience from its not being supplied.

There are, we believe, in London a few reading-rooms apart from houses of entertainment; but they are conducted on a very slender scale, and are thinly scattered. There are also a few houses of entertainment, in which a great number of journals are to be found, which strangers are allowed to consult by paying a small fee, should they not require refreshment. This we believe to be the case at the Messrs Deacon's of Walbrook. These individuals, besides keeping a coffee or tea house, are the London agents for a vast number of provincial newspapers: consequently, in their establishment at least one journal from each town in Great Britain, besides all the metropolitan newspapers, may be seen. The same may be said of the older established house known as 'Peels' in Fleet Street. There is, besides, a large coffee-house in High Holborn called 'The Crown,' where a great many newspapers, magazines, &c. are taken in. But these places exist almost in vain for the stranger, as he may visit London a score of times (as we have done) without once hearing of them; or, should he know of their existence, they may be so far from his ordinary resorts as to be useless to him. In short, the practical state of the case, we know, is such, that to most visitors of London, the time spent there is a time of defective intelligence. A gentleman feels himself

cut off from all but one or two of the sources of information which he enjoys in the country. Instead of the scores of papers, as well as other journals, which he may see at any hour of the day in his own town, he is probably condemned to a single brief visit of the one sole and eternal *Times*, containing, over and above the public news, only such minor matters as are interesting to a Londoner. And even the ordinary inhabitants of London, unless those who frequent the Hall of Commerce in the centre of the city, and the other places above specified, have nothing like the same advantages in this respect as the inhabitants of the secondary cities of the empire. They may have their one or two London journals at a coffee-house, and such as belong to the 'clubs' may command a somewhat more liberal share of intelligence; but they have no opportunity of consulting anything like that variety of home, foreign, and colonial journals which the gentlemen of most of the lesser cities of Britain obtain for their annual guinea, and to which, in most cases, strangers are admitted for a month without any charge whatever.

Amongst the many schemes continually under trial in London, why is there not one for supplying this want? To give some idea of what is required, let us advert to the character of the provincial news-rooms. They are mostly of one class; namely, Subscription Reading-rooms; that is to say, the principal men of business in the town subscribe one or at most two guineas each for a room, usually called the Exchange Room, where they may meet at any hour, and where all the principal newspapers and shipping and commercial lists of the empire are taken in. Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Glasgow, Dundee, and many other large towns, are thus provided. In other instances, the room is a matter of private enterprise: for example, in Edinburgh there is a room of this kind, instead of one upon the subscription plan. The proprietors (Messrs Harthill and Son) charge a pound a year, or five shillings a quarter, for the privilege of access; but a stranger, or any other person, may visit it if he puts a penny into a box at the door. What is rather surprising, there is no one of the Subscription Rooms so liberally furnished with papers as this. We find, on inquiry, that it takes in eight London daily papers (several copies of each), forty-five London weekly, forty-four English provincial, thirteen Irish, fifteen Edinburgh (of some ten copies of each), forty-eight Scottish provincial, being all that are published, and nineteen foreign and colonial. There are, besides, five-and-twenty of the principal periodicals, monthly and quarterly, and all the share-lists published throughout the country; in all, 700 papers per week, or above 100 for each working day. So liberal an entertainment laid before the stranger in our northern capital, at the charge of a penny, contrasts strangely with the single *Times* which the same money obtains from a newsman in London. But it is not here alone that this convenience is upon a better footing than in the metropolis. There is now hardly a small burgh or thriving village in Scotland, where it is not possible to command more sources of public intelligence at a small charge, than in that city which boasts of supplying every imaginable want with unprecedented nicety.

It has sometimes been remarked that there is less interest in public affairs in London than in the provinces. It is still more certain that such interest as the Londoners have to bestow upon public matters is extremely limited in its scope. The view of an intelligent person in the country comprehends London as well as the provinces; but persons of intelligence in London are very apt to look little beyond their own city. Hence there is often a greater provinciality in the London mind than in that of the provinces. May not this be owing, in some measure, to the habits of the people of London with regard to the reading of newspapers? The everlasting diet upon the one morning paper, must tend greatly to narrow the mind and concentrate the sympathies; a wider range of intellectual pasturage might be expected to have the opposite effect. For this

reason, as well as with regard to our own interests as occasional visitors of that all but paperless metropolis, we desire most earnestly that right and fitting reading-rooms were established in it.

THE HISTORY OF HOUSE LIGHTS.

A GREAT deal of discussion has been kept up concerning the respective merits of various inventions for lighting apartments. The question of lamps or candles has for the last dozen years been argued and experimented upon, and, except in localities where pure gas is to be obtained, it is not yet finally settled. To give fresh interest to the discussion, we propose producing some facts concerning the contrivances our predecessors adopted for lighting the darkness of their habitations.

To begin at the very beginning, we may readily conceive that aboriginal man, having provided himself with a hut to cover him, and with fire to make a comfortable temperature, naturally sought to enliven his rude abode, and to lengthen the short days of winter, by a more steady and enduring light than that given forth by the flickering and smoking fuel on the hearth. He therefore procured strips of dry wood, and setting one end on fire, stuck the other into the sides of his hut. The light thus afforded enabled him to perform his labours or enjoy his amusements during the night. The quantity of smoke and the resinous stench emitted by that sort of torch, soon drove him to some better expedient; hence we find that, at an early period of history, oil placed in some sort of vessel, and burned by means of a fibrous wick, was substituted. Still, for out-door purposes, and in large apartments, flambeaux or torches have never fallen entirely into disuse. In the baronial times they were much employed; but instead of being fastened to the wall, were held by human candlesticks—serfs whose whole business it was to give light to their master and his guests. Sir John Froissart states, in his minute description of the Count de Foix's mode of life at 'Orthes' (Ortez), that when 'he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a large lighted torch before him, which were placed near his table, and gave a brilliant light to the apartment.' Even so late as the seventeenth century, a similar practice existed in the Scottish Highlands. During great entertainments, a torch-bearer stood behind the chair of each guest; and long strips of dry fir are still called 'cannel' or candle fir.

In tracing the origin of the lamp, we naturally turn to the records of the earliest civilised people; but it is singular that the paintings and sculptures of Egypt, which afford such ample and curious information on other subjects of ancient domestic comfort, leave us in the dark on the subject of artificial light. 'The paintings,' says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 'offer no representation which can be proved to indicate a lamp, a torch, or any other kind of light.' A close inspection, however, of some of the funeral processions, reveals, in the hand of one of the figures, something which looks like a torch. The sculptures of Alabastron, again, represent a guard of soldiers, one of whom holds before him an object which resembles a lantern; but the forms of both torch and lantern are so uncertain as to be insufficient to decide the question. At a later period, lamps were commonly used in Egypt as in other parts of the world. The earliest notice of them is by Herodotus, who mentions 'a feast of burning lamps' which took place at Saïs, and indeed throughout Egypt, at a certain period of the year. The lamps were 'small vases filled with salt and olive oil, on which the wick floated and burnt during the whole night.' The modern lamp-maker, therefore, who flattered himself that he made a discovery when he put forth his 'floating lights,' only reproduced what was in common use more than two thousand years ago. Doubtless the lamps employed for domestic purposes were similar to those described by

Herodotus. Those commonly used by the Jews, after their establishment in Judea, were probably of the same kind. By them lamps formed—as at present in many other creeds and forms of worship—an important feature in their religious ceremonies. The golden lamp-stand, or, as it is rendered, 'candlestick,' was one of the sacred utensils made by Moses to be placed in the Jewish tabernacle. It was made of hammered gold, a talent in weight. It consisted of seven branches supported by a base or foot. These branches were adorned at equal distances with six flowers like Klieas, and with as many bowls and knobs placed alternately. Upon the stock and branches of the candlestick were the golden lamps, which were immovable, wherein were put oil and cotton. These seven lamps were lighted every evening, and extinguished every morning. They had their tongs or snuffers to draw the cotton in or out, and dishes under them to receive the sparks or droppings of the oil. This candlestick was placed in the antechamber of the sanctuary, on the south side, and served to illuminate the altar of perfume and the tabernacle of the show-bread. When Solomon had built the temple of the Lord, he placed in it ten golden candlesticks of the same form as that described by Moses—five on the north, and five on the south side of the holy place; but after the Babylonish captivity, the golden candlestick was again placed in the temple as it had been before in the tabernacle by Moses. This sacred utensil, upon the destruction of the Jewish temple by the Romans, was lodged in the temple of peace built by Vespasian; and the representation of it is still to be seen on the triumphal arch at the foot of Mount Palatine, on which Vespasian's triumph is delineated.

Except in the shape and fashion of lamps, no improvement of any importance was made in their construction. Up to a recent period, the principle of the lamp was the same, consisting of an oil vessel—generally open—with a sort of spout along which a wick of rush, pith, or cotton was laid, to conduct the oil to the flame. A vast number of these lamps have been found amongst the remains of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other places, some having elegant, and others grotesque shapes; according, of course, to the places they were designed to illuminate. They were applied to three principal uses.—First, for religious rites in temples, or for festivals, for both the Egyptians and the Athenians celebrated certain festivals by means of public illuminations. Secondly, lamps were deposited in sepulchres; but their chief use was, thirdly, in domestic life. These, among the Romans, were mostly of terra cotta, and bronze; but golden, silver, glass, and even marble lamps, are mentioned by various authors. Those of terra cotta were usually of a long, round form, flat, and without feet; but when expensive materials were used, more elaborate forms were adopted. At the orifice for pouring in the oil, a mythological figure was designed in relief. Sometimes the whole lamp consisted of an elegant or a grotesque figure. In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1751, there are several plates of very curious Roman lamps. The stand of one is formed by a representation of a fowl's leg and claws supporting the bust of a man with his mouth open, out of which protrudes the wick of the lamp. Another is a sandaled foot, with a hole in the nail of the great toe for the burner. The heads of all sorts of animals were fashioned for lamps, and indeed every object which presented an orifice out of which a flame might naturally or unnaturally be made to issue. One of the prettiest of these designs is that of a Mercury crouching behind the stump of a hollow tree; from the hollow proceeds the light, and the figure is represented as kindling the flame by blowing with his breath.

Roman domestic lamps (*lucernæ*) were either suspended by chains from the ceiling, or stood on candelabra. These are perhaps amongst the most elegant objects which have been spared to us by antiquity. They were very tall, and consisted of three and sometimes four parts—the foot, the shaft, and the *discus* or plate. The shaft was usually fluted, and rested on three feet

of animals, above which was some leaf ornament; it terminated in a capital, on which was a kind of vase, covered by the plate bearing the lamp. Sometimes a head or figure was above the capital, and supported the plate. The candelabra produced at Aegina and Tarentum were especially remarkable for the beauty of their workmanship, and each place signalled itself in the construction of certain parts. Some have a second plate immediately above the foot, and are beautifully ornamented. There were also Corinthian ones, as they were called, which sold at high prices; but Pliny denies that they are genuine. There were also candelabra so constructed that the lamps could be raised or lowered; in these the shaft was hollow, and into it a staff was fitted; this bore the plate, and had several holes, into which a pin could be inserted. In some, the animal's feet could be laid together by a hinge attached, and it seems to have been thus made for use on a journey: it was only three palms five inches high, but could be lengthened if necessary. There were also four other sorts of candelabra, in which the simple shaft became either a statue holding a torch, from which the lamp burned, or above which two arms were raised, holding the plate; or the shaft was changed into a column, whereon a Moor's head served as a lamp. But still more numerous are those called *lampadaria*; they are stems of trees, or pillars standing on a base, from the capital of which the lamps were suspended. But these must not be confounded with the *lychnuchi* mentioned by Pliny, as he was describing something unusual; and the *lychnuchi pensiles* may perhaps be compared to our chandeliers.*

The lamp, either hung from the ceiling of the apartment, or placed on one of these superb stands, was filled with vegetable oil by means of vessels very like modern butter-boats, and called *infrondibula*. The wick was either of hemp, flax, or the leaves of a kind of verbas-cum or lungwort, whence this plant is sometimes called torch-weed. A lamp is said to have been found at Stabiae, with the wick still preserved. Instruments for snuffing were fastened by a chain to the lamp, together with small pincers for raising the wick; though, when the lamp was in the form of a human figure, these instruments were held in its hand.

When lighted, nothing but constant wont and habit could have made the smoke and smell of the lamp tolerable to the ancients. Their faces and clothes—especially at a feast where an unusual number of lights were employed—became blackened; and a Roman beauty could hardly retain her charms long after the commencement of a night festival. The gorgeous ornaments of the rooms were also damaged from the same cause; and Vitruvius directs, in his work on architecture, that, to hide the unsightly stains of smoke, the panels should be black, with red and yellow margins, and polished, so that the smut may be readily removed by servants. Various efforts were made from time to time to do away with the inconvenience, but they never thought of having glass chimneys. Candles were resorted to; and, indeed, the candelabra were originally made to hold them, though, from the imperfect manner in which the *candela* were manufactured, they were replaced by lamps. Rushes and papyrus fibres, smeared over with wax or tallow, were in use for temporary purposes—for lighting lamps, or for going from one chamber to another. Becker, in his admirable classical novel of 'Gallus,' makes his hero return home late at night, and is received by his freed-man, Chresimus, who 'proceeded to light a wax candle at one of the lamps; and led the way through the saloons and colonnades to the sleeping apartment of his lord.' According to Pliny, wax and tallow candles were employed in religious offices, and they have continued to be so used ever since. In the twelfth century, wax candles, some of them of great length and thickness, were generally seen in Roman Catholic churches, smaller ones being upheld in chandeliers; the lighting, trimming, and putting out of

* See Becker's 'Gallus,' translated by Frederick Moislé, D. A.

which, being occasionally performed as a religious rite. Thus, there was the process of excommunicating by inch of candle: the sinner was summoned to appear at the lighting of a small piece of candle, and was allowed to come to repentance while it continued burning; but should he neglect to present himself before the candle went out, he remained finally excommunicated. To this practice is traced the custom of auction sales 'by the candle,' which is still in vogue, especially in seaports. When the merchandise is put up for sale, the bystanders are allowed to bid while a small piece of candle remains lighted, but when it goes out, the 'lot' is adjudged to the last bidder.

As refinement increased, candles were gradually introduced from sacred to private edifices, and used for domestic purposes, almost to the exclusion of lamps. They have remained pretty much the same for centuries; consisting chiefly of cotton wicks surrounded by tallow or wax. Even those made with all the improvements of modern science are expensive, and give very little light; but those still used in countries into which such improvements have not penetrated, are only calculated to make darkness visible. The following picture of a room in Cairo at night, presents as cheerless an aspect as an apartment must have done in Europe during what we call 'the dark ages':—Mr Lane, in his 'Modern Egyptians,' informs us that the light of one or two candles, placed on the floor, or on a stool, and sometimes surrounded by a large glass shade, or enclosed in a glass lantern, on account of the windows being merely of lattice-work, is generally thought sufficient for a large and lofty saloon. In the winter, the saloon is quite as sombre, for, as there is no fireplace, it is warmed by a brazier, or chafing-dish (called *muncud*), made of tinned copper, full of burning charcoal, placed on the floor, into which perfume is occasionally thrown. The Egyptians take great delight in perfumes, and often fumigate their apartments, most commonly with frankincense, benzoin or cascarilla bark, and aloes wood; ambergris is rarely used on account of its costliness. The wood is moistened before being placed on the charcoal.

We must now describe the manner in which artificial light is produced. So little commonplace will this information be, that we believe there are comparatively few persons who know upon what principle illumination from the lamps or candles which they are so constantly using is effected.

Every light is a gas-light; with this simple difference, that coal gas is made at a distance from the burner, whilst candles and lamps manufacture their gas at the burner. Oil or tallow cannot take fire, unless previously volatilised by heat, which is effected by means of the wick, through the fibres of which the melted tallow or wax rises, in consequence of capillary attraction. The wick, itself easily inflamed by another ignited body, when lighted, heats the oil to a degree which brings it to the condition of vapour or gas, and that igniting as it rises, supplies the flame. The oil first raised and volatilised is in this manner dissipated by combustion; more succeeds to fill its place, and thus a constant combustion is kept up. A candle, however, differs from a lamp in a very essential circumstance. The oil of the lamp is always fluid, and only required to be boiled into vapour by the heat of the wick; but the tallow, being at first solid, has first to be liquefied and brought into the state of oil. That which is in the vicinity of the wick is first melted, and the external rim of the candle not being rendered fluid, a cup is thus formed which contains the melted portion. The melted tallow or oil being boiled by the flame into the state of vapour, ascends in a column, and, being heated to a high temperature, it combines rapidly with the oxygen of the surrounding atmosphere, the heat evolved being so great as to cause the vapour to be white hot, and very luminous, thus constituting visible flame. But the combustion that occasions this can only take place in that part of the column of hot vapour which is in contact with the atmosphere,

namely, the exterior surface. The flame of a candle or lamp, then, is not solid throughout, but is only a thin film of white hot vapour, enclosing a quantity of heated vapour, which, for want of oxygen, is incapable of attaining the greatest degree of heat in burning. In other words, it is only the vapour which rises from the outside of the wick, which, coming in contact with the atmosphere, takes up from it sufficient oxygen to cause ignition. That in the inside of the flame not being immediately supplied with oxygen, rises unburnt from the centre of the wick in the form of smoke. By a pretty experiment, it is possible to extract the unburnt vapour from the centre of the flame, and to inflame it. Procure a piece of a small glass tube, having a bore of an eighth of an inch; insert the end of it dexterously into the dark part of the flame where the hollow is supposed to be, and the unburnt vapour will ascend through the tube, and may be set fire to at the top by a piece of lighted paper, forming a smaller flame of the same kind as the first.* Exactly upon this principle coal gas is manufactured and conducted through pipes.

Candles no sooner came into general domestic use, than their superiority over the oil lamps of old was found so great, that up to a recent period no other light was so much used. Still, they have their faults, and though these are trifling, they are felt to be extremely inconvenient in this age of luxurious comfort. Tallow candles, especially, constantly require to be snuffed; their light, therefore, is uncertain. Wax candles, which require no snuffing, are too expensive for general use; hence numerous compositions have been made, meant to combine the conveniences of wax with the cheapness of tallow; such as spermaceti, stearine, &c. Comparatively, all candles are expensive, considering the small quantity of light each gives, and there always has been a desire to readapt lamps, so improved as to make house-lighting a cheaper process. For this reason an immense aggregate of mechanical ingenuity has been from time to time expended upon the construction of lamps, so as to render them fit for domestic purposes.

Yet from the earliest times to 1780, no serviceable improvement was made; but in that year M. Argand, a native of Geneva, promulgated an invention of great advantage. It has been before explained, that the interior of an ordinary flame consists of gas which is not inflamed, because it is debarred from mixing with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Argand, therefore, caused a circular wick to be constructed, so burnt in a hollow burner, that the air not only came to the outside, but also to the inside of the flame; a draught of air being produced by a glass chimney, which, protecting the flame from draughts, caused little or no smoke. So excellent was this principle proved to be, that every succeeding inventor made it a basis of improvement, few attempting to adopt any other sort of burner; their ingenuity being chiefly expended on other parts of the lamp. The most elegant improvement was the annular table lamp, the oil reservoir of which consisting of a circular tube placed below the light, casts comparatively no shadow,† which all lamps upon the old construction did. The rays of light were the more equally diffused by the intervention of a large ground-glass shade.

The chief objections to the best lamps are the difficulty of keeping them in order, from a constant clogging of the burner and ducts, and the expense of oil, the very best of which can only be used in them with success. A late inventor has introduced a lamp in which cheap oil may be burnt, by causing it to be heated before rising to the flame. The cistern in this case is contained in a tube which immediately surrounds the upper part of the flame, so that while it is burning, the oil is kept hot, and the more readily volatilised when

* Cyclopædia of Domestic Economy, p. 123.

† This sort of lamp, much improved, is called the *sinumbra* (no umbra, no shade) lamp.

taken up by the wick. Another very clever, because simple invention, is that called the solar lamp. A cap is placed upon the burner, so as to cause a great draught of air to discharge itself at the bottom of the flame, keeping up a constant supply of oxygen. Common oil in this lamp burns with little smoke, and if the best oil be used, the smoke is hardly perceptible.

To enumerate a tithe of the light-giving inventions which have been made during the last fifty years, would occupy a vast amount of space and patience. We can only add, therefore, that bituminous substances have been used to manufacture inflammable fluids as substitutes for oil, such as naphtha. An essential oil called camphine has been lately introduced, and employed, in a lamp made expressly to burn it, with success.

A singular fate has attended most of these inventions. When they first appear, their patrons and purchasers are in a sort of rapture at their apparent perfection. They are employed for a certain time with gratification to the customer and profit to the inventor; but in a little while, some little fault not evinced at first makes its appearance, the charm of the invention gradually disappears, and the disappointed housekeeper returns to candles. One or two of the lamps we have enumerated have, however, maintained a very good reputation.

Good coal gas, conducted from the manufactory by means of metal pipes to the place of burning, appears to supply every desideratum; but the difficulty of procuring it pure, combined with a strong prejudice against it, has retarded its introduction into English private houses. In the large towns of Scotland, however, gas is all but universally in use for domestic illumination. The coal from which it is made being better adapted for its manufacture than that used in English gasometers, renders it of a better quality; though the great improvements which have been made of late in the purifying process have so greatly bettered the quality of English gas, that private families are gradually adopting it. The advantages of gas light are thus summed up in the *Cyclopædia of Domestic Economy*:—"Its cheapness, compared with any other, when much light is required; the vast saving of the time and labour that would be necessary for cleaning and trimming lamps, or in cleaning candlesticks and snuffing candles, together with the constant attendance required for these operations. Gas lights are perfectly cleanly, and are not accompanied with the dropping of grease and spilling of oil which accompany the other modes of lighting. They may likewise be easily conveyed by pipes to situations where it would be difficult to fix any other lights. When the gas is managed in the best way, the light is extremely agreeable, and the smoke which always proceeds from candles is avoided." No sparks fly off to set houses on fire, and when artificial light is not required, by stopping off the gas from the main pipe, no escape and after-explosion need be dreaded. The chief objection to gas is its want of portability.

In reference to economy, Dr Ure's experiments have determined the following facts:—"If a certain quantity of light from tallow candles cost 1s., an equal quantity from an Argand lamp will cost 6½d., and from gas 2½d."

N. P. WILLIS'S DASHES AT LIFE.

THE Pencilings by the Way of our American friend Mr Willis made some noise in England. Many exclaimed against the liberties taken with private life, but all felt the charm of the lively description. Perhaps there never was a better thing of its kind than the account of the morning at Gordon Castle. Since then, the American attaché has been pursuing a literary career in his native country, and occasionally making himself heard of on this side of the water. He is a magazine-writer of the first mark—sharp, rattling, superficial, and all this with the twang of his country's peculiarities.

On the present occasion, he gives the British public

three volumes of his magazine papers, and three amusing volumes they are.* Here and there we find ourselves at fault with some New York or Massachusetts refinement of humour; now and then there is a dash of—we must say it—vulgarity; but the book is nevertheless a capital afternoon one, for one thing Mr Willis has covenanted never to be—dull. In 'Passages from a Correspondence Written at New York,' we find him describing a plan for a novel kind of hotel, of the kind which grow out to such luxuriances in America. 'I understand it has lately occurred to some gentlemen with open eyes, that anchorage is cheaper than ground-rent—that a ship of war is but a spacious hotel upside down, and that the most desirable site for a summer residence, as to pure air, neighbourhood, novelty, and economy, is now occupied by the Independence and North Carolina, the men-of-war just off the battery. The latter ship being unseaworthy, it is proposed to purchase her of the government for the experiment. It is estimated that she can accommodate comfortably three hundred persons. The immense upper-deck is to be covered with a weather-proof awning, blue and white, in the style of the Alhambra, and given up entirely to dining, dancing, lounging, and the other uses of hotel drawing-rooms. A more magnificent promenade than this immense deck, cleared of guns and lumber fore and aft, and surrounded entirely by luxurious sofas, could scarcely be imagined. The kitchens and offices are to occupy the forward part of the second deck, or, if the vessel is crowded, to be transferred to a small tender alongside. The port-holes are to be enlarged to spacious windows, and the two decks below, which are above the water-line, will be entirely occupied by splendid rooms, open to the entire breadth of the bay, and furnished in the Oriental and cushioned style, suitable to the luxurious wants of hot weather. Minute barges will ply to and from the shore, connected with the Waverley line of omnibuses; bath-houses will be anchored just astern; a café and ice-cream shop will be established in the main and mizen-tops (to be reached by a covered staircase); and sofas, for the accommodation of smokers, will be put under a pent-house roof, outside the vessel, in the main-chains. The cockpit and hold will of course unite the uses of a hotel garret and cellar. It will have the advantage of other hotels, in swinging round with the tide, so that the lodgers on both sides of the ship will see, by turns, from the windows the entire panorama of the bay. When lightened of her guns, and her upper spars and rigging, it is thought she will float so much higher as to bear piercing for another line of port-hole windows, affording some bachelors' rooms at the water-line, corresponding in price and convenience with the sky-chambers of the Astor. An eccentric individual, I am told, has bargained for a private parlour, to be suspended under the bowsprit, in imitation of the nest of the hanging-bird. Altogether, the scheme seems charming and feasible. The name of the hotel, by the way, is to be "Saratoga Afloat;" the waiters are to be dressed in the becoming toggery of tars; and the keeper of the house is to wear a folded napkin, epaulette fashion, on either shoulder, and to be called invariably "commodore."

The light tales in this book we can only speak of as sparkling and clever; passages from them would be of no avail. The manner in which Mr Willis tells a story may, however, be conceived from a passage in a sketch called 'Mr Goggins.' This person is an American tradesman, who, suddenly enriched, goes to Paris with his family, and commences a brilliant style of life, in which he secures general admiration purely by the efficacy of 'plain business tact.' 'Perhaps we should,' says the author, 'give more credit to this faculty in Goggins. It is possibly not far removed from the genius of a great financier or eminent state treasurer. It is the power of coming directly at values, and ridding them of their

* *Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil.* By N. P. Willis. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1844.

"riders"—of getting for less what others from want of penetration get for more. I am inclined to think Goggins would have been quite as successful in any other field of calculation, and one instance of a very different application of his reasoning powers would go to favour the belief.

While in Italy, he employed a celebrated but imprudent artist to paint a picture, the subject of which was a certain event of rather a humble character, in which he had been an actor. The picture was to be finished at a certain time, and at the urgent plea of the artist the money was advanced. The time expired, and the picture was not sent home, and the forfeited bond of the artist was accordingly put in suit. The delinquent, who had not thought twice of the subject, addressed one or two notes of remonstrance to his summary employer, and receiving no reply, and the law crowding very closely upon his heels, he called upon Goggins and appealed, among other arguments, to the difference in their circumstances, and the indulgent pity due from rich to poor.

"Where do you dine to-day?" asked Goggins. "To-day—let me see—Monday—I dine with Lady——" (The artist, as Goggins knew, was a favourite in the best society in Florence.) "And where did you dine yesterday?" "Yesterday—hum—yesterday I dined with Sir George——. No! I breakfasted with Sir George, and dined with the grand chamberlain. Excuse me! I have so many engagements——" "Ah!—and you are never at a loss for a dinner or a breakfast?" The artist smiled. "No!" "Are you well lodged?" "Yes—on the Arno." "And well clad, I see." (The painter was rather a dandy withal.)

"Well, sir!" said Goggins, folding up his arms, and looking sterner than before, "you have, as far as I can understand it, every luxury and comfort which a fortune could procure you, and none of the care and trouble of a fortune, and you enjoy these advantages by a claim which is not liable to bankruptcy, nor to be squandered, nor burnt—without the slightest anxiety, in short."

The artist assented.

"So far, there is no important difference in our worldly condition, except that I have this anxiety and trouble, and am liable to these very casualties." Goggins paused, and the painter nodded again. "And now, sir, over and above this, what would you take to exchange with me the esteem in which we are severally held—you to become the rich, uneducated, and plain Simon Goggins, and I to possess your genius, your elevated tastes, and the praise and fame which these procure you?" The artist turned uneasily on his heels. "No, sir!" continued Goggins; "you are not a man to be pitied, and least of all by me. And I don't pity you, sir. And what's more, you shall point that picture, sir, or go to prison. Good morning, sir."

And the result was a painting, finished in three days, and one of the masterpieces of that accomplished painter, for he embodied, in the figure and face of Goggins, the character which he had struck out so unexpectedly—retaining the millionaire's friendship and patronage, though never again venturing to trifle with his engagements.

We conclude with another very brief extract, where some of Mr Willis's English recollections are drawn upon. "The covered promenade of the Burlington Arcade is, on rainy days, a great allure for a small chop-house hard by, called 'The Blue Posts.' This is a snug little tavern, with the rear of its two storeys cut into a single dining-room, where chops, steaks, ale, and punch may be had in unusual perfection. It is frequented ordinarily by a class of men peculiar, I should think, to England—taciturn, methodical in their habits, and highly respectable in their appearance—men who seem to have no amusements and no circle of friends, but who come in at six, and sit over their punch and the newspapers till bed-time, without speaking a syllable, except to the waiter, and apparently turning a cold shoulder of discouragement to any one in the room who may be

disposed to offer a passing remark. They hang their hats daily on the same peg, daily sit at the same table (where the chair is turned down for them by "William," the short waiter), daily drink a small pitcher of punch after their half-pint of sherry, and daily read, from beginning to end, the Herald, Post, and Times, with the variation of the Athenæum and Spectator on Saturdays and Sundays. I at first hazarded various conjectures as to their condition in life. They were evidently unmarried, and men of easy though limited means—men of no great care, and no high hopes, and in a fixed station; yet of that degree of intelligence and firm self-respect which, in other countries (the United States, certainly, at least), would have made them sought for in some more social and higher sphere than that with which they seemed content. I afterward obtained something of a clue to the mystery of the "Blue Posts" society, by discovering two of the most respectable-looking of its customers in the exercise of their daily vocations. One—a man of fine phrenological development, rather bald, and altogether very intellectual in his "os sublime"—I met at the rooms of a fashionable friend, taking his measure for pantaloons. He was the foreman of a celebrated Bond Street tailor. The other was the head shopman of a famous haberdasher in Regent Street; and either might have passed for Godwin the novelist, or Babbage the calculator—with those who had seen those great intellects only in their imaginations. It is only in England that men who, like these, have read or educated themselves far above their situations in life, would quietly submit to the arbitrary disqualifications of their pursuits, and agree unresistingly to the sentence of exile from the society suited to their mental grade. The truth of this remark must be recognised by all who have looked below the surface of that mass of artificial life which constitutes London.

MESSRS CHAMBERS'S SOIRÉE.

(From the Glasgow Citizen—with additions.)

On the evening of Wednesday last (6th August), the annual soirée or entertainment given by Messrs W. and R. Chambers to the numerous persons in their employment, took place in the large Waterloo-Room, Edinburgh, which was appropriately fitted up for the occasion. The manner in which the tables were disposed was somewhat peculiar, and deserves to be mentioned. Instead of a platform for the speakers being placed at one end, there was a platform ranged along one side, in the centre of which was the seat for the chairman, while in front of it tables were radiated like a fan, so that all could see and hear, and be at the same time in the eye of the speakers. On the opposite side of the room was a similar platform and seat for the vice-chairman. When we entered, shortly after six o'clock, we were struck with the elegant appearance of the company, albeit the greater number belonged to the operative class, as well as with the neatness of the arrangements and decorations. On a raised stage opposite the door, Spindler's band was booming forth a favourite national air; but our attention was soon distracted by the entrance of the givers of the entertainment, Mr William Chambers, who took his seat as chairman, and Mr Robert Chambers, who acted as vice-chairman. Both sat down amidst loud bursts of applause, and the congratulations of the numerous friends who supported them on either side.

After tea and coffee being served, Mr William Chambers rose and spoke as follows:—Ladies and Gentlemen—It is my duty to open the business of the present meeting by mentioning its objects and character. This is the eighth annual soirée or entertainment given by my brother and myself to the persons in our employment, now about 150 in number; besides whom, on the present occasion, there are a number of their and our friends, altogether forming a party of upwards of 300. Our object is now, as in former years, to unite the two classes of employers and employed in a friendly social meeting, with a view to the cultivation of a good spirit between the parties. This spirit it has always been our desire to promote, and that our efforts have not been thrown away is evidenced in the harmony

which has prevailed for years, and still prevails, in our establishment. In addition to the ordinary payment for labour, my brother and I feel that we do no more than our duty in now tendering our best thanks for the diligence and good conduct displayed by all in our employment during the past twelve months—and not only so, but for the uniform courtesy and respect shown towards us, as well as those to whom more immediately belongs the superintendence of our affairs. And in doing so, I entertain a lively hope that nothing shall ever occur to mar the happy feeling that now subsists between us. Hitherto, it has been customary to give this entertainment in one of the halls of our printing-office; but that is no longer possible or convenient, in consequence of the growth of our numbers and the extension of our business. We regret the change, for there was something extremely interesting in finding ourselves seated at the social board amidst the very scenes of our daily industry. It has, however, been unavoidable, and I can only express my hope that the meeting in this public room will be marked as much by the spirit of peace and good-will as our former assemblages. It has been customary for me, in opening proceedings, to bring forward a sort of budget of the operations of the year. I do not know whether this be quite right, seeing that it is somewhat egotistical; yet I daresay it may, after all, not be the worst way of entertaining you for one or two minutes, to present to you a statement of our recent operations. You are of course aware that we print and otherwise prepare nothing but our own works, and such has latterly been the increased demand for these productions, that we have, during the last six months, doubled the extent of our premises. We now accommodate ten printing-machines, driven by a steam-engine of from ten to twelve horse-power, and calculate on being able to print and send forth 50,000 sheets daily. During the past year, for a part of which we had only five machines, we have printed altogether twelve millions of sheets, and thus used about twenty-five thousand reams of paper. Among the works absorbing this mass of paper, the leading one has been the *Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, the average circulation of which has been 159,000 weekly, while of some particular numbers not fewer than 240,000 have been sold. The next place is taken by the *Journal*, the oldest of our publications, which averages 88,000 weekly. The remainder of the account is made up by reprints of our *Information for the People*, *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, and *Educational Course*. Such a vast diffusion of literary matter is of course a novelty in the world, and may be pointed to as an undeniable proof of the activity of mind in our time among the middle and humbler classes. I cannot but feel pleasure in the reflection that, as far as our abilities permit, the whole of this literary mass is fraught with beneficial objects. We seek, while entertaining mankind, also to instruct and moralise them—to elevate each reader a step higher in the moral and intellectual scale. Every new idea that appears likely to lessen the sufferings or promote the happiness of our race, is sure of encouragement from us. It must be known to you that our *Journal* and other publications are carried on without the aid of sect, party, or association of any kind. Trusting to our own pens and our own purposes, with such literary assistance as could be obtained, we have addressed the human heart, and have there found a response which enables us to pursue our course. Convinced that in literature, as in everything else, integrity and independence of principle are the soundest policy, it is our resolution to continue to avoid all sectarian or controversial topics, and to address ourselves to all sects, all parties, all races, on one common ground of enlarged humanity, leaving to others what they may further believe to be necessary. Mr Chambers concluded by referring to various arrangements connected with their establishment, designed to render the men comfortable, in particular a library for their free and daily use. He then in a feeling manner called up several boys to receive prizes for good conduct, which were distributed amidst much applause.

Among the other proceedings of the evening was a reply from the working-men of the establishment, delivered by Mr Daniel Anderson, one of the compositors.

[Mr Chairman—The recurrence of the present festival occasion brings me before you as representing the various individuals composing the establishment of Messrs Chambers, to respond to those sentiments of affectionate kindness which have just fallen from our respected chairman; and to express our ardent desire, that such declarations

of reciprocal regard may not merely be exchanged between us on such occasions as the present, but that each individual in this large and increasing establishment—from its more important functionaries to the most humble and obscure of its members—individually imbibing the spirit which has pervaded the address of Mr Chambers, may henceforth resolve to conduct himself towards those with whom he is associated in the business of this establishment, as to impress more thoroughly upon our hearts, by seeing it run through all our actions, the interesting and humanising truth of the 'brotherhood of man.' This truth it is the object of such meetings as the present, if not to create, at least to cherish and perpetuate. And by making it thus to appear as a principle tinging our external behaviour, we will learn that, in the prosecution of what is sometimes called the 'every-day business of life,' there is a possibility of doing it in such a manner as to manifest it is not mere duty in which we are engaged, but as affording scope for the exercise of a principle by which we not only impart, but also simultaneously receive, good of a very salutary nature; that good which you, our employers, have sought in years past, and do still seek to find existing among the various individuals in your establishment, as also among the various classes into which society is divided; we mean, the principle which leads men to respect and esteem each other, so as to live peaceably together. Need we say, in accordance with this remark, that we congratulate you upon the success which has attended your literary exertions during so many past years, but especially during the one just drawing to a close; inasmuch as to compel you greatly to extend your premises, and to increase the number of your servants.

That the success of your various undertakings in periodical literature is to be ascribed at once to their cheapness, and, generally speaking, their adaptation to that class of the community for whose benefit they are intended, we do not doubt; indeed the voice of our country has removed all grounds for such doubt, in the liberal patronage it has bestowed upon your efforts. In this respect, our present meeting has a very important and interesting aspect over all former ones; for we thought the name of the Messrs Chambers had already been rendered sufficiently familiar and honourable to every man in the country, as standing associated with the *Journal*, the *Information for the People*, and the *Cyclopædia of English Literature*; but to-night we have listened to their doings for another year, and the result is such as to excite in us feelings of surprise and delight.

That these periodicals, to which we have referred, in connexion with the *Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, have been the means of informing the minds and improving the hearts of our fellow-workmen, and so preventing numbers of them from resorting to more vicious indulgences, is a fact which few will be disposed to call in question; and we could heartily wish that thousands more of them would become convinced of the superior, refined, and innocent pleasure derivable from association with a book in any one of the favourite departments of literature, as also of the immense advantage which would thereby accrue to themselves, to their families, and to society itself. Gentlemen, to be employed in dislodging from the stronghold of the mind those barriers to its expansion and profitable development—ignorance and superstition—is unquestionably a noble and patriotic vocation, worthy of the greatest efforts. So, by presenting to your readers select treatises upon the various branches of scientific knowledge, you serve to awaken feelings calculated to rouse them from that moral lethargy which too often envelopes the masses of mankind, and to afford the momentum which may afterwards induce them to a steady progression in the attainment of useful knowledge.

We have given expression to these simple thoughts, as being generally indicative of the benefits of such knowledge to the humble mechanic; as tending to raise him on the platform of intelligent existence; and as forming a useful recreation for his leisure hours. But education has also an extensive and powerful effect upon the civilisation of mankind. Enlighten the mind of the barbarian as to the true position he is intended to occupy in creation, and his capability of doing so after a little training; explain to him the true nature of the universe in which he is located, of the nature of those laws by which it is governed, and the true principle of Theism, together with his relation to his brethren, and you have at least pioneered the way to effect one of the most glorious revolutions of which we can con-

ceive. Let in, for example, any of the truths of science upon the darkened mind, and you behold the soul of an intelligent being becoming sensible of its own inherent powers—struggling to burst those trammels which, when annihilated, usher him, flattered and astonished, into a new world, because you furnish him with a new optical medium through which to view it.

Finally, those privileges which we under your superintendence have now enjoyed for a number of years, and which have been already on former occasions duly acknowledged, we cannot refrain from noticing yet again, as their importance we continue to appreciate and value. We refer to our library, the seasonable time at which we receive our wages, the regularity of hours which most of us enjoy—a regularity which has only been interrupted by the extraordinary demand for the *Miscellany* and some other works, thus compelling you to extend our hours of labour to an otherwise inconvenient length; but which, we hope, the recent extension of your premises, and the increase you have found it necessary to make in your machinery and servants, will tend in a great measure, if not wholly, to supersede; the Saturday afternoons also, which, although the hours of freedom we then enjoy are made up during the other days of the week, we still reckon a great privilege, and long to see all the other establishments in the country put in possession of the same blessing. The encouragement you have also given to those two individuals in your employment who, in the spirit of true philanthropy, have devoted a portion of their time on the Sabbath evenings to the religious instruction of the junior members of the establishment, is worthy of present mention. For all these benefits we tender to you our sincere thanks, and conclude with expressing our hope that you may be still spared to continue your efforts in the dissemination of that information whose tendency is to remove ignorance and superstition from the human mind, and to aid in the progression of that enlightenment which, in co-operation with Christianity, is to effect the moral conquest and regeneration of the world, when the now somewhat trite, but beautiful sentence, shall have a complete embodiment in the actual affairs of life, 'Men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; they shall hang their trumpets in their halls, and study war no more.'

An address or essay on the condition of the working-classes was next delivered by Mr Robert Chambers.

[My friends—I would take this opportunity of making a few remarks on the condition and prospects of the working-classes. I mean to be very short, for this is not an occasion when patience is to be expected for long speeches or dissertations.

That discontent with their position and share of the profits of industry prevails very generally among the working-classes, is too obvious a fact to require being here insisted on. It is less heard of at present than it was two or three years ago, because at present almost every man fit for work is in good employment, and there is accordingly little immediate sense of hardship. But the existence of a deep and settled feeling of discontent is nevertheless true, and it is to this that I am to address myself on the present occasion. Now, I not only admit the fact of the discontent, but I believe that it is not without cause. But I think, at the same time, that there is a right as well as a wrong way of expounding and arguing upon the case of the working-classes, as against the rest of society, and the employing class in particular. I also believe that much of what the working-classes complain of is essentially connected with the present state of society, and only can be remedied by favour of certain social improvements which it will require time to effect. The arrangements between masters and their people partake of that imperfection which may be said to characterise all existing institutions, through the ignorance and prejudices of man, and which it is the grand object of the wise and good of this age to remove.

The position of the working-classes is now, like many other things, in a transition state. They were once slaves, afterwards retainers; now they are free workmen. This is the highest point which they have as yet been able to reach in any country; but we may fairly expect that this is not to be their ultimatum. It cannot be—if they improve, and society improve with them. It is common to express doubts if the last move of the workers, namely, that from the retainer to the free operative, has been an improvement. I would class this notion with that which asserts the beatitude of our quondam West India slaves,

and deploras their being brought to the miseries attendant upon emancipation. It seems sad for the working-man to lack that kindly protection which he enjoyed from his feudal master. Such protection, I grant, was well if its own time, when there could be nothing better. But does it never occur to the scions of Young England that there is a very alarming resemblance between the protection which a baron extended to his servants, and that which he extended to the animals which equally served him, his horses, and his dogs? Do they not see that, when one man assumes even the position of a protector over another, he degrades that other person? For my part, I am totally unable to see what right any human being has to act the protector towards another. No—upon all such relations as this, I cannot but think the present position of the independent labourer a great improvement. Ten times rather let me have my stipulated wages and no more—even though I never once interchange a word with my master—than have him pretending to a right to take care of me, as if, forsooth, I were such a child as to be unable to take care of myself. In the one condition, the manly virtues must shrink and die; the other tends to elicit self-reliance, and is the needful step to something better. There may, however, be much kindly feeling between employers and the most independent of labourers. My brother and I, for example, while we respect the independence of our co-operators, are not on that account the less friendly with them. I believe, on the contrary, that there is a purer kind of good-will between us, from the very fact that each party is independent of the other. Our mutual good feelings are the more nearly those which exist between equals in the common world. Any interchange of civility stands the more clear of all imagination of an inferior motive.

I regard, then, the position of the independent working-man as a point in progress. It is something better than anything which has been before, wanting, no doubt, some of those pleasant-looking features which marked the condition of the retainer, but more than making up for this by peculiarities of its own; anyhow, it is a point in progress. Now, the first question is, in what light are we to regard this position? It seems to me that the great error of those who write upon the subject, is in treating it as a final position, as if the system of HIRE were a thing so perfect, that it could never be changed for anything else, and as if we had nothing to do but consider by what means the relation of hirer and hired could be made as agreeable to both parties, and as fruitful of good results, as possible. To me, the fact that workers have gone through various phases, already denotes that they are only now going through another phase, and that there are still other phases through which to pass. The world is altogether a system of flux and change. Nothing stands still: new combinations and developments are constantly taking place. With fresh generations come fresh ideas, and dogmas in political and moral philosophy, which are the worship of one age, become the scoff of another. I therefore expect that amongst the improvements of the future, there is to be one regarding the relations of the directors and the executors of labour. To obtain some notion of what this is to be, the readiest course is to consider what are the leading defects and evils of the present arrangements, for it will be in the removal of these that the chief change will take place.

What I think is mainly to be complained of in the present system is, that it tends to send off the hirers and hired in two different directions—the one towards a high intellectual tension and an elevated moral state, along with the possession of great wealth and the consequent enjoyment of great luxury, and the other towards a condition the reverse in all respects. The master, exposed to so many risks, obliged to watch every opportunity of obtaining any advantage in the mercantile world, his mind kept ever on the stretch to devise the most economical means of conducting his operations, necessarily has his faculties called into high exercise. The opportunities he has for the profitable employment of additional capital, prompt him to be self-denying and prudent, even for the better gratification of his acquisitiveness; and thus he advances as a moral being, and as a man of wealth at the same time. How stands it, on the other hand, with the working-man? He has a limited and monotonous range of duties. His intellectual resources are accordingly not brought into full use. Or he is condemned to severe physical exertion, which leaves the mind languid, and inert, and thus equally he remains in a low-intellectual state. To state the matter in

perhaps its least unpleasant shape, the master is often oppressed with his intellectual duties, while the mind of the workman is starved for want of anything beyond routine to occupy it. Workmen, again, having in general a fixed position and income, and hardly any expectation of ever rising out of it, are not under the same temptations which the masters are, to pursue a frugal and self-denying course, and to cultivate character. Human nature has not such fair-play in their case. It wants the moral land-marks, beacons, and paradises of reward which are planted around the course of the master. Generally speaking, the workmen of a country will be of the average intellect. Here, then, we have the ordinary grade of intellects placed by a mere social arrangement—an institution of man's making—in the circumstances least favourable to moral development and edification. And does not the actual state of matters tally only too well with these assumed causes? There surely can be no offence in saying that, while there is one class of workmen, such as our own here assembled, who conduct themselves respectably, and actually are at this moment tending upwards, there is a still larger class who give themselves little trouble about decent appearances, or anything beyond the gratification of immediate sensual wants. I see the condition of this class, and also such causes for it, that blame on the general point is out of the question; we must feel that we are called upon, not to rebuke or condemn, but, by subtracting the cause, to abolish the effects. We may preach for ever about the want of foresight and prudence in this class, but till we place them in favourable instead of unfavourable circumstances, we shall make no great progress in their reformation.

My idea is, that, through the general progress of the nation in moral conditions, and the particular progress of the working-classes themselves, not even excepting the least promising section of them, we shall in time reach a point when the Independent Worker will advance into something more dignified still. He will pass into a new phase, as much in advance from the present as the present is an advance from the retainer, or the retainer from the slave. I foretell this change, because I have such a faith in the reason and benevolence comprised in our nature, that I believe every error in social polity, and every obstacle to the perfect harmony of man with man, must in time be removed. In the new state, the workers would need to have a more particular interest in the success of the concerns with which they are connected. Their application, their skill, their good behaviour, would need to depend, not on the present inducements, which I think inadequate for the generality, but on their sense of their own particular interests. Their fate should be, like that of masters, expressly dependent, and that to the minutest degree, on the way they acted. Thus we might expect their moral and intellectual being to be fully developed. The condition of masters or directors of labour would also be improved; for though there might be less of mere command, there would be more of mutual kindness, and all harassment about the duty of the worker would be spared, as each man would be a master's eye to himself.

As, in order to attain this means of a large advance, there must in the first place be a certain lesser advance through the operation of weaker causes, we are not to look for any change as to be immediately realised, except, perhaps, in partial experiments under unusually favourable circumstances. Men are naturally prepossessed for what is, in preference to what only *might be*. Nor can they be instantly forced by any arguments out of such prejudices. We must wait for time to imbue them with better views, or to replace the old and impracticable with new and better men. We must wait till the workmen themselves have, through external moral means, been fitted for entering upon improved arrangements with their masters. Patience is necessary; for the life of the individual is in no relation whatever to the chronology of great moral revolutions. But is there not much in the meantime to make this lingering endurable? Everywhere throughout Britain, the attention of the best intellects is arrested by the condition of the masses. Evils are seen and acknowledged. Men, without regard to party or sect, express themselves with kindly sympathy regarding the sons of toil. The use of any ungracious language towards them, such as statesmen and wits indulged in fifty years ago, would now be resented by all. Measures are in contemplation for practical improvements both in the physical and moral state of the working-classes. It may indeed be said that the condition of these classes is the great question of this age: it is one

which seems likely in a little while to absorb all others. Can we then doubt that the present system of things will, in the course of a few years, be visited with at least great ameliorations? There is here, surely, some consolation for the complaining parties; some reason why they should sit not altogether without trust and hope under the evils which they feel to be besetting their state. Even in that general moral advance which distinguishes the present age, they may read the promise of better things for themselves; for it is impossible that society at large could be much more humanised than it is, and yet admit of the present unsatisfactory relations between the industrious orders and the rest of the community.

I have now delivered myself of the thoughts which have for some time been in my mind with regard to the condition and prospects of the working-classes. To some they will appear visionary; to myself they might have done so a few years ago; but men are forced, by circumstances emerging in the course of time, to modify their views. I have thought it best to come frankly out with these ideas, such as they are; for, so presented, they at least convey to you a true sense of what one person, and he one to whom such matters are not new, has concluded upon with respect to a great question. I finish, therefore, by asking for my speculations that toleration which I am myself willing to allow to all those who think with sincere good intentions, and pronounce with candour and courtesy.]

Speeches of a fervid and cheering nature from Mr Simpson, the indefatigable friend of the working-classes, and by Mr Vincent on temperance, were given with the best effect; each address being followed by songs and instrumental music. A short but emphatic address from Mr W. Chambers, directed to the junior members of the establishment, concluded this very happy evening.

WILD FLOWERS.

'Tis fair to see our cultured buds their shining tints unfold,
In leaves that wear the sapphire's hue, or mock the sunset's gold;
The lily's grace, the rose's blush, have drawn the admiring gaze,
And won from many a minstrel harp the meed of song and praise;
Oh! they are meet for festal hall, or beauty's courtly bowers,
For those I love the wreath shall be, of wild and woodland flowers!

Bright clustering in the forest shades, or springing from the sod,
As flung from Eden, forth they come, fresh from the hand of God!
No human care hath nurtured them; the wild wind passeth by;
They flourish in the sunshine gleam and tempest-clouded sky;
And oh! like every gift that He, the bountiful, hath given,
Their treasures full, alike to all, type of his promised heaven!

They bear to us sweet memories of childhood's happy years,
Ere grief had wrung the heart with pain, or dimmed the eye with tears;

They have been twined with playfulness round many a sunny brow,
Where costly pearls and Indian gems are proudly flashing now!
But hiding many a line of care beneath their gorgeous blaze,
That lurked not 'neath the wild flower wreath of youth's untroubled days!

Oh! chide not at the simple theme that wakes the minstrel's lay,
Earth were less bright without the flowers that blossom by the way:

He at whose word the universe her ancient might did yield,
Hath taught proud man a lesson from the lilies of the field.
I thank thee, God! for every boon thy hand in mercy showers,
And oh, not least among thy gifts, the beautiful wild flowers!

—From an old newspaper.

COMPASSION.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.—*Dr Blair.*

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THE URBANOS OF CENICERO.

THAT most dreadful of all national scourges, civil war, whilst it sets in turbulent motion the worst passions of human nature, and leaves society so saturated with its demoralising virus, that the paralysing effects are usually visible for a long period after the cessation of the armed struggle, has also frequently brought to light many noble qualities, and has produced deeds of heroism in resisting lawless attacks on domestic peace, or in defending institutions which the people feel to be essential to the honour, welfare, and security of their country.

The late fierce struggle in Spain—which was not merely a contest for the possession of a throne, but a hot dispute between antagonist political principles—afforded numerous examples of the bright as well as of the dark side of the picture.

It was in the autumn of 1834, when the Carlist rebellion had lasted more than a year, that the pretender's army began to assume an imposing attitude under the command of the celebrated chief Zumalacarregruy. The system of warfare adopted by that remarkable man was well calculated to strengthen the position of Don Carlos in a military point of view. At that early period of the civil war, the sturdy inhabitants of the Basque provinces and Navarre believed that their *fueros*, or privileges, as well as their religious institutions, were in imminent peril, and that Don Carlos was the only means of salvation from such dreaded evils: they accordingly took up arms without hesitation against the queen's forces, and in every way aided and seconded the operations of Zumalacarregruy; supplying his troops with provisions and resources of every description, and adopting those efficacious means of harassing and attacking the enemy, which their mountainous country enabled them to put in practice, with comparatively little danger to themselves, but with deadly effect upon the Christians, whenever they ventured to penetrate into the Carlist territory. After six years or more of sacrifices of every kind, they discovered their grievous error: but to our narrative.

In the autumn of 1834, when the rebellion was in its full force, although Zumalacarregruy wisely confined his operations, in a general way, to Navarre and the Basque provinces, his troops occasionally crossed the Ebro at places where it is fordable at certain periods, and made incursions into Castile, carrying off whatever booty they could seize, inflicting the severest calamities on the unprotected inhabitants, and wreaking dire vengeance upon those who might unsuccessfully oppose them.

One of his most active and intelligent agents was in Castile disguised as a *por-diosero*, or beggar for God's sake. His seemingly decrepit frame was scantily cov-

ered with patched and tattered garments, his face was overgrown with stubby matted hair, whilst an old dirty brown cloth cap, of uncouth form, encased his head and overshadowed his eyes. In this miserable guise, and with a wallet slung across his shoulders, the spy went from place to place soliciting alms and broken victuals from the unsuspecting and charitable inhabitants, from whom he frequently contrived to gather much valuable intelligence.

Having ascertained that eight wagons laden with military clothing were on their way from Miranda de Ebro to Logronno, under a comparatively feeble escort, and that there was not any considerable body of the queen's forces in the vicinity, or within several days' march, the *por-diosero* took his leave of the worthy Labrador or small farmer under whose humble roof, near the Venta de la Estrella, in the rich and fertile district of La Rioja, in Old Castile, he had received shelter and sustenance, and leaning on his staff, with body bent apparently with infirmity, he crept along the road from Miranda de Ebro to Cenicero, a small town on the right bank of the Ebro, on the high road to Logronno, and two leagues from that city.

The day was drawing towards its close; the vineyards were glowing with clusters of ripe grapes; the ancient olive trees cast the shadows of their picturesque trunks on the rich soil; thick stubble showed that the harvest had been abundant, and the fruit trees were still adorned with their luscious burdens; on the brown hills, variegated and perfumed with wild thyme, rosemary, and other aromatic herbs, large flocks of sheep were feeding; and all told of a state of society still consistent with the pursuit of the ordinary occupations of peaceful life, though the consciousness that the focus of war was so nigh at hand grievously interfered with its enjoyment.

'*Una limosnita por Dios, señor!*'—'A trifling alms for God's sake, señor!' drawled the pseudo-beggar, as he was overtaken by a hardy-looking man, wearing a rough brown jacket, a military cap with a tarnished gold band, and having a heavy sabre pendent at his side from a broad black leathern belt, and mounted on a powerful, though not a handsome horse.

'The traveller gave him a few *quartos*.

'Heaven will repay you,' said the *por-diosero*; and kissing the small copper coin, put it into his wallet.

The horseman was followed by a good-looking man in a peasant's garb, who bestrode a fine mule lightly laden with personal baggage, including the *alforjas*, well stuffed with stomach comforts.

'Antonio, give that poor creature a piece of bread and a draught of wine,' said the horseman as he rode forward.

'Si, señor,' replied Antonio; and halting his mule, he sprang lightly from his back, lifted up the flap of the

alforjas or woollen saddle-bags, took out a good-sized loaf, opened a long knife which he carried in a side-pocket, cut the loaf in halves, and gave one of them to the por-dioséro, who accepted it with humble demeanour, breaking a piece off directly, and eating it with apparent eagerness and appetite. Meantime the muleteer lifted out from the other side of the alforjas a bota or wine-skin, and having untied the muzzle, poured some of its contents into a horn cup, and presented it to the por-dioséro.

'How good it is!' cried the latter, after having with trembling hand lifted the cup to his lips, and quaffed a portion of the generous liquid. 'What a good man your master is!'

'Indeed he is,' replied the muleteer, 'and though only a *factor* (a commissariat storekeeper), he does much good in these trying times. But he is far in advance. Make haste, my good man, and finish the wine. We must travel as far as Logronno to-night,' to announce the arrival of the *comboy*, which will start early in the morning from Briones.'

The por-dioséro emptied the cup, and returned it, with renewed thanks, to the active and kind-hearted *paysano*, who mounted his mule, and trotted off briskly to rejoin his master.

It was now nearly dark: the spy hobbled along the road, until he reached a spot where there was a path to the left, leading to some sloping vineyards. Turning down it, he continued his seemingly feeble pace for about fifty yards; then, after looking cautiously round, he suddenly stood erect, grasped his staff in the centre, and plunged down the slope—still directing his course to the left—with the speed of a vigorous man bent on an urgent mission. In about an hour he descended the Ebro, and having reached its bank, paused for a few moments to take breath; then grasping his long staff at the upper end, and feeling his way with it, he advanced into the stream. At first the water only reached his knees, then his waist. Still he waded on, the river deepening more and more every step he took, until, at about the centre, he reached a little island covered with reeds. Here he rested for a few minutes, looking anxiously towards the Alavese shore. He soon perceived a glimmering light, and again entering the stream, made direct for it.

For a little distance the water reached his armpits, but it gradually shallowed, and he landed in the Carlist country without accident. Before quitting the water, however, he washed his matted hair and beard, his face, eyes, and hands; and the decrepit-looking por-dioséro of the Rioja emerged from the Ebro a well-formed man of about thirty, a little above the middle height, full of vigour and spirit, though still covered with tattered garments dripping wet. He stopped for a minute to squeeze the water from those garments, and then, taking long leaps by the aid of his staff, and, anon, running swiftly with it balanced in his hand, he soon reached a cottage, through whose only window gleamed a bright light—his beacon when fording the river.

'*¡Hola! Francisco,*' he cried, knocking sharply at the door with the end of his staff; 'open the door; here am I.'

On hearing the well-known voice, a man leaped from the bench on which he had been reposing, and unbarred the door. 'Welcome,' said the cottager, as his friend crossed the threshold: 'go into the *alcoba*, and doff those wet shreds; you'll find your own garments all ready; meantime, I will cast some wood on the fire, and Ramona will get the supper ready; it only requires warming.'

'Thank you, good Francisco; but let your task be to saddle Moro without a moment's delay.'

The blaze crackled, and Ramona, the cottager's wife, bustled about, and took two *ollas* or earthen pipkins from a cupboard, and placed them before the fire: she then spread a coarse but clean cloth on a little table, and just as the contents of the pipkins began to bubble, the alcove curtain was drawn aside, and Astuto—that was the name of the newly-arrived guest—stepped forth clad in the uniform of a Carlist officer.

'Do you bring good news, captain?' inquired Ramona.

'Excellent—but not a moment must be lost. Where is Zumalacarrugy?'

'At La Guardia,' replied Ramona, and removing one of the pipkins from the hearth, she took out a portion of its savoury contents with a wooden spoon, and transferred it to a homely but perfectly clean deep earthen plate. 'Come, Captain Astuto,' she said, 'take some of this nice *puchero*—you must be quite exhausted.'

'*Muchas gracias*, kind Ramona: pray go and hasten Francisco; tell him to bring the horse to the door instantly.'

Ramona vanished, and Astuto discussed his meal with the avidity and tact of a man accustomed to snatch his food on all opportune occasions.

The moment the horse appeared, Astuto mounted, and rode off at a sharp pace in the direction of La Guardia, a town in Alava, about two leagues off, and whither it had been preconcerted that Zumalacarrugy should repair with his forces, and station them in the town or its vicinity, in order to be at hand in case the fruits of Astuto's spying mission should render it expedient to make a dash on the enemy's territory. The captain rapidly traversed the five or six miles between Francisco's cottage and La Guardia; and proceeding direct to Zumalacarrugy's quarters, he in a very few words imparted to his chief the valuable intelligence he had collected. Military clothing was much wanted in the Carlist army; here, then, was an unforeseen opportunity of obtaining a supply from the Christians themselves. Orders were instantly issued for the troops to be got under arms, quietly, not only in La Guardia, but in the villages and hamlets, where several battalions were lodged; the whole force being about five thousand active, willing, and brave men, whom nothing would so much delight as to make a successful foray in the enemy's country. By day-break the whole five thousand men were within a mile of the Alavese bank of the Ebro, in the direction of a place where it was at that period fordable, and nearly opposite to the town of Cenicero, in that part of Old Castile called La Rioja, already mentioned. The ford is called El Vado de Tronconegro. The troops were carefully concealed behind some hillocks, and among the brushwood, where they were ordered to lie down.

Early on the same morning the Christiano *comboy*, protected only by a company of *caçadores*, or light infantry, and about a hundred cavalry, left Briones, a small town on the high road from Miranda, in conformity with the statement of the muleteer to the Carlist spy the evening before. The escort was commanded by a brave and active officer, Colonel Amor, who, although he was aware that El Vado de Tronconegro was passable at that time, in consequence of the low state of the Ebro, had not the slightest idea that Zumalacarrugy was lying in wait for him, with so overwhelming a force, on the opposite side of the river. All went on well during the march from Briones to Cenicero; but soon after the *comboy* had passed through that town, the Carlist commander-in-chief arrived on the opposite bank of the Ebro, and immediately led the way to the ford of Tronconegro. It was a strange scene when the bold and crafty Zumalacarrugy, clad in a black sheep-skin *zamarra*, with a scarlet *boyana*, or Basque bonnet on his head, a long sabre pendent from his loins, and mounted on a noble charger, full of fire and spirit, but perfectly under command, advanced into the waters of the Ebro, followed by his staff, all in similar costume, their *boynas* only being of varied colours—blue, red, and white. The troops, wading up to their waists, and holding their muskets over their heads, soon formed a living chain across the Ebro, emerging in succession on the Castilian shore with the utmost alacrity, and forming rapidly close to Cenicero.

The inhabitants beheld this sudden and unlooked-for invasion with dire alarm. They knew how hateful they had rendered themselves to the Carlists by the numerous proofs they had given of their warm attachment to the constitutional cause; about fifty of the most respectable men in the place had enrolled themselves as *Urbanos*, or national guards; and the church had been fortified: in short, Cenicero was one of the most compromised of the towns in La Rioja. Large bodies of the queen's troops were frequently stationed there; but at this critical moment it was protected only by the fifty *Urbanos*, against an army of *fasciosos* amounting to five thousand resolute men. Before the Carlist column entered Cenicero, the fifty

Urbanos threw themselves into the fortified church, firmly resolved to defend that important post to the last.

Zumalacarregruy, having thus entered Ceniciéro without opposition, passed rapidly through the town with his main force, leaving a battalion, with peremptory orders to take the church, no matter at what sacrifice. Relying upon the accomplishment of this object by a strong battalion against fifty armed civilians, thus securing a strongly fortified point to fall back upon in case of need, Zumalacarregruy hastened forward on the high road to Logronno, in pursuit of the convoy.

The church of Ceniciéro is a strong stone edifice of considerable extent, with a lofty tower. It stands near the extremity of the town, overlooking the Logronno road, and is approached thence by a rather steep ascent, after passing a few small houses at its foot. It has two gates, one on the north, the other on the south. The former had been walled up with strong masonry, and the other was protected by a tambor, or stone redoubt, in a semicircular form, masking the gate, and affording room inside the semicircle for a party of men, who could fire through twelve or fourteen loopholes in the wall of the tambor, which was about seven feet in height, but not roofed, as there was no fear of attack from those who might occupy the church and its tower. These were the outward defences of the church, into which there was a retreat from the tambor by the gate which it protected. The principal internal fortification was the tower, the entrance thereto being through a small door, opening on a winding stone staircase. Six of the stone steps had been removed, and their place supplied by a ladder, which could be drawn up, in case a hostile force should gain possession of the church. The Carlist battalion attacked the church vigorously.

Tiradores, or sharpshooters, were planted in all directions, firing at the belfry, with a view of preventing the Urbanos from annoying the besiegers from that commanding post. forcible possession was taken of the houses in front of the southern gate; the mattresses were dragged off the beds, and, being stuffed into the open windows, formed parapets from behind which volleys of musketry were poured upon the roofless tambor; but the bullets generally struck against the wall of the church, became flattened, and fell harmless at the feet of the brave Urbanos, who, watching through the loopholes, picked off every faccioso who might venture to raise his head above the mattress barricades opposite.

Eight facciosos were killed, and only one Urbano wounded (in the finger), during this attack and defence, which lasted until two in the afternoon; at which hour Zumalacarregruy returned with the bulk of his force, after capturing six of the eight wagons at about a league from Logronno. The two others, being considerably in advance, escaped, and succeeded in entering the city, whose walls Zumalacarregruy did not venture to approach.

There was a skirmish between the slender escort of the convoy and the advance of the overwhelming Carlist force. Colonel Amor defended his charge to the uttermost, killing a Carlist officer and two soldiers with his own hand; but he was at last forced to retire to Logronno.

When Zumalacarregruy found that the gallant little civic garrison of the fortified church of Ceniciéro still held out, and that several of his men had been killed and wounded, his fury exceeded all bounds.

He sent for the cura, and ordered him to go instantly to the church, and summon the Urbanos to a parley.

'Toll them,' cried Zumalacarregruy, with that vehemence of voice and gesture which all knew were unequivocal signs of his determination to fulfil his threats—'tell them that I demand immediate surrender, and that, in case of refusal, they shall all be shot upon being made prisoners, which they will inevitably be in a few hours.'

The cura wended his way to the church with an anxious heart. He was a pious and exemplary clergyman, and was beloved by his parishioners, in whose constitutional sentiments he fully participated.

Orders were given to the Carlists to cease firing during the conference; and the Urbanos drew back their musket-barrels from the loopholes, of their own accord, the moment they perceived their venerable cura.

He advanced to the redoubt, and delivered his message. His benevolent heart dictated to counsel submission, seeing that Zumalacarregruy had so large a force, and being anxious to save the lives of this meritorious fraction of his flock, now in such imminent peril; and yet his tongue refused to give utterance to words of persuasion to surrender a post of such vital importance to the national cause.

'Tell Zumalacarregruy,' answered the gallant Urbanos, 'that we will resist until the death; that we would prefer being crushed under the ruins of our church, to making terms with a rebel.'

Zumalacarregruy was seated on a stone bench outside the gateway of a house at the other extremity of the town whilst the cura was parleying with the Urbanos. His troops were so stationed as to guard against a surprise, and his advanced posts were pushed as far as Montalvo, a picturesque village a league off, on the Miranda road; scouts being despatched both in that direction and towards Logronno, to ascertain if any large body of the queen's forces was on its way to attack him.

On the cura's approach, Zumalacarregruy started up, crying—'Have they surrendered?'

'No, señor.' And the cura stated the noble reply of the Urbanos in their own emphatic words.

Zumalacarregruy's rage was terrific. Stamping his feet, he threatened the cura with death; and, infuriated at being thus foiled by a handful of civilians, he ordered his officers to proceed with parties of soldiers and seize all the female relatives of the brave men who were defending the church. His mandate was speedily carried into effect, and the trembling women were brought before him.

Zumalacarregruy fixed his piercing eyes on them for a few moments, without speaking a word; then turning to a man who stood by his side—one of the few inhabitants of Carlist principles—he communed with him in an under tone.

Amongst the women was the mother of two of the Urbanos. She stood watching, with anxious glances, the gestures of her neighbour, who, whilst conferring with Zumalacarregruy, had more than once furtively directed his attention towards her. At length the Carlist chief bade the mother approach.

'Senora,' he said with a ghastly sneer, 'I presume that your sons, who are firing upon my men from the church yonder, would be sorry to hear that their mother had been shot?'

The poor woman cowered beneath the flash of deadly light which fell upon her wan countenance, as Zumalacarregruy uttered these cruelly sarcastic words; but almost immediately recovering her serenity, she replied, with a calm dignity worthy of a Roman matron—'Señor, my sons love their mother!'

'Very well, I doubt it not,' said Zumalacarregruy, still leaning on his sword, his boyna-covered head bent slightly towards the mother, and regarding her with eyes whose dark balls had a deadly expression—'very well; we will put their affection to the proof. Go with that officer, and tell your sons and their companions that, unless they yield instantly, you shall be shot: not only so, but all the female relatives of the other fellows who call themselves Urbanos shall also have their anxieties put an end to by *cuatro tiros*.* Go and fulfil your mission.'

The stern Carlist chief resumed his seat on the stone bench, and the mother accompanied the officer, a rough-looking man, wearing a very shaggy black zamarra, and a white boyna ornamented with a gold tassel. They were escorted by a file of Carlist soldiers, not two of whose half-military half-peasant costumes were alike. There was also a trumpeter, a lad of about sixteen, dressed in a blue velvet jacket with bell buttons, loose coarse linen trousers, a flaming red boyna covering his bushy head, and his hair hanging in thick meshes on each side of his sunburnt face.

When arrived within a short distance of the church, the little trumpeter sounded a parley, by order of the officer. The firing on both sides ceased, and the mother advanced, followed by the officer and the Carlist guard.

'Go forward and deliver your message,' said the officer roughly.

The space between one edge of the semicircular loop-holed tambor, or redoubt, and the church wall, was barely sufficient for a full-grown man to pass sideways; and that space was now blocked up so as to completely enclose and barricade the gallant Urbanos, who nevertheless called through the loopholes in front, and told the mother to go round to the side. She did so.

'Madre,' said one of the sons, whose head appeared above the wall of the tambor, his lips all black with gunpowder from biting his cartridges when loading his

* That is, four shots, the mode of military execution in Spain being, that four soldiers fire together on the victims.

musket over and over again—'madre, what brings you hither?'

She delivered her appalling message.

'Wait a moment, madre,' said the son, and disappeared.

Presently the anxious mother heard stifled sounds within the tabor, as though heavy stones were being removed with caution; then the upper part of the narrow barricade just described was removed, and she saw her other son's bust in the space it had filled. She stretched forth her arms to greet him, but he said in a low voice, 'Come close to the wall, madre mia,' and he disappeared, but only for an instant. Another layer of large stones was rapidly removed, and she saw the figures of her two sons as low as their waists, and the crescent-like interior of the tabor crowded with her armed neighbours and friends, with blackened lips and flushed faces. Whilst they were greeting her, and inquiring, all together, about their families, the two brothers pulled down two more layers of stones. Their mother imagined that they were about to sally forth, and, with the rest of the little band, lay down their arms, rather than allow their nearest and dearest connexions to be sacrificed.

'Mother,' said the eldest son, 'give me your hand.'

She held it out, and her son drawing her gently towards him, took her up in his arms, lifted her over the remaining part of the narrow barricade, and carried her across the inner space of the tabor into the church; his comrades replacing the stones, and again completely blocking up the entrance to the tabor with surprising rapidity. All was performed in much less time than has been occupied in thus briefly describing this singular scene.

A voice was now heard through one of the *tronéras* or loopholes calling on the Carlist officer—'Tell the rebel Zumalacareguy to come himself for the answer, and he shall receive it *a balazos* (in a volley of bullets). His messenger is with her children and her friends; and we betide all Carlist prisoners now in the power of the *Christinos* if a hair of the head of one of our female relatives, or of any *Christino* prisoners, be touched!'

The astounded Carlist officer, filled with alarm lest Zumalacareguy should wreak condign vengeance on him for having allowed the mother of the two *Urbanos* to be snatched from him, departed with his escort, after having been warned by the voices from the *tronéras*, and the apparition of the musket-barrels thrust through them, and pointed at him, that, should he tarry longer, his mortal career would probably be suddenly terminated.

The firing on both sides immediately recommenced, and was continued until nightfall.

After dark, the *Urbanos* held a consultation upon the course to be adopted during the night. They felt that it was more than probable that the Carlists would take advantage of the darkness to endeavour to take the tabor by assault, and that against so large a force it would be impossible for them to defend so comparatively fragile a work, the reduction or abandonment of which would enable the Carlists to batter down the gate and occupy the church. They therefore wisely decided that the only way to enable them to act efficiently, would be to retire to the tower, and, after accumulating all available offensive and defensive resources within it, to block up the entrance, and to fortify themselves for withstanding the brunt of an attack, however furious it might be.

With the promptitude and energy inspired by the impulse of self-preservation, and of indomitable fidelity to their cause, the gallant *Urbanos* commenced their willing labours immediately. First, they loosened the large ancient grave-stones or slabs with which the church was paved; for in the olden time the dead were interred in the sacred edifice. With these thick slabs they formed a strong wall, by placing them inside the door of the tower, so as to completely block it up; leaving, however, a few small spaces or loopholes to fire through, and a very narrow opening for the *Urbanos* to pass through, one at a time.

At about half-past nine at night—it was a very dark night—a stout party of *fasciosos* silently crept close up to the wall of the tabor, placing themselves below the loopholes, in order that the bullets from the muskets of the *Urbanos* might pass over their heads. With pick-axes, which they had collected in the town, they began to loosen the stones in the lower part; whilst the brave *Urbanos* fired through the loopholes, but with little effect, until they perceived that the wall was giving way. They then retired into the church, as preconcerted, and closing the

gates, placed against them the props and supports which had been accumulated beforehand for strengthening them. The wall of the tabor soon fell, and the Carlists rushed over the ruins to pounce upon the *Urbanos*; all they found, however, was stones and rubbish, and the church gate closed! But this did not damp their exertions. A quantity of wood was speedily collected, piled up against the strong gate, and set fire to. The gate, which was studded with large iron bolts with massive heads, soon ignited, and whilst it was burning, a ponderous beam was brought from a neighbouring timber-yard, and being lifted up horizontally by a number of *fasciosos*, was used as a battering-ram, with tremendous force, against the half-consumed gate.

But they were not permitted to pursue their work of destruction unmolested. The brave *Urbanos* pelted their assailants with tiles from the roof of the church, and wounded a great number of them, some very severely; but they were promptly replaced by others from the battalions, which were drawn up close at hand.

At length the gate gave way; its shattered remnants falling inwards with a loud crash, carrying the internal barricade along with them. The Carlists rushed impetuously over the ruins, thinking to make an easy prey of the *Urbanos*. The church was, however, deserted; but two large wax flambeaux were burning on the altar.

The *Urbanos* had retired to their last stronghold, the tower; but before doing so, the mother of the two young men had called upon all who were in the church to prostrate themselves before the altar, and implore Divine support in their great strait. They obeyed, and, on rising, swore, one and all, to perish rather than surrender. Whilst making this solemn vow, they heard the gate yielding to the repeated assaults of the Carlists, and had barely time to reach the stair and close up the narrow entrance, before the crash took place.

Zumalacareguy directed this desperate attack in person. A volley from the lofty roof, which stretched several of his men dead on the church floor, announced that the *Urbanos* had availed themselves of the apertures caused by the removal of the tiles, which had wounded so many of his men, as a passage to the inner roof, in which they had made holes, and from that novel, elevated, and impregnable battery, they fired upon the *fasciosos*; whilst a discharge from the *tronéras* or loopholes of the fortified entrance to the stairs leading to the tower, imperatively called Zumalacareguy's attention to the place whence they had mounted to the roof. 'Pensions for life,' cried Zumalacareguy, 'for those who force the door of the tower!'

A company composed of daring fellows stepped forward, and rushed to the barricade. They were welcomed by a discharge of musketry from the loopholes. Sixteen were killed, and their panic-stricken comrades fled in different directions, running to and fro about the church in the utmost confusion. An officer hastened to Zumalacareguy, who had left the church, and reported what had occurred; adding, that the tower-door could not be stormed and taken without immense loss, and that it was even doubtful whether it could be obtained possession of at all. But the Carlist chief would not give ear to these representations. 'Cowards!' he cried, and called for more volunteers, promising instant pecuniary rewards and pensions for life to the successful storming party.

Another vain attempt, followed by the loss of many lives, convinced Zumalacareguy that it was not by assault that this well-contrived and admirably-defended barricade could be taken. He therefore adopted another plan. He ordered a large quantity of wood, and whatever other combustibles could be procured, to be heaped up in front of the parapeted door. The townspeople, whom he held as prisoners, were forced, at the point of the bayonet, to assist in collecting these materials. The terrified inhabitants, buffeted and maltreated by the rufianly *fasciosos*, were forced to deliver up their chairs, bedsteads, and areas or trunks, which serve the purpose of chests of drawers; all of which were added to the pile.

Those who first advanced to cast down the combustibles in front of the barricade met their death from a volley from behind it. But more and more was heaped up, until it formed a huge mass. Several sacks of red pepper had been found in a shop, and in another warehouse the Carlists discovered some casks of spirits of turpentine. The pepper was thrown upon the wood and furniture, and the whole drenched with the spirits of turpentine, and immediately set on fire. But in the confusion, the spirits of

turpentine had been spilt in considerable quantity on the floor of the church. It ignited; the strong fire ran along the ground with the rapidity of lightning, catching the old woodwork of the church, which blazed furiously, and all was confusion and dismay. The Carlists, in their trepidation and haste to escape from the flames, fell over each other; the smoke blinded and nearly suffocated them; and many were burnt to death, after suffering the most excruciating torments, from their clothing having become saturated with the spirits of turpentine. A poor man, whom they had forced to carry wood into the church, was also burnt to death.

And what was passing in the tower during this frightful scene? The gallant Urbanos, though they beheld the church on fire, and were half-choked by the pungent smoke from such a medley of turpentine-anointed combustibles, rendered doubly fierce by the red pepper heaped up in front of their loopholed barricade, far from contemplating a surrender under such fearfully trying circumstances, called out to their comrades above them to cast down the mattresses and bedclothes; for the last guard of Urbanos in charge of the church had removed their bedding to the tower when the building was invested. This was done in an instant, and the bedding was compactly placed against the interior of the barricade, so as to fill up every aperture. Thus the smoke was kept out of the tower, to the summit whereof all the Urbanos who had been defending the barricade now hastened. The interior of the church was burning throughout the night, and the Carlists could do nothing against the Urbanos in the tower.

At daybreak, when the flames had subsided, though the heat was still intense, the Carlists made fresh attempts to gain an entrance into the tower; but they found the brave citizens still at their post. They had removed the mattresses, and though confined to the heated region of the half-calced stone staircase, they still kept their ground, firing through the loopholes, and killing several Carlists, whilst their comrades were flinging tiles, with fatal aim and force, from the perforated ceiling, on those who had again ventured into the church; until at last—at noon—the surviving facciosos fled precipitately from the spot where so many of their companions lay dead in the frightful postures into which their agony had cast them, and where the ashes of others were mingled with those of the combustibles which they had collected and ignited for the purpose of forcing the gallant Urbanos to surrender.

News now arrived that a division of the queen's army was on its way, by forced marches, to Cenicéro. Zumalacaregui, therefore, lost no time in collecting his troops together, and they recrossed the Ebro by the same ford of Tronconero which they had waded over so gallantly thirty-six hours before. They found time, however, to plunder the houses of all the Urbanos, and of others known to be attached to the constitutional cause, and what they could not carry away they destroyed.

The loss of the Carlists was about forty killed by musket-balls, besides those who were burnt to death in the church, and upwards of a hundred and twenty wounded, who were placed on mules, with the exception of some who were in so pitiable a state as to be obliged to be carried on mattresses, borne by four men each. Several died before they reached La Guardia.

The fifty Urbanos who had so nobly defended their post, and had thereby rendered such invaluable service to their country, were received with enthusiasm by their relatives and friends; and it is worthy of remark, that though they had sent so many of their foes to their long homes, and had wounded between one and two hundred more, the only casualty in their gallant little band, was the wound in the finger of one of them at the commencement of the attack on the tambor.

The writer passed through Cenicéro repeatedly in the course of the late civil war, and often visited the church in company with some of the Urbanos who defended it with such determined bravery. The stone staircase of the tower—bereft of its lower steps—the ladder, the half-calced walls, all these palpable mementoes remained unchanged until the end of the war. The tambor was rebuilt, and the fortified church was always confided, as a post of honour, to the Urbanos, even when the town was occupied by the regular troops.

Cenicéro was never revisited by the Carlists, who had too painful a recollection of the tremendous lesson they had there received, to run the risk of encountering a repetition of it.

To the honour of the Urbanos be it added, that though some of their neighbours aided the Carlists during the attack, and otherwise conducted themselves obnoxiously, they were not molested in the slightest degree afterwards. 'Thus,' said the exemplary cura, to whom the writer was, on various occasions, indebted for the most frank hospitality, and to whom he never failed to pay his respects when passing through Cenicéro—'thus affording a practical proof of the sincerity of the principles which they professed.'

THE VALLEY OF THE MEUSE.

THE Meuse river, flowing northward from France into Holland, takes a sweep completely through Belgium, and has formed along its sides, by its never-ceasing current, some of the most picturesque scenery in Western Europe. It has excavated a valley through an elevated platform of transition slate and limestone, to a depth, in some places, of eight hundred feet, and a mile or two in width.* No stream in this part of Europe—except, perhaps, the Moselle—presents such varied and extensive windings. After a circuit of fifteen or seventeen miles, it in some places returns to within a few hundred yards of the point it passed before; thus making juttings and headlands to contrast with the flatness and fertility which are the general characteristics of the Netherlands.

But the beauty of the scenery is not the only attraction to this valley; it awakens historical associations of the most stirring events, from the days of chivalry downwards. In or near it are situated Dinant, Charlemont, Namur, Liege, Maestricht, and other places much renowned in history. Near the sources of the Meuse is spread out the forest of Ardennes, the scene of Shakespeare's comedy of 'As You Like It'; and many of the incidents of Sir Walter Scott's 'Quentin Durward' are supposed to have been enacted beside its waters. Yet although, or perhaps because, the Meuse may be reached from our own coasts in some four-and-twenty hours, it has been comparatively neglected by tourists. It is too near home to be thought worth attention. A very pretty book, however, which now displays its gay frontispiece on our table, is perhaps destined to rescue the district from the neglect of fashionable tourists—in other words, to bring the 'Valley of the Meuse' into vogue.†

Mr Dudley Costello, its author, determining to visit the neglected valley, proceeded by way of Calais, Dunquerque, Bergues, and Ypres, to Liege. Thence ascending the Meuse, he passed through Namur, where the junction of the Sambre swells the stream; and, continuing along the banks of the Meuse, reached Dinant, and made an excursion to the Ardennes. His observations were not confined to scenery—his research penetrated the mist of many local histories and antique curiosities; so that he has brought several interesting legends to light, which have never before been 'dove into English.'

'Liege,' says the tourist, 'is a city of striking appearance, whether it be approached by land or water. Seated in a broad and fertile valley, at the base of lofty hills which shelter it on the north and west, and open to the south in the direction of the noble river whose rapid waters divide it from the populous faubourg of Outre-Meuse, it occupies a space on which the eye rests with pleasure as it embraces the general mass or examines its details.' Its general aspect, however, 'contrasted with the quaint old cities of Flanders, is comparatively modern; but on the quays that extend below the Pont des Arches, ranges of buildings appear, carved and decorated with all the fantastic ornament that used to mark the dwellings of the citizens during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries: the streets which

* Lyell's Principles of Geology.

† A Tour through the Valley of the Meuse, with the Legends of the Walloon Country and the Ardennes. By Dudley Costello. London: Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand.

intersect these masses are so extremely narrow, as to be almost impassable for carriages, and many that are used for thoroughfares are accessible only to the foot-passengers. It is in this quarter chiefly that vestiges remain of the old town, which, more perhaps than any other in Europe, has experienced the horrors and desolation of internal and foreign warfare. But the necessities of a large population, and the restored commerce of a great city, such as Liege, have led to a great deal of improvement within the last few years; and new streets and buildings have risen in every part, replacing what was old and dilapidated, and giving an air of life and health to the whole. So great has been the change wrought within the last fifteen years, that any former recollection of the town was of little service in enabling us to find our way from the point where we were set down, the principal hotels in the neighbourhood of the theatre not being at that time in existence."

The truth is, Liege is a manufacturing town, and nothing widens old streets so effectually, or builds new houses so fast, as busy constant traffic. A manufacturing town is a hive, where every working bee must find for itself a cell, and convenient transit for its produce. Liege—such is the bathos of history—which few can think of without recurring to Charlemagne, Bishop Notger, Henry of Guelders, and other heroes of the past, has now become the Birmingham of Belgium. In its neighbourhood iron, with other metals, and coal abound. Concerning the discovery of the latter, Mr Costello has dug out of the local annals the following legend:—"Under the reign," says Gilles d'Orval, an old chronicler, "of Albert de Cuyck (at the commencement of the thirteenth century), a certain old man, of venerable appearance, with long white hair and a flowing beard, and wearing a white robe, passed one day through a street of Liege called Coché, and observing a blacksmith at work, who was complaining bitterly that with all his toil he could scarcely earn a livelihood, owing to the great expense of firewood, stopped and addressed him. "Cease your lamentations," he said, "and go to the neighbouring mountain where the monastery stands; you will there find certain veins of black earth, which you must dig out and burn: it will heat your iron far better than wood." Having uttered these words, the old man disappeared. At a later period, it was found out that the lucky blacksmith's name was Hullox, and etymologists have hence derived the word "Houille," the generic name for coal throughout the Pays de Liege and the north of France. The old man of course passed for an angel; for the historian Fisen observes—"Angelus fuisse creditus est." The Père Bouille, in his *Histoire de Liege*, accounts for Fisen's opinion in an ingenious manner. "It is at least probable," he observes, "that this old man was an English traveller, since coal had, according to the testimony of Matthew Paris, been used in England as far back as the year 1245."

Ascending the river, our traveller reached Huy, than which few towns are more picturesquely placed. "The Meuse here makes a sudden curve, retreating from the hills which have for some miles confined it on the right bank, and sweeping now beneath the ridge that protects the left. Like Soracte's height, which on "the curl hangs pausing," the citadel of Huy seems suspended above the cathedral, as if to threaten it with instant ruin; and until one has fairly crossed the bridge, it is difficult to imagine where the road runs that is to let one out of the town again. Then, indeed, it becomes apparent; but there is not much space to boast of between the perpendicular rock and the river." After threading the banks of the branching Meuse, Mr Costello proceeded to Namur, where the Sambre pours its waters into the Meuse. The city, according to our author, does not contain much that is attractive. Connected with its ancient customs are, however, some curious facts; amongst them the use of stilts, which is usually supposed to be confined to the people of the marshy and sandy plains of the Landes, which lie between the Garonne and

the Adour in southern France. Stilts have for centuries, it seems, enjoyed a far greater celebrity at Namur. "The frequent inundations of the Meuse and Sambre, which formerly used to flood the whole city, led doubtless in the first instance to their employment; but that which was originally a necessity, became in the course of time an amusement, and one that developed singular features. As far back as the eleventh century may be traced the existence of games on stilts; these games gradually assumed a party character, and the players finally resolved themselves into distinct bodies, ready at all times to do battle against each other, even to the peril of life and limb. These combats were conducted with great formality whenever a sovereign or other great personage honoured the city with his presence. The market-place of St Remy was usually selected as the *champ-clos*, and there the opposing brigades assembled to the number of from fifty to a hundred each, besides those who were called *souteneurs*, who came into the field to aid their comrades in case of accident, and when disabled, to supply their places. These bodies were regularly marshalled under proper officers, and there being frequently as many as twelve brigades on each side, the number of combatants amounted sometimes to nearly two thousand. Few spectacles could have been more animated than those which were presented in Namur when these conflicts took place: the whole of the population were present—every window, roof, and "coign of vantage" was filled with eager spectators; and amidst the ranks of the stilted warriors might be seen the wives and daughters of the combatants stimulating their husbands, sons, and lovers, by their reproaches and exhortations, and giving effect to the stimulus by administering the refreshment of strong waters. It was, in short, a scene of universal excitement, and its influence over the minds of those who shared in it was so great, that, as an instance, a story is yet remembered in Namur of a certain canon of St Aubain, who, leaving the field of battle for the cathedral, was so impressed with all he had heard and seen, that for every *amen* and *oramus* which he should have uttered, he substituted the war-cries of *Mélans* and *Ayresses*."

When the Archduke Maximilian visited Namur, one of these stilt-fights was got up for his express amusement. "The place St Aubain, in front of the cathedral, was once more selected for the exhibition, and some hundreds of cart-loads of sand were strewed upon the pavement, to soften the violence of a fall. A large semicircular enclosure was formed with posts and ropes, and two companies guarded the entrance. The archduke, travelling under the title of the Count of Burgaw, had arrived in Namur the evening before the combat, and had been met at the extremity of the faubourg by the magistracy of Namur, accompanied by the brigades of stilters. On the following day, the 31st of May 1774, after having visited the fortifications, and dined at the palace of the governor, the Prince de Gavre, he proceeded with his suite to the palace of the bishop, where, from the broad balcony that overlooked the square, a perfect view of the mimic field of battle was obtained.

"The *Mélans*, who had assembled their forces in the Place St Remy, were the first to arrive, and entered the arena by the lower part of the Place St Aubain; the *Ayresses*, whose muster had been made in the Place Lillon, soon made their appearance at the opposite side of the square. Both bodies marched in regular order, preceded by drums and fifes, and every man proudly carried his stilts over his shoulder, while on the flanks capered a number of hobby-horses, whose business it was to keep off the crowd. At five o'clock in the afternoon of a splendid day the ceremony began. As soon as the contending parties had entered the camp, the order was given for mounting, and after having defiled before the archduke, each side prepared to do its *devoir*. The *Mélans* were drawn up on the left sand in two lines; the first was composed of the brigades of the captain, the volunteers of Gavre, the brewers and the boatmen; the second of those of the porters, the men of the pen, advocates, notaries, &c. the butchers, and the

guards. The brigades of the hussars, placed on the left flank of the two lines, formed the reserve. The Avresses, more numerous, were disposed in three lines: the brigades of the captain, of the Russars of Wepion, and La Plante, were in the first line; those of St Croix, of A-talle, and the stone-hewers, formed the second; and the third consisted of the mountaineers, the tanners, the cuirassiers, and the commune of Jambes, on the other side of the Meuse. The porters and tanners, who constituted the *élite* of each force, were posted in the last line. On a signal being made by the governor, the battle began, the foremost lines advancing with slow and steady pace to the attack; and soon the arena resounded with the rattling weapons of the combatants, and many a "tall fellow" measured his length on the sandy plain. The fortune of the day was various: sometimes the party of the Mélaus, headed by their valorous chief, Castaigne, seemed to be carrying all before them; anon the Avresses would rally, and, led to the charge by their captain, Godinne, drove back their impetuous assailants. It was not long before the sustaining lines joined in the affray; and the reserve, disdaining to be idle, made the fight general. The struggle was long and fierce; and, in the moment of excitement, many a voice was raised for the *Boute-à-tot*; but the leaders, fearing the consequence in the presence of the archduke, refused to give the word, and the fight was therefore marked by no more fatal consequences than distinguished those "gentle passages of arms" where fractured collar-bones and broken legs and arms rewarded the exertions of the adventurous knights of old. The battle lasted for two hours, and then the Mélaus, whose lines were completely broken, whose reserve had been put to flight, and whose best champions had fallen before the "clanging blows" of their adversaries, were compelled to yield to the superior numbers of the Avresses. The stilt was raised, the drums and fifes joined in a martial strain, and the colours of Catherine of Savoy waved triumphantly over the field.

These encounters were very properly abolished by the civic authorities. The use of stilts is not, however, forgotten by the Namurois; at fairs and village festivals, groups of half-a-dozen may still occasionally be seen amusing the crowd with their antics, and sometimes, though rarely, engaging in single combat.

From Dinant, a long narrow town, which almost seems to be pressed into the stream by the heights behind it, Mr Costello left the Meuse, traversing the country to Rochefort, to reach the far-famed forest of Ardennes. Having rested at St Hubert, our tourist plunged into the forest. As he set out across a desolate moor, in the direction of Champlon, a large kite that kept circling over his head was the only companion of the journey. 'After a time, he too left us, having no doubt scented his quarry, and for some miles we pursued our silent, lonely route. As we advanced deeper into the forest, an occasional woodcutter might be seen; in some of the more open spaces large coveys of partridges were feeding; and in one sylvan spot we were agreeably surprised by the apparition of a superb fox, leisurely cantering across the road, as if on his way—which was probably the case—to breakfast at somebody's expense. We stopped for ours at Champlon, a large inn standing alone at a point where four roads meet, on the skirts of the most picturesque part of the forest. It is here truly the scene as Shakespeare has painted it—a perfect picture of sylvan beauty. Except the "green and gilded snake," and the "lioness, with udders all drawn dry," that lay in wait for Orlando's elder brother, all the features of "the forest of Arden," in "As You Like It," are drawn to the life. The truth of the description arises of course from the poet's quick sense of the beauties of nature, and his ready apprehension of all that unites to render forest scenery delightful, whether in England or beyond the Meuse. Nurtured in tradition, and steeped in the recollection of the days when he

the forest of Ardennes was to him as real an object as the woods that bordered the Avon; and thus the scenery of his unrivalled comedy is as true as the personages with whom he has filled these wilds are instinct with life. At every step we meet with

"Oaks whose antique roots peep out
Upon the brooks that brawl along the wood:"

we cannot penetrate beyond the glades without disturbing some "careless herd, full of the pasture," the "dappled fools" that formed the subject of the moralising reverie of the "melancholy Jacques;" we linger in many a spot where still seems to echo the song of the forest lord; nor can we refrain from chanting with him—

"Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to lie 't the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here he shall see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

This was the last place of note, except Treves (famous for its relic of the holy coat which has of late been causing so much discussion on the continent), which Mr Costello visited.

His work is tastefully adorned with wood engravings, which are executed in a style of unusual excellence.

LONDON AT DAYBREAK.

THOSE whose observation of London has been confined to its sombre appearance in the fogs of November, or its comfortless aspect in the rains or snows of January or February, can form little conception of its brightness and cleanliness as seen in the vivid light of an early summer morning. Many who take up the common cry of 'smoky, dirty London,' would be agreeably surprised could they behold it at such a time; though thousands have probably spent more than half of their threescore years and ten within its boundary, or in its vicinity, without having once seen this city of cities under these favourable circumstances.

The solitary appearance of the streets of London at the hour of daybreak is singular and striking. With a mighty city we naturally associate crowd and bustle, and to be surrounded on all sides with the myriad habitations of man, and yet scarcely to behold a single human being in the whole length of a street, to hear one's own footsteps echoing in the silence, and that in broad daylight, and in so crowded a thoroughfare as Cheapside, excites strange emotions. The contrast, too, with the appearance of the same streets when, in the noonday, the anxious noisy tide of life pours through their too narrow pathways, is striking. No lumbering wagons, no unwieldy brewers' drays, no rumbling omnibuses or dashing cabriolets, disturb the silence; a slow market cart or a country wagon is the only vehicle to be seen, except the costermonger's barrow, who is winding his way to Billingsgate for a supply of fish, or a butcher's cart rattling along to the wholesale markets. A solitary newsmen is already on the alert to secure the first copies of the morning papers, and the yawning printer is wearily bending his steps homewards from the scene of his nocturnal labours. At the corner of the street the nomadic tea-vender invites to his temporary tent the early labourer, the mechanic of higher grade has taken his place in the snug box of the already opened coffee-house, while the half-open door of the 'night-house' offers to the depraved taste of the less temperate the pernicious gratification of an early dram.

The general effect and the minor details of the public buildings, of which London boasts so many notable specimens, are now seen to the best advantage. In the light of the yet untainted atmosphere, the mouldings and cornices are seen with an effect of unusual sharpness and distinctness, and the yet vacant street affords room to move with facility from one point of view to another. The picturesque towers and spires of Sir

"did lay him down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,"

Christopher Wren stand out in bold relief against the sky, and the harmonious proportions of his numerous works are now seen to the greatest advantage; and many beauties in the more elevated parts of the buildings, scarcely noticeable in the thickened atmosphere of noonday, are now apparent. In the more ancient parts of the city, where some of the houses are still of wood, with quaint overhanging upper storeys, many an antiquated piece of wood-carving, and many a picturesque 'bit,' will strike the eye at such an hour, which in the bustle and crowd of noon would escape observation; and even the most frequented and well-known haunts will, in the 'smokeless air' of this silent hour, present many new points of interest and beauty, which the early lounge will wonder he never observed before. Not a little interesting is it also at such an hour, while sauntering along some quiet street, or exploring some untrodden nook, to call to mind the men who, by their virtues or genius, have hallowed the spot, or the stirring events which in bygone days gave a celebrity to the locality. Here was the 'whereabout' of a celebrated divine; here the school where the talents of a great genius first began to dawn; beneath the shadow of that spire sleeps a poet; in that old grotesque house, with its strange and uncounted carved work and elaborate monstrosities, died a celebrated author; here formerly stood a gate of the city; and there, again, is the site of its ancient wall. Connecting thus great men and events with the localities explored, every step introduces us to something interesting, and the most commonplace house and dull street become objects of absorbing interest, and still more so when visited in the favourable quietness and bright light of early morning.

Of the suburban views of London, perhaps that from the archway at Highgate is one of the best. The rural appearance of the road beneath, with the overhanging trees in the shrubbery on the side, and the glad chirp of birds, contrast pleasingly with the world of brick and mortar that stretches forward before the eye, evidently fast encroaching upon the few remaining fields in the foreground, and apparently determined to exterminate all that is green and rural. The spires of several modern churches relieve the monotony of the mass of houses, which at this end of London are destitute even of the charm of antiquity to render them interesting; and right before the eye, in the distance, St Paul's cathedral rears its well-known colossal form: a misty line beyond denotes the course of the river, and the Surrey hills form the background.

London is seen to advantage from some of the bridges, among which we might especially mention Blackfriars Bridge, as observed from which St Paul's cathedral has a very imposing effect, and the more ancient parts of the city lie in immediate proximity. But the finest point of observation is Waterloo Bridge, whence the view on a clear morning is magnificent. Little do many, who have lived perhaps all their lives off a short distance from this spot, imagine—while scouring the continent in search of the beautiful and picturesque—how fine a view is unnoticed at their doors; a view which, had it been met with in Germany or Switzerland, would have been chronicled in every guide-book, and have attracted thousands of admiring tourists. Nothing of its kind can be finer than the prospect from this spot on an early summer morning. Let the reader imagine himself standing on a seat in one of the recesses in the centre of the bridge, itself one of the finest in Europe; not a cloud in the sky, the sun gilding and gladdening with his beams everything around, and the fresh breeze blowing upon his cheek. Beneath, 'the river windeth at his own sweet will' (as Wordsworth expresses himself in his fine sonnet written on the contemplation of this view at such an hour), sauntering, as it were, along its sinuous course, and ruffled only by the tiny waves that seem to rejoice in the returning light and warmth of morning. The thickly clustered houses on every side proclaim the vast population of the city, and the numerous towers and

steeple, more than fifty of which, together with five bridges, are visible from this spot, testify to its enormous wealth.

The features of the south shore on the right hand are comparatively flat and uninteresting, there being on this side of the river few other buildings besides coal and timber wharfs, and tall chimneys, which pour out their volumes of smoke by night and by day. The ancient church of St Mary Overie, however, which forms on this side a prominent feature in the distance, must not be overlooked. On the north shore, the features are grand and impressive in the extreme. In the foreground, with its noble terrace overlooking the water, Somerset House stretches magnificently along the side of the river. Further on, the Temple Gardens, with their trees and verdure down to the water's edge, contrast refreshingly with the masses of brick and stone around. Glancing over the elegant steeple of St Bride's church, St Paul's cathedral towers above every object, as it were with paternal dignity, its huge cupola forming the principal feature in the scene. Behind these, among a cluster of spires and towers, rises the Monument; and further on, the Tower, so pregnant with associations of the romantic and the fearful; and the extreme distance presents a bristling forest of masts, belonging to vessels of all nations, unmistakably proving the vast extent of the commerce and wealth of the country.

Turning westward, looking up the river, several objects of interest meet the eye. The Lambeth shore is marked by little except a lion-surmounted brewery, which somewhat relieves its flatness and monotony; the sombre dome of Bethlehem Hospital is seen behind, fraught with the most gloomy associations, and the tall chimney of a shot manufactory, not forgetting Lambeth palace in the distance. On the opposite shore is the interesting locality of the Savoy, the beautiful chapel of which still remains; and also the Adelphi, conjuring up a thousand recollections of Queen Elizabeth, one of whose palaces formerly stood here. Further on stands Hungerford market, with its graceful suspension bridge, its vendors of fish, &c. bustling about even at this early hour; while behind rise the column of Nelson, and the towers of the venerable abbey of Westminster, the shrine of so much valour, genius, and piety. At the back of Whitehall, the gardens belonging to the mansions of some of the aristocracy, reaching down to the river's brink, form a pleasing feature; and the yet unfinished erection of the new houses of parliament, in all its elaborate majesty, stretches its vast length along the water-side with a dignity befitting its high destination.

As the eye glances around from spot to spot and from spire to spire, what numberless recollections of the past crowd upon the mind! How different must have been the scene when the only communication between the two shores was by means of the ancient ferry where London Bridge now stands! How different a feature must the north shore have presented, ere the fire of London had cleared a space for the genius of a Christopher Wren, and the wooden erections of ancient London had given place to the more durable materials—brick and stone! The Tower, too, which forms so prominent a feature in the distance, how much of history and romance does it suggest to the mind! There the lustful Harry immured and decapitated the beauteous Anne Boleyn; and there the upright and amiable Sir Thomas More cheerfully laid down his head on the block at the command of his tyrannous master. In the church of St Mary Overie, at one end of London Bridge, rests the lawyer poet Gower; and in the church of St Magnus the Martyr, at the other end of the bridge, lie the bones of the memorable Coverdale. How many associations also are suggested by the sight of the Temple Gardens! There, in former times, proudly lived in splendour the Knights Templars; and the admirer of the 'Essays of Elia' will not forget that close by was the lodging of the amiable and interesting Charles Lamb. A little further on, near the water-side, stands the little church

where the immortal Milton was baptised; and nearly opposite, on the other side of the river, is the site of the celebrated Globe theatre, so intimately connected with the names of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. The sight of those venerable towers of Westminster carries us back in imagination to the remote period when Sebert, the pious Saxon king, built a church on Thorny Island, which was the foundation of the present proud structure; and that picturesque palace of Lambeth, scarcely seen in the distance, revives in the mind fearful recollections of persecution and oppression, as we think of the sufferings of the Lollards, who were imprisoned there for daring to think for themselves in religious matters. Those houses of parliament, too, how often have those roofs echoed the eloquence of a Pitt, a Sheridan, and a Burke! how often has the pathetic appeal of a Wilberforce, and the tasteful oratory of a Canning, moved the hearts and influenced the minds of spell-bound listeners! But the new houses of parliament attract the eye: the mind throws itself forward into the future, as well as lingers on the past, and the wonder as to who will be the distinguished ornaments and leaders within these walls, and what the character of their measures, unites itself to the prayer that the men may be philanthropic and their measures patriotic.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS IN SHIPS.

A correspondent, referring to our account of a 'Visit to the Great Britain,' and the advantages of water-tight compartments, claims the merit of their introduction into the British navy for the late Sir Samuel Bentham. This officer, in obedience to an order from the Admiralty, dated in 1795, built seven vessels with water-tight compartments, and in his report to his employers, he describes the improvement so as to leave no doubt that in principle it is the same as that adopted in the Great Britain. In consideration of his various services, Sir Samuel was appointed inspector-general of naval works.

The principle was, however, by no means a new one; nor does Sir Samuel Bentham in his evidence* claim to be the inventor. An ancient galley was, it has been ascertained, built with compartments independent of each other; and the Chinese have always constructed their clumsy vessels upon the same plan. It may therefore seem surprising that modern British ships should not have more generally been built with water-tight compartments or bulk heads since Bentham's improvements. The solution may be, that the additions of that not very compact material—wood—necessary for extra partitions, would render ships too cumbersome; whilst iron, of which the Great Britain is built, being lighter in proportion to its strength, allows of the full adoption of water-tight compartments without any of the former disadvantages.

As it may be interesting to many to know who first directed the attention of the naval public to, and carried out the principle, we cheerfully accede to our correspondent's wish, and give all due credit to his gallant ancestor Sir Samuel Bentham.

COUNCILS OF HONEST MEN.

The French journals inform us that about four months ago a sort of tribunal was formed, which would, we sincerely believe, prove of the utmost benefit if imitated in this country. It consists of a mixture of masters and workmen, and is called the *Council des Prud'hommes*, which may be rendered the 'Council of Honest Men.' The design is, that each trade should delegate a certain number of employers and employed, so as to form a board or council, whose function consists of hearing and deciding any disputes which may arise between the two classes belonging to each branch of industry. The Council is not a legal tribunal, but merely a court of arbi-

tration, leaving appellants the choice of submitting or not to its judgments, which it has of course no means of enforcing. So far, however, as the experiment has been tried in Paris, it has succeeded so well, that of 400 cases which were decided during the first three months of the tribunal's existence, in only three were the decisions not final or satisfactory.

If such an institution be found of benefit in France, of how much greater utility would it prove in this infinitely more manufacturing and commercial country? We are confident that much of the misunderstanding which exists between representatives of capital and of labour, arises from the few opportunities there exist for their meeting together, and being made to feel how inseparable their interests really are. Apart, therefore, from the special object of such a tribunal—the settling of disputes—'Councils of Honest Men' would have the effect of lessening the gulf which now unhappily exists between masters and men. Intelligent individuals, selected from the operatives, would meet their superiors to perform the same function, which in itself would tend to bring about a much more cordial community of sentiment than now exists. The great body of workmen, again, would feel greater independence, and work with greater zest, when they found their employers uniting with the chosen of their body to set whatever little grievances they may labour under to rights. It may perhaps be argued that the working-classes, as a body, are not yet fully prepared to take a part in proceedings demanding great consideration, or requiring logical skill in reasoning. We are aware that many certainly are not; those, for example, who habitually yield to intemperance; but it is equally true that a great number are morally and intellectually able for the due performance of duties of this nature; and we know of nothing which could so powerfully promote habits of order and propriety, as the expectation of being placed on the councils of honest men we speak of.

Aside from these general considerations, the particular advantages of such a tribunal would be even greater. It may, without danger, be asserted, that common or equity law, as an impartial mediator between employers and employed, is totally inefficient. In the first place, it is an expensive arbitrator to call in; and to the poor man is, in mere commercial or manufacturing disputes, a dead letter. It is an instrument he cannot afford to employ in righting himself, whilst his rich master can, on the other hand, readily call in its aid. Secondly, if the law of the land were ever so accessible, it is generally inefficient in adjusting the nice differences which are liable to arise in the various trades. There is no special law for one manufacture more than another. It makes no distinction between printers, weavers, tailors, miners, or any other artisans, and is consequently unable to reach the cases of minute injustice which may arise in each profession, and be quite peculiar to itself. A council, therefore, of 'honest men,' selected from the respective trades, would be much better judges of the cases brought before them than the best lawyers breathing. This is daily exemplified in our common law or jury courts. Causes of the utmost complication occasionally arise, involving technicalities of which the attorneys or writers, and advocates, are totally ignorant, until they glean a superficial knowledge of them from the cases themselves. These technicalities, which it takes, be it remembered, years of experience in the people actually engaged in the trade or manufacture to learn, and which form the gist of the case, are then argued before jurymen who are in total ignorance of them, not having had the lawyer's opportunity of previously 'getting up' one spark of the technical information so essential. Yet, in their ignorance, they are bound to decide. Hence it is that jury decisions concerning patents, 'hot-blast,' and similar cases, demanding much mechanical, engineering, or manufacturing knowledge, seldom satisfy the litigants, and are more frequently carried into higher courts than any other class of causes. This is an evil which has been long

felt, and loudly exclaimed against, especially in Scotland, where juries for civil causes are of comparatively recent introduction. Were, however, technical misunderstandings submitted to a council of individuals—masters and operatives—fully conversant with the technicalities out of which the disagreements arise, justice would be better done. A tribunal of iron-founders, for instance, would assuredly be better able to understand and decide upon the merits of a hot-blast case, than the best legal functionaries and most generally intelligent jurymen in Great Britain. There is little fear that their arbitrations would not be added by; for experience has already proved the imputility of going to law, which is only now done because it is the only means of settlement at present existing. It would be safe to predict, that the proportion of appellants would be about the same as that in Paris—three in 400.

Upon these various considerations, we would strenuously advocate the institution of *Conseils des Prêd-hommes* in Great Britain.

WHAT TO DO WITH TRANSPORTED CRIMINALS.

THERE are at present nearly fifty thousand culprits in the Australian colonies and other dependencies of Great Britain (almost wholly in the former), and about five thousand are transported every year. The present arrangements for the management of this unhappy class of our fellow subjects are extremely defective; at least they are attended with very unsatisfactory results; and it has become an important question—By what means can they be improved? The present system has two leading distinctive features—the predominance of physical coercion, and the comparative absence of persuasive motive; being precisely those which mark the everywhere detestable form of slavery. The system is condemned even by the instances in which comparatively good effects have been realised, for these have always occurred where the system was most departed from: thus, good masters—men who treat the convicts granted to them as servants with most persuasive, and fewest directly coercive stimulants—have always ‘turned out the best men,’ bad masters—severe-natured men, keeping more strictly to rules—have always had the worst men; and the worst of all have been found in the service of the government, where the strictest rules have been the most strictly carried out.’ The general tendency of the present plans is to harden and further deprave the convicts. What is desirable, is a treatment which would unite punishment—the due condemnation of error—with the reform and restoration of the unfortunate men. We must avoid being too lenient, for there is a very definite evil lies; but we ought equally to avoid any plan of treatment which only can make the bad worse. It is a terrible thing for man to do—to put his brother into circumstances which unavoidably sink his soul deeper in the mire of sin, punishing him for a little error by forcing him into the predisposition to commit a greater. Yet this is what our nation is doing every day with fifty thousand of its members.

A proposal for a new plan has been laid before the government, and partially before the public also, by Captain Maconochie, R.N., who for some years conducted the establishment at Norfolk Island. Captain Maconochie is a philanthropist; but views founded in humanity are not necessarily visionary. On the contrary, we sometimes think that those who persist for years in plans found to be bad in result, but which they nevertheless persist in believing to be the best, have more of the theorist in their constitution than those who, in such circumstances, would try something new. The mode suggested by Captain Maconochie is of business-like aspect, although directed to a Christian-like end.

He proposes that criminals should be condemned, first, to a comparatively brief term of banishment; second, to a certain amount of duty and self-denial, which they must regard as a debt, and expunge before they can be restored to liberty. Such duties and efforts of self-denial would, according to Captain Maconochie’s plan, be expressed in marks; and men would be condemned to 6, 8, or 10,000 marks, in proportion to the gravity of their offences. Starting with whatever debt against him, the culprit would have before him the opportunity of reducing it daily by his well-directed labour or by the frugality of his living, all above bread and water being left to his own option. A persuasive motive would thus be substituted for direct coercion, although the latter might still be reserved for extreme cases, if any such arise. ‘With the alteration thus made in it,’ says Captain Maconochie, ‘this punishment [transportation], from being, as now, the worst, would speedily become the best secondary infliction at our command. It would more certainly wean convicted offenders from their vicious habits—more powerfully deter the hesitating from committing crime—and prove in the end also, as I think, more economical than any other punishment that has yet been devised. The originally worst purposed men, when placed in a painful situation, from which only steady exertion and self-command could rescue them, with the strongest and highest motives to please, instead of low and deteriorating motives merely to avoid offending, would be unable to resist the infectious example of a whole community steadily pursuing the same object on the same principles; and trained thus to good habits by impulses proceeding from within themselves, and the class to which they belong, these habits would much more certainly become in time natural to them, than any created through mere restraint. Again, the example of their submission, and the recognised necessity for all similarly submitting before they can hope to recover their liberty when once forfeited, would be far more deterring to others than the example of vague suffering; for the pride of evil-minded men would recoil from the one picture, and it is only challenged by the other.’

All, however, is not left to the power of this appeal to the convict’s hopes. ‘On first arriving at a penal settlement—for a period not under three months, but beyond that depending entirely on his own regularity and proficiency, and the acquisition of marks exhibiting them—his treatment should consist of moral, religious, and other intellectual instruction in a penitentiary. The great object in this is to wean from vicious recollections, cast the views forward, penetrate with a sense of benevolent purpose in all the other regulations, and, by enlarging the intelligence, increase the power of deliberate reason over blind impulse. I speak from experience in attaching great importance to it, and the voyage out should be also made systematically subservient to it. After this he should, for a time not under eighteen months, but this period also depending on the acquisition of marks, serve in a mutually responsible party, labouring for government, and disqualified for any situation of trust, authority, or indulgence under it, or for any private service. The object of this, apart from the punishment it will inflict, is to create a common interest in a whole party, and in all parties, to behave well—thus to produce an esprit de corps towards good in all—to subdue selfish feeling—to assist the weak by giving them the aid of the strong, and to fetter the ill-disposed by combining the interests of the better men with theirs. Experimentally, I also attach much importance to it.’ After this he should hold, for not less than fifteen months (making three years in all), and beyond this till he has fully redeemed his marks and earned his entire discharge, a ticket of leave in the settlement. In this last stage, every reasonable facility should be afforded him to accumulate a little money against his return to society. * * * On discharge, every reasonable assistance should be given to the men to disperse; and their final liberation, as well as every

intermediate step towards it, should in every case depend solely on having served the minimum time, and accumulated the corresponding number of marks."

In the brochure from which we make these extracts, there are some traits of the convict population of Australia and Norfolk Island which can scarcely be read without interest. It appears that, in the obstinate state of mental rebellion in which the present system retains the men, they have come to alter entirely their ideas of good and evil. A bad man with them is one who shows an inclination to behave unusually well, by way of making favour with his superiors. A good man is one disposed to every outrage against rule: he would rob and murder, but not give evidence. The attention of convicts in church exceeds that of most ordinary congregations: many show great religious excitability; but these are generally not the best men. Captain Macnochie says—"In administering justice, I was always most particular in my way of receiving an oath. On important occasions, I would question the man tendering it about his early religious education, his father's and mother's care of it, and his recollection and still abiding sense of the sacred nature of its obligations. He would very frequently be moved, and sometimes even to tears, under this cross-examination: yet almost the best of them would perjure themselves immediately afterwards, rather than lose caste among their companions by divulging what they were under a general, by no means necessarily a particular, pledge to conceal."

"The attention of prisoners," he says, "to their sick companions is usually very striking; and their emotion on occasion of a death far exceeds any that I have usually seen in either army or navy. It is difficult also to say how this should be: it is not through fear; for though, as a body, timid when opposed to regular authority, this arises from their habitual submission, their want of confidence in each other, and of the habit also of acting in numbers together; and individually, they expose their lives even recklessly. The feeling exhibited is not either the expression of fear, but rather of sympathy, as it were, with one who has passed from among them, and from their trials, to another audit. I have often observed this thought in the minds of otherwise rather hardened men, and in no case did I ever see a trace of that disgusting levity with which death is sometimes adverted to in military and even high civil society. Before I went to Norfolk Island, only a limited number, I think twelve, were allowed to attend any funeral, and no headstones were permitted to be erected at a prisoner's grave; but agreeing entirely with the Mettray directors as to the moral benefit to be derived from an opposite conduct, I abrogated both regulations. Two or three hundred men would thus frequently accompany an interment, all dressed in their best, and walking most respectably in files together; and a decorum, modesty, and even taste, were occasionally exhibited in their headstones really wonderful. I recollect one now, having been struck with it at the time. It was a low humble stone over an old man, with the words, "THE WEARY ARE AT REST" above, and name and date beneath. It seemed to me very touching, and at the same time highly characteristic. It expressed the *tedium vite* which elderly prisoners, who especially feel the discomforts of their position, and have outlived their relish for its palliations, almost always testify; and the omission of the first clause of the sentence exhibited also the absence of remorse which in most cases singularly characterises their dying moments. Their crimes have been so long their only sources of support and enjoyment, that they cease to regard them in this light; and their punishment is also universally considered by them to have exceeded the measure due to their offences. One of the worst men I ever knew, a fellow without a single manly principle, except that of courageous endurance of punishment when incurred, died when I was at Norfolk Island, and I went to see him at the last, to endeavour to get him to retract a false and scandalous charge he had recently brought against one of the free overseers. With

some difficulty he consented, and I then asked him if he was prepared for the change awaiting him? He answered "Quite." "Have you no fears in relation to it?" "None in life." "And yet severe punishments have been denounced against a life such as yours has been." "I can never be worse off than I have been here, where I have been used worse than a dog." I held out my hand to him on leaving, and his first movement was to reject, though he afterwards took it, and seemed a little softened. He died within a few hours. His conduct had been so bad, and on several occasions even gratuitously treacherous (a great offence in prisoners' estimation), that scarcely any volunteered to bury him; and a party was ordered for the purpose, of which I recollect scarcely any other instance. One rather respectable man did, however, accompany him voluntarily; and on my asking afterwards how this had happened, the answer was also characteristic, "I was long in jail with him up the country." By such associations are those social feelings now guided, which man cannot shake off, which, if debarred their legitimate exercise, take to taming mice and spiders, of which so much might be made in recovering even the worst, were they properly recognised and respected, but which at present only bind good, bad, and indifferent together by the tie of a common crime or punishment."

The following anecdote is striking. "When I landed on the island, three very desperate men were working in irons in a quarry by themselves, and it was thought utterly unsafe to let them go at large. I proposed to them, as I did to all others, much to extend their indulgences, provided they would become "mutually responsible" for each other, so that if any transgressed, I should have the right to replace them all under the original duress. They objected strongly, and I was struck even with the form of objection. It was not, "if so and so behaves ill, why should I suffer?" but, "if I behave ill, why should so and so suffer?" I replied, that my object was to get all to behave well for the sake of each other, as I could not hope they would do so as yet for mine; and at all events these were the only conditions on which I would grant them any indulgence whatever. Two days passed before they consented; but after they did, though not immaculate, they behaved generally very well. One of them at length showed strong indications of approaching insanity. He became moody, and twice attempted to destroy himself. I thought that possibly change of occupation and diet might benefit him, and I brought him to my own garden in consequence, and sought to feed him up; but he rather got worse. I remonstrated with him, and his answer was a striking one—"When I used to be this way before, I would get into trouble (commit an offence, and incur a severe punishment), and that took it out of me; but now that I try to behave myself, I think I am going mad altogether." (There is a strong tendency in irritable tempers, under coercive discipline, from time to time to "run a muck;" and after a time, this becomes almost a necessity to them.) At length it became unsafe to trust him at large, yet still the surgeon wished him to have air and exercise; on which one of his old "quarry" comrades volunteered to be handcuffed to him, his left hand to the patient's right, and thus walked about with him many days, till he was sent to Sydney a confirmed lunatic."

What is here added is scarcely less interesting: the preliminary remark strikes us as particularly just. "Instances of individual attachment to myself I could multiply without number, but these, for obvious reasons, I forbear to quote; and in truth they as often pained as pleased me, by being too deferential. It is a great and very common mistake, in managing prisoners, to be too much gratified by mere obedience and servility; duplicity is much encouraged by this; and of two opposite errors, it is better rather to overlook a little occasional insubordination. Cannot, however, refuse to cite two traits, whose character cannot be mistaken. I had a large garden within a few hundred yards of the ticket-

of-leave village at Cascade, where from 300 to 400 men lived, four to six in a hut, never locked up, nor under other guard through the night than that of a police sentry, one of their own number. The garden was by the roadside, very imperfectly fenced with open paling, and fully stocked with choice fruit and vegetables, bananas, pine apples, grapes, melons, and others, which to men on a salt ration must have offered a great temptation; and a well of particularly good water being within it, almost public, these were constantly under view; yet I scarcely ever lost any. And by a letter received a few weeks ago, I learn that five men, having picked up an old black silk handkerchief that had belonged to me, have had their prayer-books bound with it. The only one named to me was once a notorious bushranger, in New South Wales, and is on the island under the heaviest of all sentences, "Life, never to return." He was thus at one time rather ill-conducted—boat-building, or otherwise scheming to recover his liberty—and often in trouble in consequence. And it gives me the greatest pleasure now to hear so different a report of him, at once for his own sake, as the anecdote illustrates what I have elsewhere said of the acquiescence of prisoners in just, if not vindictive or extreme severity or restraint; and as it further shows me the gratifying direction which remembrance of old times and lessons still gives to these poor fellows' minds. Their present value for these prayer-books may be in a degree false and factitious; yet who knows what they may yet do for them? or how far, under the varied impulses to which humanity is subject, their influence may not be deepened, in the most critical circumstances of temptation or of suffering, by the associations thus connected with them?

We cannot leave this subject without expressing our cordial approbation of the leading features of Captain Maconochie's plan, and our earnest wish that a fair trial were given to it.

THE PARTITION OF AN ISLAND BETWEEN TWO GREAT NATIONS.

[The following humorous account of a territorial division between contending nations, is translated from a French periodical, and perhaps our readers may not think it *mal-a-propos* to see it in an English dress.]

In the year 1648, whilst Europe, torn for a century and a half by wars carried on from one end of the old world to the other, at length sought repose, and sent plenipotentiaries from all parts to the village of Munster to negotiate a peace, at the same moment, but at a distance of two thousand leagues from that village and its excited population, the representatives of two great nations met, in the midst of a world of waters, with scarcely less solemnity, for the purpose also of arriving at a mutual understanding. The place of meeting was a hill beaten by the sea waves, and commanding a horizon of prodigious extent. The attention of the ambassadors, who came upon the ground about sunrise, was at first wholly taken up with the sublime spectacle spread before their eyes. Both on the right and left there was the glittering ocean, upon whose surface of fire many islands of the Archipelago, wrapped in the blue haze of distance, were scattered. One by one, from east to west, were they touched by the solar rays, and awakened like a troop of nymphs from their slumbers.

The ambassadors approached, the conference began—a grave and delicate negotiation. In fact, it was no less than the apportionment between France and Holland of the island of St Martin, a plot of *terra firma* four leagues by three. France was represented on this elevation (since called Concord Height) by four of her sons; namely, a captain who had lost his regiment in these remote latitudes, a Gascon turned planter, and two friends who were independent gentlemen. Holland was repre-

sented by four Dutchmen, of whom one had made a considerable fortune by selling beer to the others.

After some formal preliminaries, the discussion became lively enough.

'Talk of concessions made by Holland, forsooth!' cried the French captain: 'concessions, indeed! it is France who, in her generosity, has been inclined to grant them to you; for were we not in this island before you?'

'Certainly not,' said the Dutchman stiffly.

'What! have you forgotten our astonishment when we first discovered you here?'

'Our surprise was quite as great as yours.'

'We believed ourselves to be the sole occupants of the island. We settled on the northern part, built houses, planted the flag of France on a height: we were contented and happy; when, behold! one morning, urged by the ardour of the chase, we crossed for the first time a mountain that separated us from the southern part of the island. Imagine our surprise when we found you settled just as comfortably as ourselves.'

'Very true,' said the Dutch leader; 'and you can readily believe that our astonishment was not a whit less than yours, when all of a sudden we saw you descend the mountain with that easy air that people wear who think themselves at home.'

'Well, well; but what passed at our first interview?'

'You demanded what we did here. We replied it was our colony.'

'Your colony!' you exclaimed; 'just climb to that mountain-ridge and you will see another colony, and, what is more, with our flag.'

'We climbed the mountain,' said the Dutchman, 'and we found in truth on the other side three vessels and a flag.'

'Exactly.'

'Exactly; you had seen as much on our side.'

'Yes; but which of the two nations arrived here first; that is the point. There can be no doubt that we did; for who expressed the greatest surprise at seeing the other? Surely we did.'

'So, gentlemen,' retorted the Dutchman, 'it pleases you to say. But we can assure you that our amazement was just as great as yours, only we are not in the habit of expressing our feelings so noisily as you are. That was all the difference.'

'Truly you are a phlegmatic people!'

'Phlegm, let me tell you, sir, is indicative of a landed proprietor.'

'What have you to say, then, to the fort? Ours is already constructed, beside the flag.'

'Just what we ourselves have done.'

'This state of things, however, France cannot put up with; and it is to have an end of these disputes that we have here assembled. We must now settle the matter once for all.'

'We must settle the matter by all means. Holland cannot consent to occupy an equivocal position. In everything we like to know whether we stand on our head or our heels.'

'There seems to be only one method of arriving at that piece of knowledge,' replied the captain; 'you are four, so are we. Let us fight, and the victors shall be masters of the island.'

'And this you style the generous concessions of France?'

'Well, have you any better plan? If so, let us hear it.'

'It seems to us that there are simpler plans than the one you have proposed—an equal partition, for instance. You occupy the north of the island, we the south. Good; let each remain at home, and, instead of fighting, as if we were hostile armies, instead of ruining ourselves by building useless forts, let us live in peace, and establish between ourselves a great system of commerce. Will not that be better, gentlemen, than cutting one another's throats? We happen to have just now some capital beer to sell. What do you say to that?'

'How do you sell it?'

'Oh, we are content with a moderate profit.'

'Well, well, we will talk the matter over hereafter. If, however, we found two neighbouring empires, there remains an important question to settle—what shall be our frontier lines? It will of course be absolutely necessary to determine this point; else how shall we know where to erect our customhouses?'

'True, true,' replied the Dutchman; 'we must certainly fix upon a boundary.'

'Well, then, we will tell you a very simple mode of doing that. You see we are standing on the north coast. Do you turn to the left, and, keeping along the shore, march right onwards. We will start in the other direction. In this way we shall pass round the island, and meet again on the other side. We will then draw a line from the hill where we now are to the place of meeting. This will divide the island into two parts: you shall have one, and we will take the other.'

'A very ingenious scheme,' said the Dutchman. 'We agree to your proposal. Your course is to the right, ours to the left. As the sun has attained no great height, we will, if you please, begin the perambulation at once.'

'Very well; so here we are off.'

The two parties then separated, and with mighty solemnity they set out on their respective ways. They were scarcely at the foot of the mount where the conference had taken place, before the Frenchmen set up a shout of laughter. 'Now I will wager,' said the Gascon planter, 'that those fat Dutchmen are at this moment bearing themselves with all the gravity of a priest carrying the host. I should like to have a peep at them. What do you say to our climbing the hill once more? We shall have a jovial ten minutes in looking at them from the top.'

'But don't you see that they will be gajping ground all the time?' retorted the captain.

'Bah!' said the Gascon; 'cannot we have a run afterwards, and so make ourselves even with them? Come, let us go back.'

'Faith no,' said the captain; 'the hill is somewhat steep. I have not the slightest inclination to climb it again.'

Well, I confess I should like to see them. You won't have anything to say to the hill; now suppose we run forward as fast as we can? We shall then surprise them in the midst of their ceremonious airs. How we shall enjoy the sight!

'No, no, we must not play them a trick. If they walk, we have no right to run.'

'Pooh! what matters it? In the first place, no pace was stipulated on. In the second, if we obtain a territory twice the size of theirs, where is the harm? Do not the French move about twice as fast as the Dutch, and ought they not therefore to have twice as much space? In strict justice we ought to have two-thirds of the island.'

'Very well then, let us run.'

Bursting with laughter, the four Frenchmen immediately set forward at a rapid speed, and after moving at this accelerated pace about half an hour, all of a sudden, in doubling a promontory, they came face to face with the four Dutchmen, who were no little astonished at the meeting.

'How is this?' cried the Batavians, coming to a full stop.

'Parbleu! here we are, the sons of France. And now, gentlemen, we must erect a cross, and then some of these days we can draw the boundary line.'

'Well, this is a little surprising,' said Meinherr; 'we have scarcely come a mile.'

'That,' said the Gascon in a grave tone, 'was your fault. If you choose to walk so majestically—'

'Most surprising!' Holland repeated. 'Have you not been running, messieurs, a little?'

'Sir,' rejoined the Gascon, 'we used the pace of France.'

The next day a line was solemnly drawn from the point of parting to the place of meeting; and hence it is that Holland is owner of only one-third of the island of St Martin.

CLASS REPROBATION—TWO HONEST LAWYERS.

We still occasionally meet with individuals who entertain prejudices against whole professions, declaring, for instance, that all engaged in the law must needs be tainted with roguery. That there may be something unfavourable to general morality in the maxim which sanctions a legal man in taking up causes which he fully believes to be bad, we are not prepared to deny; that there are many despicable pettifoggers continually engaged in dirty and roguish work, cannot be doubted; but it is at the same time evident to all who can take a comprehensive view of the profession, that the great mass are men of the purest honour, while many exhibit even an unusual exactness in their dealings with their fellow-creatures. The effect of the following *true story* will be, we think, to show that honour and shame are not necessarily connected with any of the walks of life in which common prejudice expects to find them.

In a certain mercantile town, which need not be named, there existed, thirty years ago, a house transacting business under the firm of B. M. H. and Co. Their trusty clerk, J. S., having been one day sent to the bank for a large sum, which was paid to him in hundred-pound notes, was returning with it, when, having gone into a shop for some unimportant purpose, he unluckily dropped one of the notes, which he did not miss till he had reached the counting-house of his employers. The junior partner of a thriving manufacturing house happened to observe it immediately after the loser had departed, and, having picked it up unobserved, he showed it to his partners as a windfall, and they agreed to regard it as a common good, and enter it as such in their books. The loss of the note was duly advertised in the newspapers and by placard: the fact became universally known, and was as universally regretted; but no trace of it was ever discovered. The very men who had appropriated it, joined heartily in deploring the misfortune of the poor clerk, upon whom it was known that the loss would fall. When all efforts had failed, J. S. was obliged to make up the sum to his employers, out of a little fund which he had accumulated as a provision for a lunatic daughter. Worse still; the misfortune preyed upon his spirits. He fell into ill health, and soon after died, leaving a destitute family.

For twenty years, the trio who had divided the hundred pounds pitilessly beheld the struggles of the poor widow and her children. At length their copartnership was dissolved, and the junior partner, in consulting his legal agent, Mr W., as to some details of that transaction, incidentally stated that he had hardly got his fair share of that hundred-pound note which he had picked up twenty years ago. Little more passed at that time; but, about three months after, Widow B., the surviving child of poor S., who had lost the note, having occasion to consult the same legal gentleman, made allusion to that circumstance as what had produced the ruin of her father's family. Struck with the coincidence of time, place, and the sum lost, Mr W. made further inquiries, and the result was, that he recommended Mrs B. to call upon the principal partner of the dissolved concern, and ask pointedly if a member of his house had ever found a hundred-pound bank note, and if the sum had been credited to cash in their books.

The poor woman acted according to direction, and by the person to whom she applied, was ordered to quit his house, and never trouble him again on such a subject. Not daunted by this repulse, Mr W. caused his poor protégée to apply to Mr B., the principal partner of the house by which her father had been employed, requesting that he would kindly exert himself to see

justice done to her. Mr B. was a benevolent, as well as conscientious man; he had ever regretted the fate of poor S., and he now felt the deepest indignation at the trio whom, from the report of Mr W., he believed to have appropriated the note. He applied by letter, and personally, for the restoration of the money; but met only shuffling denials and refusals. A rupture then took place between the parties, and, with Mr B.'s concurrence, a summons was served by W. upon the three partners of the dissolved firm, narrating all the circumstances of the case, and concluding for the value of the missing note, with interest and expenses. An agent was employed in defence; but, happily, like Mr W., he was an honest man. Mr M. observing something suspicious in the case, assembled the three partners in his chamber, where a conversation somewhat like the following took place:

Mr M. Well, gentlemen, your defence in this case, what is it?

Trio. Oh, there is no proof that the pursuer's father lost any note, or that we found the one he lost.

M. Did any of you find a Royal Bank L.100 note at the time and place stated in the summons?

Trio. Ay; but what proof is there that it is the one he lost, if indeed he lost any note?

M. Did you at the time know of the advertisements and reward narrated in the summons?

Trio. Oh, we cannot remember these far-back stories.

M. Yes; but I see you do not deny them, and I wish to know if you yourselves advertised the finding of the note, as was clearly your duty as honest men?

Trio. No; and surely there was no law of the land which obliged us to do so.

M. Well, gentlemen, I tell you frankly that this seems to me an ugly affair, and you had better settle it, for certainly I shall not defend you.

Struck with the straightforward honesty of their own agent, the partners could not resist his advice. The opposite agent, Mr W., was sent for, and asked what rate of interest he demanded. He answered to Mr M., 'Whatever you, sir, as agent for the defenders, think fair.' 'Then,' said M., 'I fix it at bank interest;' and the matter was immediately settled.

Thus was a monstrous wrong, which had been inflicted by individuals of a class held generally in respect, redressed by the honesty and zeal of two members of a profession often spoken of as wholly predatory and vile. Could anything show us in a more expressive light the necessity of caution in applying general characters to large bodies of men?

COMPENSATION.

[From Essays by R. W. Emerson, an American writer.]

POLARITY, of action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature; in darkness and light, in heat and cold, in the ebb and flow of waters, in male and female, in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals, in the systole and diastole of the heart, in the undulations of fluid, and of sound, in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity, in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity. Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end. If the south attracts, the north repels. To empty here, you must condense there. An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole; as spirit, matter; man, woman; subjective, objective; in, out; upper, under; motion, rest; yea, nay.

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle. There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman, in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe. The reaction so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries. For example, in the animal kingdom, the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favourites, but a certain compensation balances every gift and every defect. A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from

another part of the same creature. If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short.

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example. What we gain in power, is lost in time, and the converse. The periodic or compensating errors of the planets are another instance. The influences of climate and soil in political history are another. The cold climate invigorates; the barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers, or scorpions.

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect; every defect an excess. Every sweet hath its sour; every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure, has an equal penalty put on its abuse. It is to answer for its moderation with its life. For every grain of wit, there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else; and for everything you gain, you lose something. If riches increase, they are increased that use them. If the gatherer gathers too much, nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest; swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions. The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing, than the varieties of condition tend to equalise themselves. There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others.

Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates itself in a twofold manner; first, in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly, in the circumstance, or in apparent nature. Men call the circumstance the retribution. The casual retribution is in the thing, and is seen by the soul. The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the understanding; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time, and so does not become distinct until after many years. The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem. Punishment is a fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know; brags that they do not touch him; but the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul. If he escapes them in one part, they attack him in another more vital part. If he has escaped them in form, and in the appearance, it is that he has resisted his life, and fled from himself, and the retribution is so much death. So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the bad, that the experiment would not be tried—since to try it is to be mad; but for the circumstance, that when the disease began in the will, of rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurements of an object, and not see the sensual hurt: he sees the mermaid's head, but not the dragon's tail; and thinks he can cut off that which he would have from that which he would not have.

All things are double, one against another. Tit for tat, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood, measure for measure, love for love. Give, and it shall be given you. He that waters it shall be watered himself. Who doth not work shall not eat. Harm watch, harm catch. Curses always recoil on the head of him who imprecates them. If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own. Bad counsel confounds the adviser.

It is thus written, because it is thus in life. Our action is overmastered and characterised above our will by the law of nature. We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself. With his will, or against his will, he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it. It is a thread-ball thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag; or, rather, it is a harpoon thrown at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, a coil of cord in the boat, and if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain, or to sink the boat.

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong. 'No

man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him," said Burke. The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it. The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and nine-pins, and you shall suffer as well as they. If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by Fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or a current of air meets another, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbour feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

All the abuses in society, the great and universal, and the petty and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity, and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he always teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears. He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded, and mowed, and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is always best to pay scot and lot as they go along; and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained anything who has received a hundred favours and rendered none? Has he gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbour's wares, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part, and of debt on the other; that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of himself and his neighbour; and every new transaction alters, according to its nature, their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbour's coach, and that 'the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask for it.'

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is always the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favours and render none. In the order of nature, we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too much good staying in your hand. It will fast corrupt and worm worms. Pay it away quickly in some sort.

The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the benefit, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature, which his honest care and pains yield to the operative. The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power. Human labour, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. Everywhere and always this law is sublime. The absolute balance of GIVE and TAKE, the doctrine that everything has its price—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price—this doctrine is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees ever implicated in those processes with which he is conversant—the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge,

which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as in the history of a state—do recommend to him his trade, and, though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit; but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. There is no such thing as concealment. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge, and fox, and squirrel, and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew; always some condemning circumstance transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long, under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be, and not to be, at the same time. There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

ROBBERS IN INDIA.

Various classes of robbers, under the designations of Thugs, Dakoits, Choars, Kuzzaks, and Budhukes, infest the entire country. The first and the last would appear to be identical, being sets of villains distinguished by their practice of strangling unsuspecting travellers with whom they may contrive to fall in upon a journey; they are sometimes formed into secret societies, not dissimilar from some of those in the Middle Ages; and it was vainly hoped that Lord William Bentinck had utterly extirpated them. The Kuzzaks are mounted robbers, who singly beset the highroads, or, being collected into parties, attack and plunder entire villages: in other words, they are Turpins, or Robin Hood, or Rob Roys, as occasion may require. The Dakoits and Choars are more like the early companions of Gil Blas—thieves who naturally and constitutionally assemble in gangs, and who usually limit their depredations to the houses or persons of those reputed to possess valuables or money in concealed hoards. These were once the most formidable, being thoroughly organised under sirdars, or leaders: they commonly met for their lawless procedures under cover of the night; being, by day, to all appearance, among the most peaceable and quiet members of the community. Their grand characteristic, whenever they subsist, still continues to be that of Dan—'an adder in the path.' They have watchwords and secret signals. Companies, variously armed with swords, clubs, pikes, and matchlocks, will grow, as it were, out of the ground, coming together nobody knows how, and gathered from no one knows where, in numbers from fifteen to fifty. The spot will be some tope or grove adjacent to the desired spoil. The following is a midnight picture of what these worthies were some thirty years ago, as also of what they too often are now:—When collected, their marauding excursion was usually prelude by a religious ceremony—the worship of the goddess Durga—the patroness of thieves, typified by a water pot, or a few blades of grass. The ceremony was conducted by a Brahmin of degraded condition and dissolute life. Having propitiated the goddess by the promise of a portion of their spoil, they marched, with lighted torches, and little attempt at concealment, beyond disguising their faces by pigment, or covering them with masks, to the object of their expedition, usually the dwelling of some shopkeeper, or money-changer, in which it was expected to discover treasure. Occasionally, the motive of the attack was vengeance; and information given by the householder, or any

member of his family, against some member of the gang, brought upon him the resentment of the whole fraternity. Upon entering the village, it was customary to fire a gun as a signal to the inhabitants to keep within their dwellings: the house against which the operation was designed was then surrounded; and whilst some of the gang forced an entrance, others remained as a guard without. Unless exasperated by resistance, or stimulated by revenge, the Dakoits did not commonly proceed to murder; but they perpetrated atrocious cruelties upon such persons as refused to give them, or were unable to give them, information regarding property which they suspected of having been concealed; burning them with lighted torches or blazing straw, or wrapping cloth or flax steeped in oil around their limbs, and setting it on fire; or inflicting various tortures which caused immediate or speedy death. The object being accomplished, and the booty secured, the gang retired before daylight, and the guilty individuals resumed their daily occupations. In Bengal alone, six hundred and ninety such atrocities disgraced a single year.—*Eclectic Review for July.*

REMARKABLE NATURAL PHENOMENON.

In the Mining Journal of August 2, we find the following details of a most singular but instructive phenomenon:—The river Wear, immediately above and below Framwellgate Bridge, Durham, now presents a singular appearance, as, when unruffled by the wind, it appears to be in a state of ebullition, occasioned by numerous streams of air-bubbles issuing from below. The circumstance, however, had not been regarded with much attention, until Mr Wharton of Dryburn, having accidentally observed an unusual agitation of the water, was induced to take particular notice of one of the principal jets of air, and finding its position the same on three successive days, was led to the conclusion, that it must flow from some fissure under the bed of the river, and would prove to be an escape of the light carburetted hydrogen gas generated in such fearful abundance in the coal and other strata of the district. A boat having been moored alongside the jet of air, and its inflammable nature fully ascertained by the application of a lighted taper, a large inverted funnel, furnished with a pipe of the requisite length, was fixed over the supposed fissure, and all the gas issuing from it thus collected and conveyed into a small open-bottomed tin reservoir, or gasometer, floating on the surface, and provided with a burner and glass chimney. The gas could now be ignited at pleasure, and the supply was found to be sufficiently abundant to produce a large and brilliant jet of flame, arising, as it were, from the bosom of the old 'river of Wear'—a strange and extraordinary spectacle, which has already collected many hundreds of spectators curious to see the river on fire. The stream of gas appropriated to the above experiment is one only of a great many others which occupy an area of from fifty to a hundred square yards of water, and which must together discharge very many gallons of gas per minute. When the air is perfectly calm, large bubbles, formed by the ascent of the gas to the surface, and readily taking fire on contact with a lighted candle, mark the limits of the principal cluster of gas jets above the bridge; two others of smaller dimensions are observable below, and a still smaller one at some distance above the bridge, each of them being marked by the presence of numerous air-bubbles whenever the surface of the water is smooth. They are all situated nearly in a straight line, crossing the river diagonally under the bridge in a north-north-east and south-south-west direction. The distance of the extreme clusters being upwards of a hundred yards, furnishes a strong presumption that the source of this extraordinary discharge of gas is situated at a great depth below the bed of the river, and that it finds its way up the fissures of some 'trouble' fault, or dislocation of the strata from some of the lowest beds of coal or shale reposing below. No coal workings are known to exist within several hundred yards of the bridge, nor are there any within the distance of two miles which are sufficiently deep to have become instrumental to the appearance of this curious phenomenon. It must therefore in all probability be traced to one of those extensive natural accumulations of gas lurking in the fissures and pores of the strata far below the surface of the ground, which, when tapped by the operations and fired by the candles of the miner, have been the frequent causes of those dreadful explosions, of one of which the workings of Hasell colliery bore such awful testimony last year. It has been proposed to light the bridge from this source,

and other parts of the town, if there appears a probability of its continuance. Many persons assert that they have noticed bubbles rising from the water for eighteen months or two years past, and as the remarkable emission of hydrogen from one of the old shafts of Wall's End colliery has been burning for many years, and giving a clear light, which is visible at night for miles, it is probable this natural supply on the Wear may last for years.

THE QUESTIONER—A CHANT.

I ask not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name—
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not though of this world's wealth
But slender be his part,
If Yes you answer, when I ask—
Hath he a true man's heart?

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed—
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst.
The palace or the hovel,
Where first his life began,
I seek not of; but answer this—
Is he an honest man?

Nay, blush not now—what matters it
Where first he drew his breath?
A manger was the cradle-bed
Of Him of Nazareth!
Be nought, be any, everything—
I care not what you be—
If Yes you answer, when I ask—
Art thou pure, true, and free?

—Robert Nicoll's Poems.

PERFUME OF PLANTS.

It is not sufficiently observed by all the admirers of flowers, that the agreeable perfume of plants in full bloom, when diffused through close apartments, becomes decidedly deleterious, by producing headache, giddiness, and other affections of the brain. But it is in confinement alone that such effects become evident. In the garden, when mingled with a wholesome and exhilarating atmosphere, amidst objects that awaken the most delightful sensations of our nature, these sweets are a part of our gratifications, and health is promoted as a consequence of enjoyment so pure. Who has not felt the excitement of spring? of nature, in that delightful season, rising from lethargy into beauty and vivacity, and spreading the awerth of the thorn and the violet, auxiliary to our gratifications? Amidst the beauties of the flower-garden, these pleasures are condensed and refined; and the fragrance there, hovering on the wings of the breeze, cannot be imagined less wholesome than pleasant. Whatever increases our gratifications, so peculiarly unmingled with the bad passions of human nature, must surely tend to the improvement of mankind, and to the excitement of grateful feelings towards that beneficent Creator who has so bountifully supplied these luxuries, which none are denied.—*Maudslayi.*

GOOD CONSCIENCE.

A good conscience is more to be desired than all the riches of the East. How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day without condemning himself! A good conscience is the finest opiate.—*Knowlton.*

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.—*La Fontaine.*

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THE USE AND ABUSE OF GREAT NAMES.

EVERY one must have noticed the fact, that some of the greatest names among the ancients have been strangely degraded and misapplied by the moderns. Demosthenes, Themistocles, Anaxagoras, and other names of many syllables, have escaped in consequence of their length; but shorter ones have fared badly. In England, in the days when it was fashionable to keep black footmen, and in the United States of America at the present time, the illustrious names of Cæsar, Pompey, Gracchus, Scipio, and Cato, were and are constantly given in derisive dignity to slaves and menials, and as frequently bestowed upon dogs of all breeds and sizes. Nero has been another favourite name, but, being suggestive of ferocity, has been reserved for the exclusive use of the brute creation—most commonly for lions or bull-dogs. Brutus, although the name might provoke a pun, has not been considered good enough even for the brutes, and has been applied in modern parlance to the peculiar cut of a man's hair. Cupid has been the tender name for an ape or a monkey; and Neptune, Hebe, Juno, Juba, and other names of mortals and immortals, have been lavished upon pet dogs, and all the brute favourites of the ladies.

While the moderns have taken these liberties with the names of the ancients, they have not exempted the names of their contemporaries from the same kind of popularity. The hero of Waterloo has given almost as much renown to the fashion of our boots as to the field on which he fought; and his name is nearly as closely identified with them as with the remembrance of his great victory. 'Brougham—a kind of carriage,' may hereafter stand in the dictionaries of our vernacular tongue as long as the name of Brougham the lawyer, philosopher, and statesman, stands in the page of English history; and the name of the husband of our present sovereign may be as well remembered by future ages in connexion with the shape of a military hat and the tie of a cravat, as with the crown of Great Britain.

But while this abuse of names, slight as it is, has been noticed by most people, there is another and greater abuse connected with names which has excited but little attention, and which might be remedied with advantage; or, more properly speaking, there is a use for great names to which they have never yet been sufficiently applied. We allude more particularly to the names of places. In primitive periods of society such names have been singularly appropriate, and often highly poetical, being derived either from the physical conformation or peculiarities of the spot to be designated, or from some remarkable event of its history. It has not been possible in a later stage of civilisation to carry out this principle to its full extent, and names have been necessarily given in a more arbitrary manner. The

reader will remember Wordsworth's poem on the 'Naming of Places,' in which, with much gracefulness and fancy, he has given names to such of the hills and dales of his own neighbourhood as have received none from the shepherds or country people, but are associated with family incidents or recollections of his own life. Upon a similar principle, though with less dignity of result, the builders of most of our new streets seem to choose designations for them. The name of a member of their own or a friend's family generally supplies the readiest hint, and Charles Streets, or John Streets, or Anne Streets, or Catharine Streets, as the case may be, abound all over the country. Failing these, loyalty, often very absurdly manifested amongst us, supplies the next hint, and the names of the sovereign and the royal family are brought into requisition. Thus we see in the neighbourhood of London and of other large cities, Victoria Streets, Victoria Places, and Victoria Terraces, with Albert Rows, Albert Crescents, and Albert Squares innumerable. So little invention and taste are displayed, that the only varieties that seem at all popular are such names as Belvidere, Bellevue, or Prospect Places or Terraces; and these, as far as London and its views are concerned, are generally as inappropriate as names can well be. In the metropolis alone, besides these countless Prospect Places, it has been observed that there are upwards of forty King Streets, with as many Queen Streets, Princes Streets, Duke Streets, Charlotte Streets, and George Streets. The most beautiful portions of Edinburgh are named in this way, chiefly after members of the family of George III. Very frequently, too, some great event of modern history, which has taken firm hold upon the popular imagination, supplies another hint for names for our thoroughfares. The battle of Waterloo is the most remarkable example that we can think of, and it would be interesting to know to what precise number of streets and buildings, from Waterloo Road and Bridge downwards, it has given the name, not in London alone, but throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. The linen-drappers' shops in London that are called 'Waterloo Houses,' would of themselves fill a long list. Wellington has been almost as popular a name as Waterloo for this purpose; but, strange to say, considering that we are a naval people, Nelson and Trafalgar have not been favourites to anything like the same extent. We are not sure whether Nelson Square in the Blackfriars Road was named after the hero, or after some obscure individual (the builder or proprietor perhaps) with the same patronymic; but Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, is the only public place that has been named after his greatest victory. This was done at the especial request of his late majesty William IV., who, with a characteristic love of his own profession, did not think it quite fair to consecrate the military victory to so enormous

an extent, and to leave the great naval one altogether unassociated with any public thoroughfare in the country. Small as our own inventive powers are in this respect, even less are employed in the new towns and cities that rise so rapidly in the United States of America. We must, however, admit that they display considerably more of method and regularity. Thus we hear of long lines of streets crossing each other at right angles, with such names as First North Street, Second North Street, Third North Street, Fourth North Street, and so on to ten or a dozen; while South Streets, East Streets, and West Streets, are numbered in the same manner. They have also in New York, First Street, Second Street, Third Street, and so on up to Thirty-seventh Street; with room enough, extending in the same direction on Manhattan Island, to realise at no very distant day a Thousand-and-one Street—to use an expressive Yankeeism. In Philadelphia, they have A Street, B Street, and C Street, and South A Street, South B Street, &c. This, if not poetical or graceful, is at all events convenient, and far better than the eternal John Streets and King Streets of Great Britain.

In this matter, unimportant as it may seem at the first glance, there is surely great room for improvement. We throw out the hint for a better system to all proprietors and projectors of new streets, and more especially to the enterprising and intelligent men under whose auspices the town of Birkenhead is rising so fast into beauty and greatness. They have an opportunity of making it an example to be copied in due time by the whole country, and of raising a series of cheap and enduring monuments to the distinguished men who have conferred honour upon the British race and name either in past or in present times. We would urge them to name their streets upon a more enlightened and philosophic plan than has ever yet been attempted; and by so doing, they will give the crowning grace to a city (for city it will become) which has better arrangements for draining, lighting, and the supply of water, than any old or new town that has yet arisen, and which is constructed in every other respect as a town of the new generation ought to be constructed. Let them by all means make out a list of the most eminent men in art, science, literature, philosophy, or statesmanship, or who have conferred renown upon their country, and benefit on the human race, by their intellectual or moral greatness, and name their streets after them. In the United States of America they have not only squares, terraces, and streets, but whole counties named after their illustrious men—Madison, Jefferson, Clinton, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Everett, Lafayette, Washington, Franklin, and others of less note to Europeans. In France, too, similar honour is paid to Frenchmen and to Englishmen, of which there is a remarkable instance in the Avenue de Lord Byron at Paris. London has no Shakespeare Street (Edinburgh has a square unworthy of so great a name), neither has it an Isaac Newton Street, an Heron Street, a Harvey Street, a Jenner Street, a John Locke Street, an Arkwright Street, a Watt Street, a Byron Street, a Napier Street, a Tilloch Street, a Latimer Street, or, unless by accident, a street named after any man whose intellectual achievements were the glory of his age. An exception must be made in favour of Milton Street, which is the name the moderns have very properly given to the new street that has arisen on the site of the ancient Grub Street. The Addison Road, near Holland House, Kensington, may also be called an exception, as having been named after the celebrated essayist of the Spectator. It is true that the name was not given entirely for his literary renown, but partly because, by his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, he was connected with the ancestry of the present proprietors. Still, a good example was set by it, and, as such, it is right that it should be recorded. Birkenhead has now a fine opportunity of being superior to London in this respect, and we shall be most happy if this short notice of the subject shall lead its

projectors to even a partial adoption of the reformation we have suggested.

One word in conclusion upon the naming of ships. If we look over a list of the British navy, or at the shipping list of any port, we find a similar disregard of all the truly great names of the country. Thunderers, Spitfires, Gorgons, Medusas, Furies, Harpies, Victorias, Defiances, Growlers, Bucentaurs, Dreadnoughts, Terrors, Erebus, Invincibles, Beelzebubs, and other names of equal fierceness, abound in our navy, whilst our commercial marine is mainly composed of Elizabeths, Lucys, J. nes, Kates, Mary Annes, and Carolines, varied occasionally by names of flowers, or by the titles of the local aristocracy of the ports to which they trade. As has been said a thousand times before, with reference to other subjects—'they order these matters better in France.' A glance at the list of the vessels composing the steam navy of our neighbours, supplies us with the names not only of eminent Frenchmen, but of Englishmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, &c. and of the ancients as well as the moderns. Amongst others, we find the Vauban, the Descartes, the Magellan, the Christopher Columbus, the Cuvier, the Colbert, the Newton, the Plato, the Socrates, the Roland, the Gassendi, the Lavoisier, the Coligny, and the Fulton. Trifling as these matters may appear to some, they do not appear so to us. They show the disposition of the people to appreciate intellectual greatness, and to give honour where honour is due: and from such honour to the departed grows the emulation and the glory of the living.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

A TALE OF THE SIOUX INDIANS.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

In the very centre of one of the thickest and heaviest woods of the American continent, where now stands a busy manufacturing town, there was, some twenty years ago, an Indian camp occupied by a small band of the wild and warlike Sioux. They were not more than fifty in number, having visited the spot merely for the purpose of hunting, and laying in a store of provisions for the winter. It chanced, however, that, coming unexpectedly upon certain Assineboins, who also were out lying in the woods, following the exciting duty of the chase, a quarrel ensued, ending in a bloody contest, in which the Sioux were victorious. With rude tents pitched, without order or method, in an open glade of the forest, with horses tethered around, and little dusky imps fighting with the lean dogs that lay lolling their tongues lazily about, there was yet a picturesque air about the place and its extraneous features, which would have captivated the eye of one in search of nature's sunshiny spots. Deeply embosomed within the autumnal tinted wood, a purling spring that burst from the green slope of a little mound was the feature which had attracted the Indians to the locality. Rank grass had once covered the whole surface of this forest meadow, but this the cattle had closely cropped, leaving a sward that would have rivalled any European lawn in its velvety beauty, and that, falling away before the eye, became inexpressibly soft as it sunk away in the distance.

The setting sun, gilding and crowning the tree-tops in wreathed glory, was gradually palling behind the heavy belt of forest that enclosed the Sioux camp, the animals, both plumed and four-footed, that filled the woods, were seeking their accustomed rest, the squaws were busily engaged in preparing for their expected husbands their evening meal, just as a long line of grim and painted warriors issued from the shelter of the trees. A loud cry from the urchins that squatted round the purlieu of the camp, with a growl of friendly recognition from the ragged dogs, brought the women to the entrance of the camp.

The Indians came in that silent and solemn man-

ner which they are wont more particularly to assume after the occurrence of important events. To the no little surprise of the squaws, a prisoner accompanied the returning party, and all thoughts were effaced but those in connexion with the promised scene of torture and amusement. It was a young man, faultless in form, with features which in any land would have been remarkable for their intellectuality and engaging expression. His round limbs, and his erect figure, well displayed as he trod unshackled and nearly naked, were the admiration even of his enemies. His eye was keen and piercing, his lips curled in an expression of scorn and defiance, while his inflated nostrils no less marked the inward struggle of his mind, as he scowled fiercely on his captors.

In the centre of the camp was a strong but rudely erected log-house, that served the purpose of a council-chamber, and in this the prisoner, having been so bound as to render escape, unaided, a matter of impossibility, was left, while the warriors dispersed to their wigwams in search of refreshment and repose. A large fire burned in front of the council hall, which gave forth so bright a glare, that any one leaving or entering its precincts could scarcely avoid being seen by those around. Several maidens, too, having no hungry husbands requiring their ministering hands, were congregated in front conversing upon the probable fate of the Assineboin, and even in some measure expressing pity for his expected death, so far had his good looks and youth gone to create sympathy in the hearts of the fair Sioux.

'Let us see if the warrior weeps,' at length said one of the girls with a laugh; 'perhaps he will ask for a petticoat, and become a squaw.'

Curiosity induced the whole bevy to agree, and next moment they were all within the walls of the council-chamber, the warriors sniling grimly in their wigwams at this evidence of the universal feminine failing. A dim and fitful glare from the fire served to reveal the form of the luckless Indian youth seated upon a log, his eye fixed upon vacancy. For a moment curiosity kept the whole party silent, and then, education and habit exerting their influence, the group began to put in practice those arts which might be expected to awaken in the prisoner an exhibition of feeling derogatory to his dignity.

'An Assineboin has no eyes; he is a burrowing mole,' said one tauntingly; 'he creeps about the woods like a serpent, and falls into the trap of the hunters: a beaver is wiser than he. He is very cunning, but he cannot deceive a Sioux: he is very brave, but he is a prisoner, and not a wound shows that he struggled. Go; it is a squaw whom my people have brought in by mistake.'

A general laugh was the reward of the speaker's wit, while the Indian moved neither eye, limb, nor muscle. The girl, irritated, opened upon him with all that volubility of tongue which so strongly characterises their race. It was, however, in vain. The sun in the heavens was not more unmoved—a marble statue would have been life behind him—not a look or sound, not a glance, testified that he even heard what was passing. Wearied at length with their vain efforts, the bevy rushed forth into the open air, and, joining hands, commenced, with loud cries and laughter, a dance round the fire.

A deep and heavy respiration was the only sign the Indian gave of consciousness—his quick and practised senses told him he was not alone.

'Son of the Evening Light,' said a low and gentle voice, addressing him by a name which was well known in her tribe as that of their most dreaded enemy, 'the morning will come, and it will find my brothers thirsting for blood.'

'The veins of Ah-kre-nay are very full,' replied the warrior calmly; 'they can all drink.'

'The Son of the Evening Light is very brave,' said the other hurriedly, and in tones which exhibited strong feeling; 'but life is very sweet. Would he hunt again in the forest?—would his hand once more strike the grizzly bear?'

Suspecting some deep and cunning artifice of his enemies beneath this unmistakable offer of escape on the part of the fair Peritana, the Indian was steadily silent; though the tones which truth assumes are so powerful and expressive, that he felt almost conyned at heart she was sincere. The young maiden probably understood his doubts, and therefore spoke no more, but with quick and ready hands placed a knife before him, and, cutting the bonds, left him free.

'My sister is very kind,' said the young warrior warmly, after giving vent to the guttural ugh! the jocund laugh and the romping of the dancers permitting conversation—'and Ah-kre-nay will remember her in his dreams.' With this the Assineboin turned towards the entrance of the wigwam.

The Sioux girl replied not, but, pointing to the throng without, and then passing her hand significantly round her head, folded her arms, and stood resignedly before the youth.

'Would the Sioux maiden leave her tribe and tread the woods with an Assineboin?' said the warrior curiously.

'Peritana will die if the Assineboin warrior be found to have escaped, and Peritana would rather live in the woods than in the happy hunting-ground.'

The Assineboin now felt sure that his youth, his appearance, or, at all events, his probable fate, had excited the sympathies of his visitor, and gratitude at once created in him a desire to know more of his fair friend.

'Ah-kre-nay will not depart without his sister; her voice is very sweet in his ears, sweeter than the cluck of the wild turkey to the hungry hunter. She is very little; let her hide in the corner of the wigwam.'

'Peritana has a father, tall and straight—an aged hemlock—and two brothers, bounding like the wild deer—Ah-kre-nay will not raise his hand against them?'

'They are safe, when Peritana has folded her white arms round them.'

This point settled, the Indian girl handed the youth his tomahawk and knife, and then obeyed his commands with as much alacrity as if she had been his legal squaw. The warrior then resumed his former position, placing the willow withes which had bound him in such a manner as readily to appear, by the light of the fire, as if they were still holding him firm.

This arrangement had scarcely been made, when a couple of grim warriors appeared in the doorway, after listening to the report of the girls. Peritana, closing her eyes, held her very breath, lest it should betray her presence to her people, and thus render all her bold efforts for him whose fame, beauty, and unfortunate position had won her heart, of no avail. The young warrior, too, sat motionless as a statue, his keen ear listening for the sound of the girl's breath. To his admiration and infinite surprise, her respiration had apparently ceased. The Sioux at this moment entered, and, glaring curiously at their enemy, as if satisfied with the survey they had taken, turned away and moved towards their wigwams. Silence now gradually took the place of the activity and bustle which had previously reigned. A sense of security lulled the Indians to rest. Every one of their enemies, save the prisoner, had perished in the fight, or rather surprise, by which the victors had mastered their unarmed foes. No thought was given to treachery within the camp.

Still, the young Assineboin knew that each moment he might be missed. He therefore listened with deep attention for the slightest sound; and some quarter of an hour having passed, he rose from his half-recumbent posture, and stood perfectly erect in the very centre of the wigwam. Peritana at the same instant stood at his side, coming from without: she had left the wigwam with so noiseless a step, that even the exquisite organs of the Indian had been eluded. Neither spoke, but the girl placed in the warrior's hands a short rifle, powder, horn, and snappers pouch, which he clutched with a delight which a sense of the danger of his position alone prevented him from manifesting openly.

slinging them in their proper places, Ah-kre-nay moved with caution to the door of the wigwam, and next moment was stalking firmly but noiselessly along the camp, followed by Peritana, gazing mournfully at the habitations of her tribe. Suddenly, as they reached the outskirts of the wigwams, and were passing one of the largest and most conspicuous of the whole, a voice from within growled forth a hoarse demand of who was there?

'Peritana,' said the girl, in a voice which was choked with emotion, 'is not well; she seeks the woods, to drive away the bad spirit.'

During this brief colloquy the young brave had stepped within the deep shadow of the tent, his rifle ready cocked. As the girl ceased speaking, the head of an old warrior was protruded from the wigwam door.

'Thy sisters have been asleep since the dance was over,' said the aged Indian; 'why is Peritana awake?'

The girl saw her companion level his rifle—her agitation was intense. Her feelings were deeply moved on both sides.

'Father,' said she, and the rifle was raised instantly, 'Peritana goes to the woods; she will not tarry long. Her head is hot; she cannot sleep now.'

Satisfied with this explanation, the old Sioux retired once more within the tent, leaving the young warrior and his sad companion to reach the forest unmolested. Peritana was deeply moved at parting from her parents, and, but that she knew that death would be her portion on the discovery of her aiding the escape of Ah-kre-nay, would gladly have returned to where, as her father had told her, her sisters slept soundly. The die, however, was cast, and she was now in the woods, the companion of the runaway.

We must pass over a year of time, and take up our narrative at some distance from the spot above described. It was a deep dell on the banks of the upper waters of one of those streams that serve to swell the Ontario. Perhaps a lovelier spot was never discovered by man. At a place where the river made a bend, there rose from its bank, at some distance from the water, a steep but not perpendicular cliff, thickly grown with bushes, and spotted with flowers, while tall trees crowned the crest of the eminence. Of a horse-shoe form, the two ends approached the edge of the stream, leaving, however, to the east a narrow ledge, by which the vale could be approached. The space between the water and the bottom of the cliff was occupied by a sward of velvety smoothness, while beneath the rock was a dark and gloomy natural cavern. The most prominent feature of the scene, however, was of human formation. It was an Indian hut, which doubtless rose in this spot for the purpose of concealment. No better place could have been found within many miles, as the portion of the river which flowed in sight, from its proximity to a fall, was navigable only to the smallest canoe, and was therefore never made use of by travelling parties. The wigwam was of the usual dome-like shape, roofed with skins tastefully and elegantly adjusted, while a mass of creeping and flowering shrubs that entwined themselves around it, showed it to be no erection of a day. It was a model of cleanliness and neatness, while a fireplace at some distance out of doors, within the cavern, showed that, at least during the summer months, the inconvenience of smoke was dispensed with within its walls. The whole was wrapped in deep silence, looking as if utterly abandoned by every trace of humanity.

The sun was at its fullest height, proclaiming mid-day to the tenants of the woods and fields, when a rustling was heard at the entrance of the little dell, and an Indian bounded headlong within its shelter. The wild gleaming of his eye, the fresh wounds which covered his body, the convulsive thick breathing, the fierce clutching of his tomahawk and rifle, showed that he fled for his life, while the sound of many voices below the crag betokened how near his pursuers were to him! Shaking his empty powder-horn with a look of deep grief, the Indian warrior threw aside his rifle, now more useless than a pole of

equal length, and, a fire of energy beaming from his eye, raised his tomahawk. It was, however, but for a moment—his wounds were too severe to allow any hope of a successful struggle, and next moment the brave stood unarmed, leaning against the entrance of his wigwam. On came the pursuers, with an eagerness which hatred and the desire of revenge rendered blind, and, as they leaped headlong down through the narrow gap between the water and the cliff, the wounded Indian felt that, with a firm arm and a good supply of powder and lead, he might have driven back his enemies in confusion.

No sooner did the Sioux behold their former prisoner, Ah-kre-nay, standing with dignified calmness at the door of his own wigwam, than their self-possession at once returned, and the whole party surrounded him in silence, casting, meanwhile, envious but stealthy looks round his romantic retreat. An aged warrior, after a due period of silence, advanced and addressed the captive.

'Ah-kre-nay is very nimble; twelve moons ago he ran like a woman from the Sioux; to-day he ran again, but his feet forsook him.'

'Twelve moons ago,' replied the captive with exultation flashing in his eyes, 'Ah-kre-nay was in the midst of a nest of vultures—fifty warriors surrounded him; but the manitou blinded all their eyes, and the Assineboin cheated their revenge.'

'But Ah-kre-nay was not alone?' said the old warrior, deeply moved at his own question.

'The flower of the hills fled to the woods with him—her tongue was the tongue of a lying Sioux, but her heart was that of a brave Assineboin.'

'Where is my child?' said the old warrior, in vain endeavouring to penetrate the mystery of the hut's contents, and dropping his figurative language under the influence of excitement—'say, Son of the Evening Light, where is my child?'

The warrior gazed curiously at the old man; but folding his arms, made no reply.

The Sioux warrior paused a moment, and then turning to his young men, ordered them to bind the prisoner, and commence that long list of atrocious cruelties which ever precede the death of a victim among the Indians. The hut was scattered to the winds in a moment, and its wood served to commence the pile which was to play the principal part in the scene of torture. Ah-kre-nay looked on in silence, his lip curling scornfully, until the preparations were all made; he then took his place at the post with sullen composure, and prepared to suffer in silence all the horrors meditated by the Sioux. A grim warrior now stood forward with a keen and glittering tomahawk in his hand, which he began waving and flourishing before the eyes of his victim, in the hope of making him show some sign of apprehension. In vain, however, did the old Sioux try every point; now he would aim a blow at his feet, and as suddenly change to his face; now he would graze his very ear; and at length, enraged at the stoicism of his victim, he raised the gleaming hatchet, as if about to strike in earnest. The smart crack of a rifle was simultaneous with the attempt, and the tormentor's arm fell useless by his side. With habitual fear of the fatal weapon, the Sioux sought cover, and gazing upward, saw on the summit of the cliff Peritana—a babe slung in a cradle at her back—in the act of loading her rifle.

'Father,' cried she somewhat wildly, and pointing out how completely she commanded the pass of the dell, 'in the green days when Peritana walked not alone, you fed and sheltered me; warm was my wigwam, and sweet the venison with which my platter was ever filled. Peritana is very grateful, but'—and she pointed to her child—'Peritana is a mother, and she sees her husband, the father of the Little Wolf, in the hands of his enemies. Her eyes grow dim, and her memory departs. She cannot see her father, but she sees this enemy of her husband; she forgets she was ever a Sioux, and remembers only she is now an Assineboin. If his enemies kill her husband, Peritana will use her rifle as long

as her powder lasts, and then will leap into the water, and join Ah-kre-nay in the happy hunting-ground of his people. But a Sioux warrior will not forget he has a daughter,' continued the more tenderly: 'give her back the father of her child, and Peritana will bring a great warrior into the Sioux camp.'

The Sioux saw at once the force of her proposition. Certain death awaited many, if not the whole band, should they strive to ascend the pass in the face of an infuriated widow; while, should she prevail upon Ah-kre-nay to forget, for her sake, his hereditary antipathies, and join the Sioux band, a mighty advantage would accrue. When free, and acting with perfect freedom, it was probable that the young Assineboin would show but little resistance to this offer. In ten minutes after the appearance of Peritana on the cliff, her husband, who had been an attentive listener, stood fully armed at the mouth of the pass, free. He was just about to commence the ascent, when, determined to win the admiration of the Sioux at once, he turned towards them once more, and, standing in their midst, laid his arm affectionately on the shoulder of the chief, and cried, 'Come, Peritana; Ah-kre-nay is with his friends; let not his squaw be afraid to join him.'

Placing himself and wife thus completely in the power of the Sioux, without any agreement as to treatment, was a tacit reliance on their honour, which won upon them at once, and a loud shout of applause proclaimed that enmity was at an end; and in a few moments more the old Sioux warrior was gazing, with all the pride of a grandfather, upon the offspring of his favourite daughter. A few hours of rest ensued, during which Ah-kre-nay's wounds were bound up, after which the whole party went on their way rejoicing, and the Sioux numbered one great warrior more within their bosom. Thus, by the exertion of remarkable presence of mind, Peritana preserved herself a husband, saved the babe from orphanhood, restored a daughter to her father, and added a brave soldier to the forces of her tribe. Weeping and wailing would have availed her nothing; undaunted courage gave her the victory. The facts of this tale are current still among the wandering Sioux, who often relate to their wives and young men the famous deeds of the lovely Peritana.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

SEA-WEEDS.

To most minds, the word 'sea-weed' may suggest no idea of importance, and yet few vegetable orders are more interesting either as regards their history or uses. Sea-weeds, or *algæ*, as they are botanically termed, are strictly submerged plants, growing either in fresh or in salt water, but by far more abundantly in the latter medium; hence their common appellation. Compared with perfect land plants, they may be said to be destitute of stems and leaves, their substance consisting of mere leaf-like expansions which assume a thousand forms; being either laminar, tubular, thread-like, globular, or capillary; and these again either branched, continuous for many yards, or jointed. They have no root, in the ordinary sense of that term, but attach themselves indiscriminately to any surface, be it the solid rock, a rounded pebble, a decaying shell, or the bottom of a sailing vessel. Many, indeed, are always met with in a floating state, and seem to grow without being fixed to any object whatever. They do not extract nutriment from the substances to which they are attached, as land plants do from the soil in which they grow, nor do their fronds inspire or expire the gases of the atmosphere, for most of them are sunk beneath its influence. Theirs is altogether a peculiar economy, and yet they grow as varied in kind as the vegetation which clothes the dry land; they appropriate different elements from the waters of the ocean, possess different properties, and propagate their kind by spores, or little embryo plants, which are produced upon or within the

substance of their leaf-like expansions. Let us glance at some of their peculiarities.

Respecting their reproduction, it is evident that the modes of flowering and fruiting which we perceive in land plants would have been wholly inappropriate. Not exposed to sunshine, there was no use of reflecting petals; continually submerged in water, a sheltering calyx would have been superfluous; and seeds, in the ordinary structure of that organ, could not have endured. Nature, however, is never in lack of means to an end; and the vegetation of the ocean is propagated with as unerring certainty and as great rapidity as the most prolific family on land. For this purpose, certain species have their surface studded with blister-like expansions, or part of their substance is fitted with little cells, which expansions and cells contain many minute germs floating in mucilaginous matter. As these germs arrive at maturity, the enclosing pustules burst open, and the germs are consigned to the ocean, where they float about, coated with their glutinous mucilage, and are sure to adhere to the first surface upon which they impinge. In a few weeks they spring up into new plants, and in their turn give birth to thousands. Thus we have seen half a dozen different weeds attached to the same oyster-shell, and have seen a pebble of twenty pounds' weight buoyed up by one plant of bladder-wrack, the primary germ of which had glued itself to the surface. Once established, they expand with amazing rapidity. Mr Stephenson, the Scottish engineer, found that a rock, uncovered only at spring-tides, which had been chiselled smooth in November, was thickly clothed on the following May with fucoids from two to six feet in length, notwithstanding the winter had been unusually severe. Many species, as the disjointed algae, have a fissiparous reproduction; that is, separate into numerous fragments, each of which, though having a common origin, has an individual life, and is capable in turn of increasing its kind.

Though possessing no floral attractions, the algae are often very beautiful in their forms and colours, as may be seen by studying any preserved collection. They branch, radiate, and interlace like the most delicate network, float in long silken tresses, or spread along the rocky bottom in forms that surpass the most intricate tracery of human invention. Nor are their colours often less attractive; for though the prevailing hue be a sober chocolate, there are patches of the brightest green, yellow, and vermilion, not surpassed by the gaudiest shells that lurk below. It is true that

'The rainbow hues of the sea-trees' bloom'

is a mere fanciful absurdity, only fit to be classed with the 'coral towers' and 'sparkling caves' of the versifier; yet the reader has only to pick up a few of the masses drifted by the latest tide, and to float them in pure water, to be convinced that both in form and colour many of the algae would lose nothing by a comparison with the gayest products of the flower garden. As in form, so in size they vary exceedingly; presenting fibres the delicacy of which requires the aid of the microscope to examine, floating leaves to which those of the fan-palm are mere pigmies, or tangling cables extending from three to four hundred feet in length. Captain Cook, in his second voyage, found at Kerguelen land the *Macrocystis pyrifera*, a species of kelp springing from a depth of twenty-five fathoms; and other navigators have since corroborated his statements.

'This plant,' says Darwin, in speaking of Terra del Fuego, 'grows on every rock from low-water mark to a great depth, both on the outer coast and within the channels. I believe that, during the voyages of the Adventure and Beagle, not one rock near the surface was discovered which was not buoyed up by this floating weed. The good service it thus affords to vessels navigating near this stormy land is evident; and it has certainly saved many from being wrecked. I know few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing amidst those great breakers of the

western ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard, can long resist. The stem is round, slimy, and smooth, and seldom has a diameter of so much as an inch. A few taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large loose stones; and yet some of these stones were so heavy, that when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into a boat by one person. I do not suppose the stem of any other plant attains so great a length as 360 feet, as stated by Captain Cook. Captain Fitzroy, moreover, found it growing up from the greater depth of forty-five fathoms. The beds of this sea-weed, even when not of great breadth, make excellent natural floating break-waters. It is quite curious to see, in an exposed harbour, how soon the waves from the open sea, as they travel through the straggling stems, sink in height, and pass into smooth water.

As to their distribution, the algae obey laws equally imperative as those which regulate the habitats of land vegetation. The nature of the bottom, the depth, temperature of the water, and the like, are all regulating causes; and we not only find different regions clothed with a peculiar marine vegetation, but the same shore bearing different kinds, according to belts of depth and tidal influence. Thus, the bladder-wrack luxuriates most where alternately exposed and covered by the tide, the dulse on the very confines of the lowest ebb, and the tangle and sea cat-gut in a zone where the lowest ebb never reaches. Again, a sandy or muddy bottom is as barren of vegetation as the drifting sands of the desert, while one of rough and irregular rocks is as luxuriant as the tropical jungle. We know little of the bottom of the ocean over extensive spaces; but this we are warranted in affirming, that sea-weeds flourish most abundantly on rocky patches of moderate depth, that they never spring from sandy or muddy silts, and that they are altogether unknown in the greater depths of the sea. Many of them seem to float about quite unattached, and though these may have been torn from some rocky shore, yet, continually in water, they absorb their proper nutriment, and increase in size almost as much as their fixed congeners. Being less subjected to fluctuations of temperature, the algae are more regular in their growth than land plants; and, with the exception of a few within the tidal influence, the majority seem to experience no cessation of growth or propagation. It must be borne in mind also that the algae are inhabitants of fresh as well as salt water, and that some of the most curious and beautiful genera are found in our streams and pools, or spread in the form of the most delicate slime on stones and gravel. Nay, what is more wonderful still, some, like the *Ulva thermalis*, flourish even in hot springs at a temperature not less than 117 degrees of Fahrenheit!

It will naturally be asked, what purposes in the economy of nature are fulfilled by plants so numerous, so luxuriant, and universal? Although it is always dangerous to decide on the designs and intentions of creative wisdom, it must be apparent to every one the least accustomed to observation, that numerous fishes, molluscs, and other creatures, find food and shelter among the tangle of sea-weeds of the ocean. Many sea animals are strictly herbivorous, others are so fragile, that they would be perpetually exposed to fatal injuries without the shelter of these submarine groves, while the spawn and young of a thousand species find amid their leaves and branches a safe and fitting nursery. They are useful, moreover, in many districts in protecting the shores from rapid disintegration, by diminishing the grinding power of the waves, just as green turf resists more effectually than bare soil the scour of a swollen river. We have seen it stated by Mr Darwin how much the long tangles of the macrocystis aided in allaying the fierce breakers of the western ocean, and in a proportionate degree, there is no doubt but every sea-weed tends to the same effect. It has also been surmised by chemists, from the quantity of alkaline matters found in the algae, that they probably exercise a purifying in-

fluence on the waters of the ocean, and assist in maintaining that equilibrium which evaporation and the discharge of rivers continually tend to disturb. They are, moreover, as we shall see from the following slightly simplified extracts from Dr Greville's *Alge Britannica*, of no mean importance in human economy.

'*Rhodomenia palmata*, the dulse of the Scots, the dilseak of the Irish, and the saccharine fucus of the Icelanders, is consumed in considerable quantities throughout the maritime countries of the north of Europe, and in the Grecian Archipelago. *Iridaea edulis* is still occasionally used both in Scotland and the south-west of England. Several species of *Porphyra* are stewed, and brought to our tables as a luxury, under the name of Laver; and *Enteromorpha*, a common genus on our shores, is regarded as an esculent by the Sandwich islanders. *Laurentia*, the pepper-dulse, distinguished for its pungency, and the young stalks and fronds of the common tangle, were often eaten in Scotland; and even now, though rarely, the old cry, "buy dulse and tangle," may be heard in the streets of Edinburgh. When stripped of the thin part, the beautiful *Alaria* forms a portion of the simple fare of the poorer classes of Ireland, Scotland, Iceland, Denmark, and the Faroe islands. To go farther from home, we find a large species of tangle peculiar to Australia, furnishing the aborigines with a portion of their instruments, vessels, and food; and on the authority of Bory St Vincent, the *Durvillea* and other tangles constitute an equally important resource to the poor on the west coast of South America. In Asia, several species of *Gracilaria* are made use of to render more palatable the hot and biting condiments of the East. Some undetermined species of this genus also furnish the materials of which the edible swallows' nests are composed. It is remarked by Lamarou, that three species of swallow construct edible nests, two of which build at a distance from the sea-coast, and use the sea-weed only as a cement for other matters. The nests of the third are consequently most esteemed, and are sold in China for nearly their weight in gold. And here we cannot pass over our own *Chondrus crispus*, the Irish moss or caragen of the shops, now so frequently used as a culinary article, especially in desserts, or as a light nutritious food for invalids. It is not, however, to mankind alone that the marine algae have furnished luxuries or resources in time of scarcity: several species are greedily sought after by cattle in the north of Europe. The dulse is so great a favourite with sheep and goats, that Bishop Gunner named it *Fucus ovinus*. In some of the Scottish islands, as well as in Norway, horses, cattle, and sheep feed chiefly upon the bladder-wrack during the winter months; and in Gothland it is commonly given to pigs. In medicine, also, we are not indebted to the algae; as, for example, the Corsican moss of the Mediterranean, which was once held in high repute as a vermifuge. The most important medical use, however, derived from sea-weeds, is through the medium of iodine, which may be obtained either from the plants themselves or from kelp. Iodine is known to be a powerful remedy in cases of goitre and other scrofulous diseases; and when not derived from sea-weeds, is procured from the ashes of sponge.

But were the algae not really serviceable either in supplying the wants or administering to the comforts of mankind in any other respect, their character would be redeemed by their usefulness in the arts; and it is highly probable that we shall find ourselves eventually infinitely more indebted to them. One species—the *Gracilaria tenuis*—is invaluable to the Chinese as a glue and varnish. Though a small plant, the quantity annually imported at Canton from the provinces of Tokien and Tchekiang is stated by Mr Turner to be about 27,000 pounds. It is sold at Canton for sixpence or eightpence a pound, and is used for the purposes to which we apply glue and gum-arabic. The Chinese employ it chiefly in the manufacture of lanterns, to strengthen or varnish the paper, and sometimes to thicken or give gloss to silks or gauze. They also

employ it as a substitute for glass, smearing with it the interstices of bamboo work, which, when dry, presents lozenge-shaped spaces of transparent gluten. It is in the manufacture of kelp, however, for the use of the glass-maker and soap-boiler, that the algae take their place among the most useful vegetables; and for this purpose the various species of *fuci* or wrack, tangle, sea catgut, and the like, are the most abundant and useful.

Kelp is an impure carbonate of soda, procured from the ashes of sea-weed, the manufacture of which was introduced into the Scottish islands about the beginning of last century. At first the innovation was resisted by the inhabitants; but it soon became a profitable article of export, and has contributed not a little to enrich the proprietors, as well as to benefit the population, who in many instances were almost supported by its means. Latterly, Spanish barilla, obtained from the ashes of the *salsola kali* and other maritime plants, has been found superior to kelp in the formation of glass and soap; and from the removal of duty off salt (muriate of soda), the impure alkali can be procured at such a cheap rate by chemical means, that the demand for kelp has almost ceased. Besides their utility in the manufacture of kelp, sea-weeds are extensively used as manure, and at certain seasons are assiduously collected for that purpose.

Such are the sea-weeds, an order of vegetation at first eight apparently valueless and unimportant. But thus it always is; we know nothing intuitively, and require long ages of observation and experience before we can discover the use either in creation or in human economy of the most familiar products.

VISIT TO A PRIVATE ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE OF THE HIGHER CLASSES.

WHEN lately in London, we received an invitation to dine at Wykehouse, near Brentford, with Dr and Mrs Costello and their patients. What would the 'Man of Feeling,' who wrote a *sentimental* description of the horrors of Bedlam sixty years ago, with its ferocious maniacs, and more ferocious keepers—its cells, and straw, and chains, and scourges—have said to such an invitation! In one of the richest and most beautiful vicinages of London, about a mile up the hill from Sion House, shaded and dignified by oaks, ancient elms, and blooming horse-chestnuts, and adorned by shrubbery, flower-beds, and general vernal verdure, we found Wykehouse, a seat of the Earl of Jersey, and rented by Dr Costello, as an establishment for the safety and cure of the richer insane. The bell at the gate was answered by a servant, who conducted us to the house through a perfect flush of lilacs, laburnums, rhododendrons, and flowering shrubs of all descriptions; and, as one symptom of the *safety* of the place, we met a nurse carrying an infant, a child of the doctor's.

As the family had begun dinner, we were introduced at once to the dining-room, in which sat at table the master and mistress of the house, with eight gentlemen, all patients. We were cordially received by our host and his lady, and introduced to the rest of the company, who rose to welcome us. During the meal, we were objects of much polite attention. Each individual seemed to wish to take his share of the duty of dispensing the hospitalities; offering the condiments, recommending the dish near him, remarking on the topics of the season and the day, and showing much curiosity to hear our news and ascertain our sentiments. During the time we were at table, not a word, look, or gesture occurred which could have raised the slightest suspicion that we were not in the company of the perfectly sane. One of the patients, a clergyman, who performs the religious exercises of the house, including a sermon on Sunday, was asked to return thanks, which he did with becoming reverence, when the eight gentlemen rose and retired from table, leaving us with our host and hostess.

We were in a spacious and elegant dining-room, built

by the celebrated 'Jack Robinson,' who, before Joseph Hume's time, feathered his nest from the consolidated fund to so audacious an extent, that Sheridan called the attention of parliament to his practices; and when challenged to name the delinquent, declined, though he added he could as easily have named him as say 'Jack Robinson.' The dining-room was built for the visits of George III., of whom Robinson was a favourite. He built extensive ranges of bedrooms in barrack fashion for numerous guests of rank, of whom his lavish house was always full; which apartments have been found conveniently convertible to the present purposes of the mansion. Before leaving the table for a walk in the grounds and gardens, we were favoured by our host with a brief exposition of his mode of dealing with his patients, powerfully suggesting the advance which has been made in the treatment of the insane during the last fifty years. The inmates of this establishment are under no personal restraint whatever. There is no strait-waistcoat, a belt, or pair of hand-muffs under the roof. Taking advantage of the fact, that there is much more sanity than insanity in the great majority of the insane, and of the improved knowledge now acquired on the nature of insanity itself, the paroxysms of which alone require watching, Dr and Mrs Costello (for the lady does a large and most important part of the duty) direct all their moral energies upon the balance of sanity remaining in the patient's favour, and always with the most satisfactory results. Confidence is reposed; the patient's word of honour is trusted to, and seldom if ever broken. The beautiful grounds and gardens are freely ranged; even the neighbourhood is free to some. An elegant drawing-room, where the lady presides, is open—the place secures decorum. The lady's power is an interesting phenomenon: it seems to be, and really is, greater than her husband's. None but gentlemen can come into her mild and gentle presence; and we were assured that a look from her, still more, a quiet caution, will check a strong man who may for the moment be in danger of forgetting himself. It is remarkable how seldom the hallucinations of the patients come out in the dining-room or drawing-room. These are voted 'parish business,' and a bore; and although one of the party might just have discovered the longitude or the perpetual motion, another received the thanks of parliament for a victory, or a third a judgment in chancery, declaring him master of millions, not a word would be heard on those tempting topics in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table of Wykehouse. A breach of these mild yet rigid laws would be followed by the temporary exclusion of the individual, with the full approbation of the rest. Abuse of liberty is punished by narrowing by degrees its limits, till it is at last circumscribed by the wall of a paved court. No one needs to stay long there; but enlargement has its conditions, perfectly intelligible to every patient in the establishment.

When we walked out, we saw some of the gentlemen playing with the child, others reading in the beautiful groves, and three or four assisting Mrs Costello to cull and pack an enormous bouquet of lilacs and hawthorn blossom for a jar in the drawing-room. We joined the party, and assisted, and were much struck with the gallantry, politeness, and respect with which the lady was treated. This direction of female influence is a new element in its various applications in society. It reforms the imprisoned criminal; it purifies and humanises the educators of the young of the rougher sex; it exercises a power over the insane themselves that renders them as pliant as children. Yet Mrs Costello is a slight, little woman, whom any one of the subjects over whom she rules could annihilate in an instant. Indeed, we should say that the insane are peculiarly amenable to just such an influence; for their malady in most cases produces a simplicity of general character, often almost child-like.

We assembled at tea in the drawing-room, and enjoyed an hour of general conversation, when the party

again dispersed through the grounds; and as we drove off in the twilight of a beautiful June evening, we had hands held out to us by the near, and hats lifted by the distant, till the gate shut behind us, and we were on our road to London. On our way, Dr Costello, who accompanied us, showed us a villa or cottage a mile or two from Wykehouse, which, on account of its romantic groves and large lake teeming with fish, he has taken on lease, as a sort of occasional holiday and picnic resort for his well-behaved patients.

Dr Costello had just then published a letter to Lord Ashley, on the reform of private asylums for the insane. A copy of that pamphlet is now before us. It is an appeal in behalf of the *rich* insane for legislative protection. The bill lately introduced by Lord Ashley contemplates chiefly the insane poor; not observing the fallacy, that, because the same rich are well able to take care of themselves, the insane rich must be so too. There is, unfortunately, a prejudice which leads the friends of the insane to seek extreme privacy for them, and thus they become exposed not merely to inadequate accommodation and treatment, but all the imaginable evils attending their becoming objects of speculation. Dr Costello exposes the deficiencies of the generality of private houses for the insane, and recommends the ample and interesting scenery which is found in his own establishment. Private asylums should never be in cities; they should be in cheerful rural situations, where the inmates may avail themselves of the composing and health-restoring effects of husbandry and gardening. Within doors, the patient should find no deprivation of his accustomed conveniences, comforts, luxuries, and even elegances; but rather an improvement in them all. While deprecating the idea of surrounding the patient of condition with unnecessary deprivations in externals, the author says—'While delirium runs high, it is true, external objects will be too little noticed to suggest unfavourable comparisons; but this stage is often evanescent, often only periodical, and the bitter pang is felt in full force when the mist begins to clear away. The poor derive benefit from the better food and better care of the public asylum, and can we doubt the influence of causes relatively the same in regard to the rich? The internal arrangements, therefore, of a private asylum, should be in accordance with the tastes and occupations of the inmates; and the tedium of uniformity must be prevented by such aids as are employed for the same purpose in every-day life. Billiards, books, and music, are not enough. There must be social re-unions, and even dancing, with a view to affording opportunities of mixing in the society of persons of sound mind. This is a point in the moral treatment of great importance. To have the world and its recreations brought, from time to time, into contact with the insane, is less valuable even as an amusement or a pastime, than as a means of satisfying them, especially when allowed to meet their friends or relatives, not only that they are not forgotten, but that their return to that world, its business and its duties, is still looked for with anxiety and delight. How much of happiness, how much of sanity, do they secure by this oft-presented idea!

If one could forget early impressions, and instances of proved delinquency in some ill-conducted establishments, we should modify our feelings in a great degree as regards private asylums. Proofs of the most interesting description abound, to show that these are anything but places to inspire horror.

When well-conducted, and there are many such, mirth and cheerfulness—not forced or feigned—appear to be pervading influences. Lasting friendships are often formed; and many whom restored mental health recalls to the world, experience lively and sincere regrets in parting with those whose care or companionship had soled them under so heavy a dispensation; and many, too, would remain, preferring to any other abode that which friends had consigned them to in the hour of affliction.

The family group in an asylum is, or ought to be,

associated in conversation, light reading, and all the diversified occupations that embellish refined society, with no other restraint than what individual circumstances may require, and the enlightened kindness of the head of the house may dictate.

In this ideal of an establishment, the patients are the guests and associates of the physician and his family, and without such directorship and association, it cannot be realised. In his own person are combined the characters of parent, friend, guide, and physician, and this amounts to saying that he is indispensable. To him is assigned the task of moderating the impressions from without—of regulating, through the medium of his own family, the desirable degree of intercourse with the world; his table and his family circle are the sole, safe channels for such intercourse. Here the first public efforts of a returning healthy mental activity meets its needed encouragements, and here, too, the poor sufferer, doomed never to know the delights of recovery, experiences protection, and even pleasure, to the full measure of his blighted faculties. Advantages so obviously desirable are placed completely, and perhaps voluntarily, out of the reach of patients kept at home or in private families, and the case is even worse where they are confided to keepers or servants, with the occasional attendance of a medical man. Under such circumstances, cure is not only likely to be marred, but it may be wilfully and maliciously prevented. The continued employment of these attendants depends on the continuation of the malady; the resources available for moral treatment from uninterrupted intercourse with persons of their own station, are wasted, from their inferiority of social position, want of education, or irritability of disposition, which, in the circumstances we are contemplating, is uncontrolled, and therefore the more likely to arise. Fretfulness and bickering, as permanent conditions of the patient's mind, induced by the small excesses of an unreasoning domestic authority, which he is ever ready to dispute, either in fear or in anger, can have none other than unfavourable consequences. He distrusts and dreads his attendant, and the latter, goaded by what he considers injustice and ingratitude in the patient, gives way to peevishness, and, by way of beguiling the monotony of the occupation, repays him with sour looks, coarse and contemptuous language, neglect, or something worse. The effect of treatment in which caprice and recrimination, waywardness and spite, hold such unhappy sway, may be easily foreseen. The patient has none of the repose so essential to comfort, and indispensable for recovery. His views of things, already prismatised by a disordered brain, are still more bewildered by the false position in which he is placed, and the unfavourable circumstances by which he is surrounded. The time when cure was possible passes quickly away; the excitement subsides into a calm; the disease changes its character; the acute is followed by the chronic stage, and the brightness of the mind is dimmed for ever.

The author states the argument for the *early* treatment of insanity as concisely as powerfully:—'The protection of the brain from the effects of the high irritation and congestion that prevail in the acute stage of mania, can only be secured by vigorous and prompt medical treatment at the very outset. The penalty of neglect or delay on this point, when not promptly fatal, will be to reduce the brain, the organ of the mind, to a ruin, which no effort of skill or kindness can repair. The proper use, therefore, of the time for medical treatment is all-important. The period for the moral treatment begins only when the first violence of the storm has spent itself. The best authorities on the statistics of this form of cerebral disease assert that it is curable, in the vast majority of cases, when the proper means are employed at the proper time.

But where shall we look for such a well-organised system of moral management for the rich and the elevated, as will meet the wants and habits of this class? This is, in fact, the grand desideratum, the difficulty to be pro-

vided for. Where are we to find the ever-watchful kindness—the considerate forbearance in the discharge of duties—often irksome, harassing, and even dangerous—the ready inventiveness to suggest new thoughts to cheer and amuse? We shall look for them in vain in the crippled resources for such objects, in the private lodging or the private family, where the rich man is doomed to solitary confinement in a modified form, and in the dreariness of his isolation, to expiate an infirmity as if it had been a crime. This is a blotch on our civilisation from which our continental neighbours are in progress of being freed. With us, alas! it will continue to prevail until the apathy, ignorance, and selfish pride that so extensively provide such a doom for fellow-creatures, who might still enjoy the benefit of superior arrangements, shall have disappeared, and given place to sounder views and feelings on this subject.

The author advances a new idea, the *voluntary* resort of the 'nervous'—those (and they are many) who dread the coming disease—to the care and treatment of a private asylum. This the law, as it stands, renders impossible; for it requires the certificate of two medical men that the patient is of unsound mind. This might be altered. To prevent abuse, the free and voluntary resort might have its own conditions, and such patients might be made subject to the inquiries and inspection of visiting commissioners, in the same manner as the others. But these benefits, important as they are, would not be the sole ones resulting from a change of the law. The very character of the asylum would be changed. From a prison, which it is now so universally regarded, it would become an hospital, and those prejudices which now operate so extensively against the recovery of persons attacked with insanity, would disappear. Every enlightened physician acknowledges and laments the extent of this evil. Persons so attacked, and for whom recovery might be calculated on, almost with certainty, had they been promptly transferred to such a place, are, from a notion that kindness and attention will be all that is required, restrained from sending their relatives from home. This mistaken kindness is fatal. In the experiment of love and duty, the time is consumed between alternating hopes and fears; and when the asylum is resorted to at last, it receives a poor fellow-creature, for whom, at the beginning, cure was possible, but who is henceforward an irreparable wreck, doomed to live on, exhibiting the gradual extinction of the noblest faculties. It is with the brain as with the other organs of the body; the congestion or irritation that can be moderated and subdued at first, if allowed to persist and make progress unchecked, will at last produce such morbid changes in the organ itself, that it becomes incurably incapable of performing healthy functions. And why, then, make an exception as regards the affections of the brain, which experience and common sense condemn in regard to other organs? In pneumonia or bronchitis, who would be absurd enough to confine the treatment to kindness, quiet, and water-gruel? And shall our conduct be less wise or less energetic in the case of the brain than in that of the lungs, involving, as the perversion of the cerebral action does, a double death? It is quite time that the views and practice of society should be changed on this point. It is one of startling urgency and importance, now that a closer view of this awful scourge (rendered so much more destructive by unreflecting kindness) and its statistical bearings, have all but proved that out of every 500 of the population, we have one case of insanity. The pernicious practice that inflicts so much evil on the community, calls aloud for animadversion: it scatters desolation and mourning amongst families—blasting happiness and hope: it cannot be palliated—it must be abandoned.

After some judicious observations on the importance of numbers and classification in the arrangements for the care of the insane, the letter concludes as follows:—'None of our private asylums come up, in all respects, to the ideal we have been tracing. "I am not acquainted,"

says the late Sir William Ellis, "with any asylum at all coming up to my notions of what an asylum for the rich ought to be; but I still think that it is perfectly practicable to provide for them in an institution possessing every means for cure, and every requisite for their comfort and happiness, combined with but little risk of their being improperly detained."

'But it will perhaps be said that a comprehensive plan, embracing the means of treatment and liberal accommodation for the rich, will be above the reach of the well-educated middle classes. It should not be so. The question of accommodation should decide that of the terms of payment. A patient requiring several rooms, special attendance, and a separate table, should contribute to the funds of the establishment a larger sum in proportion than those who are contented with the accommodation provided for all. This is, in fact, the principle on which a family hotel, as well as many other forms of public enterprise, are carried on. Upon graduation of this kind, in the working of which there is no practical difficulty, persons paying from L.60 or L.70 a-year, to L.200 and L.300, might be provided for on a scale of comfort totally unknown either in private lodgings or in our private asylums, as they are at present conducted.

'The superior administration of such an establishment should be aided by a committee of philanthropic persons, whose duty it should be to see that every improved method of treatment recommended by experience should be adopted. There should be no private arrangements for the treatment of lunatics, and no private asylums in the present sense of the word.'

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR ZSCHOKKE.

FIRST ARTICLE.—YOUTHFUL DAYS.

A FEW snatches which have been published in this Journal from time to time, together with an abridgment of the diary of a poor Wiltshire vicar, issued in our 'Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' have rendered the name of Zschokke not unfamiliar to our readers. No one who has fallen in with any of his writings, but must desire to know something of the man; and fortunately, the spirited proprietors of the Foreign Library place means at our disposal to present an outline of the life of one of the most interesting characters of the present age.*

A variety of circumstances renders this, with scarcely any exception, one of the best autobiographies ever published. The author kept a diary regularly from twelve years of age, noting down events at the time they occurred to him with all the vigorous earnestness of youth. The work was not, however, prepared for the press until he had reached the advanced age of seventy. Thus the exuberance of immature enthusiasm is toned down by the sober experience of age. From a neglected orphan, Zschokke had meanwhile been a teacher, lecturer, dramatist, poet, historian, traveller, diplomatist, stadtholder, newspaper editor, popular instructor, and, added to all these characters, always a reformer and philosopher.

Heinrich Zschokke was born in the year 1770 at Magdeburg, in Lower Saxony. His father—a cloth-maker and *oberältester*, or deacon of his guild—was his only guardian, for his mother died seven weeks after his birth. 'I, his youngest child,' says the writer, 'became, like most Benjamins, the darling of my father's heart; whilst the young favourite looked up to his father as the chief and king of his childish world.' The rule he was subjected to was extremely indulgent, and the young adventurer soon made himself an adept in all manner of gymnastic exercises and boyish games, before he acquired any useful accomplishments. At the age of nine, however, his play-days were interrupted

* Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke, forming the 33d part of the Foreign Library. London: Chapman and Hall.

by the death of his father, and he was intrusted to the care of an elder brother. This new protector tried to turn the young harum-scarum into a gentleman. Tailor and hairdresser were set to work upon him; but the fine clothes and his brother's regulations deprived him of his ragged street companions and their rough pastimes; and being much confined at home, he took a great dislike to the well-polished floors and gilded panels of his fine brother's fine house. When sent to school, the wayward pupil neglected accidence and grammar for the more fascinating study of the Arabian Nights and the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The latter took such a firm hold on his imagination, that he resolutely determined to shipwreck himself some day on a beautiful desert island, but to prepare himself better beforehand than did the unfortunate Robinson Crusoe.

Such was young Zschokke's waywardness, that his friends considered him a wrong-headed fellow, who would never come to any good; as an untaught, idle, untidy little vagabond, given to laughing and crying at improper times and places; now credulous even to silliness, now mistrustful to his own detriment; sometimes obstinate, sometimes foolishly docile. Beneath all these failings, however, there ran a copious stream of repressed affection. He was coldly and carelessly treated, thrust about from one member of his family to another as a useless incumbrance, and forced into a kind of antagonism with them, or thrown back upon his own impulses. 'I was obliged to accustom myself to my solitary condition, and to seek my best enjoyment in the delusions of imagination. Thus forsaken by all, I first began clearly to understand that I was an orphan, supported indeed by the interest of my paternal inheritance, but the most useless and superfluous being upon earth. This estranged mankind from me, and me from mankind: I was alone in the world.' The consciousness of my separation from others only increased and embittered my intense longing for sympathy and affection. Without jealousy, yet not without a certain secret bitterness of feeling, have I often stood by when one of my companions enjoyed the praises and smiles of a father, or the embraces and kisses of a mother. Me no one pressed to his bosom; my tears were dried by no loving hand; and every reproach, which to other children is sweetened by the consciousness of their parents' affection, fell upon me with unmingled bitterness. Now first the death of my father became to me a quite infinite loss. I eagerly endeavoured to recall to my memory his slightest actions, his most insignificant words and looks. I longed to die, and be with him once more. Often I left my bed at night, and lay weeping on my knees, imploring my father to appear to me at least once again. Then I waited with breathless awe, and gazed around to see his spirit; and when no spirit came, I returned sobbing inconsolably to my bed, while I murmured reproachfully, "Thou, too, best darling father, dost not care about me any longer!"

No one can peruse the account given of the sorrows of orphanhood without being affected by it, and at the same time acknowledging it to be a faithful record of the sorrows of an abused and parentless child.

Amidst all his eccentricities, he possessed an unusual aptitude for learning, as the way in which he acquired the rudiments of Latin will show. At a school to which he was sent, the only pupil who studied that language was the pedagogue's favourite. 'Whenever there was anything to be seen in the streets—rope-dancers, soldiers, puppet-shows, dancing bears or monkeys—this favourite alone was invariably allowed to leave the school-room, on asking permission in Latin. I, who had not yet got beyond the catechism, could not resist this powerful attraction, and resolved to become master of the magic spell. Its little possessor in vain represented to me the length and difficulty of the way, through an endless wilderness of declensions, adjectives, pronouns, and conjugations. Undaunted, I traversed the hard and thorny path from *Mensa* to *Audio*, and, at the first opportunity, not without fear and trembling,

I stammered out my conjuring formula. The school-master, amazed at my sudden learning, examined me incredulously in various ways; at length, satisfied of my acquisition, he praised my perseverance, prophesying that something might be made of me, and formally declared me his second *Latiner*, with all rights and privileges thereunto appertaining.

Like the greater number of youths of his temperament, Zschokke was passionately fond of reading, and of acquiring knowledge; but as he chose to arrive at it by more erratic paths than are beaten out for the schools, he went to live with an old rector, who was, moreover, a hack-author. This prolific writer gave him, besides plenty of employment in transcribing and translating, unrestrained access to his large and varied library. Into the sweets of this treasure Zschokke dipped during several years, till, at the age of seventeen, he panted to 'see the world.' But where to go? He conned over a map to fix his choice; and after a little consideration, determined to choose Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, for no other reason than because a former schoolfellow had settled there as a court-actor. He suddenly conceived a passion for the stage, packed up his little property, and without more ado set off. It was on a cold, foggy, but snowless morning, the 22d of January 1788, that the young adventurer gaily approached the frontiers of the old Obotritenland, and with a light free heart, like a bird escaped from its cage, followed the impulses of youthful activity, and wandered freely over hill and dale. His native city, with its heavy girdle of walls and moats, and its towering spires and gables, grew smaller and smaller, and vanished in gray mist far behind him. Unknown landscapes, unknown villages, trees, and cottages, all silvered over with morning rime, rose one after another out of the misty air before him. He sang, he danced, he shouted with joy; he longed to embrace every peasant that he met. Voices of sweet prophecy made the air ring wildly around him. He was not superstitious; but there are times when wiser men than he have dreamt of intercourse with future events and unseen powers.

'The pleasantest of my omens,' says he, 'occurred on the second day of my Hegira. As night drew on, I stopped at an inn in the village of Grabow. As I entered the parlour, darkened by the evening twilight, I was suddenly wrapt in an unexpected embrace, and pressed to a warm female heart; while, amid showers of kisses and tears, I heard these words—"Oh, my child, my dear child!" Although I knew, of course, that this greeting was not for me, yet the motherly embrace seemed to me the herald of better days, the beautiful welcome to a newer, warmer world. Let my reader put himself in my place, and imagine the feelings of a poor young orphan, who had never been folded to one loving heart since his father's death, and to whom, for ten long melancholy years, caresses and tender words had been utterly unknown! A sweet trembling passed over me; as I felt myself folded in that warm embrace. The illusion vanished when lighted candles were brought into the room. The modest hostess started from me in some consternation; then, looking at me with smiling embarrassment, she told me that my age and height exactly corresponded to those of her son, whom she expected home that night from a distant school. As her son did not arrive that night, she tended and served me with a loving cordiality, as if to make amends to herself for the disappointment of her son's absence. The faintness which she had prepared for him with her own hands she now bestowed upon me, and my healthy boyish appetite did ample justice to their merits. Nor did her kindness end here. She packed up a supply of dainty provisions for me the next day, procured me a place in a diligence to Schwerin, wrapt me up carefully against frost and rain, and dismissed me with tender admonitions and motherly farewells. She refused to impoverish my scanty purse by taking any payment for my night's lodging, but she did not refuse a grateful kiss, which at parting I pressed upon her cheek. Yet all this kindness

was bestowed not on me, but on the image of her absent son. Such is a mother's heart!

His friend at Schwerin received him coldly, and laughed at his projects; but a third person who was present at the interview followed him out of the house as he left it disappointed and hopeless, and did him the kindness to introduce him to a printer, partly as tutor, and partly as literary assistant. With this person he was extremely happy; but the restless spirit of change, after a time, overcame him.

Zschokke left all his happiness at Schwerin, to carry out his still existing dramatic predilections; for, becoming acquainted with the manager of a theatre—a decayed nobleman—he joined his corps, which was bound for Prenzlau, on the Uckermark. Here his duties were sufficiently varied. He curtailed the trains of heroic tragedies; altered old-fashioned comedies to suit modern taste; mutilated and patched all sorts of pieces to suit the wants of the company; wrote, on my own account, a few *raw-head and bloody-bone* pieces; rhymed prologues and epilogues, and corresponded with the most worshipful magistrates and grandees of various small towns, exhorting them to ennoble the taste of their respective small publics, by liberal encouragement of our legitimate drama. When tired of the vagrant life and miscellaneous employments of a dramatic author, Zschokke determined to enter a university, for which he had never ceased to qualify himself. That which he chose was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He wrote home for some of his patrimonial funds, much to the surprise of his guardians at Magdeburg, who had heard nothing of him for ten years, and it was supposed that he had perished somehow or other during his vagabondising. The requisite cash was, however, remitted. The biographer's description of his matriculation is highly characteristic. 'As the "Rector Magnificus" of the high-school at Frankfort, the venerable Professor Hausen, was about to inscribe my name in the list of academical citizens, he asked, "What do you wish to study?" I could not tell, and replied, "Allow me to keep for a while my freedom of choice among the nine muses." He looked at me in amazement, and said, "You must belong to one of the faculties, and can take only one of the nine sisters for your lawful spouse. That does not hinder you from flirting a little with each as you go by." I stood irresolute for a few moments; for I only desired to gather together at this public market-place of the sciences a miscellaneous treasure of learning, for use or ornament, and still more to rid myself, once for all, of my religious doubts. I at length threw the handkerchief to theology, and thought with satisfaction of the approval this choice would meet with from my pious relatives at Magdeburg.'

Here Zschokke made up for lost time, and, abstracting himself from the companionship and vagaries of the *Burschen*, employed his whole time in reading. He had scarcely studied a year, when he was called on to make a funeral oration over a deceased class-fellow. This he did with so much effect, that he suddenly became the pet of the professors, and the friend and confidant of all the Frankfort sons of the muses.

Soon after, he wrote a melodrama called *Abelling*, which soon flew on the wings of the press into almost all the theatres of Germany. It procured for the beardless author, among other honours, a formal invitation from a company of merchants near Stettin, to witness, as their guest, the triumphant representation of the piece. My modesty could hardly have resisted so tempting a harvest of laurels, had not a most untimely deficit in my finances—deficits are apt to be untimely—compelled me to shun the trifling but unavoidable expenses of the journey. This was no affection of modest self-denial. Zschokke expresses, a few pages further on, but little respect for the taste of a public which could so highly applaud his 'schoolboy melodrama. And although,' he adds, 'the love of fame had always appeared to me scarcely less contemptible than the love of money, literary celebrity had

never appeared so thoroughly despicable in my eyes as now, when I learnt who could obtain it, and for what.' Surely this is a rare instance of an author criticising himself and his muse so severely. But he wished, and determined, to rest his fame upon higher things.

After a visit home—where he was received with enthusiasm by the very relations who had previously driven him away by their unsympathising coldness towards him—he was, on his return to Frankfort, dubbed doctor, and became a tutor and extra-academical lecturer. His classes were always full, and his fame was much increased during the three and a half years he was thus employed, when he aspired to become a 'professor extraordinary;' but his political principles stood in his way, and the government caused him the office. Disgusted with this, his old travelling desires returned, and one morning in May 1795, he mounted the stage on his way to Switzerland.

At Zurich, Zschokke made the acquaintance of the patriot Paul Usteri, Henry Pestalozzi the celebrated and pure-minded educational reformer, and Nägeli, the inventor of the system of national singing which has been so successfully followed by Wilhelm and Mainzer. Paris was his next destination, and he entered France while the effects of the terrible Revolution were still visible. 'Is this *la belle France*?' I involuntarily exclaimed. Oelsner [his companion] smiled, and replied, '*La belle France* means Paris; that is, the mansion, of which the whole country, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, is but the courtyard, with the barns and out-houses;' and this is true of France to this day.

Paris had few charms for the practical philosopher, and he soon left it to see Rome, proceeding on his journey by way of Switzerland, a country with which he was already in some degree acquainted. We leave the young and ardent-minded German on this pilgrimage, and will take up the continuation of his narrative in a succeeding number.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT TO FLINDERS' ISLAND IN BASS'S STRAITS.

It was my misfortune to be wrecked in the ship *Isabella*, off Leith, on the coast of Flinders, or Great Island, in Bass's Straits, in the month of June 1844, while on my passage from Port Phillip to England.

This ill-fated vessel was driven on a reef of sunken rocks a few miles from the island, and was in a few hours dashed to pieces. The passengers and crew were, however, all preserved, having succeeded by various methods, and at different intervals and places, in getting ashore among the neighbouring islands. I landed in the long-boat with twelve others, including three ladies and two children; but so critical was our situation when the *Isabella* struck, and so absorbing the feeling of self-preservation, that no one on board saved a single article of clothing or value belonging to them, except what they had on their persons at the moment of their leaving the ship. For three days and nights we lay in our wet clothes on the beach. On the fourth day, the gale having abated, we were able to communicate with our fellow-sufferers, and visit the adjoining islands. On Woody Isle, about four or five miles distant, we fell in with a party of sealers, who took us to their settlement, and treated us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. Their settlement was situated in a small crescent-shaped bay, about half a mile wide at the entrance, with here and there little patches of sandy beach and rocky inlets, just sufficiently large to enable the sealers to shelter their boats from stormy weather. While we were there, the bay was smooth and placid as a summer lake; on one side huge rocks of the most fantastic shapes were piled upon each other, and poised in such a manner by nature's unerring hand, as to appear as if the slightest pressure or breeze would hurl the giant pillars into the waters beneath. The sealers' huts were about five or six in number, and although of the most rude and primitive

kind, yet by no means of a comfortless description. Our guide to this romantic retreat was an old white-headed man, upwards of eighty years of age, and who had lived for more than thirty years amongst these islands. When I first saw his venerable form and pate, he reminded me of the description of old Adams, one of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, when he was discovered in Pitcairn's Island by the crew of the *Pandora*. He was as hale, active, and strong, as most Europeans of fifty, and carried, with a light step, across the rugged isle, a little girl of six years of age, one of the *Isabella's* passengers. When we came in sight of the huts, several noisy dogs seemed disposed to give us rather an unfriendly welcome; but their barking was soon reduced to a smothered growl by our octogenarian guide. In front of the huts stood with wondering gaze the wives and families of the sealers, and a more barbarous-looking group seldom meet the eyes of the distant voyager. They were literally half-savage and half-civilised; half-black and half-white. The wives or gins, three in number, were aboriginal natives of Van Diemen's Land. A life of ease and plenty had expanded them to more than double their usual bulk.

We remained for three days on Woody Isle, and received the most hospitable treatment from the sealers. When all collected, we mustered, including passengers and crew, forty individuals—no inconsiderable addition to the population of the island. We had full permission to help ourselves to a goat or pig as inclination prompted us, these animals being pretty numerous, and roaming over the island in all the delights of abundance and liberty. Dampier, milk, and potatoes, were given us by the gins, and after our four days' fasting on Flinders' Island, we enjoyed our plentiful meals with a relish which a gourmand would have envied. The number of persons living on Woody Isle when I was there might be about fifteen or sixteen; five or six of whom were male adults, the others women and children. If contentment and plenty are amongst the greatest blessings we can possess in this world, these sealers must be a happy life. They seem to have three prominent means of earning a livelihood: 1st, Sealing, which occupies that portion of the year when these animals are most abundant and accessible—until lately, they were very plentiful about all the islands in Bass's Straits, but owing now to the number and perseverance of their assailants, their haunts are confined to the most solitary isles and rocks, and their capture is attended with both difficulty and danger. 2d, The hunting of the kangaroo, opossum, and wallaby, which are still pretty numerous about Flinders' (or rather Furneaux's) group of islands. Like the seals, the value of those animals consists of their skins, which find a ready sale in Van Diemen's Land. 3d, The catching and curing of the mutton bird, a dark-coloured, web-footed bird, about the size of a large pigeon, and which at certain seasons visits these islands in such countless numbers, as literally to darken the air in their progress. After being plucked and cleaned, they are hung up in the large chimneys of the sealers' huts, until smoked and dried, similar to a red herring in Scotland. They are very fat, and the flesh is thought, in its prepared state, to resemble mutton in taste; whence their name. I decidedly, however, give the preference to legitimate mutton. They are taken, when cured, to Launceston, and are readily disposed of there among the inhabitants. This town is visited two or three times a-year by the sealers, when they dispose of the produce of their industry, and purchase stores and necessaries for themselves and families. These sealers are generally runaway convicts, or sailors, or restless and discontented individuals from the various Australian colonies.

The storm having completely abated, we made arrangements to communicate with a schooner which we learned was anchored about fifteen miles from us, and engaged in landing sheep on a small grassy island, for the use of the settlement of the Van Diemen's Land aborigines on Flinders' Island. This vessel calls twice

a-year at the same island for the above purpose, and, fortunately for the *Isabella's* passengers and crew, was now on one of her half-yearly visits. I was deputed by my fellow-passengers to communicate with this schooner, and arrange with the captain to convey us back to Port Phillip or Van Diemen's Land. Accordingly, with a stout boat's crew, and the venerable sealer for our pilot, I proceeded to Green Island, where the vessel was said to be anchored; and after about four hours' rowing we reached the schooner, which belonged to Hobart Town. When I got on deck, the sails were unfurled, and the captain in the act of getting her under weigh for Port Phillip. My story was soon told, and the captain at once agreed to receive us all on board, and wait another day or two for that purpose. He, however, stated that an addition of forty souls to his crew was rather more than his larder was prepared for, and therefore recommended me to proceed with my boat's crew to the aboriginal settlement, about sixteen or seventeen miles further along the coast, and there state to the superintendent the particulars of the loss of the *Isabella*, and also receive from him what additional supply of stores would be required for the schooner.

Our approach to the settlement must have been observed by some of the inhabitants, for before our boat touched the beach, three or four individuals were waiting as if ready to receive us, the most important of whom was the sergeant of the military guard, if three soldiers may be designated by such a title. He insisted on immediately taking me to the superintendent of the establishment. As yet, I observed no appearance of dwellings; and the coast, though not presenting so bleak and cheerless an aspect as the other parts of the island, appeared wild and uncivilised. After walking about a quarter of a mile, on a well-defined track through the brushwood, we came upon the settlement. It consisted of a substantial and comfortable group of buildings, partly of timber, but more generally of stone and brick. I was received by the superintendent and his wife with all the consideration and hospitality due to my unlucky situation: an abundance of stores was immediately ordered to be got ready for the schooner; and an ample supply of female apparel for the lady passengers and children of the *Isabella*, some of whom had been barefooted and bonnetless for the last two or three days.

I had now leisure to make my observations of the island. Flinders' Island is the largest of Furneaux's group of islands, stretching from north to south, and is situated at the east end of Bass's Straits, and designated in charts by the name of Great Island. It is visible in clear weather from the northern shores of Van Diemen's Land, and is from thirty-five to forty miles in length, and averages about fifteen in breadth. It is very mountainous, rather thickly wooded, and many parts of it are covered with a strong wiry grass and coarse fern. I went with a small party of the *Isabella's* passengers and crew about twelve miles in a northerly direction from where I landed, along the coast and into the interior; but beyond one or two streams of excellent spring water running through an almost impenetrable tea-tree scrub, we saw or found nothing to recommend it to particular attention. I understand, however, that small rivers and some open grassy plains have recently been discovered; but, comparatively speaking, very little is known of this island beyond the immediate vicinity of the settlement. This says but little in favour of the scientific minds, energies, or enterprise of those gentlemen who have resided here. It has now been more than ten years inhabited.

On this island Governor Arthur, in 1834, formed an establishment for the reception of the expatriated aboriginal natives of Van Diemen's Land. It was, previous to this time, rarely visited, little known, and altogether uninhabited. At the period of my visit, June 1844, the settlement numbered eighty-five souls, fifty-seven of whom were the remaining survivors of the last of the Vandemonians. Those acquainted with the colonisation of Van Diemen's Land, are aware that for many

years previous to 1834—indeed almost from its first colonisation in 1804—the settlers in that island suffered great annoyances and loss of stock from the continued aggressions of its aboriginal inhabitants. A petty and harassing warfare was in constant existence between the natural and the self-constituted possessors of the island, which was attended on both sides by acts of great oppression and inhumanity. Government was at length compelled to interfere; and, after a protracted struggle, and the expenditure of many thousand pounds, the natives were, by a large party of volunteers and military systematically closing upon them, driven into a corner, and captured. The result was the settlement in Flinders' Island; and the conquered savages were taken from the almost boundless hills and forests of their native land, to linger out an indolent and miserable existence on a few circumscribed and cheerless acres on a desert island. The site chosen for the settlement is on the west side of the island, towards its northern extremity. Beyond being rather romantically situated in a valley formed by the surrounding high hills, it did not appear to me to possess any qualification to recommend it, and must have been hurriedly selected, without due deliberation or care. It is destitute of any running stream or spring of fresh-water, and they have consequently to carefully preserve the water in tanks. It is situated amidst a thickly-wooded but otherwise unproductive soil, and the landing-place, or rather open beach, is only available for boats, and is much exposed to the prevailing west and south-west winds. The dwellings for the natives form two sides of a square, and, with the area in front, are remarkably clean and neat. They reminded me of the little whitewashed cottages that are now occasionally to be seen in Scotland appropriated to the workmen of some well-regulated colliery or manufactory. At its formation, there were nearly two hundred blacks, but the ravages of disease and death, which were very prevalent prior to the appointment of the present superintendent, have reduced that number to fifty-seven. Since his residence in the island, there has not been a single death. I conversed with several of these remnants of a bygone race, and found them generally cheerful and communicative. They were by this time aware of the wreck of the *Isabella*, and inquired by words and gestures if any one had been drowned. When I told them there was plenty flour and sugar, plenty tobacco, and plenty rum on board, but all gone, they seemed then to comprehend, by their solemn looks to each other, that the loss must have been very great. These articles now constitute the dictionary of their wants and luxuries; the latter is of course never given to them but on particular days; and for good conduct they are allowed a small portion of tobacco. Their habits since their arrival on Flinders' Island are indolent in the extreme, and it is rare indeed that any of them can be induced to work. One or two may be occasionally prevailed upon, by flattery or extra indulgence, to weed the garden or some vegetable plot, but such an employment of their time is by no means of frequent occurrence. Although under very little control, they almost never roam beyond the boundaries of their circumscribed settlement: all idea of liberation or escape seems to be entirely dormant in their dispositions; and they are generally to be seen lying in groups on the ground before their cottages, or basking on some green and sunned spot within a few yards of the establishment. The furniture of their huts is of the most limited description, and may be said to consist of a fixed bed-place, with a blanket and coverlet, a bench and table, and one or two of the simplest utensils for cooking and containing their food. It is seldom, however, that any of these articles are used; the bed-place almost never, for they prefer sleeping on the floor or in the open air. Their provisions are generally consumed immediately on their being served out. At one time their allowance of bread and sugar, &c. was distributed to them only twice a-week, but it was so frequently all consumed within a few hours after they

received it, that a daily delivery had to be resorted to. This takes place in the morning, when the storekeeper carefully weighs out every ration; and it is amusing to hear him crying out such names as Hannibal, Pompey, Bonaparte, Cleopatra, Venus, Deademon, &c. when the sable representatives of these *great folks* come running forward with their little wooden platters, and receive their allowance for the day. They are all decently clothed, the women in blue serge gowns, and the men in coarse gray jackets and trousers. Strange to say, although the proportion of the sexes is about equal, and many of them young and robust, and united in matrimony, not a single birth has taken place among these exiled aborigines for several years. There were only two children when I was there, the youngest four years old. From these facts, and their gradually decreasing numbers, a few years will witness the extinction of this last of their race—a race who but lately roamed in freedom and joy, the lordly savages of the hills and dales of Van Diemen's Land.

Although comfort and contentment appeared to reign throughout this obscure and isolated settlement, and the poor exiles were respectably clothed and healthy-looking, yet there seemed to be an air of melancholy depression hanging around everything I saw.

After receiving much attention and kindness from the superintendent and his lady, and visiting everything worthy of inspection, I departed to return to the schooner. I was, on the whole, more interested than pleased with the condition of these unfortunate aborigines; if there was much to admire in the treatment they received, there was also much to pity, and something to condemn. It must be confessed that cruel necessity required that these rude and ignorant savages should be placed under some control; but their lot is now so degraded and humiliating, so totally opposed to, and destructive of, all their natural feelings and habits, that I am sure no reflecting mind that considers their past and present state, but must admit that the oppressor's yoke has fallen heavily upon them, and that they are a doomed and unhappy race, and fated soon to be numbered with those tribes who have lived and passed away.

On arriving on board the vessel destined to take us back, I found all the *Isabella's* passengers and crew assembled on the deck. The anchor was immediately weighed, and on the third day afterwards we entered Port Phillip bay. On the fourteenth day after my departure for England, I again landed in Melbourne, and surprised my many kind friends there by my unexpected return amongst them.

J. B.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

NO. III.

THE number of portraits of King Charles I. by Vandyke is very great, and the sternest republican must admit that, in a pictorial point of view, the artist could not have had a finer subject. Though eminently hand-ome, the king's destiny seemed written on his forehead: his face was a 'title-leaf' that clearly foretold the nature of the 'tragic volume' which Time was to open. So palpable was this, even in Charles's lifetime, that when Bernini the sculptor received the picture now hanging in one of the apartments at Windsor, in which two profiles and the full face of the monarch are represented, for the purpose of making a bust, he was so impressed with the mournful countenance, that he prophesied the unhapp; end of the original. These portraits are now the ornaments of all the great galleries in Europe. There is a full-length in armour at St Petersburg, that was formerly in Sir Robert Walpole's collection at Houghton, and had previously belonged to the notorious Lord Wharton, whom Swift lashed under the name of Verres. By mistake, both gauntlets are drawn for the right hand. When this picture was in Lord Wharton's possession, old Jacob Tonson, the bibliopole, who had remarked the wide legs, found fault with it on this account. Lady Wharton with witty-rudeness replied, that one man might have two right hands as well as another two left legs. The amiable

Mr Tonson, as Dr Johnson styles him, used to speak of the authors whose books he published as 'eminent hands,' a phrase that tickled Lord Byron exceedingly. Pope mentions him in his 'Farwell to London'; and he is the subject of a triplet that dropped from the pen of Dryden in a moment of irritation, where he is not so favourably alluded to. Tonson declined to give the poet what the latter required for his translation of Virgil; Dryden scribbled the following lines on a slip of paper, which he sent the publisher, with an insinuation that he who wrote them could write more. The threat had the desired effect, and the money was paid.

With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
And frowzy locks that taint the ambient air—

Edward Fairfax, the translator of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, was the brother of the celebrated parliamentarian general, Thomas Lord Fairfax. A new edition of this translation has recently been printed, and although unfaithful in many passages, where Fairfax has taken the unexcusable liberty of expanding the original, under the pretence of improving, it is the best version of the Italian epic we have. The versification is rich and melodious; King James read it with admiration; and it was the prison hours of his unfortunate son. Waller acknowledged that the smoothness of his own verse was copied from Fairfax, whilst Dryden ranks him along with Spenser. Fairfax was so powerfully influenced by the superstitions of his age, that he prosecuted some old women for the crime of witchcraft, believing that his own children had fallen under their malign spells. They were acquitted, however, little to the satisfaction of the prosecutor, since he left behind him a manuscript, never yet printed, entitled '*Dæmonologia*: a discourse touching witchcraft, as it was acted in the family of Mr Edward Fairfax of Fyfield, in the county of York, in the year 1621.' He also wrote some eclogues, which his son declared were so learned, that no one but himself could explain the allusions in them. They have not been printed; and indeed that would be a useless proceeding, unless we had the interpretation, which he alone could furnish. This reminds us of a passage in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, where, after mentioning three Roman emperors in periphrastic terms, he places their names in a note for the edification of the reader. A French nobleman, whose handwriting had not the gift of legibility to a remarkable extent, in writing to another man of rank, forwarded also a copy of his letter, and explained the reason thus:—'Out of respect, my lord, I have written to you with my own hand, but to facilitate your perusal, I send a transcript of my letter.'

It was counted unlucky, and with superstitious people the notion still survives, to give to another anything with a point or an edge. Milton, in his '*Astrologaster*,' observes that 'it is naught for any man to give a pair of knives to his sweetheart, for fear that it cuts away all love between them.' Thus Gay, in one of his pastorals—

But wo is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love!

There are some pleasing verses addressed by Samuel Taylor, master of Merchant Tailors' school, to his wife, on presenting her with a knife fourteen years after their marriage, which begins thus—

A knife, my dear, cuts love, they say;
Mere modish love perhaps it may.

Grose also says that it is of unfortunate omen to give a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp or cutting instrument to one's mistress or friend, as they are apt to cut love and friendship. To avoid the ill effects of this, it was necessary to give in return a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense. Lord Byron gave Lady Blessington a gold pin which he usually wore in his breast for a keepsake, and we afterwards find him requesting her ladyship by letter to return it, and he would present her with a chain instead, 'as memorials with a point are of less fortunate augury.'

When Voltaire visited Congreve, the Frenchman, whose ambition was supremacy, and whose laurels had been won in the field of literature, was surprised and shocked to find the play-writer turn a deaf ear to praise of his works. He looked on them as trifles beneath his notice, and desired to be engaged by a gentleman living in easy retirement. This was an unpardonable affectation, but sheer ingratitude to the use of means by which he had raised himself. Voltaire aboriginally remarked, 'Had you been so unfortunate as to

be only a gentleman, I should not have visited you at all.' Gibbon seems to have had a similar weakness, but it was early in life. He records in his journal that the Duc de Nivernois treated him more as a man of letters than as a man of fashion.

Turning over some manuscripts at the British Museum, we met with a letter, of which we give some extracts. It is dated December 1, 1589, and an endorsement states that the nameless unfortunate was Sir George Peckham. The letter is addressed to Cecil, Lord Burghley. Looking at the request contained in the postscript, it seems strange that the lines should not only still exist, but be now perpetuated by printing—lines, to quote the words of Shakespeare,

Picked from the worn-holes of long-vanished days,
And from the dust of old oblivion raked.

'I have so worn myself out of apparel, as I have no more to my back than I do wear every day, which are more like unto the rage of some rogue than the garments of a gentleman; and my poor wife is likewise such-like unto myself. Nevertheless, for anything that I do know as yet, they are like to be our Christmas apparel. And further, unless I can make some shift for to pay for my half-year's board at Candlemas, the simple bedding, and such other trifles as I have, shall be distrained and taken away; then may my wife and I both go seek the wide world with a bag and a wallet. And therefore I do not make any moan before such time, as I am driven by extreme necessity.' The writer then states that he had expected, but was unable to obtain, assistance from Lord Southampton, 'for I am the nearest kinsman, both by father and mother, that his lordship hath in England, the only issue of my lord, his grandfather's body excepted, and his lordship beareth my poor goose in his escutcheon.' * * * Thus referring myself and my present miserable estate unto your lordship's accustomed goodness towards me with these few Latin words, *Bis dat qui tempore donat* [He who gives in good time gives twice], I do humbly take my leave—

Your Lordship's poorest Orator, and so bounden. I do most humbly beseech your lordship to burn this letter so soon as you have perused the same, for I am very loath that any other person beside your lordship should see the same, craving pardon for not subscribing my name.' Was this humble petition complied with?

The audacious manner in which Milton's *Paradise Lost* was treated by Dr Bentley, is pretty generally known from a paper in *D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*. Giving the reins to his critical sagacity, he conjectured that the blind poet's amanuensis had not only ignorantly blundered as to words dictated by Milton, but had wilfully interpolated lines of his own. Proceeding upon this gratuitous assumption, Bentley did not hesitate to alter the poem to suit his own ideas. His emendations of Horace are not founded on such an absurd notion as this, and there was more reason to believe the text corrupt. But even there it has been said that many of his alterations go to crop the most delicate flowers of Horatian fancy, and shear away the love-locks on which the world has doted. Pope, whose friends opposed Bentley in the memorable controversy as to the epistles of Phalaris, frequently lets fly the arrows of his wit against the presumptuous critic. For instance, in the *Dunciad*,

The mighty scholiast, whose unweaved pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.

Observe what different ideas the same fact will excite in different minds. Every one knows the lines of Burns, in which he says pleasure is

—like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.

William Cartwright (born 1611, died 1643), in a poem entitled *Love's Darts*, asks and answers the question—

Where is the learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veiled god throws?
Fond that I am to ask! Whose ear
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of human eye
Those arrows (as their ways are) fly.

The flight of angels part
Hot air with go much art,
And snows in streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.

How different is the application of the same incident by

the two poets. In one it is used to point a moral, in the other to adorn a tale.

If the honour of authorship be denied Charles I., there is good reason to believe that he once at least dipped his pen in a critic's inkstand; and as the circumstance showed a favourable trait in his character, it is worth repeating. A play of Massenger, called the King and the Subject, was submitted to his majesty before it went to the licenser. Sir Henry Herbert, who then held that office, records this anecdote:—"At Greenwich this 4th day of June (1638), Mr W. Murray gave me power from the king to allow of the King and the Subject, and tould mee he would warrant it."

"Monies! We'll raise supplies what way we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify," &c.

"This is a piece taken out of Philip Massenger's play, and entered here for ever to be remembered by my son, and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of King Charles my master, who, reading over the play at Newmarket, set his mark upon the place with his own hand, and in these words, "This is too insolent, and to be changed." Note that the poet makes it the speech of a king—Don Pedro of Spayne—and spoken to his subjects." The play is now lost.

It seems that *ewene* or *quen* (the original of our queen) was used as a term of equality, applied indifferently to either sex. In the Norman chronicle, the historian speaks of the duke and his *quens*, meaning peers. A collection of verses written by Charles of Anjou and his courtiers is mentioned in a book of the thirteenth century as the songs of the *quens* of Anjou. A poem of the twelfth century, in detailing the war-cries of the French provinces, says,

And the *quens* of Thibaut
'Champagne and *passavant* cry.

One of the victims of the sanguinary Robespierre was Roucher the poet. The day previous to his death he sat for his portrait, which he sent to his family with the following beautiful lines in French:—

Loved objects! cease to wonder when you trace
The melancholy art that clouds my face:
Ah! while the painter's skill this image drew,
They reared the scaffold, and I thought of you.

John Heywood, the playwright and epigrammatist, was patronised by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. What the Fairy Queen, says Warton, could not procure for Spenser from the penurious Elizabeth and her precise ministers, Heywood gained by puns and conceits. The object of one of his books, as disclosed by the title-page, is singular—"A Dialogue, containing in effect the number of all the Proverbs in the English tongue compact in a matter concerning two marriages." When the Marquis of Winchester, lord high treasurer, was presented with a copy of this book by the author, he inquired what it contained, and being answered, all the proverbs in English, replied, "What! all? No, no: *Bate me an ace, quoth Bottom*"—a form of speech once in vogue. By my faith, said Heywood, that is not in. It happened that the Marquis casually uttered the only proverb not in the book. Camden mentions an interview of Heywood with Queen Mary, at which her majesty inquired what wind blew him to court. He answered "Two, specially: the one to see your majesty." "We thank you for that," said the queen; "but I pray you what is the other?" "That your grace," said he, "might see me." The curious work on proverbs is in rhyme, and contains many sayings that are now forgotten, as well as allusions to superstitions still remaining. Thus he says—

I suppose that day her ears might well glow,
For all the town talked of her, high and low.

This alludes to the notion still common in many places, that a man's ears burn when others are talking of him. "What fire is in my ears!" exclaims Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*. And Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, says, "When our cheek burns, or ear tingles, we usually say somebody is talking of us—a conceit of great antiquity, and ranked among superstitious opinions by Pliny. He supposes it to have proceeded from the notion of a signifying genius, or universal Mercury, that conducted sounds to their distant subjects, and taught to hear by touch."

WASTING POWER OF RIVERS.

The rivers which flow in the valleys of the Cordilleras ought rather to be called mountain torrents. Their inclination is very great, and their water the colour of mud. The roar which the Maypu made as it rushed over the great rounded fragments, was like that of the sea. Amidst the din of rushing waters, the noise from the stones as they rattled one over another was most distinctly audible even from a distance. This rattling noise, night and day, may be heard along the whole course of the torrent. The sound spoke eloquently to the geologist: the thousands and thousands of stones which, striking against each other, made the one dull uniform sound, were all hurrying in one direction. It was like thinking on time, where the minute that now glides past is irrecoverable. So was it with these stones: the ocean is their eternity; and each note of that wild music told of one more step towards their destiny. It is not possible for the mind to comprehend, except by a slow process, any effect which is produced by a cause which is repeated so often, that the multiplier itself conveys an idea not more definite than the savage implies when he points to the hairs of his head. As often as I have seen beds of mud, sand, and shingle accumulated to the thickness of many thousand feet, I have felt inclined to exclaim, that causes, such as the present rivers and the present beaches, could never have ground down and produced such an effect. But, on the other hand, when listening to the rattling noise of these torrents, and calling to mind that whole races of animals have passed away from the face of the earth, and that during this whole period, night and day, these stones have gone rattling onwards in their course, I have thought to myself, can any mountains, any continent, withstand such waste?—*Darwin's Journal*.

STRENGTH OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame is, that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and find him dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of his body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal, he himself and his four lifters begin to draw a long full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. Sometimes, when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhaling out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left behind. The experiment was performed at Venice by sustaining the heaviest man of the party on the points of the forefingers of six persons. It is asserted that the experiment will not succeed if the person to be lifted is placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board.—*Abridged from Sir D. Brewster's Natural Magic*.

PALM SUGAR.

This sugar—a considerable quantity of which has been recently imported—belongs to the class of white or refined sugars. It is yellowish-white, and has the texture and flavour of refined cane sugar. Subjoined is a notice of its origin and manufacture, furnished by the surgeon of the importing vessel to Dr Pereira, by whom specimens were laid before a late meeting of the London Pharmaceutical Society. Palm sugar is manufactured principally at Cuddalore, on the Coromandel coast, by some French merchants of Pondicherry. It is obtained by refining the *jagary* or crude sugar used by the poorer classes in India. *Jagary* is darker coloured than the coarsest Muscovado; is granular or moist; and is packed in mats or bags made of palm leaves. It is chiefly brought from the island of Ceylon by native vessels, and is made by thickening the juice of various kinds of palm—principally the *Palmyra palm*, the *Coconut palm*, the *Laser fan palm*, and the wild *Cato* &c. The juice is collected during the night, by making incisions in the upper part of the stems of the trees, and a few

boiling it down before fermentation takes place. The thick syrup thus obtained is mixed with sand and stone to the amount of ten or fifteen per cent., to make it more solid, portable, and heavier. This jagary is refined by dissolving it in water over a fire, at the same time mixing chunam (lime from sea shells) with it to check fermentation; after this it is strained through a filter of animal charcoal, again boiled, and strained through cotton bags. For the purpose of clarifying, eggs and chunam are used. When the syrup is of a proper consistence, it is put into wooden or earthen coolers, and the molasses allowed to drain off. To whiten it as much as possible, rum, or sometimes a fine syrup, is poured over the sugar while in the coolers; it is then exposed to the sun to dry, and lastly packed in bags for exportation. It is never mixed with cane sugar. The sugar thus produced, the writer thinks, will eventually supersede that obtained from the cane. It can be manufactured at a less cost, and the palms affording it grow in abundance in all parts of the tropics, in a dry sandy soil, which could yield nothing else of value. They require very little cultivation, merely enough to keep the luxuriant vegetation from springing up into a jungle around them, and to remove the numerous parasitical plants from their stems. Of course the sugar will improve in quality when more experience has been gained in the way of manufacturing it. The quantity produced last year was upwards of six thousand tons.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FINGER-NAILS.

According to European fashion, they should be of an oval figure, transparent, without specks or ridges of any kind; the semilunar fold, or white half-circle, should be fully developed, and the pellicle, or cuticle which forms the configuration around the root of the nail, thin and well-defined, and, when properly arranged, should represent as nearly as possible the shape of a half-filbert. The proper arrangement of the nails is to cut them of an oval shape, corresponding with the form of the fingers; they should not be allowed to grow too long, as it is difficult to keep them clean; nor too short, as it allows the ends of the fingers to become flattened and enlarged, by being pressed upwards against the nail, and gives them a clumsy appearance. The epidermis which forms the semicircle around, and adheres to the nail, requires particular attention, as it is frequently dragged on with its growth, drawing the skin below the nail so tense as to cause it to crack and separate into what are called agnails. This is easily remedied by carefully separating the skin from the nail by a blunt, half-round instrument. Many persons are in the habit of continually cutting this pellicle, in consequence of which it becomes exceedingly irregular, and often injurious to the growth of the nail. They also frequently pick under the nails with a pin, penknife, or the point of sharp scissors, with the intention of keeping them clean, by doing which they often loosen them, and occasion considerable injury. The nails should be cleansed with a brush not too hard, and the semicircular skin should not be cut away, but only loosened, without touching the quick, the fingers being afterwards dipped in tepid water, and the skin pushed back with a towel. This method, which should be practised daily, will keep the nails of a proper shape, prevent agnails, and the pellicle from thickening or becoming rugged. When the nails are naturally rugged, or ill-formed, the longitudinal ridges or fibres should be scraped and rubbed with lemon, afterwards rinsed in water, and well dried with the towel; but if the nails are very thin, no benefit will be derived by scraping; on the contrary, it might cause them to split. If the nails grow more to one side than the other, they should be cut in such a manner as to make the point come as near as possible in the centre of the end of the finger.—*Durlacher.*

JUVENILE SAGACITY.

He who is wise enough in youth to take the advice of his seniors, unites the vivacity and enterprise of early, with the wisdom and gravity of latter life; and what can you lose by at least asking their opinion, who can have no abstract pleasure in misleading you; and who can, if they please, furnish you with a chart of that ocean, to many unexplored, but over which they have passed, while thousands have perished? Are you want of that wisdom they are willing to communicate to you? The ancients fabled part of this lesson in the history of Phaëton, who vainly attempted to guide the chariot of Apollo. The world is too much for

juvenile sagacity, and he must have become gray-headed who is wise enough to walk in and out amidst the machinery of nature and the subtleties of human life, without being either crushed by the one or duped by the other.—*Andréux.*

THE GARDEN IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Would you know where is my garden?—Where the church-tower gray and lone

Casts a shade o'er nameless hillock and white monumental stone—Where the yet fresh mould is lying over one, young, good, and fair, Bring 1 flowers of waning summer, and I make my garden there. Not to mourn above the sleeper, for in life I knew her not—Yet a strange and mingled feeling makes this grave a hallowed spot.

There I bring my worldly sorrows—in that stillness does it seem, That the burthen of them falleth from my spirit like a dream. And my vain heart's restless beating, with its earthly hope and fear, Ceases, hushed by the remembrance of the heart that moulders here.

Blue and quiet shines the heaven where is now the spirit's rest; Here is laid the cast-off garment that encumbered and opprest.

In this place all worldly feelings slumber, but the mental eye Strives to pierce the veil that hideth from us immortality; While the soul its pinions trieth, and, sustained by earnest faith, Soars unto the land of glory, whose dark entrance-gate is Death. There the spirit's ardent longings for the beautiful and good, That on earth ne'er meet fulfilment, are enjoyed in plenitude; There the world-wide love that worketh good for ill to all around, Is unchecked by cold repulses, and its fulness knows no bound; There are gained those aspirations which at times upon us gleam, 'Till that inner life seems real, and our outward life a dream.

So I mused beside my garden—thoughts not mournful, and not dull;

On each unknown grave beside me stands an angel beautiful, Pointing up from earth to heaven. As we journey to our home, It is good to have such glimpses—shadows of the life to come.

D. M. M.

BEAUTY.

There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings who could see a leaf wither or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection; for nature in our adversities never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and, leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have been inflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.—*Constantinople.*

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Let not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God if he will.—*Locke.*

DIFFICULTIES.

Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result.—*The Original.*

NOTHING LOST.

It is well said that nothing is lost. The drop of water which is spilt, the fragment of paper which is burnt, the plant that rots on the ground, all that perishes and is forgotten, equally seeks the atmosphere, and all is there preserved, and thence daily returned for use.—*Macculloch.*

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M. LECLAIRE OF PARIS.

At the present time, when the 'claims of labour' are occupying so much of public attention, and when all sorts of schemes for ameliorating the condition of the working-classes are so eagerly received and discussed, it gives one pleasure to find the enthusiasm beginning to concentrate itself in plans promising practical benefit. One of these plans contemplates the extension of a partnership principle into fields of labour where it has not hitherto been known. 'In some form of this policy,' says the writer of a recent article in one of our most influential periodicals, 'we see the only, or the most practicable means of harmonising the rights of industry and those of property, of making the employers the real chiefs of the people, leading and guiding them in a work in which they also are interested—a work of co-operation, not of mere hiring or service.'

As hinted, this plan, or at least the idea of it, is not new. It is acted on in some mercantile houses, where it has been found advisable to remunerate subordinates occupying situations of peculiar trust, not by a fixed salary, but by a per centage on the returns.* A trace of the same system is visible in the custom, which has prevailed from time immemorial in the sheep-districts of Scotland, of allowing the shepherd to feed a few sheep of his own in the same pasture with those of his master. It is also not unusual in our country for contractors engaged in the making of drains and building of field walls to allow the workmen a share of the profits, in order to induce them to complete the work in the shortest possible time. Reaping is often conducted on a similar principle. The good agriculture observable in the small farms of Lombardy and Tuscany is attributed by some to the circumstance, that there landlords and tenants are connected by a bond of partnership as masters and men; the landlord supplying the stock, and receiving in return half the produce, while the tenant gets the other half as the wages of his labour.

The application of the system, however, amongst men engaged in arts and manufactures, must be considered as a novelty. So far as we are aware, the individual to whom the honour is due of having been the first to make the experiment in a workshop, is M. Leclaire, master house-painter in Paris. M. Leclaire employs on an average two hundred workmen. These he pays in the usual manner by fixed salaries or weekly wages; he assigns also to himself a fixed allowance, proportionate to his rank and duty as the head of the concern. At the end of the year, when the accounts are made up, the surplus profits of the establishment are divided among all connected with it—master, foremen, journeymen, and apprentices—in the ratio of their fixed allowances. The details of the experiment for the year 1842 have been made public by M. Leclaire in a

pamphlet,* the substance of which we propose to lay before our readers.

'On commencing business as a master-painter,' says M. Leclaire, 'I at first adopted the same system which I saw others practising—a system which consists in paying the workman as little as possible, and in dismissing him frequently for the smallest fault.' Finding that this system of low wages and harsh treatment produced a result directly contrary to what he wished, he speedily changed it; and with a view to introduce stability into his establishment, he began to pay his workmen at a more liberal rate. The good effects of this plan soon became evident; a body of excellent workmen attached themselves to his service, and would not quit it for any other; the work was more diligently done, and the profits of the establishment were increased. Having thus succeeded in producing some sort of stability in the arrangements of his establishment, M. Leclaire expected, he says, to enjoy greater peace of mind. In this, however, he was disappointed. So long as he was able to superintend everything himself, from the general concerns of his business down to its minutest details, he did enjoy a certain satisfaction; but from the moment that, owing to the increase of his business, he found that he could be nothing more than the centre from which orders were issued, and to which reports were brought in, then, he says, notwithstanding the stability which he had introduced into his establishment, and notwithstanding the attachment and zeal of many of his workmen, his former anxiety and discomfort returned upon him. Being, however, as is evident from the pamphlet before us, a person of strong determination of purpose, as well as of a keen feeling for order and regularity, he set himself resolutely to the task of devising some mode of management which might prove more satisfactory. In the course of his inquiries for this end, he was led to overhaul the whole house-painting trade, in which he discovered much that he disapproved of; and in 1841, he published a pamphlet advocating certain reforms. This, however, was merely preliminary to the more important change in his own arrangements with his men.

'Under the present system,' says he, in his pamphlet of 1842, 'a master tradesman has to endure not only the disquiet arising from bad debts and the failure of persons he may be connected with in business—losses from these causes, especially from the latter, are always trifling when the tradesman is possessed of

* Of the Ameliorations which may be Effected in the Condition of Journeymen House-painters; followed by Rules for Management, and for the Division of the Profits of Labour, by M. Leclaire; as put in practice in 1842 in his establishment, 11 Rue Saint Georges, formerly 8 Rue Cassette, Paris.

attendance—but what is to him an innocent cause of argument, is the losses which arise from the misconduct of the workmen in his service. We have no fear of being accused of exaggeration when we say that he will find workmen whose indifference to his interests is such that they do not perform two-thirds of the amount of work which they are able for; hence the continual fretting of masters, who, seeing their interests neglected, believe themselves entitled to suppose that workmen are constantly conspiring to ruin those from whom they derive their livelihood. . . . The remedy he proposes is introduced with some explanations. In painting, as in other trades, the price of labour is determined by the expenses incurred. These expenses are of various kinds, such as the rent of premises, the patent, the equipment of tools, the materials in the warehouse, the circulating capital necessary for the payment of wages, the idle expenses, the hiring and maintenance of vehicles and horses, the time lost even involuntarily, and, finally, the profit which the master conceives he ought to have. But this profit, which in painting depends in general upon the workmanship, is so variable, that it often happens that the master, in spite of all his pains, reaches at the end of the year nothing more than an even balance, if indeed he does not find himself sometimes a loser, in consequence of miscellaneous wastages which he could not guard against himself, and which no workman has any interest in preventing. Accordingly, if the journeyman were sure of constant employment, his position would in some respects be more enviable than that of the master, because he is assured of a certain amount of day's wages, which he will get whether he works much or little. He runs no risk, and has no other motive to stimulate him to do his best than his own sense of duty. The master, on the other hand, depends greatly on chance for his returns: his position is one of continual irritation and anxiety.

This would no longer be the case to the same extent if the interests of the master and those of the workmen were bound up with each other, connected by some bond of mutual security, such as that which would be obtained by the plan of a yearly division of profits. It is not difficult to fix an equitable basis for such a division. The workmen, the clerks, and the other employes of an establishment, receiving, as at present, a fixed allowance, varying in amount with their skill, their intelligence, and the nature of their employment, let the master also allow himself a fixed salary proportioned to his importance as the head and director of the establishment; then, at the end of the year, let the surplus profits be shared among all the members of the establishment in the ratio of the fixed allowances which they respectively enjoy. Thus, supposing the business of an establishment to amount to the sum of £4200 a-year; supposing, also, that the expenses of the establishment for rent, taxes, materials, interest of money in circulation, losses, and small expenses of all kinds, amount to £3000; and further, that the pay of all the employes of the establishment, master included, amounts to the same sum of £3000, then the total expenses of the year will be £4000, and the surplus profits will be £200. Now, of this sum of £200, each member of the establishment ought to receive as his share exactly the same proportion as he received of the larger sum of £3000, which constituted the gross amount of the wages-expenses of the establishment. Thus, if a workman receives £40 of wages in the year, making a fiftieth part of the total wages-expenses of the establishment, his share of the profits will be £4, or a fiftieth part of the gross profit. A clerk, again, who receives £60 of yearly wages, or something more than a thirty-third part of the total wages-expenses, will receive as his share of the profits £6; that is, something more than the thirty-third part of the whole profits. An apprentice who receives £4 of yearly wages, will in like manner receive 4 shillings as his share of the profits. Or

should any workman have wrought so short a time as only to have earned 8 shillings of wages, still he will receive his proportionate share of the profits, which will amount to something less than tenpence. Lastly, the master, supposing the fixed salary which he has allowed himself to be £346, will, as his share of the profits, receive £34. In short, each member of the establishment will receive the same proportion of the profits as he receives of the total wages-expenses; so that, if the wages received by the different employes be equitably proportioned, as they in most cases are, the division of the profits must also be equitable.*

'If such a plan were adopted,' says M. Leclaire, 'the losses of time would vanish almost to nothing, for the indolent and lazy workman would be ashamed to stand with his arms crossed in the presence of an active and laborious companion. The general emulation which must result from such a division of profits would permit labour to be brought to a better market, and cause work to be better done. By removing many subjects of vexation, it would prevent much disorder; it would put it in the power of an economical man to lay up some little thing for the wants of his old age; it would act as a check, on the other hand, upon the adventurous tradesman of too ardent and flighty an imagination, preventing him from rashly undertaking all kinds of jobs without calculating what might be the consequence; it would enable meritorious individuals to rise to the more profitable situations within their reach; and finally, by compelling masters to be orderly and systematic in their business, it would render them more prudent, and reduce the number of failures.'

Such, described for the most part in his own words, is the plan which M. Leclaire has put in practice. The 'word to our workmen,' which he addressed to the two hundred persons in his employment on the occasion of commencing the scheme, and which is also printed in the pamphlet before us, is really worthy of a 'chief of industry.' After alluding to his recent isolation from them, which he accounts for by the number of preparations he had to make before he could fairly put his scheme in practice, he thus concludes—'Now, however, that all the preparations are terminated, I come to place myself at your head with the same ardour as you have seen me display in other circumstances; nay, my ardour and my diligence will henceforth be so much the greater, that I shall represent the interests of a greater number, and be disembarassed of that heavy burden which constitutes the functions of what is called a master—a position so envied, but which in general does not procure to its occupier passing enjoyment any more than real happiness.'

In connexion with his scheme, M. Leclaire laid down a series of regulations for his establishment, in addition to those of a general nature which had been in force before. The following are the most important particulars in these regulations, as observed during 1842, and slightly modified in the following year. The number of persons to be admitted to the benefits of the plan was to be left undetermined; it was to depend entirely on the opinion of the master. On first reading this regulation, we did not understand it to mean that M. Leclaire was to be at liberty to admit part of his workmen to the benefits of the plan and exclude the rest, but simply that he alone was to decide what number of hands the establishment required, and to have the power of engaging and dismissing, like masters under the present system; we find, however, that he did retain the right of deciding which and what number of his workmen should be

* M. Leclaire suggests the propriety of deducting something from the share of each employe, so as to constitute a kind of sick-fund sufficient to cover the little casualties arising from accidents, illnesses of workmen, &c.

† If in the house-painting trade, says M. Leclaire, the foremen were to be chosen by the votes of their companions, the selection would in general be better than it is at present, and access to the more advantageous situations would be open to workmen whose superiority and intelligence often remain long unknown to the master.

admitted to the benefits of copartnership—a precaution which perhaps was more necessary in a first experiment than it would be if the plan were generally adopted. Still, it appears that the great majority of M. Leclaire's workmen, if not eventually the whole of them, enjoyed the benefits of the plan; and that the purpose of an order of merit among his workmen was served rather by another device, which consisted in the selection of about sixty of his best workmen, whom he constituted into the *noyau*, or kernel of his establishment, retained even when work was scarce, and enjoying other advantages. Besides the liberty of nominating the workmen who should belong to the *noyau*, M. Leclaire retained all the other rights of a master. He was to have the sole charge of the business, the sole right of concluding bargains, of purchasing materials, of fixing the rate of wages, of contributing, as occasion required, to public charities, &c.

When a workman was admitted to the benefits of the plan of partition, he was to be furnished with a check-book, in which was to be entered every pay day the amount of wages he received: the general rate of pay of journeymen in M. Leclaire's establishment being four francs a-day (about a pound a-week) in summer, and three francs a-day (about fifteen shillings a-week) in winter. These sums were also to be entered under each workman's name in a general ledger, and, as already described, they were to constitute the basis of the division of profits at the end of the year.

At that period, the books were to be made up in the following manner:—First, all the general expenses of the establishment were to be added together, consisting of the following items: the expenses incurred in making the necessary arrangements for the execution of the new scheme; the rent of premises, taxes, insurance, &c.; the purchase of materials; the interest at the rate of five per cent. of the capital employed, whether consisting of the materials in the warehouse or of the money spent in the payment of wages, &c.; the losses arising from failures, bad debts, and such like. All these were to be added together under the head of general expenses. Then, distinct from these, were to be added up all the wages-expenses of the establishment, consisting of all the sums marked in the check-books of the workmen and other employés, and in the house ledger, and including also the sum of 6000 francs (L.240), being the amount of salary which M. Leclaire allowed himself as head of the concern. After deducting these two sums—the general expenses and the wages-expenses—whatever remained in the treasury was to be accounted the surplus profits, and, as such, was to be distributed among the various members of the establishment, each being entitled to the same proportion of these surplus profits as he had received of the total wages-expenses. The division for the first year was not to be made all at once, but in two instalments; the first to take place on January 1843, the second not till July following. Should it turn out, contrary to expectation, that at the end of the year there should be no surplus profit, M. Leclaire engaged on his own responsibility to award to his workmen the following sums by way of compensation for their disappointment:—for six months' labour from the date of admission, 25 francs (one pound); for nine months, 40 francs (thirty-two shillings); for a whole year, 60 francs (two pounds). Workmen also whom M. Leclaire should see fit to discharge in the course of the year, for misconduct or for bad workmanship, were to be entitled to compensation at the same rate for the loss of their share of the possible profits at the end of the year; that is to 25 francs if they had wrought six months, 40 francs if they had wrought nine months, and 60 francs if they had wrought a whole year. Or if, during the year, M. Leclaire should find it necessary, owing to the misconduct of his workmen, to break with one or more of them, or even with the whole number, he was to be at liberty to do so, on condition always that he indemnified them as above for their disappointment. Finally, knowing, to use his own language, 'how difficult it is to make men comprehend

their true interests, especially when new means are adopted to further them,' he did not bind himself to continue his plan for longer than one year.

Having adopted all these precautions, and laid down at the same time a code of judicious regulations for the conduct of his workmen, both in town and country, and for the guidance of his foremen in their dealings with the men of whom they had the oversight, M. Leclaire commenced putting his plan into execution, and persevered vigorously in it throughout the year 1842. The result was most satisfactory to all concerned. The pamphlet does not furnish us with a list of the sums realised by each member of the establishment on the occasion of the first division of profits, but we learn from another source, that 'not one of his journeymen who worked as much as three hundred days obtained in the year 1842 less than 1500 francs (L.60), and some considerably more.' Supposing the regular wages of each of the workmen who obtained as much as L.60 to have been four francs a-day, then only 1200 francs out of the 1500, or L.48 out of the L.60, consisted of regular wages, and the share of profits alone which remained to each at the end of the year amounted to 300 francs, or L.12—a surprisingly large sum, but not more than we can imagine to have been the result of the increased zeal and industry of the workmen, conscious of what they had at stake. To this zeal and industry M. Leclaire bears ample testimony in the pamphlet before us. 'We avail ourselves of the present opportunity,' he says, in reprinting his rules for the year 1843, 'to express publicly to our workmen the satisfaction which we have experienced in observing their zeal to conform with our regulations. The position in which we have placed ourselves is such as to enable us to have nothing to do with any except intelligent and diligent workmen. Ours, therefore, are workmen who understand that order, activity, and steadiness are the sources of the happiness enjoyed in labour. Ours are workmen who understand that their time is their only marketable commodity, and who would blush to receive a salary which they had not earned.'

M. Leclaire also bears testimony to the great improvement of manners among his workmen which his new system of management had directly or indirectly effected. 'The master has remarked with pleasure,' he says in a note to his workmen, 'that not only has the pipe disappeared in the workshops, but also that the *quid* is becoming rarer and rarer: he has also observed with satisfaction that noisy and indecent songs are no longer to be heard in the workshops: moreover, that at diet hours, if the workmen gather in the street, it is not to amuse themselves with malicious jokes on the passers-by, nor with annoying the weak and feeble. He has remarked, also, that his workmen have come to know that *friends* are not so common as the name is; that the disgusting talk which results from too great familiarity with each other is banished from his workshops; and that it is more customary for his workmen to converse about serious and instructive subjects, than to be making jests at each other's expense. He has observed, too, that the presence of parties who sometimes visit the workshops imposes respect, and that the workmen conduct themselves on such occasions like well-bred persons.' 'No one,' he says in another part of the pamphlet, 'except such as have had intimate dealings with us, would believe that two hundred workmen can move about alone, and without almost any superintendence, through the different parts of Paris, as well as through the country, and that yet no disorderly action has ever been committed, nor any complaint addressed to us; but that, on the contrary, every one in his own department has done the work he was sent upon in such a way as to win us esteem and flattering testimonies. Such, however, is the fact.'

Having thus described the interesting experiment made by M. Leclaire, we need add little by way of comment. Whether the application of the plan of copartnership between master and men would be as easy in other trades and professions as he found it in house-

painting; whether, for instance, it could be applied to agricultural labour, can only be ascertained decisively by further trials; but certainly, at first sight, no insurmountable difficulty seems to lie in the way of the application of the plan to any kind of employment in this country, provided the way were cleared by certain necessary changes in the present laws affecting partnership. Of course, the only motive that can induce employers to adopt the plan, is a conviction or a hope that it will lead to a greater personal advantage: as a class, they cannot be expected to adopt it merely for the sake of their men, unless they find also that it will result in a positive increase of gain, or of satisfaction to themselves. In Mr. Leclaire's case, as we have seen, the success of the experiment, both in a pecuniary and a moral point of view, was decided; and there is no reason to conclude that, in other cases, with similar energy and prudence on the part of the employer, the result would be different. At all events, it is hardly questionable that, if any amelioration of an effective kind is to be made in the condition of the working-classes, it must be grounded on some modification or other of the principle of M. Leclaire's experiment. There is a universal complaint that the distance between the upper and the lower classes of society is widening. The relation between employer and employed, it is said, is now little else than the meagre one between two parties, one of whom contracts to do so much work, the other to pay so much wages; or, as it has been strikingly expressed, 'cash payment is now become the universal nexus between man and man.' 'I give you my work, and nothing more,' says the labourer to his master, 'and you give me my wages, and nothing more.' It was not so formerly. The servant in the feudal times not only did his master's work, but he revered and obeyed his master as a social superior; the master, on the other hand, not only paid his servant his wages, but he cherished and protected him as his dependant and social inferior. Now, however, the servant in many cases gives his labour without any accompaniment of reverence; and the master, on the other hand, gives the wages without any accompaniment of protection or kindly interest in his servant's general welfare.

This is the complaint universally made by benevolent persons who take an interest in the condition of the working-classes, and there is no doubt that it is but too well founded. It is absurd, however, to expect the relation between landlord and tenant, between master and workman, to be the same in the present age—when the labourer for a few shillings can be carried by railway fifty or eighty miles in search of work—as it was three hundred years ago, when the bit of sky under which a man was born was the bit under which, as a matter of course, he remained all his life. Taking it for granted that 'cash payment' is becoming universally 'the nexus' between employer and employed, and that it is impossible to prevent its becoming such, our study ought to be to organise labour in such a way that this 'nexus' of cash payment may no longer be a sordid one, but that even under a system in which work and wages are the sole equivalents of each other, we may secure all that is generous and desirable in the intercourse between the upper and the lower classes of society. Instead of trying to resist and thwart the tendency complained of, we ought to try to manage it, as it were, to put it in harness. To teach labourers to touch their hats to their employers, to advocate short hours of labour, to send jellies to one's dependants when they are sick, to join in a game of cricket with the working-men of a village—all these are right and praiseworthy in their way; but the only really effective method of restoring good feeling between the upper and the lower classes—not the old feudal feeling, but a feeling compatible with the general spirit of the nineteenth century—is by adopting if possible a better organisation of labour, by improving the *system* according to which the *worker's wages are exchanged for the labourer's work*.

What the true principle of such an organisation may

be in its exact form, we could not undertake at present to say; but M. Leclaire's plan seems to be a movement towards it, and, as such, we desire to see it receive due attention.

A JOURNEY TO CAMBRIDGE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

We learn, by newspapers of a recent date, that the railway between London and Cambridge having been completed, the whole distance (57 miles) is accomplished in a little more than two hours. It happened that, while receiving this information, we were perusing some extracts from a newspaper of an old date, called 'The London Spy,' which was published towards the end of the seventeenth century, and written by one 'Ned Ward,' of witty celebrity. One paper is descriptive of a journey to Cambridge in a stage-coach and six, which forced upon us a contrast to the present state of things at once curious and striking.

Instead of two hours, a journey to Cambridge was, a hundred and fifty years ago, a business of *two days*! for the travellers per stage slept on the road. 'I resolved,' says the facetious narrator, 'since the season of the year proved dry and pleasant, to make a short visit to Cambridge. In pursuance of this my design, I gave earnest for a place in the stage-coach; and the next morning, having lined my pockets, and bundled up a sufficient quantity of linen to refresh me for the fortnight, I took a hackney wheelabout (coach) for expedition sake to the Green Dragon within Bishopsgate, where our travelling convenience stood ready to receive me. But by the time I got thither, the country tub-driver began to be impatient; all the company but myself being already come, and had taken up their stations in the dirty, lumbering, wooden hovel, being more in shape like a tobacco hog-head than a coach, belling out like the stern of a Dutch fly-boat, and was built more for burthen, and the horses' case, than to commodate travellers. The rest of the company being most of them pretty burly, had made a shift to leave me a nook in the back part of the coach, not much wider than a chair for a jointed baby. I nestled and I squeezed, and drew in my sides like a fat man going through a narrow stile, till with much ado I had wedged myself in between the side of the coach and that of a bouncing Blowzabella who sat next me. When I had thus by storm, and a great deal of fatigue, taken my place, which, notwithstanding the troublesome coming at it, I had before paid for, I sat with patience upon force, crowded up like a great plum in the corner of a minced-pie. But before many minutes were spent, our brawny and storm-beaten carrion-flogger, whose empty noddle was armed against the weather with a leather cap as thick as a church bucket, gave a cherrup or two, and, with an enlivening alash, away scoured the half-dozen bony hacks in a body.' The travellers stopped at the inn at Ware, celebrated in 'John Gilpin,' as well as for its great bed, 'talked of as much among the citizens (who seldom travel beyond the bounds of the home circuit), as the gigantic greatness of the Herodian colossus and the magnitude of the Trojan horse are amongst the sober inquirers into lost antiquities. The extravagant largeness of this bed is very much wondered at by all that see it, being wide enough to lodge a troop of soldiers, with the assistance of a trundle-bed.' The enormous sleeping accommodation is as much wondered at by travelled and untravelled citizens of this day as when Ned Ward saw it. Ware, being twenty-one miles from London, was the resting and dining place; and for an indifferent fish dinner (chiefly of eels), the company had to pay half-a-crown a-head, besides 'twelve pence for the cook.' This, considering the value of money at that time, must have been a very dear meal, and the guests did not fail to take, to a full extent, the travellers' privilege; but the landlord 'very politically presented us with a dram a-piece of right French brandy, to wash away the grumbling in our

gizzards, that we might not report, to his prejudice, the hardness of our usage.' At Puckeridge the coachman stopped, 'to wash the dust out of his mouth. All that was remarkable here was an axe, which they showed us, kept as sharp and as bright as if it were whetted as often as their knives, or scoured as often as their anvilons. This antiquated weapon, as they tell you, had the honour of cutting off some great man's head, but who, or upon what account, they are at a great loss to inform you. From thence we jogged on, till we came to our evening's stage, a town called Barley; where we put into an inn distinguished by the name of Old Pharaoh, which title it acquired from a stout elevating malt liquor under the same name, for which it hath long been famous. Here our entertainment was very good, though not so cheap as to be attended without fault; here we heartily enjoyed the true English pleasure of good substantial eating, and supplied that emptiness the alippery eels had left in our stomachs with well-fed mutton and fat fowls, which we washed down with Old Pharaoh, till we made ourselves as merry as bumpkins at a harvest-home.' The company having travelled what was then considered a fair day's distance, namely, thirty-seven miles, went, after this good supper, leisurely to bed, and next morning, after a famous breakfast, 'to keep the fogs from offending our stomachs, we set forward on our journey, and proceeded without anything remarkable till we came to Saffron Walden, so called from the great quantities of that most excellent flower that grows there, so valued by physicians for its admirable virtues in abundance of distempers, being held to be one of the greatest cordials the whole universe produces. It is said the yellow jaundice is never incident to the inhabitants of this place, against which lazy distemper this true English medicine is so infallibly efficacious, that, let a person but ride through the town who is under this disorder, and the effluvia, that arise from their saffron gardens shall fill the air with such a salubrious quality, that the odoriferous breath you suck into your nostrils shall prove an effectual cure for not only the afore-mentioned, but many other distempers. As for my own part, I found myself quite enlivened, which I may justly ascribe to the great influence of this golden-coloured product, which is of a nature so good, that physicians themselves allow it can scarce be used amiss.'

From Saffron Walden they jogged on at an 'ass's gallop' to within four miles of Cambridge, 'at which distance the top of King's College chapel was discernible, appearing in a figure resembling a cradle, and by travellers is so called; which happened to draw into my noddle this following scrap of poetry—

Old Cambridge brings forth men of learning and parts,
 Dame nature's dark law to unriddle;
 And since she's the midwife of science and arts,
 'Tis fit she be known by a cradle.

'When from thence we had travelled about three miles further, we came to a small village called Trumpington, a mile on this side Cambridge; and the last place we arrived at was our journey's end, Cambridge, where black and purple gowns were strolling about town, like parsons in a country metropolis, during the bishop's visitation; some looking with as meagre countenances, as if, in search of the philosopher's stone, they had studied themselves into a hypochondriac melancholy; others seeming so profoundly thoughtful, as if, in pursuance of Agrippa's notions, they were studying how to raise sparagras (asparagus) out of rams' horns, or to produce a homunculus (ranunculus) as gardeners do pumpkins, by burying the sermo in a dunghill; some looking as plump and as jolly as a painted Bacchus bestriding a canary butt, smiling, as he passed by, at his own soliloquies, as if he was muttering over to himself some Bacchanalian ode he had conceived in praise of good claret; others seeming as sottiably sorrowful as if they were maudlin fuddled, and lamenting the misfortune of poor Anacreon, who choked himself with a grape-stone; some strutting along, about eighteen years

of age, in new gown and cassock, as if they had received orders about two hours before. After the coach had set me down, and I had taken a fair leave of my fellow-travellers, I walked about to take a more complete survey of the town and university.' Our author found the town 'so abominably dirty, that Old Street, in the middle of a winter's thaw, or Bartholomew Fair after a shower of rain, could not have more occasion for a scavenger than the Miery Street of this famous corporation; and most of them so very narrow, that should two wheelbarrows meet in the largest of their thoroughfares, they are enough to make a stop for half an hour before they can clear themselves of one another, to make room for passengers.'

Such was Cambridge, and such a journey to it a century and a half ago, presenting a striking contrast to things as they are. We are now whisked down to the seat of learning in less time than Ward and his fellow-travellers occupied in eating their dinners at Ware. Since his visit, the streets of Cambridge have become patterns of cleanliness, and though one or two narrow thoroughfares still remain, yet we question whether there be one in which that ancient vehicle, the wheelbarrow, does not find ample 'room and verge enough.'

EXTINCT RACES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

WITHOUT speculating on the changes which South America may have undergone previous to assuming its present configuration, we have certain evidence that the great river plains or *Pampas*, lying between the Cordilleras and the Atlantic, are of comparatively recent origin. The nature of the deposits, and the character of the remains imbedded in them, indicate a period subsequent to the European tertiary, and demonstrate, beyond doubt, that while the Paris and London basins were emerging into dry land, the *Pampas* were submerged estuaries, receiving the detritus of the western elevations, and the mingled spoils of terrestrial and marine animals. Mr Darwin's discoveries* are conclusive on this point, and prove that the great plains of South America are but recent elevations from the ocean, in a continent still gradually rising above the waters.

Knowing, as we do, that animal and vegetable life are intimately dependent upon conditions of climate, altitude, and the like, we need only expect to find these vast physical changes accompanied by the extinction and appearance of certain races—each perfectly adapted to the conditions then existing. Compared with the old world, South America is but scantily peopled with native quadrupeds; but a time did exist, and that not very remote, when its animals were more numerous and gigantic than anything that the most favoured region of Asia can boast of. Mr Darwin is the first who has successfully broken ground in this new field of research, his earliest discovery of gigantic remains being made on the plains bordering the present estuary of the river La Plata. In this district, as in most of the *Pampas*, the formation consists of reddish clay and a soft marly rock, overlaid in many places by more recent alluvium and beds of gravel. Nearer the coast, there are minor plains, formed of the wreck of the upper plain, and from mud, gravel, and sand, thrown up by the sea during the slow elevation of the land, of which elevation there is evidence in upraised beds of recent shells, and in rounded pebbles of pumice scattered all over the country. It was in an exposed section of one of these minor plains, near Punta

* Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle round the world. By Charles Darwin, F. R. S. London: Murray. 1845.

Also, that the relics of gigantic land animals were first discovered by our author.

Within the space of two hundred yards, there were found the remains of nine great quadrupeds, varying from the size of a camel to that of the largest elephant, besides a number of detached bones belonging to other species—the whole proving how numerous in kind the ancient inhabitants of this continent must have been. The recentness of their existence was demonstrated by the facts, that shells still found in the surrounding seas were mingled with the debris in which they were imbedded. Of these quadrupeds, one was the megatherium, or 'great wild beast,' described in every geological work; another, the megalonyx, a nearly allied animal; and a third, the slothodtherium, an animal as large as a rhinoceros, but partaking of the structure of the Cape anteaters and armadillos. The others were large edentate quadrupeds; a great armadillo-like animal with a bony covering; the macrauchenia, a huge beast with a long neck like a camel; and the toxodon, perhaps the strangest animal ever discovered. The macrauchenia is described as belonging to the same division of the pachydermata as the rhinoceros and tapir; but showing, in the structure of its long neck, a clear relation to the camel, or rather to the alpaca and llama. As to the toxodon, it equalled in size the elephant or megatherium; but the structure of its teeth proves indisputably that it was intimately related to the gnawers, the order which, at the present day, includes most of the smallest quadrupeds. In many details it is allied to the pachydermata; and judging from the position of its eyes, ears, and nostrils, it was probably aquatic, like the dugong and manatee, to which it is also allied. 'How wonderfully,' remarks the discoverer, 'are the different orders, at the present time so well separated, blended together in different points of the structure of the toxodon!'

Respecting the habits and life of these wonderful quadrupeds, Mr Darwin, adopting the views of Professor Owen, makes the following remarks:—'The teeth indicate, by their simple structure, that these megatheroid animals lived on vegetable food, and probably on the leaves and small twigs of trees: their ponderous forms and great strong curved claws seem so little adapted for locomotion, that some eminent naturalists have actually believed that, like the sloths, to which they are intimately related, they subsisted by climbing back downwards on trees, and feeding on the leaves. It was a bold, not to say preposterous idea, to conceive even antediluvian trees with branches strong enough to bear animals as large as elephants. Professor Owen, with far more probability, believes that, instead of climbing on the trees, they pulled the branches down to them, and tore up the softer ones by the roots, and so fed on the leaves. The colossal breadth and weight of their hinder quarters, which can hardly be imagined without having been seen, become, on this view, of obvious service, instead of being an incumbrance: their apparent clumsiness disappears. With their great tails and their huge heels firmly fixed like a tripod on the ground, they could freely exert the full force of their most powerful arms and great claws. Strongly rooted, indeed, must that tree have been which could have resisted such force! The mylodon, moreover, was furnished with a long extensible tongue like that of the giraffe, which, by one of those beautiful provisions of nature, thus reached with the aid of its long neck its leafy food.'

The beds including the above fossil remains stand only from fifteen to twenty feet above the level of high-water; hence the elevation of the land has been small since the great quadrupeds wandered over the surrounding plains; and the external features of the country

must then have been very nearly the same as now. What, it may naturally be asked, was the character of the vegetation at that period?—was the country as wretchedly sterile as it now is? For my own part, I do not believe that the simple fact of many gigantic quadrupeds having lived on the plains round Bahia Blanca, is any sure guide that they formerly were clothed with a luxuriant vegetation: I have no doubt that the sterile country a little southward, near the Rio Negro, with its scattered thorny trees, would support many and large quadrupeds. That large animals require a luxuriant vegetation, has been a general assumption which has passed from one work to another; but I do not hesitate to say that it is completely false, and that it has vitiated the reasoning of geologists on some points of great interest in the ancient history of the world. The prejudice has probably been derived from India and the Indian islands, where troops of elephants, noble forests, and impenetrable jungles, are associated together in every one's mind. If, however, we refer to any work of travels through the southern parts of Africa, we shall find allusions in almost every page either to the desert character of the country, or to the numbers of large animals inhabiting it. This is a most important suggestion, and one which should at all times enter into our estimate of the past conditions of our globe. Pringle, Moffat, Backhouse, and other travellers, describe large tracts of South Africa as comparatively barren, and subject to severe droughts, and yet we know that immense herds of elephants, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, gnus, and deer, inhabit that region.

At a subsequent period, when Mr Darwin ascended the Parana, he discovered the osseous armour of a gigantic armadillo-like animal, the inside of which, when the earth was removed, was like a great caldron; he also found the greater part of the skeleton of a macrauchenia, the teeth of the toxodon and mastodon, and of the horse. 'This latter tooth greatly interested me, and I took scrupulous care in ascertaining that it had been imbedded contemporaneously with the other remains; for I was not then aware that, amongst the fossils from Bahia Blanca, there was a horse's tooth hidden in the matrix: nor was it then known with certainty that the remains of horses are common in North America. Mr Lyell has lately brought from the United States a tooth of a horse; and it is an interesting fact, that Professor Owen could find in no species, either fossil or recent, a slight but peculiar curvature characterising it, until he thought of comparing it with my specimen found here: he has named this American horse, *Equus curvidens*. Certainly it is a marvellous fact in the history of the mammalia, that in South America a native horse should have lived and disappeared, to be succeeded in after ages by the countless herds descended from the few introduced with the Spanish colonists!'

Such is an outline of our author's important discoveries—important as regards the light they throw upon the past conditions of our globe, and specially important as confirming that immutable law of external conditions by which every living being is governed. We see a relationship between the past and present races inhabiting South America—between the macrauchenia and alpaca, the toxodon and capybara, the extinct edentate and the living sloths, anteaters and armadillos, now so characteristic of the zoology of that continent. But this relationship is all. The extinct races were huge and numerous—the living are diminutive and comparatively few. The geological changes which South America has undergone are no doubt great; but not, according to our conceptions, such as to have wrought such a startling revolution in the character of its fauna; and yet on this head science is not warranted to decide, for we know almost nothing of those nice conditions, relations, and balances, which are necessary to the existence or extinction of a single species. Mr Darwin's reflections on this topic are replete with sound reasoning, and apply with equal effect to similar changes which have taken place in other regions of the world:—

'It is impossible to reflect on the changed state of the American continent without the deepest astonishment. Formerly, it must have swarmed with great monsters: now we find mere pigmies, compared with the antecedent allied races. If Buffon had known of the gigantic sloth and armadillo-like animals, and of the lost pachydermata, he might have said, with a greater semblance of truth, that the creative force in America had lost its power, rather than that it had never possessed great vigour. The greater number, if not all, of these extinct quadrupeds lived at a late period, and were the contemporaries of most of the existing sea-sheeps. Since they lived, no very great change in the form of the land can have taken place. What, then, has exterminated so many species and whole genera? The mind at first is irresistibly hurried into the belief of some great catastrophe; but thus to destroy animals, both large and small, in Southern Patagonia, in Brazil, on the Cordillera of Peru, in North America up to Behring's Straits, we must shake the entire framework of the globe. An examination, moreover, of the geology of La Plata and Patagonia, leads to the belief that all the features of the land result from slow and gradual changes. It appears, from the character of the fossils in Europe, Asia, Australia, and in North and South America, that those conditions which favour the life of the larger quadrupeds were lately co-extensive with the world: what those conditions were, no one has yet even conjectured. It could hardly have been a change of temperature, which at about the same time destroyed the inhabitants of tropical, temperate, and arctic latitudes on both sides of the globe. In North America, we positively know from Mr Lyell, that the large quadrupeds lived subsequently to that period, when boulders were brought into latitudes at which icebergs now never arrive: from conclusive but indirect reasons, we may feel sure that in the southern hemisphere the *macrauchenia* also lived long subsequently to the ice-transferring boulder period. Did man, after his first inroad into South America, destroy, as has been suggested, the unwieldy *megatherium* and the other edentata? We must at least look to some other cause for the destruction of the little *tucutuco* at Bahia Blanca, and of the many fossil mice and other small quadrupeds in Brazil. No one will imagine that a drought, even far severer than those which cause such losses in the provinces of La Plata, could destroy every individual of every species from Southern Patagonia to Behring's Straits. What shall we say of the extinction of the horse? Did those plains fail of pasture, which have since been overrun by thousands and hundreds of thousands of the descendants of the stock introduced by the Spaniards? Have the subsequently-introduced species consumed the food of the great antecedent races? Can we believe that the capybara has taken the food of the *toxodon*, the alpaca of the *macrauchenia*, the existing small edentata of their numerous gigantic prototypes? Certainly no fact in the long history of the world is so startling as the wide and repeated extinctions of its inhabitants.

'Nevertheless, if we consider the subject under another point of view, it will appear less perplexing. We do not steadily bear in mind how profoundly ignorant we are of the conditions of existence of every animal; nor do we always remember that some check is constantly preventing the too rapid increase of every organised being left in a state of nature. The supply of food, on an average, remains constant; yet the tendency in every animal to increase by propagation is geometrical; and its surprising effects have nowhere been more astonishingly shown than in the case of the European animals run wild during the last few centuries in America. Every animal in a state of nature regularly breeds; yet in a species long established, any great increase in numbers is obviously impossible, and must be checked by some means. We are, nevertheless, seldom able, with certainty, to tell, in any given species, at what period of life, or at what period of the year, or whether only at long intervals, the check falls; or, again, what is the

precise nature of the check. Hence, probably, it is that we feel so little surprise at one of two species closely allied in habits being rare, and the other abundant in the same district; or, again, that one should be abundant in one district, and another, filling the same place in the economy of nature, should be abundant in a neighbouring district differing very little in its conditions. If asked how this is, one immediately replies, that it is determined by some slight difference in climate, food, or the number of enemies: yet how rarely, if ever, we can point out the precise cause and manner of action of the check! We are therefore driven to the conclusion, that causes generally quite inappreciable by us determine whether a given species shall be abundant or scanty in numbers.

'In the cases where we can trace the extinction of a species through man, either wholly or in one limited district, we know that it becomes rarer and rarer, and is then lost: it would be difficult to point out any just distinction between a species destroyed by man, or by the increase of its natural enemies. The evidence of rarity preceding extinction, is more striking in the successive tertiary strata, as remarked by several able observers: it has often been found that a shell very common in a tertiary stratum is now most rare, and has even long been thought to be extinct. If, then, as appears probable, species first become rare and then extinct—if the too rapid increase of every species, even the most favoured, is steadily checked, as we must admit, though how, and when, it is hard to say—and if we see, without the smallest surprise, though unable to assign the precise reason, one species abundant, and another closely allied species rare, in the same district—why should we feel such great astonishment at the rarity being carried a step further, to extinction? An action going on, on every side of us, and yet barely appreciable, might surely be carried a little further, without exciting our observation. Who would feel any great surprise at hearing that the *megalonx* was formerly rare compared with the *megatherium*, or that one of the fossil monkeys was few in number compared with one of the now living monkeys? And yet in this comparative rarity we should have the plainest evidence of less favourable conditions for their existence. To admit that species generally become rare before they become extinct—to feel no surprise at the comparative rarity of one species with another, and yet to call in some extraordinary agent, and to marvel greatly when a species ceases to exist, appears to me much the same as to admit that sickness in the individual is the prelude to death—to feel no surprise at sickness—but when the sick man dies, to wonder, and to believe that he died through violence.'

These remarks put the matter in a clear and satisfactory light. No great geological changes have taken place in Britain during the last two thousand years, beyond the cutting down of some forests, the draining of morasses, the silting up of a few estuaries, and the like; and yet these changes have been the proximate cause of the disappearance of portions of its former fauna. The elk, bear, wild hog, wolf, and beaver, which once plentifully inhabited our island, have passed away; and if we go back a little further, the same could be proved of the rhinoceros, elephant, and mastodon. From their era till now, our island has experienced no overwhelming cataclysm, no eruptive fires; and why should we seek for violent causes to produce similar results in other regions? A small elevation of the land above the sea might drain innumerable lakes; a further elevation would exalt extensive forests to an altitude in which they could not flourish; and, with the disappearance of the luxuriant swamps and the verdant foliage, numerous races fitted for such localities would as inevitably perish. All existence is mutually dependent, and not a loop of the linked web can be let down without affecting many others, according to their proximity or remoteness. It is only because we are ignorant that we marvel, and because we fail to comprehend that we are prone not

to believe. But if we could comprehend the whole plan of creation, in its progress from past to present, and from present to what shall inevitably follow, we would be no more surprised at the extinction of old, and the appearance of new races, than at the familiar alternation of day and night, with their attendant phenomena.

LADIES' LOGIC.

THERE is a sort of reasoning very prevalent in domestic circles, and especially amongst the female members of them, that may be called the non-sequential. It is a style of argument which, although perfectly satisfactory to the propounder, and to most of the household, is found, on being analysed, to be quite inconclusive. It consists either of a simple assertion, destitute of all support from evidence; or—in its more complicated form—of an argument, the first and last parts of which have not the faintest connexion. My fair friends must not imagine me too severe on this little peculiarity; which is, after all, an amiable weakness, often arising from a fervent impulse towards truth, and what they believe to be justice, which men—generally of colder, more calculating temperaments—do not possess. I only desire to extract a little amusement, or perhaps edification, out of a peculiarity which themselves will hardly deny forms a prominent characteristic of their sex.

Ladies' logic is, as above stated, of two kinds. The first is an asseverative substitute for argument, so frequently employed by the fair sex, that a proverb has truly designated it 'a woman's reason.' Your wife, for instance, presents you with the draper's quarterly account for payment. You glance at it, and though you take a pride in seeing the chosen of your heart well dressed, yet the amount is startling. The lady sees a play of dissatisfaction hovering over your countenance, and divining the cause, thinks that it is hard to be thought extravagant, when she had, during the past three months, been unusually economical. She therefore determines, should there be a demur, to question your right of objection and investigation by resorting to the unanswerable woman's reason. 'How happens it, my love,' you ask, 'that the draper's bill is so much greater this quarter than it was last?'

'How happens it?' she repeats, 'because it is!'

'Because it is!' The assertion is unanswerable: it summarily cuts off discussion, and blows up the best-laid train of argument. However eloquent and convincing the rejoinder you had arranged in your mind, you feel it impossible to tail it on to 'because it is.' Before 'because it is' was uttered, 'it was a very pretty quarrel as it stood'; but now it is no quarrel at all: the elements of disagreement are withdrawn. Your beloved opponent admits that the bill 'is' large. You cannot contradict that, because it forms the ground of your complaint; unless, indeed, you change sides, and contradict yourself. In short, you are as effectually disarmed as if you had—however 'cunning of fence'—taken up a finely-tempered rapier to defend yourself against a bludgeon. One blow from the formidable club shivers your fragile foil to pieces, and leaves you at the mercy of your opponent.

To understand the full efficiency of 'because it is,' let us for a moment cast a glance back to the days of ancient schoolmen, and suppose some of them to have changed their sex. Imagine such lady logicians sticking their theses against college gates, and daring all comers to disprove them, in the manner of the admirable Crichton and the inimitable Gil Blas. Picture a whole class of capped and gowned reasoners coming forth from the cells of learning, and assailing the aforesaid with catalogues of pithy 'whys' and hosts of pungent 'wherefores?' Fancy—to bring the illustration more home to you—your wife 'gating' her linen-draper's bill at Trin. Coll. Cam, as a mathematical theorem, and, in answer to all the whys and wherefores, exclaiming, 'Because it is.' Why, the most the

senior wrangler himself could do, would be to sneer at it as an 'identical proposition,' and slink away to his room. Then what chance of you, my good friend? Believe me, only one available kind of rejoinder exists, and that is—Pay, and have done with it.

That, however, you may not take my dictum unsupported, or act upon the expensive advice without reason, let me calmly conduct you a few turns into the maze of dispute in which you will assuredly be involved should you make any other rejoinder. If you are so presumptuous as to reply in words, the lady will resort to the second sort of logic for which her sex is famous. She will cite a multitude of so-called reasons, which have no relevancy whatever, except in her own mind. Finding the links of a good argumentative sequence there, she will not condescend to take you along with her, but merely raps out the results of her rapid reasonings, as if she had never heard of such a thing as a non-sequitur. Some day, about dinner-time, for instance, you will innocently ask, 'My dear, what o'clock is it?' and perhaps your wife's reply will be, 'Why, dinner was not ordered till six.' To your unsophisticated ears this is no reply at all; yet, if you follow the process of reasoning by which it was dictated, you will find it more or less in point. The truth may have been, that when you put the query, it was a little after six, and your anxious wife mistook your inquiry for a piece of delicate satire on the unpunctuality of her domestic arrangements—as a hint that dinner ought to be then on table. With this little dive into her plan of ratiocination, the reply must be deemed more or less apt. But the case in hand—the draper's bill—will illustrate this branch of ladies' logic much more forcibly.

Having been signally beaten from your first position, you must needs take up a new one. Suppose you run over the items of the bill till you come to 'twelve yards of satin velvet, at 30s. per yard . . . L.18,' and upon this frame a *viva voce* indictment, putting the first count into the mildest possible form—'Do you not think, dearest, that L.18 is an extravagant price for a single article of dress?'—the defence is immediately entered upon. 'What! do you consider L.18 for a Genoa silk-velvet extravagant? Impossible! Why, did not you give seventy-five guineas for a park-hack only last Thursday? And I should like to know what you paid for that Italian picture: I heard it was L.200, though you were ashamed to tell me. Then there was the diamond clasp you gave to your sister on her birthday; I am convinced you did not get it under L.25.'

It instantly strikes you that, according to logic of the other gender, your laying out a few hundreds on horses, pictures, and diamonds, does not prove that L.18 is cheap for your wife's velvet. You tell her this: she denies the conclusion, and demands that you shall make it good. Nothing can be easier, and, intreating the lady's attention, you pull out your pocket-book, and put down the terms of the argument in logical order on a clean leaf of asses'-skin.

PROPOSITION.—L.18 for twelve yards of velvet is an extravagant price.

'But I say it is *not*,' urges the lady.

'Well, we shall see! Be patient, my dear, and let us proceed.'

OPPOSITION.—But to spend L.300 on a horse, a picture, and a clasp, is also an extravagance.

'Ah, you own that!' is the next interruption. 'Very well, then, with all your cleverness, see if I do not convict you out of your own mouth.'

'But the DEMONSTRATION comes next, love.'

'I'll demonstrate for you. Just tell me—and here the partner of your life assumes a look of triumph—'is not L.300 more than L.18? You can't deny it. Well, if it be extravagant to throw away L.300, how can it be otherwise than economical to spend only L.18?'

It is in vain that you endeavour to show the fallacy: useless are your efforts to impress upon her that velvet and horses, pictures and trinkets, have nothing whatever in common; consequently, what might

be dear in the one case, might be cheap in the other. Futile is all your trouble. Not Whately, nor Mill, not the senior wrangler of Cambridge, could reduce her triumph. The lady declares her logic to be unassailable, and you are obliged to take her word for it. You enjoy the joke, and—pay for it.

The rapid process of inexpressed thought, in which many of the fair sex indulge, occasionally betrays them into the oddest specimens of inconclusiveness. When asked whether she could speak French, a lady once answered in my hearing, 'That she could not; which was rather remarkable, for her mother was born in the Mauritius.' This sounds ludicrous enough; but if the links in her broken chain of reasoning, which the speaker left out, be supplied, the answer is not irrational. The island of Mauritius was formerly a French colony, and that language is still generally spoken there; consequently, it may have been the vernacular of the lady's mother; hence it *was* a little singular that the daughter should not have learned to speak French.

Ladies are little skilled in the mysteries of analysis. I complained one day of the leg of lamb being—what it ought not to be; when my wife instantly put in the caveat, 'It cannot be—I bought it myself in the market only the day before yesterday.' Analysis would have here enabled her to see that the date of putrefaction does not necessarily commence from the time of buying, but from the time of the killing of the animal. On another occasion, the evening being very cold, I vainly endeavoured to coax a glow from the fire. 'These are very bad coals,' I remarked. 'Bad coals!' repeated Mrs Peppercorn; 'that cannot be. Why, we have dealt with the same man ever since we were married. Besides, is not he coal-merchant to the Queen? and you may be sure she would not employ him if he supplied a bad article. Then, again, most of our friends deal with the same man, and I have never heard a single complaint before. No, no; it is not the coals, my dear: perhaps the chimney requires sweeping, or the draught is stopped up.' Finding it useless to contend against this sort of argument, I took a half-heated slate out of the grate, and went shivering to bed. The truth is, Mrs Peppercorn having in reality been well served by the coal-merchant, had conceived a very good opinion of him, which she would not on any account—in spite of ocular demonstration and shivering experience—have disturbed.

A stronger exercise of this sort of logic was some time ago employed in a worse cause. There lived in our neighbourhood a solicitor of—as it is usual to describe persons like him—the utmost respectability. He was a most agreeable man in society. He told excellent stories excellently well. He gave parties; and was so uncommonly charitable to the neighbouring poor, that his name appeared at the top of the list of every public charity. The gossips never pronounced his name but they had something to say in praise of his conduct as a husband and a father. He went to church as regularly as the parish clerk. The confidence all the old ladies and gentlemen of his acquaintance had in him was so unbounded, that they trusted him with their savings to invest, and people used to wonder how successfully he placed their capital, for he made it yield regularly five per cent. per annum. However, the morning after one of his most brilliant entertainments, his name appeared in the Gazette; and when he came to be examined before the commissioners, a career of hypocrisy and dishonesty so consummate was laid bare, that it made me shudder. Not so my wife, who, by the logic peculiar to her sex, strove to make out her friend the attorney a man more sinned against than sinning. 'Why, when the old shoemaker's house was burnt down, did not he buy him a new set of tools?—the fact was so notorious, that it got into the papers;—then, do you think it likely he would have ruined those two poor orphan girls to whom he was guardian? As to his dishonesty, why, it was only last month he lost five games of sixpenny whist to me, and as he had no change at the time—did

not he send round the half-crown before we were up the next morning? No, no; I am sure there is some mystery—something behind the curtain that we do not know.' It was not till the betrayed orphans had got situations as nursery-maids, and three of our esteemed old neighbours had been driven by starvation into almshouses, through his deceitful speculations, that Mrs Peppercorn's convictions in favour of her friend the hypocrite were removed; and even then she seldom spoke of the man without adding, 'Ah, I daresay he was led into it somehow.'

This is the sort of ladies' logic which gives rise to endless inferences from one datum. —If there be a single prominent good quality in an individual that is supposed to colour and influence his whole character, I have only to tell my wife that such a man is a disagreeable companion, and she will immediately contradict me by asking, 'How can I say that, when he is so kind to his nephews?' How often do we hear the fair sex praise the sound doctrines and eloquence of an orator merely because he has a fine voice! *Something* pleases them, but they are not sufficiently analytical to trace whether it is the music of the voice or sound reasoning. I shall never forget being present at a discussion on one, perhaps, of the most eloquent preachers who ever stood in a pulpit. A lady remarked that she thought some of his doctrines were a little wild, and that his language was occasionally overstrained. 'Dear me,' said another, 'I am surprised you think so, for finer hair, eyes, and teeth I never beheld!' This lady was perhaps but a poor judge of divinity or rhetoric, but on hair, eyes, and teeth, she was an authority. The effect of the preacher's discourses was extremely pleasing to her; and whether that pleasure arose from the handsome person and elegant delivery, or from the—in her estimation—subordinate qualifications of eloquence and sound doctrine, she could not determine.

In nothing is ladies' logic so strenuously employed as in persuasion, and in nothing does it show itself so characteristically. Some years ago my wife wanted to persuade me to dine at the supper, instead of the dinner time of day. Her reasons for the change were of the most feminine character. Convenience, health, and comfort were quite out of the question, but—'Sir Charles Grandier never thinks of dining till eight, and, in fact, there is hardly a family whom we visit that thinks of sitting down before seven.'

The ladies will, I am sure, agree with me that that which we call logic is not their forte. Their powers of conquest over us are derived from other more potent sources—the convincing eloquence of their eyes, the irresistible persuasion of their smiles, to say nothing of their lips. But about them we dare not enter into farther particulars, except to observe, that nature never intended them for chopping logic.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR ZSCHOKKE.

SECOND ARTICLE—MIDDLE LIFE.

We left Zschokke journeying from France to Rome, by way of Switzerland, in which country he arrived in the latter part of the year 1796. While at Berne, he was unexpectedly attacked by fever, which confined him three months, and left him in a feeble state of bodily health. On his recovery, he made a pedestrian journey to Chur, a pretty town, the capital of the Grisons. Before setting out, he sent on his baggage from Berne, but on getting to Chur, found he had arrived before it, and was consequently obliged to wait its appearance. This trifling event proved to be the turning-point of his history. To pass away the time, he called on the only two men of eminence belonging to Chur whose names he knew. These were the poet Salis-Seewis and Director Neseemann, conductor of an educational institution, which had once attained great celebrity, but appeared to be now verging towards its decline. It was situated at the castle of Reichenau, and contained now

only fifteen scholars. Neesemann was the head master, but the owner of the whole was the head of the republic of the Grisons, the President Baptist von Tscharnher. This was not the first time that Reichenau had received and given shelter to a wandering gentleman and scholar. It was here that, towards the end of October 1793, a certain young Monsieur Chabas of Languedoc arrived, weary and penniless, with all his worldly goods upon his back, and presently threw himself for refuge on Tscharnher and Neesemann, by imploring their protection—a boon instantly conceded. This humble stranger, who resided for some time as a teacher in the establishment, is now, as we all know, Louis-Philippe, king of the French.

Zschokke was, after a few days, asked to take the sole management and direction of the declining school; and he accepted it. 'Thus were my wanderings, by a very agreeable and unexpected occurrence, brought to a sudden termination. The delay of a lazy courier had changed the course of my life. Farewell now, Florence and Rome, palette and brush! A schoolmaster's vocation was now to be my sphere of action, and no fairer or wider had I ever desired; mine was a home in the rock fortress of the Alps, a more delightful one than I had ever dreamt of in the gardens of the Tuileries. The spacious castle, with its adjacent buildings, only two miles from Chur, was flanked by an extensive garden, against whose rocky terraces foamed the impetuous waters of the Rhine. On the opposite shores, bordered by green meadows and clumps of larches, the landscape opened into a beautiful wilderness, beyond which the mighty Alps rose range after range, peak into peak melting away in blue distance, round the snow-capped summit of St Gothard.' The establishment revived and flourished. 'Yet,' says Zschokke, lamenting the deficiency of a merely classical education, 'with secret shame I soon discovered my ignorance of much which it most behoved me to know; of matters which all children inquire after, and concerning which, when a boy, I had myself vainly endeavoured to obtain information. I understood neither the stars under my feet, nor the stars over my head, nor the commonest flower that blossomed in forest or meadow. In this I was probably in the same predicament with most of our pedagoguish hirelings, who, in spite of all their Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, are unable even to name the objects that lie around them in daily life. They study everything except the realities which lie at their feet. In these branches of learning, I and my adopted children became, therefore, fellow pupils; and the innumerable universe was our schoolroom. It was now that I first discovered how much more a teacher may learn of children, than children can of a teacher.' The English reader will remember Wordsworth's lines—

'Dear little boy, my heart
For other lore would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach a hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn.'

Zschokke set about conquering his deficiencies by studying natural history where it ought to be studied—in the fields and forests. On one occasion, his ardent pursuit of this sort of knowledge saved his life.

The French army having overrun Switzerland, revolutionary troubles followed, and Zschokke, taking part with the patriots, was obliged to dismiss his school, and keep himself closely confined to his castle. One day he had the imprudence to visit a friend, Professor Bartels, who lived opposite the city of Chur, at the foot of Mount Calanda. 'I spent a delightful afternoon with him, in company with the beautiful Baroness Salis-Haldenstein, and some young friends of hers. We sang, played, conversed, and told stories, until the evening began to close in. They then all accompanied me back as far as a hill, commanding a glorious prospect of the valley and the river, where we sat down and ate some fruit together before parting. The last glimmer of day had departed when I reached Reichenau; for, on my return, I had wandered far out of my way, into

various sequestered byways and forest nooks, in search of the summer offspring of the woodland Flora. In the courtyard of my own house, I found the whole population of Reichenau assembled together. They rushed towards me with shouts of joy, and, surrounding me, besieged me with a hundred questions as to "how I had escaped the murderers?" A messenger from Haldenstein had brought to Reichenau the most alarming intelligence. A letter from Bartels was now handed to me, which contained a few hasty and tremulous lines, as follows:—"If this messenger finds you safe and uninjured, send word directly, for God's sake. We are all in the greatest anxiety on your account. When, after leaving you, we were walking down the hill, a party of armed peasants met us, and asked with threatening gestures after you. It is said that you are outlawed, and a price is set upon your head. In vain we adjured the rascals to give it up for to-day, and go back. They went off, on the way you had gone, cursing and swearing at you. The ladies screamed and implored, and the baroness nearly fainted. If you are still alive, fly the country, and save yourself." My little favourites of the forest had, by drawing me far out of my direct way, saved me from my pursuers.' It was now quite time that Dr Zschokke should speedily retire from his adopted country, which he lost no time in doing. He flew across the Rhine, and was informed that a price was set on his head; a portrait of which, together with his name, was affixed to the public gallows of Chur. His offences seem to have been, publishing a liberal history of the Grisons, and penning a patriotic address, previous to a small and unsuccessful revolutionary outbreak.

Dr Zschokke now threw himself wholly and ardently into the political strifes of the time. His talents always aided the cause he espoused; and on the union of the Grisons with the Swiss republic, he was taken into official favour, and appointed proconsul of the Unterwalden districts. Amidst the struggles and vicissitudes which befell Switzerland, Zschokke's prudence, benevolence, and energy, were of the utmost service; and other important offices were intrusted to him in succession. At the age of thirty-one he was appointed governor of Basle.

The political part of his career we purposely pass over, as being uninteresting to our readers. All, however, find some interest in tracing the history of a great man's courtship. It began thus:—"One day, whilst I was riding through the streets of Basle with my chasours (citizens' sons from the best families in the town), I noticed a group of ladies at a window, who were pressing forward, curious perhaps to see the new young governor. He, on his part, was no less curious to see them; and looking up, while returning their salutation, beheld a lovely youthful face, worthy to belong to those winged forms which hover round the Madonnas of Raffaele. Willingly, had etiquette permitted it, would I have made a halt under the window—a proceeding which doubtless would have been just as agreeable to my warlike escort as to myself. As we rode on, the fair one was mentioned among us: it was said she must be a stranger in Basle, and the pleasure of the moment, like many others, was forgotten.'

Not long after this trifling event the governor resigned and retired into private life; and it happened that, at Aarau, he went to a concert, and there, as his eye ran over the parterre of assembled beauties, his attention was arrested by one half-opened rose—a flower of Eden. 'Who is she?' he inquired of a neighbour. 'The daughter of the pastor of Kirehberg,' was the answer; and a faint recollection came across his mind of a clergyman who had once visited him in Basle, and that the damsel was the same whose smiles had gone straight to his heart when they beamed from the window at Basle. Of course it immediately occurred to him as a most urgent duty to return her father's visits as soon as possible. The doctor did so, and repeated his calls; but merely as a good neighbour, once or twice

a-week, and resolved, when there, to keep a strict watch on his behaviour. He adhered to his resolution, and did not betray himself by word or look, more especially when he perceived, even before the innocent creature herself, that Anna's inclinations corresponded with his own.

After a few more struggles, he determined that Anna, or no one, should be the companion of his life. The doctor was saved the trouble of asking the important question, by the intervention of no less an agency than that of—a thunderbolt! 'One evening, after a hot summer's day, I was sitting at a table in my bedroom with a book before me, when suddenly the light of the candle was extinguished, and in its place appeared a ball of fire, which darted down from the iron of the window-shutter, and remained visible for some seconds. It soon became evident that the lightning, attracted by the high metallic ornaments of the roof, had struck the building, rending not only the wainscot, but even the thick wall of the castle, and shattering the two windows, so that the floor and furniture were covered by splinters of glass. As for me, although the fiery visitant had left its marks on my neck and on my side, I neither felt any shock nor heard any very loud report, and, in fact, was so little disturbed, that I had leisure to observe with curiosity and admiration the splendour of the fire-ball. Cautiously feeling my way through the darkness that succeeded, I left the chamber; but I believe my composure was rather to be ascribed to the rapidity of the phenomenon, than to any particular presence of mind. Fortunately, the house was not set on fire, but several persons were struck down in the hall. In the course of two hours, however, before the arrival of the surgeon whom I sent for from Aarau, I succeeded in restoring them by the use of the means customary in such cases. It was neither the first nor the last time in my life that the lightning did me the honour of a visit. This occurrence threw the family at the parsonage into far greater consternation than it had occasioned me, and in her agitation, Anna betrayed the secret that her life hung upon mine.' In a short while Anna became Mrs Dr Zschokke. 'From this time forward,' says the autobiographer, 'the stream of my life, which, near its source, had to force its way, foaming and struggling, over a rocky bed, flowed on in a calm and tranquil course. There are no more striking adventures or wonderful vicissitudes, and I may therefore comprise the history of a long series of years in a very brief space. I was no longer a young man; and with the deep experience of life, through which I had attained to manhood, I had gained also a nobler and more extensive sphere of action.' He revived a publication, which he had started at the suggestion of Pestalozzi, soon after his exile from Chur, and which he quaintly called 'The honest, truth-telling, and well-experienced Swiss Messenger, who relates, in his own plain-spoken way, all that goes on in our dear native country, and what the wise folks and the fools are doing all over the world.' This weekly messenger, once more set on foot, had a vast circulation, being read wherever German was spoken, and even in Italy, France, and America. It was revived in 1804, and went on, prospering for thirty years. He also organised a 'Social Instruction Society' at Aarau, where he still resided, and assisted in forming other such institutions in various parts of Switzerland and Germany. Several sums of money which he had given up for lost since the Revolution, including arrears of his income as stadtholder of Basle, were fortunately paid to him; and in 1814 he built a beautiful villa on the left bank of the Aar, on a sunny elevation at the foot of Mount Jura, and opposite to the town. In this residence, which he called Blumenhalde, Zschokke has resided ever since in happy retirement, surrounded by an estimable family.

We must not conclude our notice of this most interesting of autobiographies without affording an account of a remarkable faculty Zschokke possesses, and which he calls his 'inward sight.' 'I am,' he remarks, 'almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be

thought superstitious, but that I may thereby strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I will confess! It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened, silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a sempstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished, and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke; for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth: I on my part was no less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and, when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—"It was not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astounded me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn (the Vine) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte*, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c. &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly, if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money box, &c. &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted, by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candour, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which

* 'What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?' exclaimed the *spiritual* Johann von Riga, when, in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigmas, but even his penetration could not solve it.

I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!

Any explanation of this phenomenon, by means of the known laws of the human mind, would, in the present confined state of our knowledge, assuredly fail. We therefore simply give the extraordinary fact as we find it, in the words of the narrator, leaving the puzzle to be speculated on by our readers. Zschokke adds, that he had met with others who possessed a similar power.

In gentle alternation of light and shade, years rolled over the head of the good philosopher. He wrote copiously, and his works have enjoyed a degree of popularity few authors can boast of. He was, moreover, intrusted with many civil offices by the Swiss government, only one of which he consented to be paid for, and that yielded scarcely L.50 per annum.

Heinrich Zschokke still lives amidst the beautiful lawns and groves of Blumenhalde, the living representative of a sound, benevolent, practical philosopher. No one can read his autobiography without being a wiser, perhaps a better man. The lessons of wisdom which he inculcates win their way to the mind, because they are not formally or dictatorially conveyed, but are put forth with a playful kindness, and a graceful ease, which are more impressive than the haughty solemnity of less sympathising moralists.

THE GOOD CONSCIENCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT.

A BAND of robbers had secretly entered a provincial town in France, several houses had been plundered, sideboards of plate emptied, and desks forced open. The robbers had played their part with so much skill and success, that they had in every case escaped detection. They directed their attacks to the houses of the most wealthy, and chose the most favourable hours for the execution of their plans, first entering those houses whose inhabitants retired early to rest, and afterwards those in which later hours were kept. It was evident that they were well informed, well directed, and that facility was given them to enter and to leave the town by the windows or roofs of some houses on the ramparts, where traces of them had been discovered. One of those houses was inhabited by a carpenter named Benoit, on whom suspicion strongly fell; for he had but lately come to live in the town, and was very little known. Besides this, he had a gloomy expression of countenance, which repelled people; his brows were dark and closely knit, and he had a long scar across his face. He scarcely ever spoke, even to his wife, to whom he was otherwise a kind husband; though it must be confessed that his taciturnity, and his dislike of repeating the same thing twice, inspired her with a little awe, so that the gossips of the neighbourhood greatly pitied Madame Benoit. He never beat his son Silvester, but he did not allow him to be disobedient or to argue; and though he was but seven years old, he made him work; and the little boys who saw Silvester run off to his work when he observed his father coming, were afraid of him, and called him 'the wicked Benoit.' Finally, it was known that Benoit had followed various callings; that he had been a soldier, that he had seen a great deal of the world, and must consequently have met with many adventures; but as he never related any stories, it was concluded that he could have nothing good to relate. From the time that suspicion fell on him, every little incident was collected that could tend to confirm it. He had never been in the habit of frequenting public-houses, and it was remarked that he had been at one the day preceding the robbery; that he was drinking and conversing familiarly with two ill-looking men, who did not belong to the town, and who had not been seen there since. A neighbour declared that, having gone to the window at eleven o'clock on the night of the robbery, Benoit's door, which was usually shut at nine o'clock, was half open, though there was no light

in the shop. At length they proceeded to examine the place by which it was suspected the robbers had entered, and where a silver spoon, supposed to have been stolen by them, had been picked up. It was exactly opposite a garret window in Benoit's house: they perceived also a bit of cord hanging from the window, which had probably served to fasten a ladder; they even discovered the marks of the ladder, and the print of men's feet under the window. From all these circumstances, Benoit was apprehended and put in prison. He suffered himself to be conducted there with the greatest composure, for he felt that he was innocent. The occurrences which led to his apprehension were as follows:—An old soldier named Trappe, a comrade of Benoit's, had lately come and established himself as a hairdresser in the town. He had on one occasion saved the life of Benoit when sorely pressed by the enemy, so that Benoit received him kindly, though he disliked his character, and considered him a boasting liar, if not a rogue.

The day before the robbery, Trappe came to visit Benoit, and told him that two of their old comrades, who had served in the same regiment, were passing through the town, and that he must come and drink a bottle with them. He reminded him that it was the anniversary of the battle in which he had saved his life. Benoit scarcely knew how he could refuse the invitation, and wished even to pay his share, but they would not allow him. They endeavoured to make him drink, and to make him talk, in hopes of getting information from him; for Trappe and his companions formed part of the gang who were to enter the town that night. They wished to make him drunk that he might not hear what would happen in his house, or be in a less fit state to resist them: however, Benoit spoke but little, and only drank enough to make his head rather more heavy, and his sleep rather more sound, than usual. The next morning he perceived that his shop door had been opened, which astonished him a good deal, as he was certain that he had fastened it on the previous evening. He went up stairs, and found that his garret window, which he had also secured, was open, and that a bag of beans which he had left there had been carried off. He did not say a word about all this, for it was not his custom to speak of things before he well understood them; but he thought a good deal of the matter. On going out to his work, he found the whole town in a tumult; every one was talking of the robbery which had been committed during the night. It was reported that two suspicious-looking men were seen the day before in some of the public-houses, and the one in which he had been with Trappe and his companions was particularly mentioned. Ere long, he perceived that people avoided speaking before him, and that they looked at him with suspicion. He recollected that when he left the public-house on the previous evening, Trappe had followed him with a bottle in his hand, and went up stairs to the room in which his wife and son were, and that he made them drink two glasses of wine—most probably to intoxicate them; he also remembered, that having looked out of the window, just after Trappe went down stairs, he did not see him go out. From all these circumstances, he concluded that he must have concealed himself in the house, and that it was he who had opened the window and door for the robbers. He went in search of him, and taxed him with the fact. Trappe at first pretended not to understand him, and then grew angry; but he was evidently agitated. 'You saved my life,' said Benoit, 'and I do not wish to injure you; but if you have done this deed, be off, and never let me see you more, or I may bring you into trouble.' The next morning Trappe disappeared, and it was on that day that Benoit was arrested. He was asked whether it was he who had opened his window and door; to which he answered go. He was then asked if he knew by whom they were opened. He replied that he did not: in fact, he had no certainty that it was Trappe. He was next asked whether there was any person he suspected; to which he replied that, as

he was himself arrested on suspicion, his suspicions might cause another to be arrested who might be equally innocent, and that therefore, if he had any, he would not divulge them. In fine, he gave true answers to every question, but without any addition, or saying a word that could inculpate Trappe. When the examination was over, as there was no proof against Benoit, they were obliged to set him at liberty, though every one felt fully persuaded that it was he who had given admission to the robbers. He saw this by the manner in which they announced to him that he was free, and also by the conversation he heard in crossing the court; but it did not seem to affect him in the least. When he reached home, after having embraced his wife, who was overjoyed at his return, he embraced his son, and said calmly, 'Silvester, you will hear it said everywhere, that though I have been acquitted, I am not the less a rogue, and that it was I who opened the way for the robbers; but do not let that trouble you, for it will not last long.' His wife was frightened by what he said, but would not believe it till she went out to receive the congratulations of her friends. Some turned their backs on her, others looked at her with compassion, and shrugged their shoulders, as much as to say, Poor woman! it is not her fault. Others again told her what they thought about it. After having been insulted by three or four, she returned crying and sobbing, and declared that she could not live any longer in that place, and that they must absolutely quit it.

'If I leave this,' said Benoit, 'I shall leave nothing after me but a bad name.'

'What good will it do you to remain here?' asked his wife.

'I will recover a good one.'

'You will lose all your customers.'

'No; for I will be the best workman in the town.'

'There are good workmen besides you. What will make you superior to them?'

'When things are most difficult, it is only to take more trouble about them.'

Benoit had some work in hand at the time he was apprehended: he completed it with so much promptitude and perfection, and at such a moderate charge, that those for whom he was working continued to employ him, although they had not a very good opinion of his character. He now determined to rise two hours earlier, and go to bed later, than he had been in the habit of doing, and also to work with greater assiduity, so that, by seldom being obliged to hire workmen, he could make moderate charges, although he gave the very best timber and workmanship. By these means he not only retained his old customers, but gained new ones.

He plainly perceived that he was still a suspected person, and that precaution was taken, not to leave him by himself in a room; but this he took no further notice of than by a quiet smile. But if, in passing through the streets, any one proposed to him to join in some wicked design, he gave him a look that prevented all desire to repeat it.

He saw that his accounts were examined with peculiar care; but he made them out so clearly, so detailed, and so minute, that people ended by saying he was too particular. 'No,' he would say; 'I know very well that you have a bad opinion of me, and it is necessary that you should be thoroughly convinced that I am not cheating you.'

A fire broke out in a house in the neighbourhood, and threatened to reach the adjoining one; several workmen had endeavoured to cut off the communication; but all had abandoned it as being too hazardous. When Benoit arrived at the door of the threatened house, he saw that the servants were afraid of admitting him without their master's orders; but he pushed past them, and forced his way, saying, 'The first thing is to save your house; you can afterwards see whether any thing is lost.' He went up alone to the top of the house, which had been deserted by every one. As he was crossing one of the rooms, he saw a watch upon a mantelpiece,

which he put in his pocket, lest any one else should take it; but recollecting that he might perish in the enterprise, and that if the watch was found on him, it would be supposed that he had stolen it, he hid it in a hole in the wall. He then climbed to the place which had begun to take fire, cut through it with a hatchet, and stopped all communication. As he was returning down stairs he met the master of the house, and showed him where he had concealed the watch. 'I put it there,' said he, 'because any person could have taken it, and you would have believed that it was I.'

So many proofs of honesty and sincerity in the regular conduct of Benoit, in which all the espionage of his neighbours could not detect a flaw, began to make an impression in his favour.

A man of great wealth came to settle in the neighbourhood, for the purpose of building a large manufactory. He inquired for the best carpenter, and it was impossible not to point out Benoit. He employed him, and was so much pleased with his intelligence, his zeal, and his integrity, that he declared it to be his conviction that Benoit could not be anything but an upright, honest man. As he was a person of influence, this produced a great effect, and his reputation as a workman extended through the province, and brought him a considerable increase of business; it also made him acquainted with a great many influential persons, and every one by whom he was employed formed a good opinion of his character. He was no longer watched, though he was still asked how it was that his window and door were found open for the passage of the robbers, many believing that he knew. The gentleman who had employed him in the building of the manufactory and who took a great interest in him, told him that he ought to try to explain that circumstance. 'I will leave it to the character I shall establish as an honest man, to make such an explanation needless,' said Benoit. At length people began to think no more of the matter, and felt sure that he could have had no part in it.

One of the robbers was taken some time afterwards, and related the whole circumstance.

People came to congratulate Benoit. 'Whatever I may have suffered from unjust suspicion,' said he, 'a good conscience enabled me to bear it, as I felt sure that one day all would be cleared up. I well knew that a just Providence would not long suffer that an honest man should pass for a rogue.'

TEACHING OF GEOGRAPHY.

THE Rev. Mr Hume, of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool, has printed a small tract,* containing some very useful hints on the teaching of geography. He condemns, with truth, the too frequently-adopted plan of giving a dry catalogue of names and localities, totally unconnected, in most instances, with anything else which the mind can grasp, and suggests modes* by which not only the study might become more pleasant, but more profitable. The first principle he lays down is, that the judgment should be called in to aid the memory, and this may be done in various ways. 'We may lead the mind of the pupil, for instance, into the way of cause and effect, so that many important results may be reached independently *a priori*; we may introduce rational comparisons, so that the circumstances of one country will always suggest those of another, and thus give rise to important general ideas; or we may diminish the intellectual labour of the very youngest, by pointing out obvious inferences, which render several of the statements of the book unnecessary. For example, what

* Suggestions on the Teaching of Geography, by the Rev. A. Hume. Privately printed for distribution among teachers. John Henderson, Castle-Place, Belfast.

is more natural than to infer that the English language is spoken in the United States, that French is common in the Mauritius, or Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope, when the most meagre outline of these colonies is known? By simple inferences, I mean such as the climate, and natural productions, animal or vegetable; of which every one can form some idea from the latitude and general situation. And to take an example of comparison, let us place side by side the two facts, that England proper contains 15,000,000 of population, and that Spain, which is twice as large as the whole island of Great Britain, contains only 15,000,000. The most indolent and stupid boy is roused to ask, either of himself or his teacher, or his book, "why is this?" And he then begins to think, for the first time, of the effects of peace, intelligence, and varied industry in the one country, or of bloodshed, ignorance, and national habits in the other, though he may have heard the separate facts stated twenty times before.

The application of this principle in impressing the physical features of a country must be obvious. For example, the rivers are a general guidance to the form of the country which they drain. Association may also be called in with good effect. 'This,' says Mr Hume, 'is easily done in the case of battle-fields, towns that have been besieged, places noted for convulsions of nature, or for being the birth-place or the burial-place of some distinguished individual. Thus, Gibraltar will never be forgotten, if once its famous siege be alluded to; every schoolboy knows about the burning of Moscow; and an obscure speck on the map of Africa, Cape Coast Castle, is sought for with eagerness, from its melancholy association with her who was once Miss Landon. A similar association might be formed with a thousand other places, in which the great historical facts would present themselves at once. But even in minor matters, what an interesting thing does a map of the world become, when a boy can show where Byron died, where Falconer was wrecked, where Captain Cook was killed, where Lander terminated his labours, where Stoddart and Connolly were put to death, or Wolff imprisoned, where Howard became a martyr to his benevolence, where Park was encouraged by a flower in the desert, or where Napoleon was an exile. It is no longer a couple of circles, with printing and scratches, or with blotches of colouring, but a living, speaking picture, which he bears in his mind as long as memory exists. Nor is this all: the spirit of inquiry has been stirred within him, and "the intellectual appetite," curiosity, must be supplied. He searches for a copy of Park's travels, to ascertain more on a subject of which he knows something already; he is led by reference and association to Lander, Bruce, Salt, and others; he reads Falconer's poem, which he would never have thought of opening; he refers to a biographical dictionary, for particulars concerning Howard or Byron; and some friend is obliged to yield to his importunity, and get him Cook's voyages to read. And if it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that "all knowledge is money laid out at compound interest"—since every fact enables us to understand others that, without it, would remain unknown—these suggestions, however trite they may appear, rise in magnitude and importance.'

Tracing the routes of distinguished travellers is one of the plans recommended. 'There are other means of producing the same effects, apparently unimportant, but really not so. Such, for instance, is the simple quotation of a line of poetry bearing upon any particular place, which, as it is more easily retained than any other description, gives more marked and vivid ideas. Thus, if the first line of Heber's missionary hymn were explained to a boy, he could never lose sight of the local characteristics—

gone — From Greenland's icy mountains,
the robbery, Be on India's coral strand,
nine o'clock, was Africa's sunny fountains
lown their golden sands."

Or, again—

"From Lapland's woods, and hills, and frost,
By the rapid reindeer crossed."

Or Macaulay's line—

"Thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters!"

Or that of Watts—

"I would not change my native land
For rich Peru and all her gold."

In some "modern instances," as in Murray's Continental Hand-Books, poetical quotations are often given with great appropriateness. The writings of Byron, Scott, Rogers, &c. abound with allusions to localities, of the kind suggested here; so that a reading teacher could have no difficulty in finding enough. The peculiar turning of an expression has often a most marked effect upon our associations, as "sunny Italy," "the pleasant land of France," "the beautiful Rhine;" and there is an entire class which are all particularly useful in particular countries, like "from Dan to Beersheba," "from Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay," "from Maidenkirke to John-o'-Groats." The reason why any imaginative association of this kind is seized with such avidity is, that it gives a more tangible existence to the place. The recollection is no longer a mere idea, an abstraction; but its use is apparent, as means to an end; it is connected with literature, and associated with genius.

'It is evident,' adds Mr Hume, 'that the subject of geography is not taught when all the facts contained in a meagre text-book are elicited by cross-examination. But what must be taught to a pupil besides? The use of his own intellect, we reply, to retain what he has got, and to acquire more; the inclination to do so; the pleasure connected with knowledge; the classification and connexion of various kinds of it; and last, and not least important, an additional number of facts. It is evident that no two teachers would go over the same ground in the same way; but each, in the independent exercise of his own mind, might do it well, and answer the end fully. So far as my own experience goes, I find that by far the most convenient plan is to give the association—whether fact, allusion, or anything else—when we are actually treating of the place. On a separate day the interest is gone, and the prolixity of a tale, or narrative of travels, with many useless digressions—when at best it is not so pointed as one requires—fails to fix the attention, if indeed it does not occasionally dissipate it. When once these pictures are placed in the mind, they are indelible, or may be revived in their full colouring in an instant. For example, the single application of the term "New France" to Canada, awakens the recollection of its early inhabitants, of their language and manners, of General Wolfe, of M. Papineau, of the recent rebellion. And with what unmixed delight does the intelligent student of geography look upon the map of such a country as Spain. He forgets for the moment its size, and form, and colouring. He thinks of Hannibal and of Carthage, of Scipio and the Celtiberian prince, of the Goths, of the victorious Moors, of their gorgeous palaces, of their dances and their songs. He glows with the chivalry of Rodrigo the Cid, or he thinks of the petty jealousies of Gallegan, Catalan, Andalusian, and Castilian, in a country which nature has made one; he recollects Ferdinand and the Inquisition, Charles V. and America; or fancies he sees an *auto da fé*, a bull-fight, or a castanet dance. There is not a country of Europe, and there is scarcely a country of the world, that would not afford the materials for a most interesting essay, in which all these suggestions could be appropriately applied, and beautifully blended with every important town, province, mountain, and river.'

Other modes of impressing geographical and statistical facts are pointed out in this excellent little tract; the wider circulation of which could not, we think, fail to awake many from the errors of their ordinary procedure in this department of instruction.

ITINERANT VOCALISTS.

[From 'Musings of a Musician,' by H. C. Lunn, in the Musical World.]

The Foreign-looking Man with the cap.—In criticising the style of this candidate for our favours, we freely confess that his sentiment is overpowering, and the selection of his songs a pattern to the youth of the day. He usually accompanies himself upon a *seraphine*, and invariably composes his own symphonies, which recommend themselves to your notice on account of their extreme brevity. By his method of singing and gentlemanly bearing, he evidently wishes to impress you with an idea that he has travelled much on the continent in early life, and has, in fact, seen more of the world than most men: he only patronises English songs in order that his audience may understand him; but he usually sings Italian to his private friends, and rather prefers them too. If threepence is thrown towards him, carefully wrapt in white paper, he motions with dignity to a boy to pick it up; and as soon as he has opened it, he pockets it with a smile, as if he were doing the whole thing for a wager, and rather enjoyed the joke. In the summer season he usually goes down to a watering-place for a little sea-bathing, and is quite a favourite with the sentimental young ladies who stroll out in the evening to enjoy the refreshing air.

The Old Man with the stick.—This vocalist is remarkable for his unflinching patronage of the English school of music; Dibdin and Shield are his stock favourites: and the hearty manner in which he delivers their compositions, is only to be equalled by the stern manner in which he swears at his boy when he does not look sharply enough after the halfpence. He has lately got rather husky, and occasionally mars the effect of his songs by vain endeavours to clear his voice, which always fails him in the most sentimental part of the poetry. When this occurs in the middle of Dibdin's patriotic songs, he generally strikes his stick against the ground, thereby indicating his total want of power to express by any other means the way in which he would, most unhesitatingly, sink an opposing fleet, and blow all our enemies into thin air. By thus continually hurling defiance at all the nations of the earth, he has managed to acquire the name of the 'old sailor'; but whether he is entitled to this appellation, I know not; certain it is that he is a most desperate character in his vocal moments; and if he would only act as energetically with his guns as he does with his stick, he would be a most invaluable person on board a man-of-war.

The Glee Singers.—These peripatetic vocal bands are remarkable for the dignified manner in which they arrange themselves before your door, with the evident idea of carrying you away by a mass of scientific harmony. They have generally a female amongst them, who appears to have been selected from the fact of her possessing no voice. The consequence of this is, that although you hear the vocal powers of the two males strained to the utmost, you are left quite in the dark as to the melody, which, being intrusted to the soprano, is totally imaginary. . . . I believe that it has never been correctly ascertained what particular compositions they aim at, but I have no doubt that they imagine they are singing glees; and as the pence usually come in tolerably briskly, there is no reason why this delusion should not go down with them to the grave.

The Sentimental Man with the white apron.—Every person must have observed this individual, who, having somewhat the appearance of a journeyman carpenter, seems, either by misfortune or falsification, to have expressly devoted himself to the service of our most popular English composers. . . . It is a curious fact, that he invariably selects the most sentimental airs, which he generally delivers thus:—having sung the first four bars at the top of his voice, he takes three or four steps forward, and mutters the next four bars to himself; he then takes off his hat and looks upward, as if invoking a blessing upon the composer of such delightful music; you then hear nothing of him for a minute or two, and you almost imagine that he has thought better of it, and left off—when suddenly a few notes strike upon your ear, which, being very near the conclusion of the melody, convince you that the greatest portion of his performance has been private and confidential; and that, although you may not have heard it, he has gone through the entire composition without missing a note. In this manner he proceeds from street to street, singing with melancholy voice the hopeful songs of youthful love, and exciting laughter where he looks for sympathy.

The Serious Man with the violoncello.—Other vocal miseries to which all residents in a metropolis are subject, may be borne with tolerable temper, but this man is really too much for human endurance. He commences at the top of the street by reciting a verse, apparently from a psalm—then comes the violoncello—and such a voice! If anything can convey to the mind a perfect idea of the intense wretchedness to which a fellow-mortal can be brought, and the dreadful purposes for which catgut can be used, it is fully shown by this individual and his violoncello. If they could only agree in their misery, it would not be so bad; but here we have the voice, and the instrument eternally fighting against each other, and each declaring that it has got hold of the right note, and intends to keep it. This person leads a solitary, wretched life: the man with the clarinet eyes him with pity, and Punch lowers his voice as he passes him: the girl on stilts looks down upon him with reverence; and the man with the pandean pipes and guitar hugs himself in the idea, that if he cannot play in tune, he can at least play lively music out of tune. Various conjectures are afloat as to his origin: many persons assert that he has escaped from some prison, and is thus pursuing a deadly revenge upon society for having sent him there; others say that he has been thwarted in love, and has resolved to commit suicide by slow music instead of slow poison. Whoever he may be, I am convinced that the inhabitants of London would willingly enter into a subscription to pension him off for life; and I can only say that, should such an idea be really entertained, my guinea is ready.

AUTHORS ON AUTHORS.

Authors have frequently too much self-interest and jealousy to permit them to see, or rather to acknowledge, the full merits of their rivals and predecessors. A partiality for their own theories, and their own style of writing, renders all others next to intolerable. On the other hand, their admiration is often elicited by insignificant trifles. We have read of a lawyer who threw away a celebrated novel because the first chapter contained a bad will; and of a geometer, whose sole pleasure in the *Æneid* consisted in tracing the voyage of *Æneas*. Milton was disparaged by more than one eminent author. Isaac Newton is related to have said, 'Paradise Lost is a fine poem, but what does it prove?' Winstanley, crowing too soon, said, 'Milton's fame is gone out, like a candle in a stink.' The learned Bishop Hacket called him 'a petty schoolboy scribbler'; and the celebrated Barrow, who regarded poetry as ingenious nonsense, in a letter to Skinner presumed to speak of him as 'one Milton.' In a similar paltry spirit of contemptuousness, Burnet drew upon himself more popular censure by an unlucky sentence in which he spoke of 'one Prior,' than by all the inaccuracies of his statements and his style. Although Shenstone's reputation as a poet almost entirely depends upon his imitation of Spenser, he does not speak of him with much regard. 'The plan of the *Fairy Queen*,' he says, 'appears to me to be very imperfect. Spenser's imagination is very extensive, though somewhat less so, perhaps, than is generally allowed, if one considers the facility of realising and equipping forth the virtues and vices. His metre has some advantages, though in many respects objectionable. His good nature is visible through every part of the poem. His conjunction of the pagan and Christian scheme (as he introduces both acting simultaneously) is wholly inexpressable. Much art and judgment are discovered in parts, and but little in the whole. One may entertain some doubt whether the perusal of his monstrous descriptions be not as prejudicial to true taste as it is advantageous to the extent of imagination. Spenser to be sure expands the latter, but then he expands it beyond its true limits. After all, there are many favourite passages in his *Fairy Queen* which will be instances of a great and cultivated genius misapplied.' Some of these remarks are accurate; but the tone is cold and disagreeable. He, of whose pictures we may say, as Reynolds remarked of Rubens, that one is sufficient to illuminate a room, demands a different style of criticism. Addison himself has expressed a contemptuous criticism of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, which he did not read until fifteen years afterwards. It must have been in a similar spirit of adventurous ignorance that he found fault with Chaucer for want of humour. Cowley, too, has expressed a dislike of Chaucer, whom he 'read over' at the Earl of

Leteston's request. Dryden suggests that he was perhaps too much shocked at the poet's rough and antique style to search into his good sense. He had not the curiosity to force his way into a garden through a few brambles. It was not till nearly thirty years after the death of Collins that Cowper had ever heard his name. He saw it first in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and was so little impressed by what he saw there, that he called him a poet of no great fame, and appears not to have formed the slightest conception of his powers. Dr Johnson's Dictionary abounds with the most absurd definitions of natural objects, yet he ventured to say, in reference to Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, that 'you must not infer from this compilation that Goldsmith possessed any knowledge of the subject; for if he knows that a cow has horns, it is as much as he does know.' The Edinburgh Review spoke of 'a stupid Journal of Montaigne's Travels,' a work in fact so interesting that a recent English translation of it has met with very great success and applause. It is far from improbable that the reviewer had never so much as seen the journal which he so rashly stigmatised. With respect to the ordinary criticism in reviews, it may be said that scarcely in any single case has a reviewer either brought a great author to light or prevented him from becoming popular. It is, after all, the public, not reviewers who settle the merits of books.

LONDON POLICE IN 1768.

A dispute having arisen between the coalworkers and the coalheavers, the latter of whom were chiefly Irish, nay, some of them whiteboys, an act of parliament had passed the last year, subjecting the coalheavers to the jurisdiction of the alderman of the ward; an office had been erected, and one Green who kept an alchouse had been constituted their agent. Houston, a man who wanted to supplant Green, had incensed the coalheavers against him, and they threatened his destruction. Apprised of their design, he every night removed his wife and children out of his house. One evening he received notice that the coalheavers were coming to attack him. He had nobody with him but a maid-servant and a sailor, who by accident was drinking in the house. Green asked the sailor if he would assist him. 'Yes,' answered the generous tar, 'I will defend any man in distress.' At eight the rioters appeared, and fired on the house, lodging in one room above two hundred bullets; and when their ammunition was spent, they bought pewter pots, cut them to pieces, and fired them as ball. At length with an axe they broke out the bottom of the door; but that breach the sailor defended singly, while Green and his maid kept up a constant fire, and killed eighteen of the besiegers. Their powder and ball being at last wasted, Green said he must make his escape; 'for you,' said he to the friendly sailor, 'they will not hurt you.' Green, retiring from the back-room of his house, got into a carpenter's yard, and was concealed in a sawpit, over which the mob passed in their pursuit of him, being told he was gone forwards. I should scarce have ventured this narrative, had not all the circumstances been proved in a court of justice. Yet how many reflections must the whole story create in minds not conversant in a vast capital—free, ungoverned, unpoliced, and indifferent to everything but its pleasures and factions! Who will believe that such a scene of outrage could happen in the residence of government? that the siege lasted nine hours, and that no guards were sent to the relief of the besieged till five in the morning? Who will believe that while such anarchy reigned at one end of the metropolis, it made so little impression at the court end that it was scarce mentioned? Though in London myself, all I heard was, that a man had been attacked in his house, and had killed three of the rioters. Nor were the circumstances attended to till the trial of Green for murder, of which he was honourably acquitted, divulged his 'maid's' and the sailor's heroism. Yet did not the fury of the collars cease, though seven of them were taken and executed. Green was forced to conceal himself from their rage, but his sister giving a supper to her friends for joy of her brother's safety, her house was attacked by those assassins, their faces covered with black crape, who tore her into the street, and murdered her. Yet perhaps of these circumstances of this tragedy, not one was so singular, from the display of so great a mind, as the indifference of the sailor, who never owned himself, never claimed reward or recompense for his generous gallantry. As brave as the Cincinnatus of fabulous Rome, his virtue was satisfied with defending a man oppressed; and he knew not that

an Alexander deserved less fame than he, who seemed not to think that he deserved any.—*Walpole's Memoirs of the Reign of George III.*

SONG.

[BY S. W. PARKERIDGE.]

SUMMER is flying,
Flowerets are dying,
Brown leaves are lying
Under the tree;
Reapers are singing,
Golden sheaves bringing,
Birds their flight winging
Over the sea.

Soon Winter scowling,
With his winds howling,
Like demons prowling,
Hither will roam;
Round blazing piled wood,
Borne from the wild wood,
Manhood with childhood
Westo at home.

While beauty lingers,
Ere Frost's cold fingers
Hush the glad singers
On the green spray,
Far from life's madness,
Tumult and sadness,
To nature's gladness
Hasten away.

CARTER, THE LION KING.

Carter, the celebrated lion king, possessed perhaps as much daring and self-possession as has ever been known. A full-grown and powerful Bengal tiger was landed out of an Indianman for him, and was to be trained for his theatrical exhibitions. Carter expressed no concern at the task, nor anticipated any difficulty; and when he judged the fitting moment to have arrived, he caused the door of the cage to be opened, and suddenly stood in the presence of the astonished beast, armed merely with a slight horse-whip. Cowed by the effrontery and storn glance of the man, the tiger crouched into the most distant corner of its cage, terror-stricken. A blow with the whip, and an indication of the finger, sent the now submissive beast to another corner; and thus it was kept on the move from spot to spot, till Carter, retiring from the cage, declared its entire subjugation. The feats of this extraordinary man on the stage are well known, but he would often amuse himself in private by matching his strength against that of his animals. I have seen him, for instance, release a puma from its cage, and, seizing the beast by its tail, attempt to drag it along: indeed I do not believe he knew what fear was. Frequently on the stage he has been severely bitten and mauled, without exhibiting the slightest uneasiness, or even fear of the beast, which had converted its feigned ferocity into an actual attack. Altogether, his command over his animals was an astonishing exhibition, and proved forcibly how completely the majesty and dauntless daring of man can effect dominion.—*E. P. Thompson.*

RIDICULE.

Ridicule, which chiefly arises from pride, a selfish passion, is at best but a gross pleasure, too rough an entertainment for those who are highly polished and refined.—*Lord Kaimes.*

REWARDS OF VIRTUE.

When a man chooses the rewards of virtue, he should remember that to resign the pleasures of vice is part of his bargain.—*Wilberforce.*

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SELF-ESTIMATES.

HUMILITY is universally allowed to be a beautiful thing; but there is also a lurking, if not avowed notion amongst mankind, that, without some degree of what is called modest assurance, men speed but little in the world. There is a great deal of truth in this doctrine, unpleasant as it may be to make such an admission. We admire the modest man, and our good opinion is to a certain extent serviceable to him. But the man who entertains a stout, good opinion of himself, forces and cheats us out of much more that is favourable to his interests, even although we may have an unpleasant sense of his self-esteem and presumption. This is because of our being more ready to concede to what is actively, than to what is passively claimed from us. There is always an indifference amongst mankind to the interests of individuals: we do not naturally go about seeking to discover modest worth; we have not time; our own affairs will not allow of it; the social feeling does not carry us to such a length. But if a man of some degree of respectability makes his merits tolerably conspicuous; if he duns, and even pesters us for an admission of his worth, talent, or any other good quality, we are obliged to give attention, and, unless we be very greatly displeased with the breadth of the application, so as to be forced to break with him altogether, it is almost unavoidable that we make a greater concession in his favour than we do in the case of the unassuming possessor of much higher attributes.

Is this disputed by any one? Let him candidly investigate the matter in his own heart, and see if it is not one of the principles governing his ordinary actions. He will find that he is in the constant habit of treating his friends very much according to their estimates of themselves. Mrs Vapour, who, without any personal merit worth speaking of, is known to stickle much on the score of family dignity, and to look down on all kinds of new people—will he not be self-compelled to give her a high place at board, and to pay her more than her fair share of attentions there, in order to meet in some measure her own ideas of her importance? Will he not, at the same time, leave the charming, clever, but unpretending Mrs Simple to find that level to which her more modest self-estimate consigns her, notwithstanding that, in point of personal qualities, the former lady could never stand for a moment abreast of her, not to speak of above? Will he not, in like manner, put the magnificent Sir John Empty, who has published a pompous book of travels, which he is constantly referring to, far before the humble-looking Mr Downcast, who, in the midst of obscure and depressing circumstances, wrote one of the most delightful books of imagination that have appeared in our age, but is never heard to say a word about his literary productions, so that a stranger

might pass a whole evening in his company, without surmising that he ever wrote a line? It is impossible entirely to resist the tendencies to such conduct. It is not that, in the depths of our hearts, we think little of Mrs Simple or Mr Downcast, and proportionately much of Mrs Vapour and Sir John Empty. Take us fairly to task on the bare question of merits, and we are found just as a balance. But we require to be roused into this justice. We are constantly apt to forget the true merits from their unobtrusiveness. We can take our friend, in that case, into our own hands, and treat him as may suit our convenience, because we know he will never resent it. But the claims of the self-esteeming are always kept before us. They come with an impressiveness derived from the strong convictions of the party. We are awed by them, and concede them. It is like the difference between a well-sized man who stoops and does not look straight forward, and one of short stature who walks with erectness and dignity. In such a case we always consider the short figure the best, and even the tallest.

It is easy to see how this rule should affect the worldly interests of both men and women. The unpretending might thrive best, or attain the highest places, if the pretending would leave the dispensers of patronage and the promoters of prosperity alone. But, unluckily, the pretending are constantly on the alert in pushing their interests wherever they think they can obtain any advantage. They worry the influential out of that which cool and undisturbed election would assign to the modest. Besides, it is not always easy to form a decided conviction of the deservings of a man who chooses to take rearward seats on all occasions, and never is heard to profess a power to do anything. Such a man may have proved his powers by act; but it is difficult to connect the idea of such acts with a person who appears so indifferent to their results, and takes no trouble, in his common demeanour and conversation, to identify himself with them. They therefore do not tell in his favour nearly so much as would a bold, though really ill-grounded pretension. We may every day see families determining their social position, and the fortunes of their rising members, entirely by their self-estimates. I could point to many who, in very disadvantageous circumstances, have attained a good place in society almost entirely through their setting a high value upon themselves, and never encouraging intimacies except in advantageous quarters. It is equally common to see families which have the power of rising in the social scale, remaining in an inferior position, in consequence of their being modestly content with any friends who choose to make advances to them—these being sure, in such a case, to be of a kind, not calculated to promote an advance in the social scale. The matrimonial locations of ladies are

In a very great measure determined by the value they put upon themselves. We constantly see them, through modesty of this kind, accept men strikingly unworthy of them, but who have had the assurance to believe themselves entitled to such brides. So do literary men take their places in the temple of fame. For a respectable niche, it is not only necessary to possess some reasonable degree of ability and accomplishment, but also that sufficiency of self-esteem which will forbid the undertaking of inferior tasks, and prompt to the setting forward of proper claims to notice. Powers would almost appear to be of less consequence than the mode of their employment. There are even some qualities, good in themselves, which do not promote the ascent to the house which shines afar. For example, if an author be industrious, he will never be acknowledged to possess talent, for the world cannot entertain two ideas of a man at once:—thus, let two men start in a literary career, the one with talent as 1, but no industry, and the other with talent as 2, but great industry, and it will be found that mankind look upon the first man as a clever dog, who only wont work, and the second as a dull respectable fellow, who does wonders by application. Industry, in fact, expresses a humble self-estimate, and the self-estimate, in its direct and indirect working, almost wholly decides the place in the house of the babbling deity. Turning one's abilities to a useful purpose is, upon the whole, condemnatory. The artisan is useful, but nobody heeds him. The ass is useful, and gets thistles and thwacks for its pains. To be useful, expresses a lowly turn of mind, and it is therefore always more or less despised; for, though men generally profess to hold it in esteem, they only do so under a cold intellectual sense of what the useful leads to, and against the heart's sentiment of contempt for what it springs from. If a literary man, therefore, wishes for true fame, let him write some single brilliant thing, and rest under the shade of his laurels for ever after. If he once condescends to make himself useful, he sinks into the base crowd at once, and mankind despise him for that which they daily profit by and enjoy.

The only consolation for the modest is, that there is something more precious than either world's wealth or world's praise. Neither is the hope of reward the source of the highest endeavour, nor is reward of any kind the source of the highest satisfaction. It is quite possible to pass happily through life without a single merit duly acknowledged, or even the consciousness of any such possession.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF UESIGLIO.

'THIS wreath must be finished before the evening. Down with those tiresome hands; you jumble together all my leaves; you give me one colour instead of the other: you are spoiling all I have done. Be it known to you, however, that I am determined you shall not leave Padua until I have put the last leaf to our garland.'

These pettish words, qualified by the sweetest of smiles, were addressed by a beautiful girl of sixteen to a young man who was sitting beside her, and taking a mischievous pleasure in disturbing her work; now, catching hold of her hands; now removing out of her reach something that she wanted; now playing with her long and luxuriant hair, which floated negligently on her shoulders: affectionate interruptions, which left a doubt whether the name of brother or lover better suited them. But the light which flashed from the eyes of the youth, and seemed to irradiate the countenance of the maiden, showed that his emotions were more rapid and ardent than those inspired by fraternal love. They were seated at a table strewn with shreds of cloth, ragged cotton, green taffeta, little palettes of colours, small pencils, and all the necessary apparatus of artificial flower-making.

'Well, then,' replied the youth 'I will do as you wish; but what haste with a wreath that is not to be used till Heaven-knows when? Ah! if you were to wear it to-morrow, I would then assist you with hands, eyes, heart, mind—with my whole being.'

'What matters it? What harm will it do these flowers to wait for us? I promise you to keep this garland so carefully, that it shall look quite new on the day when it shall encircle my head; and then it will seem to all others but an ordinary wreath: but to us—to me—oh, what charms it will have! It will have been born, as it were, and have grown with our love; if will have remained to me in memory of you when you were obliged to leave me for a time; it will have spoken to me of you when absent; will have a thousand times sworn love to me for you. I shall have consulted, and kissed it a thousand times, till that day in which I shall be yours. Do you hear that word, Edoardo? Yours! yours for ever! never more to leave you!—to be divided from you only by death.'

'That will indeed be a blessed day, the loveliest day of our life. The desire of devoting all the powers of my mind to your happiness will then become a right. Poor Sophia, you know not yet what happiness is: so young, so good, you have hitherto met with thorns only in your path. Poor Sophia, I desire no other glory in this world than that of being able to make you feel the sweet that Providence in pity mingles with the bitter of human existence. There is no sweetness in the life of mortals that is not the offspring of love.'

'Yes,' added Sophia, 'when love is united with constancy. But what are you daubing at, Edoardo? You are actually putting red on orange leaves. Where have you learned botany? And what does that rose signify? Is not this a bride's wreath, and are not bridal wreaths always made of orange flowers? Do you know what I mean to do with those roses? Ah, you would never guess. I shall make of them a funeral crown. Here, take these leaves, and reach me the palette. You have positively learned nothing all the time you have been seeing me make flowers.'

A servant entered the room, saying, 'There is no post to Venice either to-day or to-morrow: the Signor Edoardo cannot set out before Friday.'

'Friday!' exclaimed Sophia; 'vile day!' and with a clouded countenance she silently resumed her self-imposed task. Edoardo, on the contrary, seemed glad of the delay.

'No matter; but,' he added, 'is not this a trick of yours?—a plot concocted by you and Luigia to prevent me from leaving Padua?'

'You mistake, Edoardo; I would wish rather to hasten your departure.'

'I am very much obliged to you,' replied Edoardo, half vexed. 'What do you mean? If you do not explain your words, I shall be very angry.'

'The explanation—the explanation, Edoardo, is here in my head, but not in my heart. The explanation, Edoardo, is, that I love you too much, and I am not pleased with myself. Yes, but there are sorrows, Edoardo, which sadly wear away our life; but these sorrows are a need, a duty, and to forget them is a crime. My poor sister, the only friend I have ever had, that poor saint, the victim of love, dead through the treachery of a man hardly two years since: on memory of her I have lived for eighteen months; but I even forget her when I see you, when I speak to you. Perhaps I do not bestow on my mother as much attention as her unhappy state requires. Alas! there is no reproach more bitter than this—"You are a bad daughter!" And this my conscience reproaches me with being a thousand times. Thus, Edoardo, I am wanting in my duties. I am a weak creature: a powerful, and too sweet sentiment threatens to take entire possession of me, to the detriment of the other sentiments that nature has implanted in our heart. Go, then, Edoardo; I have need of calm—I have need of not seeing you. Suffer me to fulfil my duties, that I may be more worthy of you. When you are far away,

I shall have full faith in you. But if your father should refuse his consent to our union?"

'Leave those sad thoughts. My father wishes only to please me, and it will be sufficient for me to ask his consent, to obtain it. Even should he refuse it, in two years the law will permit me to dispose of myself as I choose.'

'May Heaven remove this sad presentiment from my mind; but it makes me tremble. Oh! if you return with the desired consent of your father!—oh! if my mother, as the physicians gave me reason to hope, should then be well! we shall be the happiest of mortals.'

The sound of a silver bell, heard from a chamber close by, took away Sophia from her occupation. She rose hastily, saying, 'My mother! oh, my poor mother! Adieu for a while, Edoardo.'

Edoardo Valperghi was the son of a wealthy Venetian merchant. He had received a grave but unprofitable education, it being that which is wholly directed to the intellect and nothing to the heart. He was studying in one of those colleges in which the system of education is as old as the walls of the edifice. He had been told that he had a heart, but no one had spoken of how it was to be directed to good. He had been told that he must resist his own passions, but no one had shown him what arms to make use of in this moral warfare. He had been told to love virtue and to hate vice, but no one had furnished him with a criterion for distinguishing true virtue from its counterfeit. The temper of Edoardo was ardent and hasty, but flexible and weak. Nature had made him good, but society could make him very bad. He was like a ship without a good pilot—one to become good or bad according to circumstances. Enthusiastic, easily impressed by example, he would be most virtuous if his first steps had moved among the virtuous; if among the wicked, he would rush to perdition.

A letter of recommendation to the father of Sophia, who had formerly had some commercial dealings with the Valperghi, introduced him into the house. His timidity made him prefer that family to richer ones with which he was also acquainted, and amongst whom he could have found youths, amusements, and habits similar to those he had left behind in Venice. But Sophia, lovely, amiable, and frank, had shown him the affection of a sister. He had soon conceived a passion for her; declarations of love, promises, oaths, everything had thus been impetuous and sudden with him, as his disposition prompted. The inexperienced girl believed that a sentiment so strong, so ardent, must be equally profound and constant, and yielded to the enchantment of a first love. Edoardo had terminated the first year of his legal studies, and was now preparing to return to Venice.

Alberto Cadore, the father of Sophia, was also a merchant. He had begun business in a small sphere; but having guided his industry prudently, from being poor he had gradually become rich, and at length retired from commerce with a considerable fortune. Cadore was avaricious, harsh, exacting; he wished rather to be feared than loved; he was not the father, but the tyrant of his family. There was seemingly some secret cause of disagreement between him and his wife: it was perhaps for this reason that he did not love his children; but what it was no one could tell. His family was now limited to Sophia, and his wife. He had had another daughter, fair and amiable as Sophia; but the sad school of the world, and the all-powerful empire of love, had untimely laid her low. The Signora Cadore, though still young, was already on the brink of the grave. The grief that preyed on her life, and especially the lamentable end of her first-born, had brought on paralysis. She could no longer move without assistance.

One other person formed part of the family, without being connected with it by relationship—a woman who seemed at first sight to have reached her seventieth year, so slow and difficult were her move-

ments. Her words savoured a little of obscurity, and her countenance was rather repulsive. She was a Milanese. Having come to the baths in Padua, she had taken lodgings in Cadore's house. She seldom spoke, and paid no attention to what was passing around her. She always seemed unconscious of the loud and angry language of Cadore, which was proving fatal to the neglected wife and the oppressed daughter. She appeared to love no one; no one loved her. However, as she paid largely for her apartments, Cadore did everything to keep her in his house.

Though Sophia led a melancholy life, it was much relieved by the exercise of her accomplishments, which were numerous. No female in Padua, for instance, could compare with her in the art of flower-making. Her friends contended among them for the pleasure of adorning themselves with one of these flowers; courteous and kind to all, she distributed some to each. Even the mercers of the city, when they had need of flowers of superior beauty, applied to Sophia, who willingly acceded to their requests.

The two days of delay to Edoardo's departure were past, and in those two days the Signora Cadore had had a new and very violent attack, which placed her life in danger. Edoardo came to take leave of the family. When alone, the conversation, the adieus of the lovers, were not long: they both wept, looked at each other, and were silent. Yet how many things had they to say to each other, how many promises to renew, how many hopes and fears to exchange!

They parted; Edoardo pleased with himself, and Sophia dissatisfied with him and herself, without knowing why.

The heart is a true prophet: the fears of Sophia were about being realised; the days of her mother were drawing to a close. Sophia, sad and terrified, was never absent from her bedside. Her heart, her heart alone, sometimes wandered after the footsteps of another beloved, but less unhappy being. Forgive that thought of love to the maiden; call it not a sin. Sixteen!—a soul so tender!—the first love! The maternal eye saw into the inmost heart of the daughter, and felt no jealousy at those thoughts flying to her distant love. In those moments she silenced her own wants, lest she should disturb her in her reveries, and humbly prayed for the happiness of her child. Sophia, on recollecting herself, would testify the greatest sorrow, ask pardon of her dear invalid, and redouble her attention. Neither day nor night was she away from the pillow of her dying mother. Her strength supported her, as if by a miracle. No one divided with her this pious office, except the Countess Galeazzi, the mysterious guest of that house, and she came but seldom to the chamber of suffering.

But the last hour had struck for the Signora Cadore. With her dying breath she spoke of Edoardo. 'You love,' she said, 'and your love may be the source of good to you. Take this cross, which I have worn on my heart since the day of your birth; it was the gift of your father; take it, and wear it in memory of your poor mother. You will find in my chest a sum of money, and some bills on the imperial bank of Vienna. It is no great riches, but it is sufficient for the unforeseen wants that may press upon a woman. I would never consent to give up these sums to your father, and that was one source of our disagreement; but it was impossible for the heart of a mother to deprive herself of what she could one day share with her children. And I am glad that I have not done so; for, without such aid, your poor sister would have died of misery, as she did of grief and despair.'

She said more, and seemed to make other confidences to her daughter, but her words were uttered so feebly that they were lost. She then leant her head on the shoulder of Sophia, never to raise it more.

Four months after this event, the time of study returned, and Edoardo came again to Padua. He did not bring the consent of his father to their marriage, but only some distant hopes. Cadore, who was aware of Sophia's inclinations, forbade Edoardo to frequent his

house, until the formal permission of his father could be procured. Thus was Sophia deprived of the pleasure of being often near her lover, of enjoying his society, his conversation. She could see him but seldom, and that unknown to her father.

But Edoardo was changed. He was no longer the frank, the loving Edoardo of former times. A residence of five months in Venice, without being subjected to restraint, or having means to elude it; the company of other young men, familiar with vice and dissipation; above all, a fatal inclination, had depraved and ruined him! He had suffered himself to be fascinated by the fierce delight which is found in gaming; play had become his occupation, his chief need. Play and its effects, the orgies that precede, the excesses that follow, were the life of Edoardo. Waste and debt were the consequences; and when he had, under a thousand pretences, extorted from his father all the money he could, he began, on arriving in Padua, to apply to Sophia, whom he neglected, at least did not see as often as he might, though he still loved her. Sophia was as indulgent as he was indiscreet. At every fatal request for money, she offered him double the sum he had asked. When Edoardo began to tell her some feigned story, to conceal the shameful source of his wants, and to give her an account of how he had employed those sums, she would not listen to him.

'Why,' said she, 'should I demand an account of your actions? Why should I think over and debate what you have already considered? Will not all you have be one day mine? Shall we not be one day man and wife?' And these words took away from Edoardo every sense of remorse: conscience ceased to reproach him for the baseness of despoiling that poor girl of the little she possessed. The thought that he was one day to make her, his wife, justified him in his own eyes; for by this he thought he should have recompensed her for all her sacrifices.

Edoardo's demands increased with his exigencies. He was making rapid advances into the most terrible phases of the gambler's vice; and the mania in Sophia of giving, of sacrificing all her means for Edoardo, did not stop. All the money left her by her mother had already disappeared; most of her valuable ornaments had been sold; some of the bank bills had been parted with; but as this could not be done without her father's knowledge, he had made the laws interpose, and sequestrated the remainder. Sophia did not dare to speak or complain. She felt in her heart that her father was probably in the right, that her own conduct was at least unreflecting, and that Edoardo's expenses were too great; but still she found a thousand arguments to excuse both herself and him. She spent all the day making flowers, and stole a great part of the night from repose to devote it to this labour; but she, formerly so ready to make presents of her flowers, and adorn with them the young girls of her acquaintance, now exacted payment for them; so that every one wondered at this new and sudden avarice. But what did she care what was said of her? What did she care for appearing without those ornaments which women so love, and which add so much to their charms? What mattered it to her that she was ruining her own health by depriving herself of rest, toiling, and weeping? One look, one smile of Edoardo, the having satisfied one of his desires, compensated for all. What afflicted and troubled her was, that her labour should be so insufficient to meet his wants. Often did it occur to her mind that he gambled, that he was ruining himself, and she thought of reproving him for it, but had not courage to do so. Sometimes she accused herself of aiding him to destroy himself. Then she thought that she was mistaken; her doubts seemed to her as injuries to his love, and she grieved for having for a moment admitted them.

One treasure alone remained, the cross which her mother had given her on her deathbed. It was of brilliant, and might bring a large sum. She thought over this, and wept for a whole week. Many times she

went out with the intention of selling it, but her heart could not resolve to do so, and she returned penitent and sorrowful.

Meanwhile, Edoardo was involving himself more and more in debt. Assailed by creditors on one side, and drawn to the gaming-table by desire and necessity on the other; menaced with a prison, threatened to be denounced to his father, stupid from want of rest, midnight revelling, and anxiety, he one day presented himself before Sophia in a state so different from usual, that the poor girl was terrified at him. Whither, Edoardo, has departed the beauty, the freshness of your youthful years?—whither your simplicity of heart? Buried, buried amid dice and cards. Sophia no longer doubted that Edoardo gambled, that he had given himself up to a life worthy of reprehension; but she was disposed to pardon him, to hope that he would repent and turn to better counsels. But what made her tremble was the hoarse and desperate accent in which he told her that he had need of money, that he was hard pressed by necessity, obliged to pay ten thousand *lire*. The glance that he directed to every corner of the apartment, perhaps because he did not dare to look her in the face, was dark and unsteady: some broken words, uttered in a low voice, pierced her heart like a dagger. And without any available means, she promised Edoardo to procure him the required sum by next day.

When he left the house, therefore, she threw herself at her father's feet, and begged him for a sum of money that belonged to her, but of which she could not dispose without his signature; but Cadori refused it. I shall not repeat their dialogue. I shall only say, that she came out from that conference in a state of distraction. Her mind was fraught with desolation. Hideous thoughts passed through her brain. It was night: she found she was alone. She felt desperate. A terrible temptation passed through her mind. Her father, she knew, had heaps of gold lying useless in his coffers; but locks and bolts placed their contents out of reach. She then bethought herself of the countess's bureau, in which her own cross had been deposited, secure from the old man's covetousness. There, too, the countess kept her treasures. She took a light, observed whether any one saw her, or could follow her, and repaired to the apartment of the Countess Galeazzi, who was from home, spending the evening with an old acquaintance. Hardly breathing, and walking on tiptoe, Sophia took a key from under a bell-glass, and opened the bureau. Oh, how she felt her heart throb! She was terrified; she trembled in every movement! The noise she made in opening the money drawer seemed to be the footsteps of some person following to lay hands on her. The light of the lamp, reflected in the mirrors and in the furniture, seemed to her so many eyes that looked on and reproached her. She opened the drawer, and took out her cross. Under it were several notes of the bank of Vienna. The temptation was strong; she laid her hands on the papers; but a thrill of terror seemed communicated through her frame by the touch, and, overcome by intense excitement, she fell senseless on the floor.

Some time afterwards the Countess Galeazzi returned home. On entering her apartment, she beheld the wretched girl stretched on the floor with the diamond cross in her hand. The bureau was still open. She ran to succour Sophia, and by the application of essences recalled her to life. The moment the latter awoke to consciousness, she threw herself on her knees, wept desperately, tried to speak, but could not; the only words she was at length able to articulate were—'Forgive me! forgive me!'

The countess used every means to pacify her, by the compassionate expression of her countenance, by her maternal gestures, caressing and pressing her to her bosom, with words of comfort and tenderness.

'Calm yourself, calm yourself,' she said; 'go and take some repose; you have need of it.'

'Countess,' replied Sophia, then wept anew. 'Shame,

shame and desperation! Oh, wretch that I am! Oh, my poor heart!

Go, go to bed, Sophia; to-morrow we will talk. Here is the light.' Saying this, she reached her the lamp with one hand and led her by the other, using a little affectionate violence to conduct her out of the room, and prevent her from speaking another word.

The next day, Sophia was so overwhelmed with grief and shame, that she took to her bed, struck down by a violent fever, which was the commencement of a dangerous illness. The countess was her nurse.

Edoardo, having lost the source whence he derived all his supplies, through the illness of Sophia, could no longer prevent his father from coming to the knowledge of his irregularities. He was immediately recalled to Venice, and shut up in a house of correction. Disgraced in the eyes of the companions of his debaucheries, and forced in his solitary confinement to make painful reflections on the consequences of his conduct, he seemed to be cured of his fatal passion, and when released, he returned no more to Padua; but, giving up the study of the law, he devoted himself to commerce, to which the contagious mania of making money, of becoming rich, made him steadily apply himself. His old inclination had changed its name; it was 'mercantile speculation;' but the substance remained the same. He had written to Sophia that his father would not consent to his marriage, unless it were with a lady of large fortune: unfortunately, she was not rich enough; however, that he would wed none but her, and that they must be resigned, and trust to time; and Sophia, living on the few letters that Edoardo continued to write her, and grieving that she was not as rich as Valperghi would have wished, waited and hoped. Her illness had been long and dangerous; her youth, and the care bestowed on her, had alone been able to save her life. She had long been oppressed by remorse: it was long ere she dared to lift her eyes to the countess, or address one word to her.

The latter had sought to evade every allusion to the past; and the poor girl, beginning to overcome her fears, ended at length in making her her friend, her confidante. She told her everything, and was fully forgiven everything.

After a time, Sophia recovered. They had lived together for four years, during which Sophia had opened her whole heart to that lady, made her the repository of all her everyday thoughts, her hopes; but the countess had always answered her with vague, uncertain words, or with silence. Alas! Sophia was fated to lose every object on which she had set her affection. After having closed the eyes of her mother and sister, adverse fortune obliged her to witness the death of the Countess Galeazzi.

When her affairs were looked into, it was found that she left her large fortune to Sophia Cadori; so that that which deprived her of so tender, so generous a friend, should also have made her happiness complete. Every obstacle that divided from her Edoardo, which separated her from him she loved so ardently, had vanished. In a few days a boundless love, a love of six years, a love she had cherished through so many sorrows, would be crowned! In a few days she would be Sophia Valperghi!

She wrote a letter full of the joys and hopes soon to be realised to her dear Edoardo; she was happy, as happy as she had desired, as happy as she had so long dreamt of being; she made all preparations for her marriage. Being now quite independent of him, she spoke of it to her father—to every one; she sought garments of the colour and taste that she knew Edoardo liked; she imagined and planned a thousand surprises. How many times did she put the cherished wreath on her head, consult her mirror, study every position in which those flowers might appear to better advantage and increase her beauty! How often did she open the box that contained it to kiss it, to look at it, scarcely daring to touch it for fear of spoiling a leaf, of disarranging a fibre!

At length came the answer to her letter; an answer that to any other person might have seemed constrained, cold, terrible; but it was, on the contrary, to Sophia the seal of her felicity. She was only afflicted that Edoardo should have made illness an apology, which he said prevented him from coming immediately to Padua. To Sophia it was as clear as the sun that expressions of affection did not abound, because they had now at command what she and Edoardo had so long hoped and looked for; that the letter did not dwell on particulars, precisely because great joy is not talkative, and because the illness of Edoardo prevented it. She made ready to set out to Venice without delay, expecting that her father would join her there, and that the nuptials would be celebrated in that city when the health of Edoardo would permit.

Arrived at Venice, she was set down at the house of the Valperghi, and ordered the trunk which contained the few robes she had brought with her to be brought into a room, into which she had been introduced while the servants went to announce her arrival to Edoardo.

After a few minutes, he entered the apartment, to discover who wanted to see him; and, on recognising Sophia, was disconcerted and abashed. She was surprised at seeing him splendidly dressed, as if for some extraordinary occasion. Then he was not ill! She read confusion and terror in his countenance.

'My own Edoardo,' said she, after some moments of silence; 'are you quite recovered?'

'It was but a slight indisposition, as I have written to you,' replied he; 'nor was there any reason for your hasty presence in Venice.'

'Edoardo, Edoardo!—there was no reason!—I have written to you! Edoardo, why do you speak so to me? Why are you disturbed? Are you no longer my own Edoardo? Tell me, tell me what is the matter with you?'

'Nothing. But what do you think will be said of you? A young girl alone in the house of a family she does not know!'

'Oh, Edoardo, you kill me! Explain yourself more clearly. This a house I do not know? Am I not to be mistress in this house? Am I not to be your wife?'

'But without any previous announcement of your coming, it would not be well if my father were to find you here so unexpectedly. I think it would be better if you were to lodge, at least for a very short while, in an inn.'

'Your father! But am I not rich enough for him? This is a fearful mystery. Explain it, if you do not wish me to die.'

This conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant saying, 'Signor Edoardo, your bride requests you to pass into her apartment for a moment.'

Sophia had strength to command herself until the man was gone away. She then threw, or rather let herself fall into a chair, covering her face with her hands, crying, 'His bride! his bride! Is it true?—is it not a dream? For mercy's sake, if you have the heart of a man, tell me that it is false, that I have not heard rightly.' For pity's sake answer me—answer me or kill me.'

'It is too true, Sophia; it was my father's will. In a little time I am to give my hand to another woman.'

'Oh, merciful Heaven! I have heard these words, and live. Oh, my poor life! But it cannot be: it is not true: you are not yet married: there is still time. Go—fly to the feet of your father, tell him you do not love that woman, that you love me, me only; that you have loved me for six years!'

'Impossible, Sophia; things have already gone too far. She is a princess—one of the first families of Florence. It breaks my heart, but it is impossible.'

'What matters her rank, her relatives, if you do not love her?'

'And if I did love her?' said Edoardo, wavering, rather to see whether it would be a means of ridding him of Sophia than expressing the sincere feeling of his heart.

'If you did love her? oh, then, you would be the most infamous of men—you would be a monster. But no; you cannot have forgotten your vows; you cannot have forgotten all your words, our life of six years.' Then rising, and throwing herself on her knees, 'Oh! forgive me, Edoardo; forgive my words. I rave; I know not what I say! Tell me that you have only wished to put my affection to the proof—that you love no other woman—none but me alone! Oh, do not drive me from this house, Edoardo; do not give yourself to another woman!'

'Sophia, if I could help it, do you think I would make you weep thus?'

'If you could help it? What prevents you? Nothing—nothing.'

'Honour, Sophia.'

'Honour! Where was your honour if you have forgotten all your sacred promises—if you have perjured yourself?'

'Sophia, Sophia, pity me. Do not make me the talk of all Venice. I am the most infamous of men; but I can do nothing for you. Now I will confess to you the whole truth—a truth I had not the heart to tell you before. That woman is already my wife; I have married her by civil contract; and the ceremony that is about to be performed, presently is a mere formality. Sophia, forgive me if you can—forgive me, and depart.'

'Oh, no, no, I cannot go from this house. I will die here before your eyes.'

A sound of footsteps was heard. It was easy to guess that those light steps were a woman's. Edoardo turned towards a table, as if to look for some papers, saying to himself, 'I am lost.' And Sophia knelt down by the trunk that contained her clothes, pretending to rummage for something in it, while she wiped away her tears and suppressed her sighs.

Edoardo's bride entered. She stood for a moment perplexed, seeing a woman with him; then said, 'Edoardo, I sent for you that you might yourself choose one of these wreaths. Which of them do you think will become me best?' showing him at the same time two bridal wreaths which she held in her hand.

'Neither,' said Sophia, rising and presenting a third wreath to the bride. 'The Signor Edoardo ordered me to make this some time ago for his bride, and I trust I have not laboured in vain.'

'In truth it is much handsomer than either of these others,' said the bride; 'but you told me nothing of this, Edoardo?'

'It was a surprise,' added Sophia.

'My own Edoardo,' said the bride again; 'another kindness; a new expression of your love. Oh, how dear this wreath will be to me!' and she retired, taking it with her.

Sophia looked at the door through which the lady had disappeared, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'Oh my poor wreath!'

'Sophia, Sophia, you are an angel,' said Edoardo. 'Once more I owe you my life.'

'Since she is yours,' replied Sophia mournfully, and sitting down faint and exhausted on her trunk—'since she is yours, ought I to bring death to her mind, the death that I feel already in my poor heart? No one knows, no one can know what is suffering but those who suffer; oh, no woman ever endured what I endure at this moment! Go—go, Edoardo; prepare yourself for the ceremony: they are waiting for you. I have no more reproaches to make you—no more right to make them. All was in that wreath, and in renouncing that, I have renounced this. Go—I have need of not seeing you. I promise you that when you return I will be no longer here to trouble you with my presence.'

Edoardo, pale, confused, penitent, bent a long last gaze on Sophia; then left the room, saying, 'I am a villain—I am a villain.'

Two hours after, the marriage ceremony was performed. The gondolas that bore the bridal cortège, on their return from the church of St Moisè, were met

by some fishing-boats that had drawn up a drowned female. The gondolas had to stop, in order to let them pass. 'A sad omen for the bride and bridegroom,' said an old woman of the company.

Edoardo, who had recognised that pale corpse, had thrown himself at the bottom of his gondola, in order to conceal his emotion, and with a convulsive motion pressed the hand of his bride, which he held between his own. The simple girl, interpreting that squeeze as an expression of love, said, 'Oh, my Edoardo, you will ever love me?'

'Ever, ever,' replied Edoardo, wiping away a tear. He then muttered to himself, 'Poor, poor Sophia!—she was an angel, and I am a villain.'

LUMINOSITY IN PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

THERE are few subjects more curious, and none, perhaps, less understood, than the occasional luminosity of certain plants and animals. We do not allude to that phosphorescence which arises from decomposing substances, and which every one must have observed on putrid fish, decaying fungi, and the like; but to those luminous appearances exhibited under peculiar conditions by living structures; as, for example, by the flowers of the marigold, and by the female fire-fly. The former phenomena are owing to an actual combustion of phosphoric matter in the atmosphere, precisely similar to that which takes place when we rub a stick of phosphorus on the walls of a dark chamber; the latter belong to peculiar states of growth and excitement, and seem at times to be ascribable to electricity, at others to phosphorescence, and not unfrequently to plain optical principles. It must be admitted, however, that not only are the causes but little understood, but that even the appearances themselves are questioned by many, who would resolve the majority of instances on record into mere visual delusions. It is, therefore, to little more than a recital of the better authenticated facts that we can as yet direct attention.

Flowers of an orange colour, as the marigold and nasturtium, occasionally present a luminous appearance on still, warm evenings; this light being either in the form of faint electric sparks, or steadier, like the phosphorescence of the glow-worm. The tube-rose has also been observed in sultry evenings, after thunder, when the air was highly charged with electric fluid, to emit small scintillations, in great abundance, from such of its flowers as were fading. It is not always the flowers which produce the light, as appears from the following record:—'In the garden of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe, on the evening of Friday, September 4, 1835, during a storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain, the leaves of the flower called *Enothera macrocarpa*, a bed of which was in the garden immediately opposite the windows of the Manuscript Library, were observed to be brilliantly illuminated by phosphoric light. During the intervals of the flashes of lightning, the night was exceedingly dark, and nothing else could be distinguished in the gloom except the bright light upon the leaves of these flowers. The luminous appearance continued uninterruptedly for a considerable length of time, but did not appear to resemble any electric effect.'

Several of the fungi which grow in warm and damp places manifest a similar luminosity, and that when in their most healthy and vigorous state. Delile found it in the agaric of the olive-grounds near Montpellier, and, what was curious, observed that it would not manifest itself in darkness during the day. The fungi of the coal-mines near Dresden have been long celebrated for

their luminosity, and are said to emit a light similar to that of bright moonshine. The spawn of the truffle, the most esteemed of the fungus family, is also accounted luminous; and, from this circumstance, may be collected at night in the truffle-grounds. When in Brazil, Gardner discovered a highly shining fungal, which grows only on the leaves of the Pindoba palm. He was led to this discovery by observing one night a group of boys in the town of Natividade playing football with a luminous object, which happened to be the agaric in question. Some varieties of the lichens are occasionally phosphorescent, and are more or less luminous in the dark. The *subcorticalis*, *subterranea*, and *phosphorea*, often spread themselves luxuriantly in caverns and mines, where they create an extraordinary degree of splendour.

Another example, and perhaps the most wonderful of any, has been recently added to the list. The plant in question is an East India tree, the true family of which has not yet been ascertained, but which appears to be abundant enough in the jungle. A dead fragment was laid before a late meeting of the Asiatic Society in London, with an accompanying notice by General Cullen. The plant was stated to have been discovered by a native who had accompanied Captain Bean on a journey, and who, having been compelled by rain to take shelter at night under a mass of rock in the jungle, had been astonished at seeing a blaze of phosphoric light over all the grass in the vicinity. The plant, though said to be only now discovered, has been long known to the Brahmins, who celebrate its luminous properties in several of their mythological and poetical works. The fragment exhibited to the society was dead, and perfectly dry; but on being wrapped in a wet cloth, and allowed to remain for some time, its luminosity was revived, and it shone in the dark like a piece of phosphorus, or perhaps somewhat paler, more like dead fish or rotten wood. This unnamed plant abounds in the jungles near the foot of the hills in the Madura district, and was found by Dr Wallich in Burmah. Commenting on this novelty, Dr Lindley remarks—'It is not at all improbable that it, or something having similar qualities, may exist in our English collections; and it is for that reason that we now mention it. We therefore advise gardeners to be on the outlook for this curious phenomenon, and to examine all such rhizomes as they may have in their possession, in the hope of finding it; for assuredly they would hardly hit upon a thing of more interest. Plants habitually luminous, and constantly so at night, and retaining their properties years after they are dead, and capable of being cultivated, as this Madras plant most certainly is, would form quite a new feature in our gardens, and are well worth any degree of trouble that may attend their discovery.'

It must be observed, that the above instances of luminosity refer only to the living and healthy organism, and are independent of that phosphorescence which is often exhibited during the decomposition of vegetable matter. That this light may sometimes depend upon phosphoric excretion, is very likely, as it has been found that the parts emitting it are most luminous when immersed in pure oxygen, and cease to emit when excluded from that element. This is precisely what would take place with a stick of phosphorus; and it may be, that at certain seasons phosphoric substances are taken up from the soil by the growing vegetable, and excreted under those conditions of warmth, moisture, and atmospheric influence above alluded to. It is equally evident, if observers are not mistaken as to the scintillating nature of the light occasionally emitted, that there must be some other cause than phosphorescence, and to no agency can it with more likelihood be ascribed than to electricity. The earth and atmosphere are often in different electric states, and when so, the leaves and spikelets of vegetables would afford the most prominent points for the summation of the

passing fluid. Besides the luminosity arising from phosphorescent or electric matter, there is sometimes light occasioned by actual combustion of the volatile oils which are continually flying off from certain plants. Thus the atmosphere surrounding the *dictamnus* or *fraxinella*, a shrub inhabiting the Levant, will inflame upon the application of fire, and yet the plant not be consumed.

Turn we next to luminosity in animals—a phenomenon which has been observed and commented on from the earliest times of natural history. And here, again, we throw out of view those instances of phosphorescence which arise from decomposition, and which have been observed over the spots where animals are buried, or on their bodies even before death, as in cases of human consumption. As in the vegetable, so in the animal kingdom, luminosity is a rare and somewhat irregular phenomenon, appearing not in the higher and more perfect races, but chiefly in the obscure and least important. The most vivid, perhaps, of all luminous creatures is the lantern-fly of the tropics—the *Fulgora lanternaria* of Linnæus—which attains a length of three or four inches. It affords a light so great, that travellers walking by night are said to be enabled to pursue their journey with sufficient certainty if they tie one or two of them to a stick, and carry this before them in the manner of a torch. It is common in some parts of South America, and is described by Madame Merian in her work on the insects of Surinam. 'The Indians once brought me (says she), before I knew that they shone by night, a number of these lantern-flies, which I shut up in a large wooden box. In the night they made such a noise, that I awoke in a fright, and ordered a light to be brought, not being able to guess from whence the noise proceeded. As soon as I found that it came from the box, I opened it, but was still more alarmed, and let it fall to the ground in my fright, at seeing a flame of fire come out of it; and as many animals came out, so many different flames appeared. When I found this to be the case, I recovered from my alarm, and again collected the insects, much admiring their splendid appearance.' The light, she adds, of one of these insects is so bright, that a person may see to read a newspaper by it. The phosphorescence proceeds entirely from the hollow part, or lantern, of the head, no other part of the animal being luminous. It is but proper to add that, notwithstanding this positive statement of Madame Merian, certain naturalists not only question, but altogether deny the possession of luminosity by any of the *Fulgorida*; a denial which, in our opinion, rests at best upon a very slender foundation. The luminosity of the insect differs at different times, and under different circumstances; and it by no means proves its non-luminous properties, because it gave forth no light when examined by the naturalists in question.

Next in order comes the less luminous, but more familiar fire-fly or glow-worm—*Lampyrus noctiluca*. In this genus the male insect has expansive wings and horny wing-covers, and makes his flight through the air; the female is wingless, and crawls on the ground; hence the English appellation glow-worm. The light of the former is comparatively feeble, that of the latter beautiful and brilliant. These insects are frequently met with in June and July in woods and meadows, and on banks beneath hedges. The utility of the light of the females is supposed to consist in attracting the attention of the males during the dark, when alone they are able to render themselves conspicuous—a circumstance to which Moore beautifully alludes:—

'For well I know the lustre shed
From my rich wings, when proudest spread,
Was in its nature lambent, pure
And innocent as is the light
The glow-worm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.'

This theory, though probably not correct, is not altogether fanciful, as was proved by Olivier and Robert,

who frequently caught males by holding the females in their hand. Besides, without some such apparatus, it is difficult to conceive how a crawling insect could attract the attention of its mate, whose principal medium of motion is the atmosphere. Be this as it may, the light undoubtedly serves some important purpose in the economy of the glow-worm, and manifests itself even when the insect is in its larvæ state. Dieckhoff suggests, in addition to the nuptial theory, that it may serve the insect as a protection against animals of prey. The part which emits the luminosity is the lower region of the abdomen, and near the tip, the light varying in intensity according as the animal moves or is disturbed.

Mr Tenpeler, whose observations on these insects are recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, says that he never saw a glow-worm exhibit its light at all without some sensible motion either in its body or legs. He also fancied the light emitted a sensible heat when it was most brilliant. Latreille found the insects most luminous when immersed in oxygen, and that they sometimes detonated when placed in hydrogen. If the luminous portion of the abdomen be removed, it retains its luminous property for some time; and, when apparently extinct, it may be reproduced by softening the matter with water—a circumstance which the reader cannot fail to associate with what took place when the root of the recently-discovered Indian plant was wrapped in a piece of moistened rag. Robert, in his experiments, could only reproduce it within thirty-six hours after the death of the animal, and that only once, and by the direct application of heat. Darwin, who examined the *Lampyridæ* of South America, found also that the light was most brilliant when the insects were irritated. 'The shining matter,' he says, 'was fluid, and very adhesive: little spots, where the skin had been torn, continued bright, with a slight scintillation, whilst the uninjured parts were obscured. When the insect was decapitated, the rings remained uninterruptedly bright, but not so brilliant as before: local irritation with a needle always increased the vividness of the light. From these facts, it would appear probable that the animal has only the power of concealing or extinguishing the light for short intervals, and that at other times the light is involuntary. The larvæ possessed but feeble luminous powers: very differently from their parents, on the slightest touch they feigned death, and ceased to shine, nor did irritation excite any fresh display.' The brilliancy of the light is increased by plunging the insect in warm water; but cold water extinguishes it. If the insect is crushed, and the face or hands rubbed with it, they contract a luminous appearance, similar to that produced from phosphorus. Such is all that is known of the nature and uses of the glow-worm's luminosity. We are not aware that any chemist has subjected the matter to analysis; and it were almost a pity that sober fact should destroy the charm with which poetical fancy has arrayed the subject.

Passing over several land insects—such as certain beetles, scolopendra, &c.—which exhibit less or more of luminosity, some of the marine animals presenting similar phenomena may next be adverted to. One of the most common is the night-shining nereis—*Nereis noctiluca*. The body of this little creature is a mere oblong speck, so minute as to elude examination by the naked eye. It inhabits every sea, and is one of the causes of the shining of the water in the night, which is sometimes so great as to make that element appear as if on fire. Myriads of these creatures are found on all kinds of sea-weeds, but they often leave them and swim on the surface of the water. They are common at all seasons, but particularly in summer before stormy weather, when they are more agitated and more luminous than at other times. Their numbers and wonderful agility, added to their luminous property, must contribute not a little to that phosphorescence so often observed on the ocean; for myriads are contained in a single glass of water. The iridescence or lustre of various fishes may be also caused by these

animalcules attaching themselves to their scales. 'I have observed with great attention,' says Barbut in his *Genera Vermium*, 'a fish just caught out of the sea, whose body was almost covered with them, and have examined them in the dark: they twist and curl themselves with amazing agility, but soon retire out of our contracted sight, probably on account of their glittering numbers dazzling the eye, and their extreme minuteness eluding our researches. It is to be observed that, when the unctuous moisture which covers the scales of fishes is exhausted by the air, these animals are not to be seen; nor are the fishes then noctilucous, that matter being perhaps their nourishment when living, as they themselves afford food to many marine animals. They do not shine in the day-time, because the solar rays are too powerful for their light, however aggregate, or however immense their number.' If water containing these animalcules be kept warm, they will retain their luminosity for some days after they are dead, but in cold water they lose it in a few hours. Motion and warmth, which increase their vivacity and strength, increase also their light.

Besides the nereids, there are many other sea-animalcules, as the minute crustacea, the medusæ, infusoria, and certain corallines, possessing luminous properties, and which, when congregated in shoals, give to the agitated waters that phosphorescent brilliancy observed by almost every navigator. It is difficult, however, in many of these instances, to say whether the luminosity is the result of decay, or of a vital and peculiar principle; and therefore we shall not found any conclusion upon them. It may be remarked, however, that, when the waves scintillate with bright green sparks, the light is owing to the presence of minute living creatures; and that, when the phosphorescence is steadier, and of a paler hue, the proximate cause is the decay of gelatinous particles with which the ocean abounds. Ehrenberg no doubt ascribes a certain degree of irritability to these particles; but in this he is not borne out by other observers. The phenomenon happens most frequently in warm countries, and most brilliantly immediately after a few days of still weather. Now, though such would certainly be most favourable to the rapid increase of minute animals, it would at the same time be equally active in hastening the process of decay; so that, in the majority of instances, the phosphorescence of the ocean may be safely attributed to the decomposition of organic particles.

From all the experiments which have been made, it would seem that animal luminosity is a true phosphorescence, increased by warmth, and made most obvious when the animal is disturbed or put in motion. In plants, it was surmised, upon pretty good grounds, that electricity was sometimes the illuminating agency; but in animals we have no such reason. In all the experiments of Dr Williamson upon the electric eel, he never obtained so much as the trace of a spark; and if the fluid is not perceptible when thus concentrated, as in the gymnotus, we are not to expect it when manifesting itself in the common operations of vitality, even if certain that it was concerned in producing that phenomenon. Altogether, then, the luminosity in living plants and animals may, in the present state of our knowledge, be thus resolved:—The light occasionally yielded by plants seems to be in most cases the result of phosphoric emissions; in some it appears to arise from the presence of electricity. In the former case, the phosphorus must be taken up from the soil, which is known to contain many phosphates; in the latter, the plants seem to act as the mere conductors of electricity from one medium to another. On the other hand, luminosity in animals seems in all cases to be owing to the presence of phosphoric matter; nor is there any difficulty in accounting for its presence. In the dead organism of plants and animals, phosphorescence is no rare phenomenon; nor are we to seek for any supernatural cause or presentiment when it manifests itself on the countenances of those whose frames are melting away under consumption, or otherwise labouring

under peculiar diseases. Its appearance in plants prepares us for its occurrence in the humbler animals, and its presence there ought to do away with any surprise at its occasional manifestation in the higher forms of animation.

NAMES OF PLACES IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is perhaps nothing in which the Americans have displayed so little of their usual ingenuity and originality, as in the choice of names for the various places in their territories. The names of the principal towns and counties in Britain—particularly those of England—have been repeatedly applied to counties and towns on the other side of the Atlantic. The names of the most famous cities of ancient and modern times in the old world have been selected for the districts and cities of the new; and the Americans have practised with great zeal that species of hero-worship that assigns to places the names of distinguished men. It may not be uninteresting to give, on the authority of a gazetteer recently published by Messrs Sherman and Smith of New York, some account of the extent to which this method of nomenclature has been adopted in the United States.

Commencing with the great names of antiquity, we find that there are eighteen counties, townships, towns, villages, and other minor places bearing the name of Athens. Of this number there are two which appear to be well worthy of the name. One is situated in the state of Ohio, on a peninsula formed by a bend in the river Hockhocking: its whole appearance is stated to be picturesque and imposing. It contains only 710 inhabitants, but is the seat of the Ohio university, which has a president, five professors, and 106 students, with 2500 volumes in its libraries. The college edifice is built on an eminence in the south part of the town, with a beautiful green of several acres in front. The other Athens is in the county of Georgia, with 3000 inhabitants. It also contains a university, with a president and six professors. The state of New York contains a township named Sparta, with a population of nearly 6000; while other twelve Spartas are found in other states. In 1777, a township named Corinth was settled in the state of Vermont; it now contains 1970 inhabitants. The name of a village on the Hudson river has lately been changed from 'Jesup's Landing' to Corinth; and the state of Georgia contains another Corinth, which has about thirty houses. The representative of Babylon is a village in New York state, with a population of 250; and on the river Susquehanna is found a Nineveh, with a population of 125. Rome has in modern, as she did in ancient times, taken the lead of Carthage; for we find that the places bearing the former name are fourteen in number, while of the latter there are only twelve. It happens also curiously enough that the capital of Athens county, in Ohio, is named Athens, while two of its towns are termed Rome and Carthage. There are, in various states, four Delphis, which no doubt will contain many village oracles; and though Leonidas fell at Thermopylae, yet there is a Leonidas in the state of Michigan, whose population outnumbers the glorious 300 by 110. The ancients had one Arcadia, the Americans have three; and of four Atticas, one is described as a village in the township of Venice, Sepeca county, state of Ohio. Ithaca is the name of a township with a population of 5650, in New York state; and of a village in Ohio. The ruins of the great Memphis have long been buried in silent obscurity under the mud of the Nile, but another Memphis now rears its head on an elevated bluff of the Mississippi river, contains 3300 inhabitants, and possesses, what the ancient Memphis in all its glory never had, three printing-offices and three weekly newspapers. The Asiatic Troy, though it caused noise enough in the eastern world 3000 years ago, is scarcely heard of

now, except in the pages of Homer and Virgil, but a new Troy has arisen on the banks of the Hudson, which already contains 20,000 inhabitants. The other American Troys are twenty in number. Nor are the names of ancient poets, philosophers, and warriors, found in less profusion. Seven places in ancient times claimed the honour of having given birth to Homer, but six places in the United States have taken his name. There are a Horace and a Virgil in the state of New York; and the name of Ovid, besides being applied to a township in the same state, is also found in Michigan, Ohio, and Indiana. The proportion which Seneca bears to Morals is as ten to one; and there is one Plato, with one Republic, and three Republicans. The application of the name of Brutus to two townships, while that of Cæsar is only given to one, is a literal commentary upon the speech which Shakspeare makes Cassius speak to Brutus. The great affannibal of antiquity crossed the European Alps 2000 years ago, but his name has now crossed the Alleghany Mountains of the new world, and is found on the banks of the Mississippi. The name of his great rival, Scipio, is found north in Michigan, west in Indiana, and east in New York. The states of Maine, Ohio, and New York, contain each a Solon; and on the banks of Lake Erie there is a Euclid. New York likewise possesses a Cato and a Cicero; while the former is again found in Illinois, and the latter in Indiana. The greatest deities of Greece and Rome have likewise their representatives; for we find Jupiter far west in Arkansas, Mars in Indiana and Alabama, Ceres and Apollo in Pennsylvania, and Flora in Illinois. Diana, the mighty huntress, has given her name to a township in New York; and the great Minerva is found in Ohio and Kentucky, as well as on the banks of the Hudson.

The names of places mentioned in Scripture have also been extensively made use of. There is a Jerusalem in the state of New York, where it is reported that Jemima Wilkinson, the founder of the strange religious sect called Shakers, resided, and died in 1819. Virginia contains another Jerusalem; and seven states possess each a Bethlehem. The name of Goshoff is used nineteen, and that of Lebanon twenty-one times. Of Canaans there are thirteen, and of Palestines eleven. There are seven places named Mount Carmel, and seven named Mount Zion. There is a Mount Pisgah in North Carolina, and a Mount Sinai in New York. There are also twelve Edens, four Jerichos, eight Hebrons, and one Emaus. Names have also been brought from the far east of the old world, and given to places in the far west of the new. There is a Pekin in Illinois, with a weekly newspaper and 900 inhabitants; and the other Pekins are four in number. Michigan contains a China, a Nankin, and a Canton; Ohio a Canton and a Nankin; New York and Maine both a China and a Canton; and other eleven Cantons are found in the other states. There are a Bombay and a Delhi in New York, and a Calcutta and a Delhi in Ohio. There is a Persia in Missouri, and another in New York. At the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers there is a Cairo; and the state of Michigan contains the township of Bengal. In Maine there is a township named Levant; and two rocky ridges frowning on each other from opposite sides of the Arkansas river are called the Dardanelles.

The names of the capital cities of Europe are found in great profusion. There are two Londons, and ten New Londons. One of the latter is situated on the river Thames in Connecticut, and contains a population of 5519. There are nine Edinburghs, the largest of which is in the state of New York, and contains a population of 1485. There is one Edina, which, appropriately enough, is the capital of a county named Scotland. Of Dublins there are ten, besides an Upper and a Lower Dublin. There are nine Lisbons, two Madrids, and five Bernes; and though there are two Switzerlands, yet there is neither a Spain nor a Portugal. The capital of Bourbon county, in Kentucky, is named Paris; and though the name of the capital of France is applied to other twelve places, France itself is nowhere to be found.

Orleans, Lyons, Brest, Versailles, Bordeaux, Alsace, and other French names, have, however, been extensively used. Of Copenhagen there are three, one of which is situated in Denmark county. There are five Amsterdams, four Hollands, a Dutchman's-Point, a Dutch-Settlement, and a Dutchville. There is only one Christiana, but there are two Norways; while there are three Swedens, and two Stockholms. Though the name of Berlin is such a favourite that it is used twenty times, yet there is not a single Prussia. The largest of the twelve Viennas is situated in Onelda county, New York, and contains 2530 inhabitants. There are ten Warsaws, one of which is the capital of a county named Kosciusko; and of four Polands, one is situated in the township of Russia, New York. The names of Geneva, Genoa, Venice, Milan, Turin, Verona, Mantua, Naples, and Palermo, are found in various states. There is neither a Constantinople nor a Stamboul; but the Petersburgs are eleven, and the Moscovs nine in number.

The ancient names borne by the divisions of the United Kingdom, have sprung from their long sleep into new life in the United States. Perhaps some French journalist may carry his hatred to the Albion, which he styles 'la perfide,' so far as to quarrel with the Americans for giving its name to Orleans county, in the state of New York, and for using it seven times besides. Of Caledonias there are ten, of Cambrias five, and of Hibernias two. Many names have likewise been derived from Scotch and Irish towns. There is a Glasgow situated on the river Missouri; another, for some un stated reason, is made the capital of Barren county, in the state of Kentucky; while a third is found in Ohio, and a fourth in Delaware. On the Ohio river there is an Aberdeen, which contains sixty dwelling-houses, six stores, and various mechanics' shops; while a village of the same name is found still further west in the state of Mississippi. New York state contains a township named Perth, of which it is recorded that the surface is rolling, the soil clay loam, and the population 737. Dundee is represented by a township in Michigan, near the Raisin river, and contains a population of 773, and a capital of 8000 dollars, invested in manufactures. On a branch of the Potomac river, in the state of Virginia, is situated the village of Dumfries. In Maine there is a Kilmarnock, with a population of 319; and in Virginia another, containing 140 inhabitants. New York state has one Elgin, and Illinois another. Dunbar is the name of a township in Pennsylvania, containing a population of 2070, and with a capital of 90,208 dollars, invested in manufactures. 'A fine farming town' in New Hampshire, with 950 inhabitants, is named Dumbarton. The village of Montrose, in Iowa, is described as 'situated on elevated ground, on a beautiful prairie, and commanding a view of the Mississippi river, and of the surrounding country for twenty miles.' It is opposite to the notorious city of Nauvoo, the head-quarters of the Mormons. Another Montrose, with three printing-offices, one weekly newspaper, and 632 inhabitants, is the capital of Susquehanna county, in the state of Pennsylvania. There are three counties named Lauderdale among the southern states, the aggregate population of which is 23,278, of whom 7332 are slaves. In the county of Wayne, New York, there is a river Clyde; there is no Greenock at its mouth, but there is a Greenock on the west bank of the Mississippi, in the state of Arkansas. Beautifully situated at the head of Belfast Bay, on the west side of Penobscot river, in the state of Maine, is the town of Belfast, with a printing-office, a weekly newspaper, and a population of 4186. There are two Belcasts in Pennsylvania, and one in each of the states of New York, Ohio, and Tennessee. The Antrims are six in number, and the Waterfords thirteen. There is a Galway in New York: of Colerains there are eight; and there is a Cork in Ohio. In the state of Pennsylvania alone there are three Donegals, and the same state contains a couple of Armagh's.

The above names are selected almost at random, and

the summary could be considerably increased. Nomenclature derived from places in England, however, is by far the most common; and indeed it may be said that there is scarcely a county or a town of any consequence between the Tweed and the English channel, that has not stood godfather a dozen times for some infant location on the other side of the Atlantic. These and other specimens, however, we must reserve for another occasion.

HERIOT AND HIS HOSPITAL.

Among the more conspicuous public edifices which decorate Edinburgh, is one in the southern district of the city, known as Heriot's hospital, an institution, in object and munificence of management, not unlike that of the far-famed Christ's hospital in London. For the establishment and endowment of this foundation, Edinburgh was indebted to the benevolence of George Heriot, who, as goldsmith and jeweller, and, we may add, humble acquaintance and money-lender to James VI., has been immortalised in the pages of the 'Fortunes of Nigel.' The publication for the first time of a veracious and minute memoir of 'Gingling Geordie,' as Scott has been pleased to call him,* affords us an opportunity of saying something of Heriot and his institution.

Of George Heriot's early history, it is acknowledged that little is known. It is only ascertained that he was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, was born in the year 1563, and in due time brought up to his father's profession, then one of the most lucrative trades in the country. While a young man, he entered into business on his own account, and almost at the same time formed a respectable matrimonial connexion. His wife was an heiress in a small way, and brought her husband, what was then esteemed a little fortune, property yielding L.6, 2s. 7d. annually. With some cash contributed by Heriot's father, as 'ane beginning and pak,' the newly-married pair commenced the business of life. Their capital, amounting exactly to L.214, 11s. 8d. in reality commanded as much consideration in the Scottish metropolis in the early part of the reign of James VI., as would some thousands of pounds in the present day.

It was in the year 1586 that young Heriot thus adventured in the career in which he afterwards attained not a little celebrity and wealth. His first shop was by no means of an aspiring character, but consisted of a booth or krame, adjoining St Giles's cathedral, forming one of a row of such places of business which till recent times hung parasitically about that building. In this humble crection, and afterwards in one at the west end of the cathedral, Heriot acquired an extensive connexion in trade as a goldsmith, to which, there being as yet no banks, he added the profession of money-lender. He soon recommended himself to the notice of his sovereign, by whom, on the 17th July 1597, he was declared goldsmith to Anne of Denmark, the gay consort of James VI. Ten days afterwards, Heriot's appointment was publicly proclaimed at the cross of Edinburgh by sound of trumpet. This, it must be confessed, was a most fortunate appointment, for never, truly, did tradesman get a better customer. Anne was addicted to extravagances little in harmony with the slenderness of the royal resources. She was fond of purchasing costly jewellery for presentation to favourites, as well as for her own personal decoration; and when desirous of procuring articles of this kind, or an advance of money, it was no unusual thing for her to pledge with Heriot the most precious of her jewels. Thus divested of some of her most valuable ornaments, she was sometimes in great straits to make a decent appearance at court, and poor James, her husband, appears to have been driven to his wife's end to procure the cash necessary to redeem the

* Memoir of George Heriot, &c. By W. Steven, D.D. Edinburgh: 1845.

impugged articles. A less rigid tradesman would have permitted himself to be coaxed out of the deposit by a few fair words; but Heriot was too firm and cautious to surrender his charge on such terms, and yet possessed the rare merit of pleasing his royal customers by his independence. The *suaviter in modo* appears to have been never more happily blended with the *fortiter in re*, than in the case of George Heriot. On the 4th April 1601, Heriot was appointed jeweller to the king, by which he gained a considerable accession to his business. So entirely did the royal household seem to require the services of Heriot, in his double capacity of goldsmith and cashier, that an apartment in the palace of Holyrood was actually prepared, in which he might regularly transact affairs. 'It has been computed,' observes our authority, 'that during the ten years which immediately preceded the accession of King James to the throne of Great Britain, Heriot's bills for the queen's jewels alone could not amount to less than £50,000 sterling,' a sum which will appear incredible in amount to those who are not acquainted with the silly rage for personal decoration which prevailed in these half-barbarous times. Initiating the extravagance of the court, the principal nobility and gentry in Scotland vied with one another in their adornment with jewellery, and, like royalty, found their way, in times of emergency, as suitors for pecuniary accommodation to the young goldsmith. In ransacking the charters and papers now treasured up in Heriot's hospital, Dr Steven has alighted on a number of documents illustrative of the difficulties to which both king and queen, from want of prudent foresight, were put occasionally for a little ready cash. The queen having on one occasion found it necessary to pay a hurried visit to Stirling to see her son, Prince Henry, despatched the following note to Heriot, requesting a supply of money.

'GODING HERIOTT, I earnestly desyre youe present to send me twa hundrethe pundis with all expedition, because I man hest me away presentlie.—ANNA II.'

To think of a queen sending to one of her tradesmen for a loan of £17, 13s. 4d. sterling, the sum expressed by 'twa hundrethe pundis' in the old Scots money!

On the accession of James to the English throne, and his removal to London, Heriot participated in the change, being too intimately connected with his sovereign's arrangements to be allowed a long absence from his wonted post. Accordingly, we soon find our goldsmith and money-lender in London, his place of business being somewhere in Cornhill, opposite the Exchange. Here he was concerned in numerous and large transactions on behalf of the royal family; and, on one occasion, so great was his press of business, that government issued a proclamation requiring all mayors and justices of peace to aid and assist him in procuring workmen at the current rate of wages. While thus prosperous in his affairs, he was bereaved of his wife. Five years afterwards, he entered into a matrimonial alliance with Alison Primrose, eldest daughter of James Primrose, first Earl of Rosebury. Mr Primrose filled the office of clerk to the Scots privy council; and being burdened with a family of nineteen children, it may be supposed that the marriage of one of his daughters to a wealthy London jeweller must have been considered a particularly advantageous arrangement. The connexion, however, was of no long duration. Alison Primrose was cut off in the flower of her days, and Heriot was again a childless widower. The event appears, from private papers, to have been a source of sincere grief. Two months afterwards, we find him tracing, on a slip of paper, the short but significant sentence—'She cannot be too much lamented who could not be too much loved,' a declaration doubtless sincere, as it does not seem to have been intended for the public eye. Heriot ever afterwards remained a widower, devoting himself to the prosecution of his now greatly extended business, and devising plans for the investment of his large property at his decease. Having no relations for whom he entertained any affection, his mind became

occupied with the idea of establishing an institution at Edinburgh, to resemble in character Christ's Hospital in London; and accordingly such was finally resolved upon, his designs being assisted by his cousin, Adam Lawtie, a lawyer in the Scottish capital, who long acted as his confidant in the purchasing of property and disposal of his means. With his house thus set in order, the venerable Heriot died in London, at the age of sixty years, on the 12th of February 1624. The whole of his large property, after payment of various legacies, was ordered by his will to go to the civic authorities and ministers of Edinburgh, for erecting and maintaining an hospital in that city 'for the education, nursing, and upbringing of youth, being puer orphans and fatherless childrene of decayed burgesses and freemen of the said burgh, destitute and left without meane.' It would be needless to detail the steps taken to carry the pious design of the founder into execution; suffice it to say, that in due time a large and handsome structure was erected as the desired hospital, which remains, as we have said, till the present time, as one of the most conspicuous public edifices in Edinburgh. The funds realised for the use of the institution seem to have been under £24,000; the hospital was opened on the 11th April 1659, by the admission of thirty boys.

For now nearly two hundred years, Heriot's hospital has continued to flourish and enjoy a deserved local fame. With an annual revenue, we believe, of nearly £15,000, it affords maintenance, clothing, and education, also some pecuniary presents, to a hundred and eighty boys, such being all that the house, large as it is, is able conveniently to accommodate. Instead of increasing the establishment in correspondence with the extent of the funds, it was suggested a few years ago by Mr Duncan McLaren, one of the governors, to devote an annual surplus of about £3000 to the erection and maintenance of free schools throughout the city, for the education of poor children, those of poor burgesses being preferred; and this judicious proposal being forthwith adopted, and sanctioned by an act of parliament, there have since been erected, and are now in operation, five juvenile and two infant schools, unitedly giving an elementary education to 2131 children; and when other two schools, now in progress, are finished, the advantages of this well-designed arrangement will be materially extended.

In these seminaries, apart from the head establishment, the children, as in ordinary schools, are received and dismissed daily at stated hours; and it is not uninteresting to observe, that the sense of the community has begun to set in in favour of a similar arrangement with the hospital itself. The arguments pursued by the objectors to a strictly hospital education carry with them some degree of weight, and may in brief be stated as follows:—Family relationship is a primary ordination of Nature. It is a fundamental design in Providence that children should be reared under the control and direction of parents. The school in which character and habits are to be correctly formed, is the *fireside circle*. The school of schoolmasters can do little more than impart technical knowledge, and enforce discipline. The parents, therefore, who neglect their proper duty, and shuffle on the back of the schoolmaster or hired assistant, in a public hospital, the burden which they are in reason bound to carry, commit a grievous error; which, like all errors, carries with it its own punishment. There are, unquestionably, as in orphanage, cases in which the parental relation is deranged or destroyed; but a public asylum, conducted on the principle of a monastery, is far from being the proper means for its restoration. In cases of this lamentable nature, society is bound to supply an artificial relationship—to hand over the orphans to persons who, for a reasonable hire, will act the part of parents. Improved as hospitals are in some of their arrangements, it is matter of observation that children reared in them, however well their bodily wants may be attended to, or however much they are crammed with

technical instruction, are lamentably behind in a thousand particulars in which children reared at home are proficient; while the cultivation of their affections, an important element in education, is altogether neglected. Startling from their novelty, yet not without truth, such are the sentiments now beginning to be entertained respecting hospital nurture in Edinburgh, where it is in the course of being carried, by the erection of new hospitals, to what may become a dangerous excess. As the subject is one of great importance to society, we shall endeavour to treat it with all the deliberation it merits on a more suitable occasion.

LONDON IN 1765, BY A FRENCHMAN.

SECOND ARTICLE.

We continue, in the present article, the extracts from the author already noticed under the above title in a recent number of the Journal. As we advance, we find still the same favourable opinion of London and its inhabitants generally; but the writer, when he enters more fully into the discussion of metropolitan habits and customs, is often betrayed into error, connecting effects with causes to which they bear no adequate relation. We are led to infer, from the perusal of his remarks, that although his nation may have excelled ours in the courtesies and amenities of social life, yet in all that is of sterling value, all that constitutes character, he conceded the superiority, with some few exceptions, to England;—

"In no particular does London less resemble Paris than in its police arrangements. The English themselves say that London is full of thieves, as bold as they are cunning." And yet, although always in the streets, in the crowd, and amid the mobs which I sometimes encountered, and without paying the least attention to my pockets, I never had cause to complain of their subtlety, which I solicited even by the absence of precaution. I was walking one afternoon in the avenue of Chelsea-hospital, and having sat down on one of the benches, fell asleep with a book in my hand. When I awoke, I found myself surrounded by old soldiers, one of whom, speaking French, said that I had run great risk by sleeping in that manner. "I knew," was my answer, "that I was among soldiers and honest people, and what was there to fear in such company?" and gave him a shilling for his caution.

"If the inhabitants of London believe themselves to be surrounded by thieves, at all events they do not so act with regard to the pots of beautiful Cornwall pewter, in which the dealers in beer distribute their beverage through every district at all hours in the day. For when the pots are empty, in order that the pot-boys may have but little trouble in collecting them, they are placed in the open passages of the houses, and sometimes on the door-step in the street. I saw them thus exposed in all my walks, and felt quite assured against all the cunning of thieves.

"The police leave theatrical exhibitions to take care of themselves, considering it a duty to respect the pleasures and temporary gaieties of a nation which has only these in which to relieve itself of its melancholy and seriousness of character. Thus absolutely without supervision, the theatres of London are more free than were those of Paris before M. D'Argenson gave them up to the French guards; a liberty the more astonishing, as footmen and lackeys are admitted without payment to a large gallery that surrounds and overlooks the pit. All the newspapers of Europe sometimes resound with the brawls, riots, and combats, the consequence of this liberty. The last riot which they noticed had for its object a troop of French dancers exhibiting at Covent Garden, and against which the pretended patriotism had got up a cabal. The struggle was a sharp one, as the rioters returned to the charge, during several successive days, with blows of fists and cudgels; and the victory having at last declared for the patriotic party, the

French abandoned the field of battle to the victors. During this struggle, the police and other public functionaries maintained a strict neutrality.

"Such are, at London, the effects of the absence of the police from the theatres; but it constitutes a part of the national liberties, and it is easy to imagine what a free course it leaves to insult, which reaches at times to the highest authority. When the new tax on beer was imposed, the reigning sovereign was made to feel what the sourness of discontent can suggest to a haughty people. His majesty was compelled to relinquish his visits to the theatre, in consequence of an atrocious witticism boldly and distinctly addressed to him.

"The affair of Wilkes with his 45th number of the North Briton, has taught all Europe to what point the liberty of the press is carried in London. The powers of Europe and their ministers have long claimed to be treated with greater respect and reverence by writers in London, than is shown to the British monarch and his cabinet. Of how many satirical and virulent attacks was not Louis XIV. the object, even long after the entire defeat of the Jacobite party. Lord Molesworth, on his return from his embassy to Copenhagen, at the commencement of the present century, wrote a work on Denmark, filled with caustic observations on the court and condition of that kingdom. The king of Denmark was at that time on terms of great intimacy with the court of England, and he gave orders to his ambassador, to demand from the king, William III., a marked apology on the writer's part, or that he might be given up to the justice of the laws of Denmark. "Have a care," replied the king to the ambassador—"have a care of making this order public; it would only tend to enrich a second edition, and to insure its sale."

"Caricatures engage the attention of the police still less than books. An infinity of little shops, especially in the district of Westminster, are covered over daily with sheets on which the principal personages of the ministry, or of the parliament, are pitilessly torn to pieces, in emblems as grossly imagined as pitifully executed. The engraver gains his object, if he can preserve some features by which the persons whom he wishes to expose to ridicule may be recognised. I saw one of these, which represented the principal judges piled in a heap with their great wigs, profoundly asleep in a contrast of grotesque attitudes, while their physiognomies were easily recognisable.

"The police pay no attention to anything that does not directly affect the life or liberty of the citizen, and, in consequence, an open field is left to the individual fights, so frequent in London among the common people, and sometimes even among the better class, who, for recreation, wish to maul or be mauled. The mob is the born umpire of these fights, which are governed by traditional rules; of which the first is, that the fight shall continue until one of the combatants acknowledges himself beaten, either by crying for quarter, by remaining on the ground without an attempt to rise, or by refusing the assistance of the spectators, who are always ready to put the defeated on his legs. The fights take place with blows of fists and heads; and it is a rule to strip even to the skin, to show that the fighters neither fear the blows, nor have anything on their bodies to deaden their effect.

"So much is this taste diffused in the English blood, that in the great schools of Westminster and Eton, the sons of the first nobility fight in the same way, and consider themselves disgraced for life if they are beaten. It extends even to the women; I saw in Holborn a woman at blows with a man, who struck her with all the fury and force of which he was capable, while he animated his courage by a torrent of abuse. The woman, not less furious, attacked him vigorously over the face and eyes. I saw five or six rounds of this brawl, which astonished me the more, as the woman held on her left arm a child of two years old, who, instead of howling, as is natural to children in less serious circumstances, did not even wink an eye, and seemed to be

quietly taking a lesson in that which he would one day practise. In Parliament Street, I saw one of the scoundrels who line the pavement in that quarter attack a respectable individual, who passed near him, with insult and abuse, shaking his fist at the same time under the other's nose. The person insulted raised the large cane which he carried and struck the aggressor, who fell senseless, while the striker continued his walk. I was informed that the insult being gratuitous, he had nothing to fear, even if the insulter should die of the blow.

'One of the principal reasons why the police are so inoperative in all the cases of which I have treated, is, that there are no poor in London—a consequence of its rich and numerous charitable establishments, and the immense sum raised by the poor-rates. Every parish collects and makes the division. This is one of the first and heaviest charges to which houses are liable; and its pressure may be judged of by the total amount raised by this means, twenty-two millions [francs?]* This impost is, however, one which the little householders pay most cheerfully, as they consider it a fund from which, in the event of their death, their wives and children will be supported.

'Notwithstanding the abuses inseparable from pecuniary affairs, and its enormous amount, this tax is the best means by which an opulent nation can honour itself by its riches. In banishing mendicancy from London, it has relieved the police from the care of the principal object of their solicitude in other places.

'If we judge of the condition of the people of London by the daily wages of the workmen, we should regard them as rich in comparison with those of Paris, their gains being double that of the artisans of the latter city. At the same time, they might be considered, relatively, as in much better circumstances, being as steady and uniform in manners and conduct, as the Parisians, generally speaking, are the reverse. But the Londoners live well and dress well;† they multiply rapidly; and everything is of such an excessive dearth, that, with great earnings, and expending only for absolute necessities, they live, as elsewhere, from hand to mouth. An opinion may be formed of the dearth of provisions from the prices during my stay, of which I noted the particulars: bread is sold at from 5 to 6 sous the pound; common meat, 9 sous; best beef, 16 to 18 sous; bacon, 20 sous; butter, 25 sous; candles, 14 sous; the price of a milch cow is from 12 to 15 guineas; and an acre of land near the city lets for the same sum annually: a load of manure is ten shillings. The high prices excited the clamours of the populace, who, however, were not suffering from famine; and when parliament met, their first business was with the energetic petition of the rioters. The only measures taken were to forbid the export of wheat from England, and to open the ports for three months to that of foreign countries.

'English bread is good and delicate, but with a great deal of crumb; and as the Londoners live on this, with butter and tea, from the morning until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, a great quantity is consumed—cut in transverse slices, whose thinness does as much honour to the skill of the cutter as to the edge of the knife. Three or four of these slices suffice for a breakfast: so economical are the people in their repasts, that what would be necessary for a Frenchman of ordinary appetite, is sufficient for three hearty Englishmen. They seem to use bread only from the fear of eating one meal without it; and yet the physicians consider bread as the heaviest and most indigestible of aliments. It is this taste, and the consequent usage, which enables the English to export a prodigious quantity of grain from their islands—an exportation which proves less the

abundance than the smallness of the consumption. The dearth of grain, also, causes but little sensation even among the people, who would readily do without bread if circumstances required it.

'I had often heard of the excellence of the meat eaten in England; but having eaten of it in every way in which it is served, either roast or boiled, I have not found it either so firm, juicy, or tender as that of France. The poultry is soft and watery; veal has all the imperfection of an unformed meat; mutton has no other merit than its fat, so much the more striking, as the butchers remove none of the suet from any part; and the beef, although less compact and more divisible than that of France, and consequently more easy of mastication and digestion, can only have imposed on the French who have praised it by its enormous fat, which is never seen in France.

'The English have no knowledge of soup, or of *bouilli*. If they sometimes make soup for invalids, or foreigners who cannot live without it, the beef used in its preparation is never seen again, at least upon good tables.

'The price of vegetables is in proportion to the dearth of other articles of food, while they are not of very good quality. All those which grow in the neighbourhood of London are impregnated with the flavour of the smoke with which the atmosphere of this city is loaded, and have a very disagreeable taste, which they impart to the meat cooked with them.

'Owing to the humid, and nearly always foggy air in which London is enveloped, the greatest cleanliness is required on the part of the inhabitants, who in this respect may be compared with the Hollanders. The apartments, furniture, hearths, earthenware, staircases, and even the street doors, with their locks and great brass knockers, are washed, rubbed, and scoured every day. In the houses where rooms are let as lodgings, the middle of the stairs is covered with a carpet, which protects the wood from the dirt brought in from without. All the apartments have similar carpets, which have for some years gone out of use in France.

'But that which is a necessity in England, would only be an extravagance in France. The houses in London are all built with pine; staircases and floors are all of this material, which will not bear the continual friction of the feet without peeling and splintering; hence the use of carpets. Otherwise, floors of good pine, washed and rubbed, have an appearance of whiteness and cleanliness not always found in the most highly-finished inlaid floor. This love of cleanliness has banished from London the little dogs kept by all classes in Paris, where they fill the streets, houses, and churches.

'The servants of the middle classes, and the ladies' maids of the nobility, salute their mistresses when they meet them in the streets and public places, dressed in such a manner that, if one does not know the lady, it is very difficult to distinguish her from her servant. The assiduity, attention, cleanliness, work, and punctuality which the English require of their domestics, regulate the amount of their wages; in other words, their wages are very high. This may be judged of by the sum paid in the house where I lived to a great Welsh servant just arrived from her country, speaking scarcely a word of English, who knew only to wash, sweep, and scrub, and would learn nothing else. The wages of this girl were six guineas a-year, besides one guinea for tea, which all the domestics take twice a-day, either in money or in kind. The wages of a cook who roasts and boils meat are twenty guineas. The perquisite of servants double their wages: these are not derived exclusively from the established exactions on foreigners, as has been commonly supposed; all the natives pay them, even at the houses of their nearest friends and relations. My landlady's sister paid every time she came to take tea in her company. The Scottish lords have been the first to exert themselves to relieve strangers from these charges, and they formed an association whose primary object was the augmen-

* In 1845, the amount collected in England and Wales for poor-rates was less than £5,000,000, of which the city of London contributed £400,000.

† In crossing the Thames, I have frequently observed that my boatmen wore silk stockings.

tation of servants' wages. Lord Morton himself informed me of this, as I was about to take my leave after dining with him, adding that he was one of the heads of the association. In other houses of the same rank which I visited, the same order was probably given; for, not seeing the servants place themselves in an attitude for receiving, I walked out *à la Française*. The newspapers have been filled with accounts of the riots of the domestics, occasioned by the suppression of the ancient usage. It is to be presumed that victory will declare itself for the masters, unless the spirit of English liberty take part in the quarrel.

The melancholy of the English is no doubt owing to the fogs and humidity which continually cover London and the three kingdoms. The people, too, live principally on meat. The quantity of bread consumed in a day by one Frenchman would suffice for four Englishmen: beef is their ordinary diet; and this meat, which they relish in proportion to the quantity of fat, mixed in their stomachs with the beer which they drink, must habitually produce a chyle whose viscous heaviness conveys only bilious and melancholic vapours to the brain.

The coal smoke which fills the atmosphere of London may also be reckoned among the physical causes of the melancholy of its inhabitants. The earthy and mineral particles contained in it pass into the blood of those who breathe it continually, imparting heaviness and other melancholic principles. The moral causes, resulting in part from the physical, aggravate and perpetuate what the latter have begun; while education, religion, theatricals, and the press, seem to have no other object than to maintain the national lugubriousity.

Rents are a cause of considerable expense. Except some few in the centre of the city, all the houses in London belong to speculators, who build on land taken by lease for forty, sixty, or ninety-nine years; and upon the length of the lease depends the solidity of the structure. Those which are near the end of their terms are but shells. It is true that the outer facing is of brick, but only of one in thickness; and these bricks are made of the first earth that comes to hand—just shown to the fire, not burnt. In the new quarters of London, the bricks are made upon the ground itself, with the earth dug from the foundations and drains, mixed with cinders. The interior of the houses is of the same lightness as the exterior; strips of pine are used instead of beams; while all the joiner work is of the thinnest possible material. The rooms are wainscoted to two-thirds of their height; and the hollow wainscot at the sides of the windows contains the weights by means of which the sash is raised or lowered, with the slightest force. In houses thus constructed, it is easy to imagine what must be the progress and ravages of the almost inevitable conflagration.*

All the houses in London are insured against fire—a precaution originating probably in the deep impression left by the great fire of 1666. These establishments, which assure the perpetuity of the city, have not yet reached Paris.

The rent of the house in which I lodged was thirty-eight guineas a-year; it had, however, only three storeys; and there were, besides, payments of one guinea for water, two for poor-tax, and three for the charges on windows, scavengers, and *ouach-men* (water-men).

The water supplied to the houses three times a-week is not good. It is raised from the Thames by fire-pumps, invented and placed in the river by a German gentleman in the reign of Elizabeth. A French refugee, named Savary, has since improved this machine, whose moving power is the vapour of water raised and rarefied by ebullition—a power whose force would be incomprehensible, were it not there actually before our eyes.

Here we have an incidental notice of the steam-engine

* These observations apply equally well to the present day.

in its infancy, before Watt had brought out its stupendous power. The inaccuracies and exaggerations in the traveller's statements will be readily detected by most of our readers; we have indicated only some of the more important.

GOOD-WILL AND WORKS TO ALL MEN.

I REMEMBER a poor patriot in Renfrewshire, whose anxiety as to the national debt made him neglect his own debts, until he found himself within the walls of a jail. Now, weak and improvident though that man was, he seemed to me a more respectable and even amiable member of society than

'The wretch concentrated all in self.'

whose sympathies, oyster-like, never extend beyond the limits of his own shell. The former character excites pity, the latter contempt; for he whose affections are *wholly* those of his own fireside, is unworthy of society, and should have Spitzbergen for his abode. There are few men, however obscure, who have not had opportunities of rendering signal service to some of their fellow-creatures, even at little cost of time or money, provided the service was prompt, prudent, and hearty. Almost every man's life will be found, on a review, to afford proofs more or less striking of that consolatory fact, and the following veritable anecdote, communicated to the writer by a friend, confirms it in no ordinary degree:—

Upon the 4th of April 1823, I was pacing as usual the Glasgow Exchange rooms, when my eyes got a glimpse of some Jamaica gazettes on a side-table, and remembering that piracies were then prevalent in the West Indies, I glanced over them, till I met with a case which arrested my attention. One Henrique Buche had been recently tried in Jamaica for piracy, on the testimony of a person who swore that he was mariner in the ship *Malcolm*, belonging to James Strang and Company, merchants in Leith; that they sailed from that harbour on the 9th of November 1819, and upon the 30th of December following, whilst in the Bay of Honduras, they were boarded by pirates; that these plundered the ship of a great variety of stores, of which the witness specified the weights, quantities, and qualities with a minuteness which seemed to me quite incredible, as he *confessedly* took no notes of them at the time; was a mere fore-castle man; was stationed at the helm all the time; and that *several years* had elapsed since the alleged piracy took place. The witness added, that the pirates departed with their booty, and he did not see any of them till *three years* afterwards, when he pointed out to a police officer the prisoner at the bar as one of them, whilst he was entering the harbour of Kingston in a boat.

The only other witness was the police officer who had seized poor Buche on the allegation of the sailor, so that the latter was the sole witness to the crime charged—a charge which Mr Buche indignantly denied on his trial, stating that, if an extension of time had been allowed him, he could have proved that he was of respectable connexions in the island of Guadaloupe, where he possessed a competency which placed him far beyond the necessity of following the infamous and perilous profession of a pirate; adding that it would be seen from Lloyd's lists that no ship of the name stated by the crown witness had left Leith at the time alleged.

In reply, the prosecutor stated that the prisoner had been already allowed time sufficient to produce evidence of his alleged *slittus* in Guadaloupe, and that, as to the inference drawn from the silence of Lloyd's lists, it was well known to the jury that these lists, though correct as to the port of London, were far from being so as to distant ports like Leith. He therefore demanded a verdict of guilty: and my surprise was inexpressible when I found that twelve men had consigned a helpless stranger to an ignominious death, on the single unsupported and incredible testimony of an ob-

secure seaman and common informer, of whom no one seemed to know anything, and who probably had been stimulated by the hope of *blood money*, then given freely for such disclosures.

Animated by these feelings and fears, I instantly stepped to the side bar of the Exchange rooms, and soon discovered incontestable evidence that poor Buche had been convicted, condemned, and, I feared, hanged, on the testimony of a perjured man. The Leith shipping lists proved that no vessel of the name stated by the crown witness had left Leith on the day in question, or during the whole of the month. I also found from the directory that there was no company of shipowners, or of any profession, of the firm sworn to in Leith or Edinburgh during the whole of the year in question. These facts I instantly communicated to Lord Bathurst, as minister for the colonies, with a view to the rescue of Buche, if, happily, his execution had not taken place, or, at all events, for the seizure and punishment of his perjured enemy. And great was my delight when, in the course of post, his lordship's chief secretary wrote me thus:—

'Colonial Office, Downing Street, 9th April 1823.

'Sir—I am directed by Lord Bathurst to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 4th instant, and to express his thanks for the information which you have so properly conveyed to him respecting Henrique Buche, who had been convicted at Jamaica as concerned with others in acts of piracy.

'It will, I am persuaded, be satisfactory to you to be informed that the governor of Jamaica, in officially reporting the trial and conviction of these unfortunate persons, has stated the circumstances which induced him to grant a *respite* to Henrique Buche, in order that the necessary inquiries might be made to establish the truth of the particulars which he stated in his defences. I have therefore to acquaint you that your letter will be transmitted to the governor, with the other documents which apply to this case. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant, (Signed) B. WILMOT.'

'To G—B—, Esq. Glasgow.'

Sixteen years afterwards, in the course of my travels, I visited Jamaica, and was introduced to the gentleman who had been foreman on the *grand jury* in the case of Buche. He remembered it, and frankly owned that he thought the evidence was not sufficient to *convict*, though it seemed to him *prima facie* enough to entitle the *grand jury* to send the case to a *petty jury*. Perhaps he was not singular in that opinion; but I saw with regret that he still felt a lurking suspicion of Buche. I found also that, such had been the power of prejudice against the innocent and much injured Buche, that, soon after his liberation, he found it necessary to quit Jamaica, and return to his native island; otherwise I should probably have had the pleasure of seeing the man whom, though unknown to me, and distant some thousands of miles, I had aided in saving from an ignominious death, by a very small expenditure of time and trouble.

It now only remains for me to close my friend's anecdote with what seems its proper moral—'That each of us should be prompt to help the other, and all of us to help humanity at large; in the spirit of a certain Italian aphorism, which is both poetic and benevolent—

'Le mani l'avano l'un l'altra,
Ed ambidue l'avano la faccia.'

Which may be rendered thus—

Kindly the hands each other rinse,
And both unite the face to cleanse.

WEARING OF THE SUFFOLK COAST.

A lady of our acquaintance, who has lately visited the coast of Suffolk, writes as follows respecting the rapid wearing away of the cliffs:—

'The rapid disappearance of this coast is its most interesting feature. One reads of it without realising it. When one stands on the site of Dunwich, once a

great city of twenty-five churches, and sees the heaps of ruin, and a little miserable fishing village, and the quiet blue sea washing smoothly over all the rest, it is a very strange feeling which is induced. The common rate of destruction is about twenty or thirty feet a-year, but in some places much more. The inhabitants see field after field, house after house, swept away. At Cromer, as you walk on the sands, looking up, you see the floors and rafters of houses which have been undermined and washed away, sticking in crevices of the cliff, with a most desolate aspect, and good houses standing empty, abandoned to their fate, because the sea has now encroached too near to admit of a further residence being safe. A good deal of this town (Cromer) is gone, and the rest, as well as a noble old church, must inevitably follow ere long. It is curious that people should go on building on a cliff which they see crumbling before their eyes. A gentleman in this neighbourhood has built a house in one of these places, and spent £1,000 in trying to wall out the sea. His defences were soon swept away. He has now repaired them at nearly the same expense. They are like huge fortifications faced with flint. How long they will last is a wonder.'

OUT-DOOR TUITION.

'I THINK it of the utmost importance,' says Mrs Loudon, 'to cultivate habits of observation in childhood, as a great deal of the happiness of life depends upon having our attention excited by what passes around us. I remember, when I was a child, reading a tale called "Eyes and No Eyes," which made a deep impression on my mind, and which has been the means of procuring me many sources of enjoyment during my passage through life. That little tale related to two boys, both of whom had been allowed half a day's holiday. The first boy went out to take a walk, and he saw a variety of objects that interested him, and from which he afterwards derived considerable instruction when he talked about them with his tutor. The second, a little later, took the same walk; but when his tutor questioned him as to how he liked it, he said he had thought it very dull, for he had seen nothing; though the same objects were still there that had delighted his companion. I was so much struck with the contrast between the two boys, that I determined to imitate the first; and I have found so much advantage from this determination, that I can earnestly recommend my young readers to follow my example.' To encourage and assist in such habits of observation, Mrs Loudon has published the very pretty little book whose title is quoted below.*

There can be no doubt that the knowledge of things derived from observations of the things themselves is not only deeper than that acquired from books, but is more durably impressed on the mind. In the one case knowledge comes in the form of actual experience, in the other it is imbibed by rote. Abstract subjects can of course only be acquired in the study; but whatever can be taught to the young out of doors, should be so imparted. Stores of information can be furnished to them in the shortest walk, for there is something interesting to tell and to know about the most commonplace object.

To show how readily and instructively this may be done, Mrs Loudon repeats in her book the information she imparted to her little girl during a tour in the Isle of Wight in the autumn of 1843. At every step something pleasing was communicated, coming as it did in a less repulsive form than didactic tasks. In the transit from London to Southampton by railway, Mrs Merton (the name assumed by the authoress), in pointing out to her daughter (Agnes) the windings of the river Moic, told her that it 'received its strange name from the manner in which it creeps along, and occasionally appears to bury itself under ground, as its waters are absorbed by the spongy and porous soil through which it flows. Agnes was very anxious to hear more, of this curious river. "It is remarkable," said Mrs Merton, "that it is not navigable in any part of its long course of forty-two miles. With regard to the phenomenon of its disappearance at the foot of Box-Hill, near Dorking, in Surrey, it is supposed that there are cavities, or hollow

* Glimpses of Nature, and Objects of Interest, described during a Visit to the Isle of Wight. By Mrs Loudon. London: Grant and Griffiths. 1845.

places, under ground, which communicate with the bed of the river, and which are filled with water in ordinary seasons, but in times of drought become empty, and absorb the water from the river to re-fill them. When this is the case, the bed of the river becomes dry; and Burford bridge often presents the odd appearance of a bridge over land dry enough to be walked on. The river, however, always rises again about Letherhead, and suffers no further interruption in its course."

Arrived at the Isle of Wight, the little pupil is told that in shape it 'has been compared to that of a turbot, of which the point called the Needles forms the tail. From this point, which is the extreme west, to Foreland Farm, near Bembridge, which is the extreme east, the whole island measures only twenty-four miles in length; and its greatest breadth, which is from Cowes Castle to Rook End, near Black Gang Chine, is only twelve miles. It is therefore extremely creditable to this little island to have made such a noise in the world as it has done; and its celebrity shows that, small as it is, it contains a great many things worth looking at."

At Carisbrook Castle the tourists repaired to the well-house, to visit the celebrated donkey. When they first entered, Agnes was a little disappointed to see the donkey, without any bridle or other harness on, standing close to the wall, behind a great wooden wheel. "Oh, mamma," cried she, "I suppose the donkey will not work to-day, as he has no harness on?" "I beg your pardon, miss," said the man; "this poor little fellow does not require to be chained like your London donkeys; he does his work voluntarily. Come, sir," continued he, addressing the donkey, "show the ladies what you can do." The donkey shook his head in a very sagacious manner, as much as to say, "you may depend upon me," and sprang directly into the interior of the wheel, which was broad and hollow, and furnished in the inside with steps, formed of projecting pieces of wood nailed on, the hollow part of the wheel being broad enough to admit of the donkey between its two sets of spokes. The donkey then began walking up the steps of the wheel, in the same manner as the prisoners do on the wheel at the treadmill; and Agnes noticed that he kept looking at them frequently, and then at the well, as he went along. The man had no whip, and said nothing to the donkey while he pursued his course; but as it took some time to wind up the water, the man informed Mrs Merton and her daughter, while they were waiting, that the well was above three hundred feet deep, and that the water could only be drawn up by the exertion of the donkeys that had been kept there; he added, that three of these patient labourers had been known to have laboured at Carisbrook, the first for fifty years, the second for forty, and the last for thirty. The present donkey, he said, was only a novice in the business, as he had not been employed much above thirteen years; and he pointed to some writing inside the door, in which the date was marked down. While they were speaking, the donkey still continued his labour, and looked so anxiously towards the well, that at last Agnes asked what he was looking at. "He is looking for the bucket," said the man; and in fact, as soon as the bucket made its appearance, the donkey stopped, and very deliberately walked out of the wheel to the place where he had been standing when they entered."

Various lessons in natural history were conveyed when suitable objects presented themselves; and the young pupil, though only absent from home six days, received a greater amount of useful information than if she had studied from books during a much longer period. It is in the power of every parent to communicate instruction on the same plan, and we have noticed this little work chiefly for the purpose of recommending the 'out-door' system of instruction.

SUPERSTITIONS.

It is singular that superstitious ideas of the same character should be prevalent in different countries—that the same inferences and deduction should be drawn from the same false data, and the same sayings become current: it is a subject for the consideration of a physiologist. It is a common remark, as regards some birds, that they bring good luck to the houses on which they build. Swallows and storks belong to this category, and they build, especially the latter, on such houses as seem to offer the greatest security to the nest, from the state in which they are

kept; and because industrious and provident people take care of their houses and property, and generally prosper in their worldly affairs, it is easy to establish a paralogism, and to argue from the effect rather than the cause. The luck is to the nest, not to the house.—*Note-Book of a Naturalist.*

TO THE UNSATISFIED.

[BY H. W. OF FOTLAND, MAINE.]

Why thus longing, why for ever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim;
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearning it would still;
Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor, indeed, thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and wo;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the world's applause,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Nor by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain-tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier—all the world is thine!

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the colour of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshipper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly brings.

—From a newspaper.

GUILT.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

MODERATION.

Let your desires and aversions to the common objects and occurrences in this life be but few and feeble. Make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason. This will guard you against many a ruffle of spirit, both of anger and sorrow.—*Watts.*

FUTURE STATE.

We are led to the belief of a future state not only by the weaknesses, by the hopes and fears of human nature, but by the noblest and best principles which belong to it, by the love of virtue, and by the abhorrence of vice and injustice.—*Adam Smith.*

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SENTIMENT OF PRE-EXISTENCE.

THIS is an expression of Sir Walter Scott for a peculiar feeling which he is supposed to have been the first to describe. The description is thrown into the mouth of Henry Bertram on his return to Ellangowan Castle: 'How often,' he says, 'do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place!' It appears, from a passage in the 'Wool-gatherer,' a tale by James Hogg, that that extraordinary son of genius was occasionally conscious of the same feeling. Wordsworth, too, hints at it, with an intimation that it is the recollection of a former existence—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar

In a curious and original book, entitled 'The Duality of the Mind,' written by Dr Wigan, and published last year, this strange sentiment is adduced as an evidence in favour of the conclusion aimed at, that the mind is double in its whole structure, correspondently with the duplicity of the structure of the brain. 'It is a sudden feeling, as if the scene we have just witnessed (although from the very nature of things it could never have been seen before) had been present to our eyes on a former occasion, when the very same speakers, seated in the very same positions, uttered the same sentiments in the same words—the postures, the expression of countenance, the gestures, the tone of voice, all seem to be remembered, and to be now attracting attention for the second time: never is it supposed to be the third time. This delusion,' pursues the writer, 'occurs only when the mind has been exhausted by excitement, or is, from indisposition or any other cause, languid, and only slightly attentive to the conversation. The persuasion of the scene being a repetition, comes on when the attention has been roused by some accidental circumstance, and we become, as the phrase is, wide awake. I believe the explanation to be this: only one brain has been used in the immediately preceding part of the scene; the other brain has been asleep, or in an analogous state nearly approaching it. When the attention of both brains is roused to the topic, there is the same vague consciousness that the ideas have passed through the mind before, which takes place on re-perusing the page we had read while thinking on some other subject. The ideas have passed through the mind before; and as there was not sufficient consciousness to fix them in the memory without a renewal, we have no means of knowing the length of time that had elapsed between the

faint impression received by the single brain, and the distinct impression received by the double brain. It may seem to have been many years. I have often noticed this in children, and believe they have sometimes been punished for the involuntary error, in the belief that they have been guilty of deliberate falsehood.

'The strongest example of this delusion I ever recollect in my own person was on the occasion of the funeral of the Princess Charlotte. The circumstances connected with that event formed in every respect a most extraordinary psychological curiosity, and afforded an instructive view of the moral feelings pervading a whole nation, and showing themselves without restraint or disguise. There is, perhaps, no example in history of so intense and so universal a sympathy, for almost every conceivable misfortune to one party is a source of joy, satisfaction, or advantage to another. The event was attended by the strange peculiarity, that it could be a subject of joy or satisfaction to no one. It is difficult to imagine another instance of a calamity by which none could derive any possible benefit; for in the then state of succession to the throne no one was apparently even brought a step nearer to it. One mighty all-absorbing grief possessed the whole nation, and was aggravated in each individual by the sympathy of his neighbour, till the whole people became infected with an amiable insanity, and incapable of estimating the real extent of their loss. No one under five-and-thirty or forty years of age can form a conception of the universal paroxysm of grief which then superseded every other feeling.

'I had obtained permission to be present on the occasion of the funeral, as one of the lord chamberlain's staff. Several disturbed nights previous to that ceremony, and the almost total privation of rest on the night immediately preceding it, had put my mind into a state of hysterical irritability, which was still further increased by grief, and by exhaustion from want of food; for between breakfast and the hour of interment at midnight, such was the confusion in the town of Windsor, that no expenditure of money could procure refreshment.

'I had been standing four hours, and on taking my place by the side of the coffin, in St George's chapel, was only prevented from fainting by the interest of the scene. All that our truncated ceremonies could bestow of pomp was there, and the exquisite music produced a sort of hallucination. Suddenly after the pathetic *Miserere* of Mozart, the music ceased, and there was an absolute silence. The coffin, placed on a kind of altar covered with black cloth (united to the black cloth which covered the pavement), sank down so slowly through the floor, that it was only in measuring its progress by some brilliant object beyond it that any motion could be perceived. I had fallen into a sort of

torpid reverie, when I was recalled to consciousness by a paroxysm of violent grief on the part of the bereaved husband, as his eye suddenly caught the coffin sinking into its black grave, formed by the inverted covering of the altar. In an instant I felt not merely an impression, but a conviction that I had seen the whole scene before on some former occasion, and had heard even the very words addressed to myself by Sir George Naylor.'

The author thus concludes—'Often did I discuss this matter with my talented friend, the late Dr Gooch, who always took great interest in subjects occupying the debateable region between physics and metaphysics; but we could never devise an explanation satisfactory to either of us. I cannot but think that the theory of two brains affords a sufficient solution of the otherwise inexplicable phenomenon.' It is probable that some of the examples of religious mysticism, which we generally set down as imposture, may have their origin in similar hallucinations, and that in the uneducated mind these apparent recollections of past scenes, similar to the present, may give to an enthusiast the idea of inspiration, especially where one brain has a decided tendency to insanity, as is so often the case with such persons.'

In the more recently published 'Dashes at Life' of Mr N. P. Willis, there is an article entitled 'A Revelation of a Previous Life,' in which the actuality of such a life is assumed as the veritable cause of the phenomenon. The whole paper has the air of fiction; yet, as it relates to a subject on which our materials are meagre, we shall make some reference to it. The writer first makes the following statement of (apparently) a serious nature:—'Walking in a crowded street, in perfect health, with every faculty gaily alive, I suddenly lose the sense of neighbourhood. I see—I hear—but I feel as if I had become invisible where I stand, and was, at the same time, present and visible elsewhere. I know everything that passes around me, but I seem disconnected and (magnetically speaking) unlinked from the human beings near. If spoken to at such a moment, I answer with difficulty. The person who speaks seems addressing me from a world to which I no longer belong. At the same time, I have an irresistible inner consciousness of being present in another scene of every-day life—where there are streets, and houses, and people—where I am looked on without surprise as a familiar object—where I have cares, fears, objects to attain—a different scene altogether, and a different life from the scene and life of which I was a moment before conscious. I have a dull ache at the back of my eyes for the minute or two that this trance lasts, and then slowly and reluctantly my absent soul seems creeping back; the magnetic links of conscious neighbourhood, one by one, re-attach, and I resume my ordinary life, but with an irrepressible feeling of sadness.'

The author then relates an adventure which occurred to him a few years ago at Gratz, in Styria, on the occasion of his being taken by a friend to an evening party, at the house of a noblewoman of that country. 'It was a lovely summer's night when we strolled through the principal street toward our gay destination; and as I drew upon my friend's arm to stop him while the military band of the fortress finished a delicious waltz (they were playing in the public square), he pointed out to me the spacious balconies of the countess's palace, whither we were going, crowded with the well-dressed company, listening silently to the same enchanting music. We entered, and after an interchange of compliments with the hostess, I availed myself of my friend's second introduction to take a stand in one of the balconies beside the person I was presented to, and, under cover of her favour, to hear out the unfinished music of the band.'

'As the evening darkened, the lights gleamed out

from the illuminated rooms more brightly, and most of the guests deserted the balconies, and joined the gayer circles within. The music ceased at the beat of the drum. My companion in the balcony was a very quiet young lady, and, like myself, she seemed subdued by the sweet harmonies we had listened to, and willing to remain without the shadow of the curtain. We were not alone there, however. A tall lady, of very stately presence, and with the remains of remarkable beauty, stood on the opposite side of the balcony, and she too seemed to shrink from the glare within, and cling to the dewy darkness of the summer night.

'After the cessation of the music, there was no longer an excuse for intermittent conversation, and starting a subject which afforded rather freer scope, I did my best to credit my friend's flattering introduction. I had discoursed away for half an hour very unreservedly, before I discovered that, with her hand upon her side, in an attitude of repressed emotion, the tall lady was earnestly listening to me. A third person embarrasses even the most indifferent dialogue. The conversation languished, and my companion rose and took my arm for a promenade through the rooms.

'Later in the evening, my friend came in search of me to the supper room.

"*Mon ami!*" he said, "a great honour has fallen out of the sky for you. I am sent to bring you to the *beau reste* of the handsomest woman of Styria—Margaret, Baroness R—, whose chateau I pointed out to you in the gold light of yesterday's sunset. She wishes to know you—*why*, I cannot wholly divine—for it is the first sign of ordinary feeling that she has given in twenty years. But she seems agitated, and sits alone in the countess's boudoir. *Allons-y!*"

'As we made our way through the crowd, he hastily sketched me an outline of the lady's history: "At seventeen, taken from a convent for a forced marriage with the baron whose name she bears; at eighteen, a widow, and, for the first time, in love—the subject of her passion a young artist of Vienna on his way to Italy. The artist died at her chateau—they were to have been married—she has ever since worn weeds for him. And the remainder you must imagine—for here we are!"

'The baroness leaned with her elbow upon a small table of *or-moulé*, and her position was so taken that I seated myself necessarily in a strong light, while her features were in shadow. Still the light was sufficient to show me the expression of her countenance. She was a woman apparently about forty-five, of noble physiognomy, and a peculiar fulness of the eyelid—something like to which I thought I remembered to have seen in a portrait of a young girl many years before. The resemblance troubled me somewhat.

"You will pardon me this freedom," said the baroness, with forced composure, "when I tell you that—a friend—whom I have mourned twenty-five years—seems present to me when you speak."

'I was silent, for I knew not what to say. The baroness shaded her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a few moments, gazing at me.

"You are not like him in a single feature," she resumed, "yet the expression of your face strangely, very strangely, is the same. He was darker—slighter."

"Of my age?" I inquired, to break my own silence; for there was something in her voice which gave me the sensation of a voice heard in a dream.

"Oh! that voice! that voice!" she exclaimed wildly, burying her face in her hands, and giving way to a passionate burst of tears.

"Rodolph," she resumed, recovering herself with a strong effort—"Rodolph died with the promise on his lips that death should not divide us. And I have seen him! Not in dreams—not in reverie—not at times when my fancy could delude me. I have seen him suddenly before me in the street—in Vienna—here—at home at noonday—for minutes together, gazing on me. It is more in latter years that I have been visited

by him; and a hope has latterly sprung into being in my heart, I know not how, that in person, palpable and broathing, I should again hold converse with him—fold him living to my bosom. Pardon me! You will think me mad!

'I might well pardon her; for as she talked, a vague sense of familiarity with her voice, a memory powerful, though indistinct, of having before dwelt on those majestic features, an impulse of tearful passionateness to rush to her embrace, well-nigh overpowered me. She turned to me again.

"You are an artist?" she said inquiringly.

"No; though intended for one, I believe, by nature."

"And you were born in the year——?"

"I was."

With a scream she added the day of my birth, and, waiting an instant for my assent, dropped to the floor, and clung convulsively and weeping to my knees.

"Rodolph! Rodolph!" she murmured faintly, as her long gray tresses fell over her shoulders, and her head dropped insensible upon her breast.

'Her cry had been heard, and several persons entered the room. I rushed out of doors. I had need to be in darkness and alone.'

The hero of the tale then receives a letter from the baroness, professing to consider him as her lost Rodolph Isenberg, and offering him her undying affections. 'Your soul comes back,' she says, 'youthfully and newly clad, while mine, though of unfading freshness and youthfulness within, shows to your eye the same outer garment, grown dull with mourning, and faded with the wear of time. Am I grown distasteful? Is it with the sight only of this new body that you look upon me? Rodolph!—spirit that was my devoted and passionate admirer! soul that was sworn to me for ever!—am I—the same Margaret, re-found and recognised—grown repulsive? O Heaven! what a bitter answer would this be to my prayers for your return to me! I will trust in Him whose benign goodness smiles upon fidelity in love. I will prepare a fitter meeting for two who parted as lovers. You shall not see me again in the house of a stranger, and in a mourning attire. When this letter is written, I will depart at once for the scene of our love. I hear my horses already in the courtyard, and while you read this I am speeding swiftly home. The bridal dress you were secretly shown the day before death came between us, is still freshly kept. The room where we sat, the bowers by the stream, the walks where we projected our sweet promises of a future, they shall all be made ready. They shall be as they were! And I, oh Rodolph! I shall be the same. My heart is not grown old, Rodolph! Believe me, I am unchanged in soul! And I will strive to be—I will strive to look—Heaven help me to look and be—as of yore!'

The revived Rodolph was unfortunately engaged to a youthful mistress, and he was therefore obliged to leave the baroness to the tragic consequences of her too deep feelings.

We would now remark, that the so-called sentiment of pre-existence may often be produced by a simpler cause than that suggested by Dr Wigan; namely, the recollection of some actual circumstances in our life, of which the present are a repetition. In the routine of ordinary existence, there is much that is the same from day to day. We must often stand in exactly the same relations to certain persons and scenes that we stood in many years ago; those of the past are, in their particulars, forgotten, but still the shade of their general memory lasts, and this may be what revives on the new occasion. With regard to such apparent revivals of a whole being, as Mr Willis's story describes—and to us it is the same at least as if founded on fact, for we have undoubted knowledge of a case precisely similar in the main features—we can explain it to our own satisfaction by the fact that individuals are occasionally met with who very nearly resemble, in person, features, voice, and even moral characteristics, certain

other persons living far apart, and in no degree related; nature having, as it were, a certain set of moulds for the various peculiarities of her children, and of course now and then associating the whole in more instances than one.

MR LYELL AND THE AMERICANS.

In 1841–2 Mr Lyell, the well-known geologist, took a run through a great portion of the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. His primary object was the geology of the North American continent, but the manners and customs of the people did not altogether escape his attention. Dismissing his scientific observations for the present, it may be interesting to learn the opinions of such a traveller—as distinguished from the mere literary or fashionable tourist—respecting the social characteristics of the young republic. Accustomed to reflection and accuracy of statement, his remarks are of more than ordinary value; at least they are not likely to be biased by the desire of producing an attractive book, in which sober truth is subordinated to satirical brilliancy.

Mr Lyell sailed from Liverpool in the steam-ship Acadia, on the 20th July 1841, and after a voyage of twelve days dropped quietly into the harbour of Boston. Here he found everything bearing a close resemblance to what he had left in the mother country. 'Recollecting the contrast of everything French when I first crossed the straits of Dover, I am astonished, after having traversed the wide ocean, at the resemblance of everything I see and hear to things familiar at home. It has so often happened to me in our own island, without travelling into those parts of Wales, Scotland, or Ireland, where they talk a perfectly distinct language, to encounter provincial dialects which it is difficult to comprehend, that I wonder at finding the people here so very English. If the metropolis of New England be a type of a large part of the United States, the industry of Sam Slick, and other writers, in collecting together so many diverting Americanisms, and so much original slang, is truly great, or their inventive powers still greater.' After some pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood of Boston, our traveller started for Newhaven in Connecticut, going the first hundred miles on an excellent railway in three and a half hours, for three dollars. At Newhaven, which is a town with a population of 21,000, and having a university, Mr Lyell attended divine worship according to the Presbyterian form, and found things differing so little from what he had been accustomed to, that he could scarcely believe that he was not in Scotland.

Completing his investigations in the neighbourhood of Newhaven, Mr Lyell steamed for New York—a distance of ninety miles, in six hours; and from thence up the Hudson to Albany. Having the best of all introductions, an established fame, the American geologists were ever willing guides and companions, and thus he was enabled to pass on directly to the objects of special interest. From Albany he proceeded to Niagara, to examine the falls, and the deposits along the lakes Erie and Ontario. In this route he passed through many new and flourishing towns, the nomenclature of which is grotesque and incongruous in the extreme. In one short month 'we had been at Syracuse, Utica, Rome, and Parma, had gone from Buffalo to Batavia, and on the same day breakfasted at St Helena and dined at Kiba. We collected fossils at Moscow, and travelled by Painted Post

* Travels in North America; with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. By Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1842.

and Big Flats to Havana. After returning by Auburn to Albany, I was taken to Troy, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, that I might see a curious landslip, which had just happened on Mount Olympus, the western side of that hill, together with a contiguous portion of Mount Ida, having slid down into the Hudson. Fortunately some few of the Indian names, such as Mohawk, Ontario, Oneida, Canandaigua, and Niagara, are retained. Although legislative interference in behalf of good taste would not be justifiable, congress might interpose for the sake of the post-office, and prevent the future multiplication of the same name for villages, cities, counties, and townships. That more than a hundred places should be called Washington is an intolerable nuisance.

Notwithstanding the absurdity of their names, the fact of towns with 20,000 inhabitants flourishing in the wilderness where, twenty-five years ago, the first settler built his log-cabin, gives rise to pleasing and hopeful reflections. 'The vast stride made by one generation in a brief moment of time, naturally disposes us to magnify and exaggerate the rapid rate of future improvement. The contemplation of so much prosperity, such entire absence of want and poverty, so many school-houses and churches rising everywhere in the woods, and such a general desire of education, with the consciousness that a great continent lies beyond, which has still to be appropriated, fills the traveller with cheering thoughts and sanguine hopes. He may be reminded that there is another side to the picture; that where the success has been so brilliant, and where large fortunes have been hastily realised, there will be rash speculations and bitter disappointments; but these ideas do not force themselves into the reveries of the passing stranger. He sees around him the solid fruits of victory, and forgets that many a soldier in the foremost ranks has fallen in the breach; and cold indeed would be his temperament if he did not sympathise with the freshness and hopefulness of a new country, and feel as men past the prime of life are accustomed to feel when in company with the young, who are full of health and buoyant spirits, of faith and confidence in the future.'

Having inspected the falls and the lake district, Mr Lyell returned to New York; from which, after a short stay, he departed for Philadelphia. In this journey he met with all sorts of people, and had excellent opportunities for studying the national peculiarities. The following anecdotes, dismissed in a dozen lines, would have supplied Mrs Trollope with comment for a chapter:—{I asked the landlord of the inn at Corning, who was very attentive to his guests, to find my coachman. He immediately called out in his bar-room, "Where is the gentleman who brought this man here?" A few days before, a farmer in New York had styled my wife "the woman," though he called his own daughters *ladies*, and would, I believe, have freely extended that title to their maid-servant. I was told of a witness in a late trial at Boston, who stated in evidence, that "while he and another gentleman were shovelling up mud," &c.; from which it appears that the spirit of social equality has left no other signification to the terms "gentleman" and "lady," but that of "male and female individual." Though thus confounding the terms which with us bear so important a distinction, the Americans are everywhere most polite and attentive to the fair sex. 'One of the first peculiarities,' says Mr Lyell, 'that must strike a foreigner in the United States, is the deference paid universally to the sex with regard to station. Women may travel alone here in stage-coaches, steamboats, and railways, with less risk of encountering disagreeable behaviour, and of hearing coarse and unpleasant conversation, than in any country I have ever visited. The contrast in this respect between the Americans and the

French is quite remarkable. There is a spirit of true gallantry in all this; but the publicity of the railway car, where all are in one long room, and of the large ordinaries, whether on land or water, is a great protection, the want of which has been felt by many a female traveller without escort in England. As the Americans address no conversation to strangers, we soon became tolerably reconciled to living so much in public. Our fellow-passengers consisted, for the most part, of shopkeepers, artisans, and mechanics, with their families, all well dressed, and, so far as we had intercourse with them, polite and desirous to please. A large part of them were on pleasure excursions, in which they delight to spend their spare cash. On one or two occasions, in the newly-settled districts of New York, it was intimated to us that we were expected to sit down to dinner with our driver, usually the son or brother of the farmer who owned the vehicle. We were invariably struck with the propriety of their manners, in which there was self-respect without forwardness. The only disagreeable adventure, in the way of coming into close contact with low and coarse companions, arose from my taking places in a cheap canal-boat, near Lockport, partly filled with emigrants, and corresponding somewhat, in the rank of its passengers, with a third-class railway carriage in England.

'Travellers must make up their minds, in this as in other countries, to fall in now and then with free and easy people. I am bound, however, to say that, in the two most glaring instances of vulgar familiarity which we have experienced here, we found out that both the offenders had crossed the Atlantic only ten years before, and had risen rapidly from a humble station. Whatever good breeding exists here in the middle classes, is certainly not of foreign importation; and John Bull in particular, when out of humour with the manners of the Americans, is often unconsciously beholding his own image in the mirror, or comparing one class of society in the United States with another in his own country, which ought, from superior affluence and leisure, to exhibit a higher standard of refinement and intelligence.' In addition to this good breeding, which makes travelling in America so pleasant, Mr Lyell met with no beggars—witnessed no signs of want, but saw everywhere unequivocal proofs of prosperity and rapid progress in agriculture, commerce, and great public works. This prosperity he ascribes neither to a republican institution, nor to an absolute equality of religious sects, and still less to universal suffrage; it is, he believes, owing to the abundance of unoccupied land, and a ready outlet to a redundant labouring population.

From Philadelphia our traveller proceeded to the chalk district of New Jersey, and thence westward to the anthracite coal-measures of Pennsylvania. By the time he had reached the summit of the Alleghanies, symptoms of approaching winter were around him, and so he retraced his route to Philadelphia, which he found (October 12) in the bustle of a general election. Processions, music, banners, and other paraphernalia suiting the occasion, thronged the streets, and the great bell of the State House tolled all day to remind the electors of their duties. This leads Mr Lyell into some reflections on politics and repudiation, both of which we gladly eschew; trusting that a country with such resources and enterprise will not be guilty of any breach of faith which would be to it a disgrace that ages could not obliterate. From Philadelphia our tourist passed on to Boston, where he delivered a course of lectures on geology, and spent part of the winter. His audience, he informs us, usually consisted of 3000 persons, of every station in society, from the most affluent and eminent in the various learned professions to the humblest mechanics, all well-dressed and observing the utmost decorum. Attendance on public lectures seems, indeed, to be a common feature in the habits of the New Englanders. 'At a small town,' says our author, 'I was getting some travelling instructions at the bar of an inn, when a carpenter entered who had just finished his day's work, and asked what lecture would be given that evening. The reply was, Mr M. on the astronomy of the middle ages. He then inquired if it was

gratis, and was answered in the negative, the price being 25 cents (one shilling), upon which he said he would go, and accordingly returned home to dress. It reflects no small credit on the national system of education, that crowds of the labouring classes, of both sexes, should seek recreation, after the toils of the day, in listening to discourses of this kind.' There are, it seems, many munificent bequests for this purpose, for we are told that in the state of Massachusetts alone, there has, during the last thirty years, been bequeathed for religious, charitable, and literary institutions, not less than six millions of dollars, or more than a million sterling.

With Boston, which seems one of the most enlightened and wealthy cities in the union, our author was perfectly delighted. Its institutions and society were quite to his liking, and he and Mrs Lyell 'often reflected with surprise in how many parts of England they should have felt less at home.' It is somewhat common for Englishmen travelling in the United States to complain of the Americans as a disagreeable people, but on this point Mr Lyell wisely remarks—'It would certainly be strange if persons of refined habits, even without being fastidious, who travel to see life, and think it their duty, with a view of studying character, to associate indiscriminately with all kinds of people, visiting the first strangers who ask them to their houses, and choosing their companions without reference to congeniality of taste, pursuits, manners, or opinions, did not find society in their own or any other country in the world intolerable.' This is putting the matter in its true light: no one need leave his own country, nay, his own city, to find disagreeable people, if he throw aside considerations of tastes, habits, and feelings.

In December Mr Lyell set out for the southern states, and there enjoyed the most delightful weather for geologising, while the inhabitants of Boston, Lowell, with its genteel factory girls, and other northern cities, were careering in their gaily-caparisoned sledges, over the frozen snow. The most southerly point visited was Savannah, in Georgia; and thus he had an opportunity of passing through the densely-populated slave districts, to the condition of which he directed no small share of his attention. Though not inclined to advocate slavery, his impression of the condition of the slaves was rather favourable than otherwise. 'After the accounts I had read of the sufferings of slaves, I was agreeably surprised to find them, in general, so remarkably cheerful and light-hearted. It is true that I saw no gangs working under overseers on sugar-plantations, but out of two millions and a half of slaves in the United States, the larger proportion are engaged in such farming occupations and domestic services as I witnessed in Georgia and South Carolina. I was often for days together with negroes who served me as guides, and found them as talkative and chatty as children, usually boasting of their master's wealth, and their own peculiar merits. At an inn in Virginia, a female slave asked us to guess for how many dollars a-year she was let out by her owner. We named a small sum, but she told us exultingly, that we were much under the mark, for the landlord paid fifty dollars, or ten guineas a-year for her hire. A good-humoured butler, at another inn in the same state, took care to tell me that his owner got £30 a-year for him. The coloured stewardess of a steam-ship was at great pains to tell us her value, and how she came by the name of Queen Victoria. When we recollect that the dollars are not their own, we can hardly refrain from smiling at the childlike simplicity with which they express their satisfaction at the high price set on them. That price, however, is a fair test of their intelligence and moral worth, of which they have just reason to feel proud, and their pride is at least free from all sordid and mercenary considerations. We might even say that they labour with higher motives than the whites—a disinterested love of doing their duty. I am aware that we may reflect and philosophise on this peculiar and amusing form of vanity, until we perceive in it the evidence of extreme social degradation; but the first impression which it made upon my mind was very consolatory, as I found it impossible to feel a painful degree

of commiseration for persons so exceedingly well satisfied with themselves.'

Mr Lyell, however, is not the advocate of slavery; but, while admitting the iniquity of the system as regards the negroes, its dangers as regards the numerically weaker whites, the dearth of labour and other inconveniences it occasions, he is perplexed, like other philanthropists, to devise a remedy. Immediate abolition would not only be dangerous to the white population, but disastrous to the unprovided-for and improvident blacks, who could never successfully compete with the acute and enterprising American. The way in which the planters would best consult their own interests, and that of the negroes, appears to him to be something like the following. 'They should exhibit more patience and courage towards the abolitionists, whose influence and numbers they greatly over-rate, and lose no time in educating the slaves and encouraging private manumission to prepare the way for general emancipation. All seem agreed that the states most ripe for this great reform are Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Experience has proved in the northern states that emancipation immediately checks the increase of the coloured population, and causes the relative number of the whites to augment very rapidly. Every year, in proportion as the north-western states fill up, and as the boundary of the new settlers in the west is removed farther and farther beyond the Mississippi and Missouri, the cheaper and more accessible lands south of the Potomac will offer a more tempting field for colonisation to the swarms of New Englanders, who are averse to migrating into slave states. Before this influx of white labourers, the coloured race will give way, and it will require the watchful care of the philanthropist, whether in the north or south, to prevent them from being thrown out of employment, and reduced to destitution. If due exertions be made to cultivate the minds and protect the rights and privileges of the negroes, and it nevertheless be found that they cannot contend, when free, with white competitors, but are superseded by them, still the cause of humanity will have gained. The coloured people, though their numbers remain stationary, or even diminish, may in the meantime be happier than now, and attain to a higher moral rank.' They would, moreover, escape the cruelty and injustices which are the invariable consequences of the exercise of irresponsible power, especially where authority must be sometimes delegated by the planter to agents of inferior education and coarser feelings. And last, not least, emancipation would effectually put a stop to the breeding, selling, and exporting of slaves to the sugar-growing states of the south, where, unless the accounts we usually read of slavery be exaggerated and distorted, the life of the negro is shortened by severe toil and suffering.'

Leaving the perplexing subject of slavery, we find Mr Lyell retracing his steps northward, and spending the spring of 1842 in the great coal districts of the Ohio. From Ohio his investigations led him again to Niagara, Ontario, Queenston, Montreal, and Quebec, and latterly to Nova Scotia, from which he embarked for England in August 1842. The attention which he met with in our colonies was highly flattering, and speaks volumes for the good-sense of our brethren on the other side the Atlantic. 'I never travelled in any country where my scientific pursuits seemed to be better understood, or were more zealously forwarded, than in Nova Scotia, although I went there almost without letters of introduction. At Truro, having occasion to go over a great deal of ground in different directions, on two successive days, I had employed two pair of horses, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The postmaster, an entire stranger to me, declined to receive payment for them, although I pressed him to do so, saying that he heard I was exploring the country at my own expense, and he wished to contribute his share towards scientific investigations undertaken for the public good.'

On the whole, Mr Lyell's opinions of the Americans are eminently favourable; and, as he can have no reason for stating matters otherwise than they appeared to him,

we are inclined to be swayed more by his remarks than by those of the mere fashionable or literary tourist, who, with the slenderest qualifications, often indulges in the most absurd prejudices and silliest satire.

A FEW FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

THE magnetism of the earth has for a long time engaged the attention of philosophers, who have seen the necessity of obtaining a correct knowledge of the elements of this phenomenon; but it is only of late years that the high importance of applying these elements, as the basis of a science, has been fully recognised.

Those who have read the works of travellers, such as Erman, Hansteen, and Humboldt, will have seen that many of them made this subject the object of especial research, with a view to establish its physical laws in different geographical positions. Isolated exertions were, however, found too insignificant in comparison with the magnitude of the subject, whose phenomena are continually changing; a diligent and long-continued course of observation was therefore determined on, as the only possible means of arriving at accurate results.

The re-discovery of the fact, that magnetic disturbances occur simultaneously at places widely separated from each other, in the year 1825, by Arago at Paris and Kupffer at Kasan, led to the establishment of magnetic stations in many parts of the continent, and subsequently, on the representations of Baron Von Humboldt, in Great Britain, where the observatories for this branch of science were established at Greenwich and Dublin in 1837.*

In the year 1834, a magnetic survey of the British islands was commenced and completed in the course of the two following years; the results were published by the British Association in the report of 1838, and on the presentation of their memorial to government, in conjunction with the Royal Society, the South Polar Expedition, under Captain Ross, was determined on and equipped in the following year.

At the same time, the necessity for fixed points of observation having been fully recognised, observatories were established, at the charge of government, in various parts of the globe, where all the fluctuations could be duly watched and noted. Canada and Van Diemen's Land were chosen as points conveniently near to the positions of greatest magnetic intensity; St Helena, where it would be lowest; and the Cape of Good Hope, as presenting a favourable station for the observation of extraordinary phenomena. These establishments are generally under the direction of an officer of artillery, with a staff of three non-commissioned officers and two gunners, and are conducted at an expense of nearly £400 annually. The East India Company also consented to co-operate in the great work, and established observatories at various stations in the eastern continent, extending from the sea-coast to the Himalaya.

Towards the end of 1839, the persons selected for the service sailed for their respective destinations: those for St Helena and Van Diemen's Land, in the ships of the Antarctic Expedition. The period of observation was fixed for two terms of three years, in which time it was believed a sufficient number of facts would be collected to enable scientific men to found correct data for the exposition of the laws of magnetic and meteorological science. The registered observations have been regularly forwarded to London, where they are reduced and published as rapidly as is consistent with their complex nature. Such was the importance attached to these observations by the Magnetic Conference at the late meeting of the British Association, that they recommended their continuance, with some exceptions, for a

further term of three years, which will expire at the end of 1848.

For the institution of correct comparison between the observations at the various stations, the mean time at some fixed point is taken, by which the operations of all the others are regulated. The point chosen is Göttingen, the residence of Gauss, one of the most celebrated magneticians; and some idea of the labour incurred may be conceived from the fact, that results of all the instruments, which are very numerous, are read off and recorded in some cases every hour, or every two hours, night and day, excepting Sundays. On one specified day in each month, known as a 'term day,' the observations are made hourly and simultaneously at all the stations, which continue to follow the instructions prescribed at their first establishment.

It may now be asked what are the phenomena, or what facts have been elicited as a return for all this trouble and expense? Every person has some general acquaintance with the existence of magnetism, which, however, does not go far beyond the popular knowledge, that the needle points to the north. Very few, however, are aware of the universal influence of this mysterious agency, the seat of which was for a long time matter of dispute. Some placed it in a small star, forming part of the constellation the Great Bear; others at the zodiacal pole; and others, still more daring, imagined a centre of attraction existing far beyond the remotest stars. It was only at the end of the sixteenth century that the magnetism of the earth itself was proved, and its action ascertained to be the cause of movement in the magnetic needles.

If we regard the earth as one vast magnet, we shall find its power lowest in the equatorial regions, and increasing in intensity as we approach either pole: the active medium which excites the phenomena in the northern hemisphere is known as the *boreal* fluid, while the *austal* fluid is that which prevails in the opposite hemisphere; and as the fluids of contrary names attract each other, it follows that it is the south pole of a needle which points towards the north, and the north pole towards the south.

When two needles rest in the same place, their direction is parallel; but this parallelism disappears in proportion as one of the needles is removed from the other in any direction. The magnetic intensity of the earth is indicated by needles suspended vertically; and in sailing from England towards the north pole, it is seen that the needle dips or inclines more and more with the increase of latitude, until at a certain point it remains exactly perpendicular, with its south pole downwards; this point is thus known to be the magnetic pole of the earth. In sailing towards the equator, on the contrary, the inclination or dip gradually decreases, until the needle rests in a perfectly horizontal position.

The diurnal action of the magnetic fluid is shown by horizontal needles delicately suspended, as in a ship's compass; and these frequently exhibit the presence of extraordinary phenomena. Sometimes they are seen to move suddenly and accidentally, but in general regularly and periodically; the former movements are classed as perturbations or disturbances, the latter as diurnal variations. In this country, on days unmarked by any perturbation, the needle is seen to be almost stationary during the night; but at sunrise, its south pole, or northern extremity, moves towards the west, as though it fled from the influence of the great luminary: at noon, or more generally between twelve and three o'clock, it reaches the maximum of western deviation, when, by a contrary movement, it returns to the east until ten or eleven o'clock at night, and then remains nearly or exactly in its original position until the morning, when it recommences a similar oscillation. It might be supposed that solar light or heat influenced the movement; but the same phenomena have been observed in the cellars of the observatory at Paris, thirty feet below the surface of the earth, where daylight does

* To these may be added that more recently established and supported by the private expense of Sir Thomas M. Brisbane at Melbourne, near Kato.

not enter. In more northerly countries, the variations are greater; the needle does not reach its maximum until the evening; neither does it remain at perfect rest during the night. In the southern hemisphere, the needle moves in an inverse direction, or towards the east, in the same degree, and precisely at the same time, as when on our side of the world it moves towards the west. There are several natural causes which act upon and produce perturbations in the magnetic needle; some of these are known, while others are involved in doubt and obscurity. Among the known causes, the aurora borealis appears to be the most efficacious and infallible. During the appearances of this light in the heavens of the northern regions, the needle undergoes a continual agitation and unusual deviation. It is generally observed that the summit of the glittering boreal arch is in the magnetic meridian: and it is not only in places where the aurora is visible that the agitations are seen, for the same disturbances are remarked in places where no trace of the light is perceptible; these are, however, greatest in proportion to their nearness to the cause which produces them. Sometimes, either in the night or day, the observer sees a sudden deviation of the needle, amounting often to more than a degree, without being able to trace it to any apparent cause. He, however, afterwards learns that at Paris and St Petersburg the needle experienced similar movements at the same moment, and that in the remote regions of the north a brilliant aurora was visible. Thus the patient watcher in the observatory at Greenwich is informed by his needle of all that passes in the polar regions, as he is informed by his barometer of the changes in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions appear also as causes of disturbance, with at times a permanent effect. In 1767, Bernouilli observed a diminution of half a degree of inclination during an earthquake; and La Torre remarked changes of declination during an eruption of Vesuvius. More recently, in 1839, Signor Capocci, director of the observatory at Naples, noticed a sudden decrease of more than half a degree of declination, also at the time of an eruption.

The simultaneity of disturbances in places remote from each other has been incidentally noticed; and it appears, on a comparison of the observations made at Prague, at Toronto, at Van Diemen's Land, and St Helena, places very widely separated, that nearly the whole of the perturbations manifested themselves at each of the stations at the same time, though modified by various local circumstances. Not the least important advantage that may be expected to result from the establishment of these observatories, will be the preservation of the record of such phenomena whose effects appear to be universal. During Cook's voyages, whenever he observed an aurora australis, the aurora borealis were seen in Europe. In January 1769, an aurora was visible at the same time in Pennsylvania and in France; and later, in January 1831, the same phenomenon was simultaneously observed in central and northern Europe, and on the borders of Lake Erie in North America; and it is now believed that local manifestations are connected with magnetic effects prevailing at the same time all over the globe.

The science of magnetism is intimately connected, with that of meteorology: a knowledge of both is necessary to enable us to define with certainty the action of the unseen physical agencies. Something has already been done towards a determination of the laws of storms and atmospheric changes, and still further knowledge may be expected from the number of observatories—nearly one hundred—now at work; as, by means of the recorded facts, the extent of disturbance is ascertained. It was thus known, on the morning of February 3, 1842, that 'rain was falling throughout nearly every portion of the United States, from an unknown distance in the Atlantic to far beyond the Mississippi, and from the Gulf of Mexico northward to an unknown distance beyond Lake Superior. The area on which rain is ascertained

to have been simultaneously falling was more than 1400 miles in a north and south direction.'

One of the great objects of the present Arctic Expedition is the prosecution of magnetic and meteorological observations, that shall render our knowledge of the magnetism of the northern hemisphere as complete as that obtained by Sir James Ross of the Antarctic regions.

If, by the concurrence of so many observers, and by persevering investigations of magnetic phenomena, we at last discover their laws, as we have discovered the laws by which a Divine Hand has regulated the motion of the planets—if we find the cause of those singular perturbations which agitate the magnetic needle at indeterminate epochs, and which seem to reveal to us mysterious evolutions in the liquefied masses surrounding our globe—if, by prolonged study, we succeed in dissipating the obscurity in which popular belief has enveloped this branch of natural science, not only will a new object of investigation be opened, and a new career given to ideas, but a new element will be added to the intellectual well-being of society. 'Whatever difficulties may have hitherto opposed the development of this science, it has yet made very notable progress since the end of the last century, and it now advances with a rapid and certain pace. Future ages will erect the edifice of which we have laid the foundations; and we may already say, with certainty, that the general plan is simple, and that its apparent complexity only arises from the close connexion of the parts with each other—a connexion so intimate, that it is difficult to circumscribe the limits of the phenomena.' 'Should the government observatories at Toronto and Van Diemen's Land ultimately come to be handed over to their respective colonies as part of their domestic institutions, not only would a permanent contribution of data be secured to science, but incalculable benefit would arise to the colonies themselves, in the possession of establishments in which the art of observing has been wrought up to elaborate perfection, and in which practice, going hand-in-hand with theory, would act as a powerful engine of public instruction.'

THE GO-ALONGS.

It is a common saying among military men that there are in the army two kinds of officers—the Come-alongs and the Go-alongs; or, in other words, if the saying can need any explanation, the skulkers, who are content with merely urging others onward in the path of duty and danger, and the brave fellows who stimulate by their example, and are as ready to share the peril as the glory.

In looking round upon the busy walks of life, we find that not a few consist of this Go-along kind of people. They will listen attentively to your benevolent projects; they will express their approbation of your principles of action; they will profess unqualified admiration of your mode of proceeding, and their cordial sympathy with the end you have in view; but immediately you solicit their countenance and aid, they shrink from your appeal, and endeavour to shuffle you off by protests of inability, or by plausibly insisting that they shall require time to consider of it; and endeavour to hide their indolence or parsimony under the plea of 'waiting to see how it will work.' They are convinced that the end is desirable, and the means unexceptionable, but any one may do the work, so that you will not trouble them; and, sinking back in their easy-chairs, these well-meaning Go-alongs sigh over the ignorance and wickedness of the world, bidding you good speed in your enterprise, but do not dream of putting a finger to the work.

Now, it is evident that if every one acted in this manner, no plan or project, however excellent, could by possibility be carried out. If every one thus shrunk from taking a part in the initiative, no benevolent enterprise would have a practical beginning, and its cradle would be also its grave. The thought and wish must

be mere abortions, which would never have strength to come to the birth, much less attain to manly stature and robustness. The great and noble institutions on which, as a nation, we justly pride ourselves, would never have seen the light, or have only dragged on a miserable and useless existence as bad as nonentity, and the mighty machinery for good which they have contributed to form, with all their vast and glorious results, must have been lost to the world. What an incalculable loss would it have been to society had some of the great men whose names adorn the page of history been mere Go-alongs! But our Hampdens, Newtons, Howards, and Wilberforces, were not such. Their hands moved with their hearts: they stamped their image upon the age in which they lived, and originated a circle of light and love which has extended to the ends of the civilised earth, and will continue to exert its influence to the end of time. If all, in fact, were mere Go-alongs, abuses could never be remedied, society could not improve, and all things must remain, as far as man is concerned, in an irremediably stagnant and corrupt state.

Far more injurious is the promised assistance of these Go-alongs to the success of a good project, than decided antagonism. A little opposition, indeed, often engenders a corresponding strength on the contrary side, and infuses an energy into the infant Hercules which fits it for giant struggles, and secures it an ultimate victory. But to be 'damned with faint praise'—to meet with a cold Go-along where we hoped to find a Come-along, is the deadliest of all opposition. Decided enemies, luring prospects, anything, in fact, is better than the meaningless promises of cold friends—the assurances of assistance of the mere Go-alongs.

The class of Go-alongs have not a little to answer for. They may hug themselves as being very well-meaning people, they may lament sincerely the ignorance, degradation, poverty, and the various ills under which many of their fellows are labouring, but they are chargeable with much that they little think of. The buds of a thousand blighted benevolent projects lie at their door; the unaided exertions of the brave Come-alongs, that march in the van of all that is useful and praiseworthy, beckoning onward the lagging rear, reproach them; and however unwilling they may be to bear the stigma, they must nevertheless be reckoned among the opponents of those benevolent projects which they only charge themselves at most with neglecting to countenance and assist. Many a social evil which inflicts misery and ruin, many a practice which is disgraceful and degrading, many a giant abuse, would be scouted and heard of no more, but for the apathy of these Go-alongs.

The other day I had occasion to call on one of these people, a friend of mine, a gentleman of property, on a benevolent errand. I knew him to be a kind-hearted man, and every way well able to afford the assistance which I, from the most disinterested motives, wished him to render to an embryo institution, in the prosperity of which I felt deeply concerned, and which I introduced to his notice. He listened to me in the most attentive manner while I put before him the necessities and claims of the project. In conclusion, he expressed himself in strong terms of admiration, and declared that in his opinion it was worthy of the most cordial support. Of course I expected after this eulogy he would offer us some assistance, or at least the use of his name; but as he made no such offer, I plainly asked him if he could in any manner advance our objects. 'Well,' said he, 'as to assisting your institution'—and here he began to play with his watch seals—'as to assisting you—why, I should be very happy, very, to lend you my name, but your society is at present hardly formed. I think I would rather wait a little while, and see how you get on, and if it come to anything, I will do something for you.' I had not the remotest personal interest in the prosperity of the institution for which I was pleading; but thinking remonstrance useless, I departed, sorely vexed at the strange apathy of this anomalous, warm-hearted, cold-handed

man, this freezing negative specimen of humanity, and wishing that I could convert this useless Go-along, hanging like a dead weight upon the rear of philanthropy, into a Come-along in the van, for which his position in society and ample means so well qualified him.

But the Go-alongs do not altogether escape punishment. Independently of the superior respect always felt for those who act manfully and uncalculatingly upon the good impulses of their nature, compared with those who shrink from the call of duty, and are the slaves of some cowardly expediency, posterity treats their memory with indifference and forgetfulness. History—both the history of nations and the more circumscribed history of smaller communities—deals impartially with the memory both of the Come-alongs and the Go-alongs. The memory of the Go-alongs dies, for the most part, with them; none have much reason to hold their name in esteem or reverence. History deals with what men do, not what they think or intend; and they leave little behind them for their fellows to love or imitate. But the Come-alongs still live in their deeds; their name, if history inscribe it not in her pages, is enshrined in the heart of the family, the village, the city; and the footprints of departed philanthropy are looked on with love and veneration by their successors.

THE BRIDE'S JOURNEY.

BY MRS CROWE.

IN the year 1809, when the French were in Prussia, M. Louison, an officer in the commissariat department of the imperial army, contracted an attachment for the beautiful Adelaide Hext, the daughter of a respectable but not wealthy merchant. The young Frenchman having contrived to make his attachment known, it was imprudently reciprocated by its object; we say imprudently, for the French were detested by her father, who declared that no daughter of his should ever be allied to one of the invaders and occupants of his beloved country. Thus repulsed, M. Louison had the good sense not to press his suit, and proceeded to Vienna, where he was installed in a lucrative office suitable to his wishes and abilities. Here, however, he could not altogether relinquish the expectation of being one day married to the fair Adelaide Hext, with whom he continued to correspond.

After the lapse of a few months, the aspect of affairs underwent a material change. Hext lay, as he supposed, and as the doctors told him, on his deathbed, and, pondering on the probable destitution of his family, he repented his rash vow, and stated to Adelaide that he should no longer oppose her wishes. M. Louison, procuring leave of absence for a few days, was speedily on the spot, and, with as little loss of time as possible, was united to the daughter of the seemingly dying merchant. As, in such circumstances, it would have been cruel for Madame Louison to leave the bedside of her aged parent, it was arranged that she should remain till the period of his decease, and then join her husband, who, in the meanwhile, was compelled to return to Vienna. The old man, however, recovered as soon as his son-in-law departed, and he now almost wished the marriage were undone; but as that was impracticable, he, with as good a grace as possible, saw his daughter set out on her journey to Dresden, whence she was to be escorted to Vienna by M. de Monge, a friend of her husband.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the journey of Madame Louison, for the intermediate country was tranquil, and she had the happiness of arriving safely under the roof of her husband's friend. This person was one of those who will act conscientiously in all situations of life, until they encounter an irresistible temptation to error. Such was the present occasion. 'Overcome with the beauty of his unsuspecting guest, he basely attempted to divert her affections from her husband—an attempt which the noble Friedlander repelled with

becoming scorn. To cut short a long tale, this mortification filled De Monge with vengeful sentiment, at the same time that his fears were awakened, as he could hardly doubt that the lady would acquaint her husband with his treachery. He affected to pass off his overtures as nothing more than a jocular trial of her resolutions, but secretly suffered from the torments of fear and resentment; inasmuch that he was at length driven to the contemplation of a dreadful crime. The story is almost too incredible for belief, yet our authority assures us that the facts occurred as we propose to state them.

Having detained the lady in Dresden considerably beyond the day when she expected to set out, De Monge was at length compelled to allow her departure. Her escort through the partially-disturbed country in which she was to travel, was to consist of an individual who was well acquainted with the roads, and had frequently acted as a courier on the Italian frontier. Mazzuolo, as this man was called, was an Italian by birth, and gladly undertook a commission which promised him a rich harvest of booty. His bargain with the treacherous De Monge was, that if he made away with the life of Madame Louison while on the journey, and before she could communicate with her husband, he was to be at liberty to carry off all her baggage, which contained valuable articles to a large amount. The Italian only stipulated that his wife, dressed in male attire, and a lad on whom he could depend, should accompany him. Every thing being settled, the morning of departure arrived.

Adelaide had not seen her travelling companions till they arrived with the carriage, into which she was handed by Mazzuolo, with all the deference that her beauty and elegant attire might naturally command. She wore a black velvet bonnet and Chantilly veil, a crimson silk pelisse trimmed with rich furs, a boa of Russian sable; and, over all, a loose velvet pelisse, lined with fur. Mazzuolo and his wife thought that this augured well for the contents of her trunks.

The length of the journey, the dangers of the road, and the goodness or badness of the inns they should have to rest at, formed the subjects of conversation for the first hour or two. The stage was very long, and it was eleven o'clock before they reached their first relay of horses, by which time the young traveller had decided that she had great reason to be satisfied with her companions. The Italian was polite and entertaining; he had travelled a great deal, and was full of anecdote; and being naturally lively and garrulous, the design he entertained of taking away the life of his charge did not prevent his making himself agreeable to her in the meantime. With his well-seared conscience, he neither felt nervous nor saturnine at the prospect of what was before him—why should he indeed?—for the only part of the prospect he fixed his eye upon was the gain; the little operation by means of which it was to be acquired, he did not think very seriously of; besides, he did not intend to perform it himself.

When they stopped to change horses, a lad of about seventeen years of age, named Karl, nephew of Mazzuolo's wife, came to the carriage door: he seemed to have been waiting for them. Mazzuolo spoke to him aside for some minutes, and when they started again, the youth mounted in front of the carriage. The Italian said he was a lad they had engaged to look after the luggage, and be useful on the journey. He was, in fact, one who was hired to do any piece of work, good or bad. He possessed no moral strength, could be easily led by the will of his employers; in short, was a very useful ally. He had a broad, fair, stolid, German face; and from the glimpse she had of him, Adelaide thought she had seldom seen a more unprepossessing-looking person. His home had been a rude and unhappy one; his manners were coarse and unpolished, and his dress shabby.

The first day's journey passed agreeably enough. When they arrived at their night's station, Mazzuolo having handed out the ladies, bade them go up stairs and order supper, whilst he and Karl looked to the putting up of the carriage. Agostina, or Tina, as her

husband commonly called her, insisted very much on having a room for Adelaide adjoining her own, alleging as her reason that they were answerable for her safety. The bride thanked her for her caution, but added, laughingly, that she did not think she had much to fear. It was some time before the two men joined them; and then they sat down to supper, the lad Karl acting as waiter. As he stood behind his aunt's chair, and exactly opposite Adelaide, he appeared much affected by her beauty; but of this, of course, the lady took no notice. When supper was over, being fatigued, she retired to her room; and then the party that remained closed the door, and bidding Karl sit down and eat his supper, they held a council on her fate.

Mazzuolo opened the conference by mentioning that he had already given the lad a hint of what was expected of him, and Tina asked him if he thought he was equal to the undertaking. Karl said he did not know; whereupon they encouraged him with promises of a handsome share of the booty, telling him also that they would stand by him, and help him if necessary. But the question was, how was the thing to be done, and where? Whether on the road by day, or in the night where they stopt? In either case there were difficulties; many parts of the road they had to pass were extremely lonely, and fit for the purpose, but then how were they to get rid of the postilion? And as they had a fresh one at every stage, there was no time to win him to their purpose. Then, at the inns, the obstacles were also considerable, especially as the houses were generally small. Tina suggested that whenever the bride dropt out of the party, she had only to resume her female attire, and the people would never miss her. 'Karl can take my place in the carriage,' she said, 'and I Madame Louison's.' Thus we shall appear to be as many as we were; and there will be no discrepancy with the passport.' The hint was approved; but after an hour's discussion, they found it impossible to conclude upon any plan; the execution of their projects must be left to chance and opportunity—all they had to do was, to be prepared to seize upon, the first that offered.

During the progress of this conversation, Karl made no observation whatever. He listened in silence; not without attention, but without objection, even although, in the different plans that were proposed, he heard himself always designated as the active agent in the murder. When the council broke up, the parties retired to bed—their present station being too near Dresden for their purpose. Next day they resumed their journey; and as their way lay through a gloomy forest, nothing but the presence of the postilion saved the young bride's life. The night was passed at a post-house, where there were so few rooms, that Adelaide had to sleep in the same apartment with the daughter of the owner: so here was nothing to be done either. The Italians began to grow impatient at these difficulties, and Mazzuolo proposed a change in their tactics. On the previous evening, the weather being very cold, Madame Louison had ordered a fire in her chamber. She would doubtless do the same on the ensuing night; and all they had to do was to fill the stove with charcoal, and her death would follow in the most natural way in the world. They were to pass the night at Nuremberg; and, as soon as they arrived, Karl was sent out to procure the charcoal; but, after remaining away a long time, he came back saying the shops were all shut, and he could not get any; and as the inn at Nuremberg was not a fit place for any other kind of attack, Adelaide was respite for another four-and-twenty hours.

On the following day, in order to avoid such another *contretemps*, the charcoal was secured in the morning whilst they were changing horses, and placed in a sack under the seat of the carriage.

It happened on this day that the road was very hilly, and as the horses slowly dragged the carriage up the ascents, Madame Louison proposed walking to warm themselves. They all descended; but Tina, being stout,

and heavy on her feet, was soon tired, and got in again; whilst Mazzuolo, with a view to his design against Adelaide, fell into conversation with the driver about the different stations they would have to stop at. He wanted to extract all the information he could—so he walked beside the carriage, whilst Madame Louison and Karl, who were very cold, walked on as fast as they could.

'You look quite chilled, Karl,' said she; 'let us see who will be at the top of the hill first—a race will warm us.'

The youth strode on without saying anything; but as she was the more active, she got before him; and when she reached the top, she turned round, and playfully clapping her hands, said, 'Karl, I've beaten you!' Karl said he had had an illness lately, and was not so strong as he used to be; he had gone into the water when he was very warm, and had nearly died of the consequences. This led her to observe how thinly he was clad; and when the carriage overtook them, she proposed that, as there was plenty of room, he should go inside; to which the others, as they did not want him to fall ill upon their hands, consented. With the glasses up, and the furs that the party were wrapt in, the inside of the carriage was very different to the out; and Karl's nose and cheeks, which had before been blue, resumed their original hues.

It was late when they reached their night station, and, whilst the ladies went up stairs to look at their rooms, Karl received his orders, which were, that he should fill the stove with charcoal, and set fire to it, whilst the others were at table. The lad answered composedly that he would. 'And when you have done it,' said Mazzuolo, 'give me a wink, and I will step out and see that all is right before she goes to her room.'

Karl obeyed his directions to a tittle, and when all was ready, he gave the signal, and Mazzuolo, making a pretext, quitted the table. He found the arrangements quite satisfactory, and having taken care to see that the window was well closed, he returned to the supper-room. He was no sooner gone than the boy took the charcoal from the stove and threw it into the street; and when Adelaide came to undress, there was no fire. Cold as it was, however, she had no alternative but to go to bed without one, for there was not a bell in the apartment; and Mazzuolo, who had lighted her to the door, had locked her in, under pretence of caring for her safety. Karl, having watched this proceeding, accompanied him back to the supper-table, where they discussed the plans for the following day. Whether would it be better to start in the morning without inquiring for her at all, and leave the people of the house to find her dead, when they were far on the road, or whether make the discovery themselves? Karl ventured to advocate the first plan; but Tina decided for the second. It would be easy to say that the lad had put charcoal in the stove, not being aware of its effects, and there would be an end of the matter. If they left her behind, it would be avowing the murder. This settled, they went to bed.

What to do, Karl did not know. He was naturally a stupid sort of lad, and what little sense nature had given him, had been nearly beaten out of him by harsh treatment. He had had a miserable life of it, and had never found himself so comfortable as he was now with his aunt and her husband. They were kind to him, because they wanted to make use of him. He did not want to offend them, nor to leave them; for if he did, he must return home again, which he dreaded above all things. Yet there was something in him that recoiled against killing the lady. Grossly ignorant as he was, scarcely knowing right from wrong, it was not morality or religion that deterred him from the crime; he had a very imperfect idea of the amount of the wickedness he would be committing in taking away the life of a fellow-creature. Obedience was the only virtue he had been taught; and what those in authority over him had ordered him to do, he would have done without much question. To kill his beautiful travelling companion, who had

shown him such kindness, was, however, repugnant to feelings he could not explain even to himself. Yet he had not sufficient grasp of intellect to know how he was to elude the performance of the task. The only thing he could think of in the meanwhile was to take the charcoal out of the stove; and he did it; after which he went to sleep, and left the results to be developed by the morning.

He had been desired to rise early; and when he quitted his room, he found Mazzuolo and his wife already stirring. They bade him go below and send up breakfast, and to be careful that it was brought by the people of the house. This was done; and when the waiter and the host were present, Tina took the opportunity of knocking at Madame Louison's door, and bidding her rise. To the great amazement of the two Italians, she answered with alacrity that she was nearly dressed, and should be with them immediately. They stared at each other; but presently she opened the door, and appeared as fresh as ever; observing, however, that she had been very cold, for that the fire had gone out before she went to bed. This accounted for the whole thing, and Karl escaped all blame.

During the ensuing day nothing remarkable occurred: fresh charcoal was provided; but at night it was found there were no stoves in the bedchambers; and as the houses on the road they were travelling were poor and ill furnished, all the good inns having been dismantled by the troops, the same thing happened at several successive stations.

This delay began to render the affair critical, for they were daily drawing near Augsburg, where M. Louison was to meet his wife; and Mazzuolo resolved to conclude the business by a *coup de main*. He had learnt from the postilion that the little post-house which was to form their next night's lodging was admirably fitted for a deed of mischief. It lay at the foot of a precipice, in a gorge of the mountains: the district was lonely, and the people rude, not likely to be very much disturbed, even if they did suspect the lady had come unfairly to her end. It was not, however, probable that the charcoal would be of any use on this occasion; the place was too poor to be well furnished with stoves; so Karl was instructed in what he would have to do. 'When she is asleep,' said Mazzuolo, 'you must give her a blow on the head that will be sufficient to stun her. Then we will complete the job; and as we shall start early in the morning with Tina in female attire, they will never miss her.' Karl, as usual, made no objection; and when they arrived at night at the inn, which fully answered the description given, and was as lonely as the worst assassins could desire, the two men sallied forth to seek a convenient place for disposing of the body. Neither had they much difficulty in finding what they wanted: there was not only a mountain torrent hard by, but there was also a deep mysterious hole in a neighbouring field, that looked very much as if the body of the young traveller would not be the first that had found a grave there.

Every circumstance seemed to favour the enterprise; and all arrangements made, the two men returned to the house. Karl thought it was all over with him now. He was too timid to oppose Mazzuolo, and he had nobody to consult. Tina had found a weapon apt for the purpose, which she had already secured; and when they sat down to supper, considering the completeness of the preparations, nobody would have thought Adelaide's life worth six hours' purchase. However, she was not destined to die that night. Just as they had finished their supper, the sound of wheels was heard; then there was a great noise and bustle below; and Karl being sent down to inquire what was the matter, was informed that a large party of travellers had arrived; and as there was a scarcity of apartments, it was hoped the lady and gentlemen would accommodate the strangers by allowing them to share theirs. Consent was inevitable; so, like the sultan's wife in the Arabian tale, the victim was allowed to live another day.

'Now,' said Mazzuolo, 'we have only two nights more before we reach Augsburg, so there must be no more shilly-shallying about the matter. If there is a stove in the room to-night, we may try that; though, if the house be in a pretty safe situation, I should prefer more decisive measures. The charcoal has failed once already.'

'That was from bad management,' said Tina; 'we could be secure against such an accident on another occasion. At the same time, if the situation be favourable, I should prefer a *coup de main*.'

When they arrived at their night's station, the absence of a stove decided the question. It was merely a post-house, a place where horses were furnished; the accommodation was poor, and the people disposed to pay little attention to them. Close by ran a river, which obviated all difficulty as to the disposal of the body.

'The thing must be done to-night,' said Mazzuolo; and Karl said nothing to the contrary. He also feared that it must; for he did not see how he could avoid it. His aunt said everything necessary to inspire him with courage and determination, and made many promises of future benefits; whilst Mazzuolo neither doubted his obedience nor his resolution, and spoke of the thing as so entirely within the range of ordinary proceedings, that the boy, stupid and ignorant, and accustomed, from the state of the country, to hear of bloodshed and murders little less atrocious committed by the soldiery, and neither punished nor severely condemned, felt ashamed of his own pusillanimity—for such his instinctive pity appeared to himself.

But as he stood opposite Madame Louison at supper, with his eyes, as usual, fixed upon her face, his heart involuntarily quailed when he thought that within a few hours he was to raise his hand against that beautiful head; yet he still felt within himself no courage to refuse, nor any fertility of expedient to elude the dilemma.

When supper was over, Tina desired Karl to bring up two or three pails of warm water, and several cloths, 'for,' said she, 'it will do us all good to bathe our feet,' whereupon Adelaide requested one might be carried to her room, which was done by Karl. He was now alone with her, and it was almost the first time he had been so, except when they ran up the hill together, since the day they met. When he had set down the pail by her bedside, he stood looking at her with a strange expression of countenance. He knew that the water he had fetched up was designed for the purpose of washing away the blood that he was about to spill, and he longed to tell her so, and set her on her guard; but he was afraid. He looked at her, looked at the water, and looked at the bed.

'Well, Karl,' she said laughing, 'good night. When we part the day after to-morrow, I shan't forget your services I assure you.' The lad's eyes still wandered from her to the water and the bed, but he said nothing, nor stirred till she repeated her 'good night,' and then he quitted the room in silence.

'Poor stupid creature!' thought Adelaide; 'he has scarcely as much intelligence as the horses that draw us.'

'Now we must have no bungling to-night, Karl,' said Mazzuolo; 'we will keep quiet till two o'clock, and then, when everybody is asleep, we'll to business.'

'But what is it to be done with?' inquired Tina.

'There's something in the carriage under the seat; I brought it away the night we slept at Balreuth,' replied Mazzuolo; 'I'll step and fetch it'; and he left the room; but presently returned, saying that there were people about the carriage, and he was afraid they might wonder what he was going to do with so suspicious-looking an instrument. 'Karl can fetch it when they are gone to bed.'

As it was yet only midnight, Tina proposed that they should all lie down and take a little rest; and the suggestion being agreed to, she and her husband stretched themselves on their bed, whilst Karl made the floor his couch, and, favoured by his unexcitable temperament, was soon asleep, in spite of what was before him.

It was past two o'clock when he felt himself shaken by the shoulder. 'Come, be stirring,' said Mazzuolo; 'we must about it without delay—the house has been quiet for some time.'

Karl was a heavy sleeper, and as he sat up rubbing his eyes, he could not at first remember what he was awakened for, nor how he came to be upon the floor. 'Come,' said Mazzuolo, 'come; she's fast asleep; I have just been to her room to look at her. You must step down now to the carriage and bring up the axe I left under the seat.'

Karl began to recollect himself, and, awkwardly rising from his hard couch, shaking and stretching himself like a dog, he prepared to obey, indifferent to everything at the moment but the annoyance of being disturbed in his slumbers. 'If you should meet anybody,' said Mazzuolo, 'say that your mistress is ill, and that you are going to fetch the medicine-chest.'

By the time he got below, the motion and the cool air had aroused the lad, and, with his recollection, revived his repugnance to the work before him; but he saw no means of avoiding it, and with an unwilling step he proceeded to the yard where the carriage stood, and having found the axe, he was returning with it, when he observed hanging against the wall a large horn or trumpet. Now, he had seen such a thing at several of the post-houses on the road, and he remembered to have heard one sounded on the night they slept in the mountains, when the travellers arrived late, and prevented the projected assassination. Instinctively, and without pausing to reflect how he should excuse himself—for if he had, he could not have done it—he placed the instrument to his mouth, and lustily blew it; and then, terrified at his temerity, and its probable consequences, rushed into the house, and up the stairs again to his master.

'The travellers' horn!' said Mazzuolo frantically. The lad was too frightened to speak, but stood still, pale and trembling. 'Wait,' continued the Italian; 'perhaps it may only be for horses, and they may go on again. I hear the people stirring.'

Feet were indeed heard upon the stairs, and presently a lantern gleamed beneath the window. 'I hear no carriage,' observed Mazzuolo. And for some time they sat listening; but there being no appearance of any travellers, he said he would go below and see how matters stood.

'Nobody is yet arrived,' said the master of the post-house in answer to his inquiries; 'but doubtless the signal was given by the avant courier, who has rode on to the next station; and the carriage will be here presently. We must be ready with the horses.'

As the travellers, however, did not arrive, but continued to be expected, the postmaster and the postillions remained up to watch for them; and when four o'clock came, Karl was bidden go to bed, as nothing could be attempted under such circumstances.

'Now,' said Mazzuolo on the following day, 'we sleep to-night at Meitingen, which is our last station. I know the place; it is too busy a house for a *coup de main*; we must try the charcoal again; but this time we must be sure of our game.'

Karl hoped there might be no stoves in the bed-chamber; but it was a well-furnished house, and there were. Adelaide said how glad she should be to have a fire again, she had suffered so much by the want of one, and desired Karl to light hers early. It appeared, however, that the servant of the house had already done it. Mazzuolo said 'So much the better. The stove will get well heated, and when you put in the charcoal, there will be no danger of its not burning.' And Tina suggested that that should not be done till just before Adelaide went to bed, lest she should perceive the effects of the vapour whilst she was undressing.

The young traveller had not, on her journey, been in such high spirits as to-night. Well she might; it had been so prosperously performed, and to-morrow she was to meet her husband. She prattled and laughed dur-

ing supper with a light heart; expressed her gratitude to the Italians for their escort; and said that, if Monsieur Louison could be of any use to them, she knew how happy he would be to acknowledge their kindness to her. 'Really,' she said, 'travelling at such a period, with so many valuables, and such a large sum of money as I have with me, was a bold undertaking!'

Mazzuolo, during the first part of her speech, was beginning to weigh the advantages of the commissary's favour against the dangers and difficulties of the assassination—difficulties which had far exceeded his expectations, and dangers which were of course augmented by the proximity to Augsburg—but the latter part of it decided the question; the money and valuables preponderated in the scale, and the good opinion of the commissary kicked the beam.

Partly from the exaltation of her spirits, and partly because the day's journey had been a short one—for the stoppage at Meitingen was quite unnecessary—they were within four hours of Augsburg, and might very well have reached it—Adelaide was less fatigued and less willing to go to bed than usual. She sat late; and it was past twelve when, having asked for her candle, Karl received the signal to go and prepare the stove. Mazzuolo followed him out, to see that the work was well done, and the charcoal ignited before she went to her room. When all was ready, her candle was put into her hand, and Mazzuolo having conducted her to the door, took the precaution of turning the key, which he afterwards put in his pocket. She rallied him on the strictness of his guardianship; but he alleged gravely that the house was a busy one, and she might perchance be disturbed if her door were not secured.

They listened till she was in bed, and then Mazzuolo said that they could not do better than go to bed too; 'for,' said he, 'the earlier we are off in the morning the better. There will be the fewer people up, and the less chance of her being missed.'

When Karl reached his room, he sat down on the side of his bed and reflected. He had observed that the last thing Mazzuolo had done before leaving Adelaide's chamber, was to see that the window was well closed. 'If I could open it,' thought he, 'to-morrow we shall be at Augsburg, and then I should not be told any more to kill her. I wish I could. They'll go away in the morning before she is awake, and so I should never be found out.' With this idea in his head, he went down stairs, and letting himself out, he crept round to the end of the house where her window was.

She slept on the first floor, and the difficulty was how to reach it; but this was soon overcome. In the stable-yard stood some high steps, used for the convenience of passengers when they mounted the wagons and diligences. These he carried to the spot, and having reached the window, he was about to break some of the panes, since, as it fastened on the inside, he could not open it, when it occurred to him that the noise might wake her, and cause an alarm that would betray him. The window, however, was in the lattice fashion, and he saw that, by a little contrivance, he could lift it off the hinges. He did so, and drew aside the curtain; there lay the intended victim in a sound sleep; so sound, that Karl thought he might safely step in without disturbing her. There she lay in her beauty.

He could not tell why, but, as he stood and looked at her, he felt that he must save her at all risks. The air he had let in might not be enough; he would take the charcoal from the stove and throw it out of the window; but what if she awoke with the noise, and screamed? He hesitated a moment; but he remembered that this would be a safer plan than leaving the window open, as that might be observed in the morning from below, and he would thus be betrayed. So, as quietly as possible, he emptied the stove, and then, having sufficiently aired the room, he hung on the window again, and retired.

During the whole of these operations Adelaide had remained quite still, and appeared to be sound asleep. But was she? No. The opening of the window had

awakened her: surprise and terror had at first kept her silent—a surprise and terror that were by no means diminished by discovering who the intruder was. Although she had always spoken kindly to Karl, and even endeavoured, by the amenity of her manner, to soften his rude nature, she had from the first moment disliked him exceedingly, and felt his countenance most repulsive; so that when she saw him entering her room through the window, she did not doubt that he was come for some very bad purpose, probably to rob her, although the booty he was likely to get was small, since her trunks, with all her valuable property, were nightly placed under Mazzuolo's care for safety. Still, the little money she carried in her purse, together with her rings and watch, would be a great deal to so poor a creature; and expecting to see him possess himself of these, she thought it more prudent to lie still, and feign sleep, than to disturb him. But when she saw that all he came for was to take the fire out of the stove, she was beyond measure puzzled to conceive his motive. Could it be a jest? But what a strange jest! However, he did nothing else; he touched neither her money nor her watch, though both were lying on the table, but went away as empty-handed as he came.

The amazement and alarm that so extraordinary a visit necessarily inspired, drove sleep from her eyes, and it was not till the day dawned that she so far recovered her composure and sense of safety, as to close them in slumber. Then, however, fatigue got the better of her watchfulness, and she gradually sunk into a sound sleep.

In the meantime Karl, whose unexcitable temperament insured him his night's rest even under the most agitating circumstances, was in a happy state of oblivion of the whole affair, when he felt himself shaken by the shoulder, and heard his uncle say, 'Come, come, rise, and make haste! The sun is up, and we must get the horses out and be off!'

Karl was as anxious to be off as anybody: the sooner the better for him; for if Adelaide should awake before they started, he, on the one hand, dreaded that he might incur his uncle's suspicion, and, on the other, that some new plot might be formed, which it would be impossible for him to evade; so, between the exertions of one and the other, the horses were out, the bill paid, and the carriage at the door, very soon after the sun had shown his broad disc above the horizon. Tina, in female attire and a veil, was handed down stairs by Mazzuolo; the waiter stood on the steps and bowed, for the landlord was not yet up; they all three stepped into the carriage; the postillon cracked his whip, and away they drove, rejoicing.

In the meantime, Monsieur Louison had become very uneasy about his wife. He had received no intelligence since she quitted Dresden; for although she had in fact written more than once, Mazzuolo had not forwarded the letters. Day after day he had waited in impatient expectation; till at length, unable to bear his suspense any longer, he resolved to start on the road she was to come, in the hope of meeting her. When he reached the gate called the Gözzinger, his carriage was stopped by a berlin containing two men and a woman. It was loaded with luggage; and thinking that this might be the party he expected, he jumped down, and put his head into the window of the berlin, to ascertain if his wife were there. She was not; so, with a bow and an apology, he proceeded on his way. At Meitingen he stopped to change horses; and the first question that was asked him was, if he had seen a heavily-laden berlin, containing two men and a woman. On answering in the affirmative, he was informed that they had gone off with the property of a lady, whom they had left behind, and who was then in the inn; and in a moment more the young husband pressed his bride to his heart. But, eager to chase the thieves, they wasted no time in embraces, but started instantly in pursuit of them. On reaching the same gate where the berlin had been seen, the officers described in what direction the

party had driven; and the police being immediately on the alert, the criminals were discovered and arrested just as they were on the point of starting for Vienna.

The ample confession of Karl disclosed the villany of the Italians, and made known how narrowly the commissary had escaped the loss of his fair young bride; whilst, as he told his rude and simple tale, without claiming any merit, or appearing to be conscious of any, Adelaide learnt that to this repulsive stupid clown she had three times owed her life.

The Italians were condemned to the galleys; whilst Monsieur Louison and his wife discharged their debt of gratitude to Karl, by first educating him, and then furnishing him with the means of earning his living with respectability and comfort.

De Monge was degraded from his situation, and the universal execration that pursued him drove him ultimately to America, where, under a feigned name, he ended his days in obscurity.

LEGENDS OF THE ISLES, &c.*

THIS is the third volume of poetry which Mr Charles Mackay has given to the world within the last five years. He evidently writes from fulness of heart, happy in his high and pure vocation; and he is, moreover, convinced, as he tells his readers, 'that poetry, and the love of poetry, are not necessarily extinguished by the progress of railroads, as all the smarters have taken delight in affirming.' The true spirit of poetry can never become extinct among a people, though poetry, as an art, has its seasons of exaltation and depression. Nature rarely produces genius of a high order, and the direction which genius takes must also, to a considerable extent, be regulated by the prevailing national taste. This is the case both in literature and in art. The drama, for example, which, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, attracted the brightest and most imaginative spirits of the age, would scarcely now be selected by a youthful aspirant; and the poetry of manners or artificial life, blended with personal satire, would not at present be relished so keenly, or so eagerly pursued, as in the days of Dryden, Swift, and Pope, and their immediate successors. The fact is, we have advanced since those times. We have thrown off some stiff conventional rules, and have gained in the appreciation, if not in the production, of great and original works of genius. Thomson, Cowper, and Burns, elevated the public taste and feeling by drawing them nearer to nature, and to the genuine fountains of inspiration—the ever-living passions of mankind, and the beauties or sublimities of creation; and hence the great masters—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and others—have attained to a new and a wider empire over the public mind. The works of Scott and Byron kindled a passion for animated and romantic poetry, which still survives, especially among the young; but the very extent of their popularity, and of the excitement which their works produced, led to a reaction after their death, which for a time seemed to throw poetry into the shade. Then we had the succeeding marvels and occurrences of actual life—the triumphs of steam on sea and land—inventions of all kinds—travellers into every country—and the increased study of the exact and physical sciences. Men were animated with high and lofty aims. The love of truth led to philosophical and historical inquiries far deeper and more profound than were deemed necessary a century ago—criticism became more searching and universal in its sympathies and judgments—the depths of humanity were sounded—and the pursuit of moral and political amelioration vastly extended. The vocation of the poet was thus in some measure subordinated to other studies and designs; but the spirit of the 'divine art' was still undiminished.

Poetry had retired into her strongholds, but had not lost an inch of her territories, nor an iota of her power. Countless editions of the old poets were called for by the poor as well as the rich; and in spite of adverse criticism from high places, the writings of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, &c. worked their way into popular favour. If we have had few poets since the death of Byron, we have had more readers of poetry than ever were before. All booksellers' and publishers' catalogues show this result: all experience tells us that the progress of mechanics has certainly not extinguished the love of song.

Among the few who have cultivated poetry of late years with perseverance and success, is the author before us. His first volume, 'The Hope of the World,' &c. contained some excellent didactic verse, in that simple, natural, and enduring school of poetry which has produced such writers as Pope, Goldsmith, Rogers, and Campbell. In his second volume, entitled 'The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality,' Mr Mackay departed in some degree from the models of his early taste, and copied rather the style of Shelley and Coleridge. His poem is founded upon a passage in the Rosicrucian romance of the Count de Gabalis, by the Abbe de Villars, to which we are partly indebted for the Rape of the Lock and the story of Undine—the primary idea being the efforts made by a lovely elemental spirit to gain an immortal soul by means of love. The Salamandrine is a very charming poem, written with great sweetness of versification, and a fine flow of fancy and imagery. Even the want of human interest, which such a subject would seem to imply, is scarcely felt by the reader, owing to the variety of incidents and situations through which the author conducts his heroine, and the number of fine sentiments and descriptions with which the poem abounds. The diction is also pure and simple, without descending to the prosaic, or swelling into extravagance.

This third publication of Mr Mackay's is of a miscellaneous character. His 'Legends of the Isles' occupy rather more than a third of the volume, and embrace some of those striking superstitions and wild beliefs which still linger among the rocky shores and caves of the Hebrides. The first of these, 'The Sea-King's Burial,' is the most powerful. It is founded on the fact, or tradition, mentioned by Carlyle in his Hero Worship, that the old Norse kings, when about to die, had their body laid in a ship; the ship sent forth with sails set, and slow fire burning in it; that, once out at sea, it might blaze up in flame, 'and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean.' Mr Mackay has treated this poetical and romantic subject with great felicity. His versification, and some of his lines, remind us of Campbell's Battle of the Baltic; but there is an original force and freedom in his style, and a power of picturesque painting in his sketch of the old sea-king, the fatal vessel, and the solitary conflagration, that have rarely been surpassed. He has heightened the effect of his strange and appalling death-scene by representing the ship as overtaken by a heavy storm, in the midst of which the fire bursts out from below, flinging a lurid radiance on the sky and waters, but without depressing the courage or resolution of the stern old savage Viking.

'Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet
With the flames on every side.
"I am coming," said the king,
"Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men—
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows;
I am coming, great All-father,
Unto thee!
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong true hearts of yore—
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea."

* Legends of the Isles and other Poems, by Charles Mackay, author of the 'Salamandrine,' the 'Hope of the World,' &c. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

Red and fierce upon the sky
 Untill midnight shone the glare,
 And the burning ship drove on
 Like a meteor of the air,
 She was driven and hurried past,
 'Mid the roaring of the blast;
 And of Halder, warrior born,
 Nought remained at break of morn,
 On the charred and blackened hull,
 But some ashes and a skull;
 And still the vessel drifted
 Heavily,
 With a pale and hazy light,
 Untill far into the night,
 When the storm had spent its rage
 On the sea."

Another of these poetical legends embodies the tradition (consecrated by some beautiful lines in the 'Pleasures of Hope') that St Columba once, or oftener, every year is seen on the top of Iona cathedral counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by witchcraft. Mr Mackay invests the Celtic tradition with some poetical accessories. He describes the titular saint of the holy island as sailing to Iona in a boat, without sail or oar, and, on his landing, being met on the beach by a 'pale and shadowy band,' uncovered, and each holding a taper. They proceed in silence to the church, which is lighted up as for a festival, and, after solemn music, the saint ascends the altar, while the ghostly company of kings and thanes, monks and jarls, kneel around—

'He craved a blessing on the Isles,
 And named them, one by one—
 Fair western isles that love the glow
 Of the departing sun.
 From Arran looming in the south,
 To northern Orades,
 Then to Iona back again,
 Through all those perilous seas,
 Three nights and days the saint had sailed
 To count the Hebrides.'

We are not certain that this group of ghastly personages, assembled in the church, like the uncoffined spectres in Alloway Kirk, is so striking as the common conception of the saint standing alone, a giant form, on the ruined walls of the towering cathedral, 'conversing with the storm,' and numbering the islands of the ocean. Our author, however, has thrown a veil of romance and superstitious awe over the solitary voyage of Columbus, and has depicted the saint in a strain of great tenderness and solemnity. Our limits will not permit us to describe all these legends in detail. 'The Witch of Skerrievore' is a rapid and animated sketch; 'The Dance of Ballochroy,' a more luxurious and impassioned strain; and 'The Invasion of the Norsemen' is imbued with the rough energetic spirit and picturesqueness of the old ballad style. Independently of the poetry in these pieces, there is a charm in the scenery and objects with which they are connected. They recall the exquisite and sublime aspects of nature in our western islands, which may well challenge comparison with the rock scenery of Switzerland or the Rhine; while they are consecrated in the minds of our countrymen by many national and patriotic associations. The rude towers of Ordnish, and the ruined walls of Dunstaffnage, beetling over the stormy sea, impart to the grand and solitary landscape a far deeper interest than can ever attach to the mere rock, sky, and water. Nor is the magic halo of genius wanting. Scott and Wordsworth sailed among these scenes, and pictured them in verse, while Campbell spent several of his early and happy years amidst the wild cliffs and ocean music of the Hebrides.

The second part of Mr Mackay's volume consists of 'Songs and Poems.' Some of these have already appeared in print; and two of the songs—'The Founding of the Bell,' and 'Tubal Cain'—have been set to music, and enjoy considerable popularity. Indeed we do not know that finer specimens of elevated lyrical poetry have appeared since Campbell produced his inimitable war odes. They are highly original in conception, and have an easy strength and felicity of expression and

sentiment, that are seldom seen in modern poetry. Of the same elevated cast, but totally different in subject and versification, is a classical poem, 'The Death of Pan,' which we are tempted to subjoin entire. It is not unworthy of being ranked with the magnificent Hyperion of Keats.

THE DEATH OF PAN.

[In the reign of Tiberius, an extraordinary voice was heard near the Echinades, in the Egean Sea, which exclaimed, 'Great Pan is dead!'—PLUTARCH.]

Behold the vision of the death of Pan.
 I saw a shadow on the mountain side,
 As of a Titan wandering on the cliffs;
 Godlike his stature, but his head was bent
 Upon his breast, in agony of woe;
 And a voice rose upon the wintry wind,
 Walling and moaning—'Weep, ye nations, weep!
 Great Pan is dying!—mourn me, and lament!
 My steps shall echo on the hills no more;
 Dumb are mine oracles—my fires are quenched,
 My doom is spoken, and I die—I die!'

The full moon shone upon the heaving sea,
 And in the light, with tresses all unbound,
 Their loose robes dripping, and with eyes downcast,
 The nymphs arose, a pallid multitude;
 Lovely but most forlorn, and thus they sang,
 With voice of sorrow—'Never, never more,
 In these cool waters shall we lave our limbs;
 Never, oh never more! in sportive dance
 Upon these crested billows shall we play;
 Nor at the call of prayer-emburdened men
 Appear in answer; for our hour is come;
 Great Pan has fallen, and we die! we die!'

Emerging slowly from the trackless woods,
 And from the umbrageous caverns of the hills,
 Their long hair floating on the rough cold winds;
 Their faces pale; their eyes suffused with tears;
 The Dryads and the Orades made their moan:
 'Never, oh never more!' distraught they cried,
 'Upon the mossy banks of these green woods,
 Shall we make music all the summer's day;
 Never again at morn, or noon, or night,
 Upon the flowery sward, by fount or stream,
 Shall our light footsteps mingle in the dance;
 Never again, discouraging from the leaves
 And twisted branches of these sacred oaks,
 Shall we make answer at a mortal's call!
 Our hour is come, our fire of life is quenched;
 Our voices fade; our oracles are mute;
 Behold our agony; we die! we die!
 And as they sang, their unsubstantial forms
 Grew pale and lineless, and dispersed in air;
 While from the innermost and darkest nooks,
 Deepest embowered amid those woods antique,
 A voice most mournful echoed back their plaint,
 And cried—'Oh, misery! they die! they die!'

Then passed a shadow on the moon's pale disc;
 And to the dust, in ecstasy of awe,
 I bent adoring. On the mountain-tops
 Thick darkness crept, and silence deep as death's
 Pervaded Nature. The wind sank—the leaves
 Forbore to flutter on the bending boughs,
 And breathing things were motionless as stones,
 As earth, revolving on her mighty wheel,
 Eclipsed in utter dark the lamp of Heaven;
 And a loud voice, amid that gloom sublime,
 Was heard from shore to sea, from sea to shore,
 Startling the nations at the unwonted sound,
 And swelling on the ear of mariners
 Far tossing on their solitary barks,
 A month's long voyage from the nearest land—
 'Great Pan has fallen, for ever, evermore!'

The shadow passed, light broke upon the world;
 And Nature smiled rejoicing in the beam
 Of a new morning blushing from the east;
 And sounds of music seemed to fill the air,
 And angel voices to exclaim on high,
 'Great Pan has fallen! and never more his creed
 Shall chain the free intelligence of man.
 The Christ is born, to purify the earth,
 To raise the lowly, to make rich the poor,
 To teach a faith of charity and love.
 Rejoice! rejoice! an error has expired;
 And the new Truth shall reign for evermore!'

There are two apologues, and several lines and allusions in Mr Mackay's volume, designed to encourage poets who sing in solitude, and to inculcate on them a love and reverence of their art, 'heedless of the world's applause.' One of these fabulous songsters tries in vain

to be heard amidst the smoke and noise of a great city, where all are too much absorbed in business or pleasure to listen to his melodies.

'The other nightingale, more wise than he,
With fuller voice and music more divine,
Stayed in the woods, and sang but when inspired
By the sweet breathing of the midnight wind—
By the mysterious twinkling of the stars—
By adoration of the Great Supreme—
By beauty in all hues and forms around—
By Love and Hope, and Gratitude and Joy:
And thus inspired, the atmosphere was rife
With the prolonged sweet music that he made.
He sought no listeners—heedless of applause—
But sang, as the stars shone from inward light,
A blessing to himself, and all who heard.
The otter, wending weary to his home,
Lingered full oft to listen to his song,
And felt 'twas beautiful, and blessed the strain:
And lonely students, wandering in the woods,
Loved nature more because this bird had sung.'

This intellectual purity of thought and purpose, and calm self-reliance, must ever characterise high genius. At the same time, it matters not where the 'full voice' and 'divine music' be uttered. Most of our great poets have lived in cities, and partaken largely of the stir and business of the world. We would interpret our author as seeking only to inspire a pure and independent love of poetry, without sordid aims or servile devotion to public taste or criticism—as Scott threw off his tales of chivalry, or Byron his Oriental romances, or Wordsworth his philosophic and contemplative prelections, without any immediate prototype or copy. All are different, yet each is original. Scott, amidst law and society, was as devoted to literature as Wordsworth amidst his lakes and mountains; nor was Milton less a poet because he was Latin secretary to the commonwealth, and lived in London. The 'power and faculty divine' may subsist, and be felt equally in the populous city and the desert solitude; for poetry, like religion, has its shrine in the human heart, and like it also, it is its own exceeding great reward. Among the worshippers at this shrine, free from all alloy of selfishness, and animated by a true and hopeful spirit, we may well include Mr Charles Mackay. He has done much, and promises more. We should wish to see him exercise a more rigid scrutiny over his lines—to aim more at condensation and severe correctness of measure; and to lop off relentlessly every prosaic and halting couplet. With this subordinate labour, there is scarcely any degree of power or fame that he may not anticipate. He has great fluency and fancy, warm and strong affections, and that fine delicacy and depth of moral feeling which, like sunshine on a landscape, lightens up and sheds beauty on all around.

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

NO. IV.

OLDYS states that two hundred authors had written in praise of Sir Philip Sidney, who trod, says an eloquent writer, 'from his cradle to his grave, amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory.' The Stella of his poetry, the Philoclea of his *Arcadia*, was the Lady Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, whose rash conduct was tyrannically punished. She was his destined bride from childhood, but for some unknown reason their parents broke off the match, and it was never renewed. She is described as being a woman of surpassing beauty and of commanding figure. She was twice married, but her after-life was full of wretchedness. As for him who, if events had taken their natural course, would have been her husband—

Immortal Sidney, glory of the field,
And glory of the muse—

he, it is well known, perished in his thirty-third year at the battle of Zutphen, 1586. His sonnets formed the favourite reading of Charles Lamb; and it is delightful to hear that writer, whose works have the true smack of originality about them, resound their praises. 'The general beauty of them is, that they are so perfectly characteristic. The

spirit of learning and chivalry, of which union Spenser has entitled Sidney to have been the president, shines through them. They are not rich in words only—in vague and unlocalised feelings—the falling too much of the poetry of the present day; they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriate every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion, pervading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries, and his judgment of them.' We believe it was Campbell who said that Sidney's life was poetry put into action.

Dr Donne is one of that race of writers whom Johnson styles metaphysical. Conceits, a forced combination of dissimilar things, a profusion of unsuitable allusions and comparisons, disfigure their pages to an intolerable degree. Donne's versification is extremely rugged, exhibiting an unusual defect of ear; which arose, it is said, from the sound of his own name, John Donne, injuring its sense of euphony from his earliest days. Pope gave a new version of his satires, and called it a translation. Donne's character was not less eccentric than his verses. When secretary to Lord Elsinore, he privately married that nobleman's niece. His father-in-law was so much enraged, that he threw Donne into prison, and took his wife from him. Towards the close of his life, as he was recovering from a severe attack of illness, he caused himself to be enveloped in a winding-sheet like a corpse. He then sent for a painter, and shutting his eyes, ordered his portrait to be taken. The picture hung by his bedside until the close of his life. His biography is given by Isaac Walton in a volume which Wordsworth enthusiastically says was written by a pen made from a feather that dropped from an angel's wing.

The name of the author of 'Peter Wilkins,' a well-known fiction, was not discovered until very lately. By some persons the work was attributed to Bishop Berkeley, the metaphysician who, according to Pope, was possessed of every virtue under heaven. At a recent sale of manuscripts, the assignment of the copyright from R. Paltock to Dodsley, for ten guineas, was disposed of. 'It is a work of great genius,' says the late poet-laureate; 'and I know that both Sir Walter Scott and Mr Coleridge thought as highly of it as I do. His winged creatures are the most beautiful creatures of imagination ever devised.'

In consequence of some remarks in a periodical publication, we were induced to look once more at the poems of the courtly Waller, who has the reputation of being a great improver of the language, and one of our most polished versifiers. Undoubtedly the harmony of his numbers was a considerable advance before the majority of his predecessors, but his verse, upon the whole, is far inferior to the strength of Dryden and the brilliancy of Pope. Like all the writers of that age, with one illustrious exception, he is full of conceits. His fancy was less fantastic and agile than Cowley's, but he excelled that poet in the diffusion of colouring through his verses, and in rhythmical melody. The best of his smaller pieces, in our opinion, are the lines addressed to Lady Lucy Sidney, and the epitaph on the only son of Lord Andover. So tender a feeling pervades them, that we cannot but wish he had written more in the same style; and yet Campbell has neither given these in his *Specimens*, nor others which rank amongst Waller's most successful efforts. There are some lines in his poem on Divine Poesy, suggested by a copy of verses written by Mrs Wharton, wife of the notorious marquis, which are of admirable rhythm, and quite equal to anything in Pope—

'The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union show.
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.'

Waller's verse dealt too much in mere prettinesses to earn an enduring reputation; and 'compositions merely pretty,' says Dr Johnson, 'have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for something useful; they are flowers, fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms, to be valued only as they foretell fruits.' He was too much of the fine gentleman to be sincere; and indeed lived so much with the great, that telling truth would have been something more than a folbie. He joined the crowd of adulators who tendered their congratulations in rhyme

to Charles II. upon his majesty's 'happy return.' Upon that occasion Waller said—

'We have you now, with ruling wisdom fraught—
Not such as books, but such as practice taught.'

Nothing could be more untrue than this couplet, for neither the monarch nor the man had profited by the bitter lessons of the past. He exhibited an example of a class of persons to whom the schoolmistress Experience cruelly administers chastisement without teaching. 'One has little merit,' says Gray to his friend West, 'in learning the lessons of experience; for one cannot well help it; but they are more useful than others, and imprint themselves in the very heart.' Even this little merit did not belong to Charles. In glancing over Waller's pages, two coincidences with a greater poet were obvious. The passages in *Paradise Lost* and *Il Penseroso*, to which the following lines bear a strong resemblance, are too well known to be more particularly indicated:—

'As a church window, thick with paint,
Leta in a light but dim and faint,
So we the Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odours taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.'

It is always an interesting employment to track the reading of great writers through the fields of literature, and to discover the places where they met with a thought which they took the trouble to carry home. Few poets were so entirely original as Burns; he sung for the most part from the impulses of his own spirit, and struck out a path too peculiarly his own to derive much light from others. But with respect to the passages we are about to place before the reader, there seems reason to believe that, if the thoughts were not deliberately copied by the Scottish bard, their sound was yet lingering in his ear when he wrote the lines we subjoin:—

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.'

'Honour, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but gold and silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.'—*Tristram Shandy*.

'All hail, ye tender feelings dear;
The smile of love, the friendly tear,
The sympathetic glow:
Long since, this world's thorny ways
Had numbered out my weary days,
Had it not been for you!'

'Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments. Long, long since had I numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them on this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it to some velvet path, which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delight, and having taken a few turns on it, come back strengthened and refreshed.'—*Sentimental Journey*.

'Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O!
Her prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lassies, O!'

'Oh women, since we were made before ye, should we not admire ye as the last and perfectest work of nature? Man was made when nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.'—*Cupid's Whirligig, an old drama*.

'But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever.'

'Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;
Without preserve in virtue nothing lasts.'

—*Marlowe's Hero and Leander*.

What an interesting chapter might be written upon the relics of great men, but here we can only mention a few in a paragraph as they occur to us at the moment. The houses where Ariosto, Rubens, Beethoven, and Goethe were born, are pointed out with pride at Reggio, Cologne, Bonn, and Frankfurt. The chair in which Petrarch died is shown, with other memorials of the poet, at Arqua. The house where Boccaccio lived is preserved at Certaldo; and the houses of Voltaire, Madame de Staël, and Gibbon, are visited by every tourist to the Lake of Geneva. Dr Johnson's watch, teapot, and punch-bowl, are reverently preserved by their owners from crack or flaw. Rubens' chair is kept in a glass case in the Antwerp

Gallery. Sir David Wilkie's palette may be seen under a glass by the side of his statue in the National Gallery. The mast of Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, penetrated by a cannon ball, is at Windsor. Sir Walter Scott's body-clothes are shown at that 'romance in stone and lime,' Abbotsford. The ink-stands of Ariosto and Gray are in safe keeping. The bedstead of George Fox, the proto-Quaker, carved with his initials, may be seen by the inquisitive traveller at Swart Moor, in Lancashire. The cradle of Henri Quatre is in the castle of Pau, at the foot of the Pyrenees. Cups carved out of the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare are treasured by admirers of the bard. Some autograph letters of Petrarch are in the possession of Lord Holland. Of the five known autographs of Shakespeare, the three which have come into the market of late years have commanded astonishingly high prices. One is in the British Museum, one in the City of London Library, and the others, excepting the will at Doctors Commons, are in the hands of private individuals.

There are instances of authors who have distrusted their native language as a means of expressing their thoughts, either because they fancied it intrinsically mean, or because they apprehended its longevity would not equal that of their fame. Petrarch thought slightly of his sonnets and amatory pieces—for which alone 'the bones of Laura's lover' have been canonised—and rested his hopes of being transmitted to posterity upon a Latin epic that celebrated the exploits of Scipio in the second Punic war. Walter Savage Landor, the author of *Gebir*, almost avows that he has adopted the Latin tongue on several occasions, 'in order to secure,' says a critic, 'an imperishable name when the English shall be forgotten, so that when the planks of the British vessel fail him, he may step on the terra firma of the imperial literature of Rome.' Byron used to say that his greatest poem should be written in Italian, but that ten years' previous study would be required. It is not often that modern languages have been acquired with sufficient accuracy to justify a foreigner in the use of them for compositions meant to live. Gibbon, through an early residence abroad, wrote French with as much ease as English, and several of his writings preceding the *History* were composed in the former tongue; his English works are deeply tintured with Gallic idioms in consequence. That wild fever-dream, *Vathek*, was originally written in French, at one sitting; and Mr Hope wrote *Anastasius* in the same language before it appeared in English. Mr Townley translated *Hudibras* into French.

PLOUGHING NEAR SOLERNO.

The fields being without fences, have an open look; and the mingling of men and women together in their cultivation, gives them a chequered appearance, and renders them very picturesque. In the middle of a large green wheat field would be a group of men and women weeding the grain; the red petticoats and the blue spencers of the latter contrasting beautifully with the colour of the fields. In one plot of ground I saw a team and a mode of ploughing quite unique, yet withal very simple. The earth was soft, as if already broken up, and needed only a little mellowing; to effect this, a man had harnessed his wife to a plough, which she dragged to and fro with all the patience of an ox, he in the meantime holding it behind, as if he had been accustomed to drive, and she to go. She, with a strap around her breast, leaning gently forward, and he bowed over the plough behind, presented a most curious picture in the middle of a field. The plough here is a very simple instrument, having but one handle, and no share, but in its place a pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, projecting forward like a spear; and merely passes through the ground like a sharp-pointed stick, without turning a smooth furrow like our own.—*Headly's Letters from Italy*.

SOCIAL FEELINGS.

The social feelings have not been unaptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, placed together, they glow with a ruddy and intense heat.—*Private Life*.

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CLUB-LIFE.

THE least observant stranger, whose track lies in the western portion of London, cannot choose but stop to admire the cluster of mansions which have been reared in and near Pall-Mall. Whatever his taste, he must indeed be fastidious if he do not find it gratified in one or other of these edifices; for they exhibit every order of architecture, from the severest Doric to the most florid Composite. Until informed what they really are, he would be pardoned for mistaking one for a restored Grecian temple, another for a modern Italian palace. Inquiry, however, would convince him that nothing classical belongs to them, except their exteriors, and, in one or two instances, their names. On the contrary, they are devoted to the unclassical and everyday purposes of eating, drinking, lounging, and reading newspapers. They are simply domestic club-houses; numbering twenty-two. Nor are these economical and convenient institutions monopolised by the metropolis; for there is now a club-house in every principal town in the three kingdoms. In Manchester there are two, in Dublin four, in Edinburgh three.

Clubs may be generally described as houses combining the characters of restaurants and reading-rooms, for the use of a select number of associated persons, who agree to make an annual payment for their support, whether they resort to them little or much, and pay besides for whatever refreshment they may require, at a cost free of profit. Originating within the present century, and concentrating a large proportion of the men of fortune, station, and political note in the metropolis, clubs may be divided into three classes: first, those consisting of members following similar pursuits, such as the United Service and the literary clubs; secondly, those whose members hold a particular set of political opinions; thirdly, those claiming no speciality, and known as miscellaneous clubs. These establishments have had a striking effect upon the manners, not only, we would say, of the departments of society from which their members are drawn, but upon society in general; and the change has been decidedly for the better. In the first place, they have brought economy into fashion. In the old time, associations were formed for the purpose of spending money, in a manner which did but little good either to the receiver or disburser. Drinking clubs, for wasting money and health; four-in-hand clubs, which cost each member some five or six hundred a-year to adopt the habits and manners of a stage-coachman, together with similarly senseless associations, had the effect of encouraging reckless extravagance, accompanied with certain collateral irregularities, which caused the picture of English society, as presented towards the end of the last and beginning of the present century, to be the reverse of a bright one.

The main object of modern clubs is directly the reverse. They were set on foot for the purpose of supplying to their members the necessaries of life at the lowest possible rate. They are, it is admitted, furnished and conducted on a scale which may be called luxurious; but, be it remembered, we are all creatures of habit, and luxuries are necessities to those who have been used to them. Considering, therefore, the high amount of convenience and comfort they afford, clubs are extremely economical. An excellent dinner at a modern club costs no more than a very bad one at an old tavern. Thus clubs have tended to establish wholesome economy amongst the rich as a principle and a duty, whilst formerly it was considered an evidence of contracted notions and meanness for a man of a few thousands a-year to practise it. It is recorded of one of the highest and richest officers of state, that fifteenpence instead of a shilling having been charged at his club for an item in his dinner bill, he bestirred himself till the odd threepence was struck off. Now, as this individual's income ranges somewhere between fifty and a hundred thousand a-year, the actual saving must have been the last thing in his thoughts. His motive was obvious: he took the trouble of objecting, to promote the principles of economy. A poor member would not perhaps have dared to object; although threepence overcharged for each of his dinners would have been an inconvenient diminution of his income at the end of the year. The duke in all likelihood felt this, and for the sake of his poorer brethren, put a stop to the abuse.

Clubs, again, have helped to abolish the once fashionable vice of drunkenness. Formerly, one drunkard made many, because, for the sake of conviviality, all were compelled to drink alike. Now, the individual is independent of his neighbours in this respect, and so thoroughly has the scale been thus turned in favour of sobriety, that no intemperate man is allowed to remain a member of a club. A careful examination of the statistics of several of these establishments brings out the fact, that the average quantity of wine drunk by each member has not exceeded of late years half a pint per diem. The moral bearing of the upper classes has been vastly amended by this improvement, not to mention health. It is said of one of the old school—an early member of the 'Union'—that he regarded with envy the daily half-pint, and no more, which was served to a certain witty and temperate author. One day he took up the small decanter and exclaimed with a sigh, 'Ah! I wish I could make up my mind to stick to your infallible life-preservers.'

Against the advantages of clubs, certain disadvantages have been urged; the gravest of which is the notion that they tend to withdraw men from female society—the best of social influences. This objection is disposed of by the fact, that the modern establishments present

no inducements for social pleasures. As an instance of this, we learn that, in the month of June 1843, the number of dinners served at the Athenæum was 1457, of which all but thirty-six were single. Of the latter, thirty were served to two persons, five to three, and one to four. Again, in all modern clubs, the only convenient place for sociality is the drawing-room. Now, precisely because ladies—the crowning charm of the drawing-room—are absent, this apartment is always the most deserted in the house; for the majority of the members, if not officially employed, are where they ought to be—with their families. A graphic writer gives the following as a true picture of the evening aspect of the drawing-room of a certain club:—'One elderly gentleman, with a shining cocoa-nut head, asleep at the fireplace at one end of the room, matches with another elderly gentleman, with a cocoa-nut head, slumbering at the fireplace at the other end of the room.' In further proof of the non-attendance of members at the time when ladies' society is most accessible, we happen to know that, at a committee meeting of the largest house in Pall-Mall, a whist player complained that he could not get a 'healthy rubber' in the whole house. In commiseration for his sufferings, the committee ceded to him one end of the drawing-room; that being the most deserted, and consequently the quietest corner in the building.

It may be supposed, on the other hand, that all sociality is suppressed by the club system. But this is not wholly the case; for although it enables a man to dine alone if he choose, and have his thoughts as much his own as if he were shut up in his own study, yet if he wish company, there it is for him. The first rule, however, does not hold good with a man who happens to be popular and agreeable. He is apt to be 'bored' with companions when he may not want them. The late Theodore Hook was a martyr in this way; for it is well known that many members dined at the Athenæum when they otherwise would have stayed away, for the chance of enjoying some of his pleasantries. It is stated by a Quarterly Reviewer, that, since the renowned humorist disappeared from his favourite table near the door (nicknamed 'Temperance Corner'), the number of dinners has fallen off by upwards of 300 per annum.

The most visible of all influences which clubs have exercised, is that which they have wrought on the aristocracy in their intercourse with those of a lower grade. Constant association with individuals of humbler rank has thawed that exclusiveness, and broken down the not very estimable pride, in which the higher classes of the old school shrouded themselves. Groups are now constantly seen which are composed of elements that were formerly as immiscible as oil and water. A high-church dignitary, a humble curate, an author, and a peer, may be seen partaking of the same meal. In Lady Hester Stanhope's younger days,* the very idea of such an incongruous party would have been regarded as the commencement of a disastrous revolution in society!

Having, pretty nearly characterized the changes in high life which clubs have produced, an account of their rise may not be uninteresting. For the origin of these establishments the public are indebted to the military. The officers of the army, whether in camp or in quarters, have always experienced the advantage and economy of clubbing for their provisions. They have found that the pay of each individual, spent separately, would scarcely procure him ordinary necessities; whilst, by adding it to a general fund—to be judiciously disbursed by a clever

provider or 'caterer'—he obtains for his subscription not only requisites, but luxuries. This goes on very successfully during active service; but when retirement on half-pay takes place, the plan was, till lately, impracticable. At the peace of 1815, a reduction of the army withdrew a number of officers from the 'messes' to which they had belonged. Thus a great many gentlemen of comparatively limited means were thrown into private life, a prey to the by no means moderate exactions of hotel, tavern, and boarding and lodging-house keepers. In many instances long and continued absence from home had severed these brave men from domestic ties; yet having always lived amongst a congenial brotherhood, society was essential to their happiness. The chief refuge for such comparatively desolate warriors in London was at that period 'Slaughter's Coffee-house,' St Martin's Lane; a very excellent abode when full pay and prize-money were rife, but far too expensive for 'half-pay.' In these circumstances the mess-system was naturally thought of; and the late General Lord Lynedoch, with five brother-officers, met for the purpose of devising a plan by which it could be applied to non-professional life. So effectual were their deliberations, and so well-grounded their preliminary measures, that a club was formed during the same year (1815). The military founders, knowing that many of their naval brethren were, like themselves, placed upon reduced allowances, afterwards brought them within the scope of their design; and an association was enrolled, entitled the 'United Service Club.' A building fund was formed; a neat edifice—the design of Sir Robert Smirke—was raised at the corner of Charles Street, St James's, and in the year 1819 it was opened for the reception of the members. A society of sailor-officers also established a snug home of their own in Bond Street, called the 'Naval,' which now consists of about 350 members.

Meanwhile candidates for admission to the United Service Club increased so rapidly, that a larger habitation was rendered necessary. A new and magnificent edifice, from plans and designs by Mr Nash, the architect of Buckingham Palace, was erected at the east corner of the grand entrance to St James's Park from Pall-Mall, and taken possession of in 1828. At present there are about 1490 members.

By the second rule of this club, no officer is eligible below the rank of major in the army, and commander in the navy; but to provide for officers below those grades, a new association was formed, for the reception of all ranks, from general and admiral, down to subalterns, either in the Queen's or in the East India Company's service. Having purchased the house in Charles Street vacated by the senior club, the new one was opened in 1827, under the title of the 'Junior United Service Club.' It is now the most numerous in London, being composed of 1500 'effective' members, with 400 'super-numeraries,' who, being abroad, are not called on to pay their subscriptions.

Besides these three establishments, the officers belonging to her majesty's household troops had an exclusive club of their own, commenced so far back as 1809, though not for domestic purposes. But latterly they imitated the other clubs, and built a tall, thin, but withal pretty edifice, squeezed in, as it were, between Crockford's gaming-house and their own bootmaker's shop—that of the well-known Hoby—at the head of St James's Street, and nearly opposite to White's celebrated bow window. This, called the 'Guards,' made the fourth club composed of military men; but candidates for admission to all of these had, by 1837, so far exceeded the limits set to each, that a fifth, called the 'Army and Navy Club,' was instituted in St James's Square, to which about a thousand members already belong. We may now fairly conclude that the officers in the British service are at last adequately provided with cheap accommodation during their residence in London: and not only there, but in provincial quarters also; for United Service Clubs exist in all the important garrison towns of Great Britain.

rev. Rubens extracts from her book at page 121 of present volume.

The original United Service Club had been scarcely founded, when news of the comfort and economy it afforded was spread throughout all classes amongst whom similar associations were practicable. As may be expected, those most gregarious in their pursuits and habits first copied the plan. Many members of the universities, who, when at college, daily met to dine 'in hall,' or, for instruction, in lecture-rooms, found themselves inconveniently alone when in London. They therefore instituted and built a club called the 'United University'—a very grave and reverend-looking edifice, which occupies the corner of Suffolk Street and Pall-Mall east. This association consisted, in 1841 (to which year most of our returns refer), of 1116 members.—Another club for the same class of men was afterwards called into existence in Pall-Mall, and named the 'Oxford and Cambridge,' whose average number of members is 1177.

Next to the army and the church, it is usual to take the law into consideration. Gentlemen of this profession having formed, in Chancery Lane, an institution for purely professional purposes, attached to it a domestic club, which, in 1841, numbered about 350. The higher branches of the profession appear to require no especial establishment of the kind. Consisting mostly of members of the universities, or of literary men, they belong to the United University, to the Oxford and Cambridge, or to the Athenæum. Of the last, a large proportion of the judges are members. To complete our review of the club-life of the learned professions, we must make a single allusion to the medical faculty. Their lives are too incessantly passed in alleviating the maladies of society, to partake very largely in its comforts and pleasures. Hence, of medical domestic clubs, 'there are'—to borrow a terse chapter on 'the antidotes to corrosive sublimate' from an ancient toxicological work—'none!' The names of a few physicians may, however, be found amongst the lists of the miscellaneous and literary clubs, but they are almost honorary members. Of all the professional clubs, none received so much support, or has risen to so much distinction, as that established for literary scientific men and artists—the 'Athenæum,' whose gorgeous mansion stands at the west corner of the Pall-Mall entrance to St James's Park, and forms a fine contrast to the more severely tasteful 'United Service' on the opposite side. The history of this institution is more than usually interesting, from including the names of the brightest ornaments of each department of the arts. We learn that on the 13th of March 1823, Mr Croker, then secretary to the Admiralty, addressed a letter to Sir Humphrey Davy, in which he represented that 'the fashionable and military clubs had not only absorbed a great portion of society,* but have spoiled all the coffee-rooms and taverns; and urged the formation of a club for the classes referred to. In the year following, a committee was formed, consisting of Sir H. Davy, president of the Royal Society, the Earl of Aberdeen, president of the Society of Antiquaries, Sir Thomas Lawrence, president of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, John Wilson Croker, and other noblemen and gentlemen connected with literature and art, to the number of twenty-nine. At first they were housed in temporary apartments in Waterloo Place, but in 1830, the new mansion was finished from the designs of Mr Decimus Burton, at a cost of £45,000, including furniture. The nominal limit of members is 1200, but certain honorary elections of eminent persons swell the actual roll to 1250 names. In such high estimation is this club held, that belonging to it is deemed a guarantee for the greatest respectability.

The lesser stars of this literary firmament formed

themselves, like the 'Junior United Service,' into a minor club, and took possession of the house vacated by the Athenæum. This was for some years called the 'Literary Union,' but having gradually admitted individuals unconnected with letters, it changed its title to the 'Clarence.' Since then it gradually languished, and died in 1843.—Gentlemen connected with the theatrical profession, either as authors, performers, or scene-painters, enjoy each other's society at the 'Garrick,' which is conveniently situated near the best theatres in Covent Garden. They form the smallest body of London clubbists, only amounting to 197.—Our list of professional clubs is completed by the mention of those set aside for the mercantile community near the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange. One, called the 'City,' stands in Old Broad Street, and is made up of 600 members; and the other, known as the 'Graham,' is scarcely yet settled in its new house in King William Street. Another commercial club is now in progress of formation, with the high-sounding title of the 'St George.' It is to be composed of gentlemen interested in railways.

Thus the most numerous London clubs are those made up of individuals attracted to social and domestic companionship by pursuing similar professional careers. In a few others, the basis is community of politics. The 'Carlton Club' consists of members of parliament and others professing Tory principles, to the number of 1200. The 'Conservative Club' sufficiently indicates, by its name, the party to which its members (of whom there are upwards of 1000) belong; as does the 'Reform Club,' to which 1421 reformers are attached. It must, however, be understood that these associations do not exist for political purposes—do not profess, as bodies, to take any share in public events whatever. It is the mere congeniality of political sentiment which attracts the members, to share the same accommodations for the ordinary requirements of existence. They must not, therefore, be confounded with what are called the 'St James's Street Clubs,' such as White's and Brookes's, which are of a more decidedly political character, and are conducted on a different principle. As in the days of Dryden and his companions—when the original White and Brookes flourished—they remain the property of tavern-keepers, who are licensed by the magistrates in the same manner as the proprietors of public hotels and taverns. But they only admit their subscribers. These select a committee to manage the internal affairs of the house; such as deciding who shall be admitted, and fixing the charges for refreshments to be made by the proprietors. As before explained, they are of much older date than domestic clubs. Recently, they have lost much of their political character, and are now considered principally as lounges for people of little occupation.

To be eligible for admission to the 'Travellers' Club,' a gentleman must either be a foreigner, or have travelled at least five hundred miles in a straight line from London. It numbers 700 members, amongst whom are several authors; for in these days there are few persons who, having 'done' their five hundred miles or more, refrain from favouring the world with their journals, or notes of travel, in the form of one or more octavo volumes.—There is another and much larger class of travellers to whom the convenience of a club is a great boon; namely, such gentlemen as are connected, either in a civil or military capacity, with our vast Indian possessions. Those on the retired or on the sick list, who either reside permanently, or are visiting London for a year or two, are provided for by the 'Oriental.' Their elegant establishment stands on the sunny side of Hanover Square, and, in 1841, accommodated 523 members.

It must be obvious that numerous individuals—besides those who have been able to class themselves into separate bodies from the similar nature of their pursuits—remain ineligible for admission to any of the establishments we have enumerated. They therefore find

* Besides the United Service, the Atheneum, the United University, the Union, and the Travellers' Club, had been established. The Athenæum was the sixth club which was formed in London.

refuge in what go by the designation of Miscellaneous Clubs. Many of these started as class clubs; but—by the gradual admission of very agreeable companions unconnected with the profession or class of which the society was composed, or from an inability to keep their funds by a too rigid selection of candidates—they have become generalised. The 'Alfred' (23 Albemarle Street) was originally a whist club; but, like the Guards, adopted the domestic system, added a coffee-room, and became miscellaneous. The 'Windham'—which borrowed the name of William Windham, an eminent senator, who was secretary-at-war till 1801—started as a political, but is now a miscellaneous club of 613 members. The 'Parthenon' (732 strong), and the 'Eretheum' (250), are both miscellaneous. Into the latter opulent tradesmen are admitted. But of all the non-professional clubs, none stands so high as the 'Union,' which accommodates its 1025 members in Cockspur Street. It was formed soon after the United Service, and boasted at one time of no fewer than 400 members of both houses of Parliament.

We have now completed the list of London clubs. It should be understood, that the aggregate of the members set down to each far exceeds the number of individuals. Many men belong to more than one; and the vanity of some who can afford it, induces them to get admission into four, five, or even six, should they be eligible. For instance, a soldier—one of a military club—may be also a scientific man, and get into the Atheneum; he may have travelled, and be on the roll of the Travellers. Should he have been in the East, he may join the Oriental; and all the miscellaneous clubs are open to him. Some imagine that, having passed the ordeal of so many scrutinising ballots, they obtain great éclat and importance in society. Characters of this stamp form a new generation; they are essentially, and to all intents and purposes, club-men. Having been created by clubs, in clubs they have their being. They are perfectly conversant with the domestic arrangements of each establishment. They know to a nicety at which house the most perfect soups are served; from which of the kitchens the best soufflés are wafted; and can tell to a day when the best bin of the United University's claret was bottled. They are also oracles in higher things. Constantly 'looking in' at the morning rooms of the political clubs, they are able to prognosticate the precise number of a majority on any important parliamentary question. Their frequent visits to libraries, and intercourse with authors, give them an extensive acquaintance with literary matters, and they will name the writer of an anonymous work on the day of publication. They have a vast number and variety of acquaintances, and speak familiarly of my friend the duke, because 'he is a member of our club.'

Their extensive connoisseurship in small details of management, makes them valuable 'house' committeemen, and in that character they look uncommonly sharp after the goings-on of the servants and the quality of the edibles. Some, again, are not so fortunate as to 'obtain office,' especially those who endeavour to get into it by dint of grumbling. Like Hector Boreall in one of Poole's clever though exaggerated sketches, these troublesome members write furious complaints on the backs of their dinner bills, because, perhaps, the cook sends up two sprigs of fennel instead of three, with a mackerel, and 'cracks the glass near the tail.' This sort of clubbist is the horror of committees, the dread of servants, and the terror of members, whom he is constantly canvassing for support for his frivolous complaints at the general meetings; enforcing his arguments by the incessant question, 'What do we pay our six guineas a-year for?' Men of this sort are appropriately called 'bores,' and happily form a very small minority in club-life. Apart from such exceptions, a large agreeable person than your regular club-man does

not exist. The variety of information he possesses, the freedom and ease with which he imparts it, and the excellence of his manners, make him a most popular character in general society; from which his clubs do not withdraw him, as we have before argued.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE FUNGUS FAMILY.

THE common edible mushroom is usually taken as the type of this order, which includes the puff-ball, truffle, morel, the mould on cheese and stale bread, the mildew on trees, the rust on corn, the substance called dry-rot, and many other minute and yet unexamined appearances of a similar nature. The fungi are amongst the lowest forms of vegetation, are entirely composed of cellular tissue, and have no organs corresponding to the roots, branches, or leaves of higher plants. It may be difficult to persuade some who have never given attention to botany, that such substances as the reddish dust often found on the ears of corn, and the white silky mould on decaying fruit, are really vegetable forms; but he has only to place them under the lens of a good microscope, to discover that they are as perfect as the mushroom that springs on the lawn, and to observe, moreover, their reproductive organs studded with minute grains, each granule destined to become a fungal like its parent. Though low in their organisation, the fungi are extremely diversified in their size, shape, colour, and consistency: so much so, that the naturalist will find in them as wide a field for his inquiry—as curious adaptations for his wonder—as are presented by any other order in nature.

Like all non-flowering and lowly-organised plants, the fungals are either propagated by spores or granules (seed), or by filamentous processes called spawn. The spores are generally produced within or under the conical cap or ball which springs above ground; the spawn in membranes attached to the part underground, or not unfrequently in the whole substance of the fungus. In point of reproduction, indeed, the family may be said to be infinite. The millions of spawn particles which Lewenhock counted in the roe of the cod are as nothing in comparison; for their reproductive power is confined to one portion of the animal, and that at a certain period only, whereas in the fungi every cell of tissue may contain its germs, and every germ spring up into new forms equally fitted for propagation in the space of a few hours. Nay, some pass through the course of their existence in a few minutes, and have given birth to thousands, even while under the field of the microscope. So minute are the spores of many species, that they float unseen in the atmosphere around us, may be in every drop of water we drink, or even circulate through our system unobserved. Individually, a fungus develops itself circularly; that is, the original germ increases by additions of tissue, which produce a spherical form; and this form, when mature, disperses its spores after the same concentric manner. A succession of such developments—proceeding from a common centre, and enlarging in space year after year—produces in many instances those deep green circles on lawns known as *fairy rings*; the decay of the latest crop of fungi serving as manure to the ring on which they grew.

Though some genera are rare, and rather local, it may be said of the family generally that they are scattered everywhere, without reference to those conditions which limit other vegetation, that they flourish on every substance, whether organic or inorganic, and that many luxuriate only on the structures of living plants or animals. Let any vegetable or animal substance begin to show symptoms of decay, and one night will suffice to establish myriads of these tiny moulds and mildews on its surface; let fruit, bread, cheese, flesh, milk, or the like, be laid aside in any damp unventilated place, and countless colonies of these parasites will succeed each

other, till they have utterly consumed the source from which they sprang. 'They usually prefer,' says a recent writer, 'damp, dark, unventilated places, such as cellars, vaults, the parts beneath decaying bark, the hollows of trees, the denser parts of woods and forests, or any decaying matter placed in a damp and shaded situation; and are most especially averse to dryness and bright light. Even when they appear upon the live leaves of trees, the stems of corn, or in similar situations, it is either at the damp and wet season of the year, late in the autumn, or in moist, airless places; and M. Andouin has shown experimentally, that when live insects are attacked by them, it is only when they are confined in damp, unventilated places.' Such facts are of practical utility; for often in storehouses, silk-worm nurseries, orchards, and corn-fields, there are not more destructive agencies than the parasitic fungi. Passing over such as the mushroom and truffle, which spring directly from the soil, and those which attach to the boles of trees and the like, we may notice the nature and habitat of some of the more curious genera.

Among the most familiar and universal are the *mucores*—moulds which abound on bruised fruit and other substances containing fecula and sugar. These moulds are of all shapes—simple, branched, spherical, radiating—presenting a surface like velvet, or a network of the most delicate texture; and of all hues—blue, yellow, and vermillion, but seldom or ever green. One of the most common, the *Mucor mucedo*, consists of a single filament, headed by a very minute ball-shaped receptacle. In the young state, this little ball is covered by a thin membrane, which bursts as the spores arrive at maturity, and which then present themselves like so many dusty particles congregated round a central nucleus. Being so minute, the slightest touch, or the gentlest breath of air, is sufficient to scatter them in thousands, and thus the *mucores* increase like wildfire. As they require abundant nutriment, it is only on succulent parts they luxuriate; and for this reason they are principally injurious to fruits—the slightest injury from an insect affording them a basis for propagation. Though individually small, the moulds, in the aggregate, are capable of effecting immense damage, and sometimes collect in masses truly astonishing, as is well illustrated by the instance recorded by Sir Joseph Banks. Having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine matter it contained might be more decomposed by age. At the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was consequently cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungous production, so firm, that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal! This appeared to have grown from, or to have been nourished by, the decomposing particles of the wine—the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the surface of the fungus. The expansive force of growing fungi is often curiously exemplified under stones and other moveable objects: we have seen a slab of pavement of considerable size raised several inches from its level by the growing power of a bed of puff-balls beneath.

The disease called *dry-rot* in timber, is owing to the presence of minute fungi, which insert their filaments into the pores and tubes of the wood, and there luxuriate and multiply at the expense of those substances which give to the timber its cohesion. If once established in a damp and unventilated situation, *dry-rot* increases with such amazing rapidity, that the largest beams in a few years become soft and tender as tinder. We have seen, for example, the beams and flooring of a building erected in 1830 so thoroughly destroyed by this disease in the course of eight years, that a child would have been in danger by placing his weight upon them. When taken up, the moulds were found adhering to them in masses of nearly two feet thick—a fact which will convey some idea of their infinite numbers, when it is

remembered that, individually, each plant can only be examined with the aid of a microscope. The genera chiefly instrumental in producing this disease are *merulius*, *polyporus*, and *sporophium*—the latter being perhaps the most rapidly-spreading and destructive. Damp, want of ventilation, and a slightly subacid state of the wood, are conditions most favourable to the development of *dry-rot*; free exposure to air and sunshine are thorough preventives; and where these cannot be secured, the wood should be steeped in some solution destructive of fungi. It is not merely dead timber, but living vegetables also that suffer from its ravages—as is often exemplified, to the cost of the farmer and gardener, in cases of mildew, smut, rust, ergot, &c. And if found on living plants, we need not be surprised at their appearance in animals. Many insects are attacked by them in such a manner, that the whole juices of the body are speedily consumed, and their space filled with the filaments of the fungi. One of the most common instances of animal *dry-rot* is the disease in silk-worms called *La Muscadine*. These insects are liable at all ages to become sickly, and to die, soon after death becoming stiff, and acquiring such a degree of rigidity as to be readily broken. There is then thrown out from their surface a white efflorescence, which is the fructification of the fungus, *Botrytis basiana*—the inside being filled with the thalli or filaments of the same plant. If some healthy caterpillars are placed beneath a bell-glass, along with a small portion of worm killed by the botrytis, they soon catch the disease, exhibit the same symptoms as those already mentioned, and eventually perish; having no doubt been infected either by rubbing themselves against the dead worm, or, what is more probable, having received upon their skins the infinitely minute seeds dispersed by the botrytis.

It is often a matter of wonder and inquiry how the minute fungi are generated so abundantly on substances and in situations where one cannot well conceive how their germs can gain admission. That their generation is not owing to any mere chemical action, but to the presence of their seeds or germs, is the common belief among naturalists; and yet it is sometimes impossible to account for their growth in this manner. It is true that the most impalpable dust is not finer than their spores, that these may be borne about by every current in the atmosphere, may be in every drop of exposed liquid, and may insert themselves in the finest organic tissues. It is also to be borne in mind that these spores may be present without their being developed; for, like higher forms, they will not germinate unless under fitting conditions. Thus Dutrochet found that distilled water holding a small quantity of white of egg in solution, did not generate fungus in a twelvemonth; but upon the addition of the minutest quantity of an acid, it generated them in eight days' time in abundance. Alkaline infusions were found to possess the same property; and the only poisons which prevented the growth of these minute fungi, were the oxides or salts of mercury. Upon this principle Mr Kyan and others have obtained patents for solutions of corrosive sublimate, &c. which render timber, cordage, sail-cloth, and other vegetable substances indestructible, so far as the attacks of fungi are concerned.

Though possessing no apparent beauty either of colour or of structure, the fungi are not without their interest in this respect. Any one can readily convince himself by placing a patch of mould under the lens of a good magnifier. The colours are generally tawny-brown, yellow, or pure white, often red and blue, but never green. The forms are for the most part stalked, with a conical or mitre-like head; some are globular; others are produced in irregular masses; and many are simple filamentary processes, with a productive speck at the apex. Many genera appear to be mere blotches of jelly, others froth-like masses, as unlike anything in vegetation as could well be imagined. Yeast, for example, according to Milder and others, is a spherical fungus; so that fermentation is a fungus development, the plants propagating

and increasing so long as they find the elements of nutrition in the fermenting liquid. A spherule of yeast, a vegetable capable of multiplying itself by myriads—what a wonderful microcosm of vitality! In their consistence the fungi are fleshy, spongy, leathery, gelatinous, or corky, but never herbaceous. They are of all sizes, from the spherule, which the naked eye can scarcely detect, to the monster fungus foot and five feet in circumference. Though possessing no floral attractions, many species possess the more wonderful attraction of being luminous. The coal-miner near Dresden have long been celebrated for their fungi, which emit a light similar to that of pale moonlight. Gardner found some agarics growing on leaves of palms in Brazil, and illuminating the forests like so many stars—the light being visible for several hundred yards; and Deile found others in the olive-grounds of Montpellier. The spawn of the truffle is also accounted luminous, and can thus be detected when all other means would have been fruitless.

The purposes which the fungi fulfil in the economy of nature are as yet but little understood. Useless and unimportant as they may seem, destructive as they often are to the products of human labour, their numbers and universality demonstrate that they must subserve some great design in creation. Unlike other plants, they do not purify the air by robbing it of its carbonic acid, and exhaling oxygen, but rather tend to its vitiation, by exhaling carbonic acid, and absorbing oxygen. This has been proved by the experiments of Marcat; and yet, as a function, it seems as necessary as that to which it is opposed. According to a popular writer, 'fungi and insects may not inaptly be called the scavengers of nature; for both labour, and with astonishing effect, in the removal of refuse matters, which, were they left on the surface of the earth, would be found not only useless incumbrances, but injurious tenants. These they help to disintegrate and dissolve, and speedily remove, converting the exuvie of one generation into manure and vegetable mould, for the support and maintenance of the next. For these duties, their minute seeds and wandering habits particularly fit them.' Many of them also furnish food for innumerable insects, their soft pulpy substance being readily available for such a purpose, at the same time that their carrion-like odour adds a zest to the feast.

Though the minuter genera are often noxious to man, yet many of the larger are not without their uses. Some of these are wholesome and palatable, as the mushroom, morel, truffle, and chaupignon; others are deadly poisons, as every summer demonstrates, by some unlucky individual mistaking the noxious for the wholesome species. Many of the minuter fungi, as moulds, smuts, rusts, and so on, are injurious when taken into the human system; and there is not a more powerful drug in the whole materia medica than the ergot found on the ears of rye. German tinder, so much used by gentlemen for lighting their cigars, is prepared from a species of puff-ball or *Boletus*, which, after being dried, is impregnated with nitre. Some species were at one time used like the lichens by country people in dyeing yellow; but the advancement of the arts has long since banished such ingredients. As showing the value of the order in human economy, some of the edible genera may be shortly described. First and most familiar among these is the common field mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, found abundantly in every country of Europe, and used either in a fresh state, employed in cookery, or manufactured into ketchup. As the produce of the mushroom in a cultivated country like Britain is very uncertain, many noblemen have it reared in their own gardens, where proper beds are prepared and sown with its spawn. The morel is a more delicate fungus, sparingly found in the south of England, but abundantly in France and Italy. It is highly prized by gourmands, but has not, so far as we are aware, been brought into cultivation.

The truffle is the most valuable of the family, and commands a good price in the markets of Italy and

France. It grows beneath the surface, and has no appearance of a root; its form is that of an irregular globe, covered with small rounded tubercles, and its colour varies from that of white to a grayish or marbled brown. In general, it attains a diameter of two or three inches, and when full grown, emits a powerful but rather pleasant odour. Unlike other fungi, the truffle, when ripe, does not become a powdery mass, but dissolves into a gelatinous pulp. Truffles are found in most of the temperate climates of the old world, especially in the oak and chestnut forests of France and Italy, and in the chalk districts of southern England. Being strictly underground growers, it would be difficult to discover them, were it not that the pigs which feed in the woods are extremely fond of them, and commence to grub wherever they are abundant. Dogs can also be trained to recognise them by the smell; and a practised gatherer knows where to dig, by the appearance as well as by the hollow sound of the soil. The season of collecting them continues from October to January, after which they begin to split in all directions, and to fall to pieces. Many gardeners have endeavoured to cultivate the truffle, and at the present moment are making vigorous attempts; but they have as yet made but indifferent progress. The tuber is cooked in several ways, being either simply broiled, cut up into salad, or used like the mushroom as seasoning; but it must at all times be sparingly used. It may be kept in ice or covered with lard; and in some countries it is dried. The truffle was early known, and has been in repute among gourmands since the time of the Greeks and Romans. Other species of mushroom have been used for food from time immemorial in China, in India, and in Africa.

Besides these edible fungi, well known in the old world, there are others found in North and South America. 'The most remarkable of these is the genus *Cyttaria*, important from its forming an article of food to the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego.' 'It is,' says Mr Darwin, 'a globular, bright yellow fungus, which grows in vast numbers on the beech trees. When young, it is elastic and turgid, with a smooth surface deeply pitted or honeycombed; in its tough and mature state, it is collected in large quantities by the women and children, and is eaten uncooked. It has a mucilaginous, slightly sweet taste, with a faint smell like that of a mushroom. With the exception of a few berries, the natives eat no vegetable food besides this fungus. In New Zealand, before the introduction of the potato, the roots of the fern were largely consumed; but at the present time, I believe Terra del Fuego is the only country in the world where a cryptogamic plant affords a staple article of food.'

THE CONDITION OF SPAIN.

THAT part of the European peninsula which is occupied by Spain, contains some of the most fertile territory in the world. In the delicious climate of the south, the progress of vegetation is never suspended, except during the short period of excessive heat in summer. Yet Spain, from being at one time the queen of empires, is now the poorest and most unsettled country in the civilised world. Her lands demanding but little labour to yield abundance of food, do not call forth that energy which is characteristic of less favoured nations; hence her natural advantages have been but little improved, and in manners, and in the practice of the useful arts, her people remain so stationary, that the Spaniard of to-day is the counterpart of the Englishman four or five centuries ago. A recent writer, who appears to be well acquainted with his subject, declares that, 'upon landing in the peninsula, and making a short excursion for a few miles in any direction, you see reproduced the manners of England five centuries back, and find yourself thrown into the midst of a society which is a close counterpart of that extinct semi-civilisation, of which no trace is to be found in our history later than the close of the four-

teenth century and the reign of Richard II. You behold the scant and ill-tended roads, frequented by no vehicles but the rude and springless agricultural cart, now laden with manure, and now with village beauties; and the resort of no other passenger than the weary plodder upon foot, and the rudely accoutred equestrian of the Canterbury Tales; and if you extend your journey a little further, you will probably light upon a party of skirmishers, a beleagued town, a hurried detachment of marching troops, as in our own days of civil strife and our wars of the rival Roses. The face of the country is as little changed since the time of Cervantes, as the popularity of his inimitable Don Quixote; and, bating a little dissimilarity in the strictly professional costumes, the panorama is as dirty and as picturesque as ever. The greater preponderance of mules and donkeys, round hats, red balts, and jackets, forms the only striking difference from the cortège of Chaucer's pilgrims, the high-peaked saddle and heavy iron stirrups being pretty much the same as in England of old (for the iron-work here, from the stirrup to the plough, is unchanged from the earliest times). The very horses are branded, as a protection from thieves, as they were in Chaucer's time by statute. Romerías, or pilgrimages in Spain, are still commonly resorted to by the votaries of piety and pleasure; and there are more highwaymen than ever met at Gad's-hill, to strip them on their journey.*

To idleness, which has its root in the ease with which the necessities of life are procured from the soil, must the stationary condition of the Spanish nation be traced. But all people deficient in regular systematic and profitable employment, substitute for it a bad activity; and that activity in Spain has for ages, with few intervals, taken the form of intestine strife, occasioning a great uncertainty in the tenure of life and property. This is the surest bar to improvement and progress; hence it is that the Spaniards are even worse, both intellectually and socially, than the ancestors of whom they are proverbially so proud.

Recently, the Spanish people have been unusually active in discord. To their ordinary internal quarrels was lately added a war of succession, vigorously prosecuted by Don Carlos, uncle of the present queen. This, however, having subsided, has, it would seem from the work before us, given place to intrigues at court, originating frequent and sanguinary, though short outbreaks amongst the people. Spain is the classic ground of intrigue; and one of the most entertaining parts of Mr Hughes's work is the account he gives of the court, the composition of which presents a curious picture to the English reader.

The present ruler of Spain is Isabella II., daughter of Ferdinand VII. and Christina of Naples. When she ascended the throne in 1833, she was only three years old, and the affairs of the state were carried on by a regency, of which her mother was for a time at the head. She has also a younger sister, and our author presents them in a group. During the enormously protracted ceremonies of Holy Week, every one had an opportunity of seeing the royal family at their devotions. It was an interesting spectacle; three female personages of regal rank ranged by the side of the altar, isolated and exalted over the rest of the community both by power and by the accidents of social position; no husband, nor father, nor brother, at hand, to afford the support of masculine protection, and their nearest male relative a hostile supplanter. At the early age of thirteen Isabella was pronounced of age, and now governs on her own responsibility. The following is a picture of the maiden-queen, as drawn by Mr Hughes. 'The appearance of Queen Isabel Maria to the eye of a stranger is that of a precocious but somewhat careworn and sickly girl—exceedingly pale, and with nothing either expressive or interesting in her countenance. But that her brow is circled with a crown, at a period of unparalleled

youth to emerge from legal nonage, there is little there to arrest your attention; you are neither forbidden nor attracted; you deem her more advanced than her age; but this precocity, as compared with England, is universal in the peninsula.' Though imperfectly educated, her majesty is blessed with an extraordinary memory, and was able to repeat by rote the whole constitution of 1837, which she had sworn to observe, but which her ministers have in great part repealed. She possesses the most perfect museum of confectionary in Europe. It extends over every apartment of the palace, and contains some most interesting specimens; and the most striking characteristic of the youthful majesty of Spain, is her relish and constant use of these *bombons* and sweetmeats. Her papers of comfits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council-chamber, her *dulces* line the throne. The books of heraldry are not in her case vain, which, as females have nothing to do with shields, inscribe their armorial bearings in a *lozenge*. When she is in a good humour, the most remarkable evidence of amiability which she affords is distributing these bombons freely amongst her ministers and palace grandees. She does not ask whether these gentlemen have a sweet tooth, but very naturally infers that what she likes herself must be pleasing to all the world. The degrees of ministerial favour may be estimated by the number of presents of confectionary; and the minister of the interior is first fiddle by right of four bags of sugar-plums, till the minister of grace and justice produces five sticks of barley-sugar. When she despatches business with her ministers (which she does twice a week), she despatches a prodigious quantity of sweets at the same time; and the confexion of decrees and discussion of dainties proceed *pari passu*. In the important office of governing, her majesty is assisted by a cabinet; but to such vicissitudes are Spanish state affairs subject, that her ministry has been changed exactly thirty-six times* in ten years. This may be chiefly accounted for by a peculiarity which has attached itself to the Spanish throne for so many ages, that it may now be considered a governmental institution, and known as the *camarilla*. This consists of a few persons, who associate for the purpose of forming 'a power behind the throne,' and may be designated as a board of intrigue. It is a small body, consisting of the favourites of the ruler, male and female, and acts as a purveyor of scandal, news, and too often of calumny, to the royal ear. In this capacity the *camarilla*, without having any official connexion with the state, rules its destinies.

Mr Hughes devotes one chapter to the history of *camarillas*, from which it appears that they first began to be formed so early as the fourteenth century. The sort of persons who have since composed them, have of course varied with the tastes and leading characteristics of the sovereign they surrounded. A warlike prince selected, like Juan II., a *camarilla* of generals; a fanatical prince was led by a *camarilla* of monks and priests, like Philip II. and Ferdinand, the father of the present queen. It was a *camarilla* which influenced the otherwise illustrious Ferdinand and Isabella against Columbus and his projects of geographical discovery. Finally, the *camarillas* of the present young and inexperienced queen, have occasioned many of those disastrous changes of ministry and consequent unsettlement in state affairs, of which the Spanish nation is so much the victim. The present *camarilla* consists of a rough and unbending soldier, a bustling diplomatist, and two marchionesses. Our author characterises these combinations of intrigue with a rough hand. 'The formation of *camarillas* is a mystery, as their deeds are deeds of darkness. An impenetrable cloud is over their origin, and all their after-movements are occult. Their intercourse with the crown is illicit, their action on the nation's destinies is a crime; they are compelled to work

* *Revolutions of Spain in 1845.* By R. M. Hughes. Second Edition. 2 vols. London: Colburn.

* The literal meaning of this word is a small chamber.

in secret by the force of an involuntary shame. Creeping, grovelling, and insidious, inured to baseness, and accomplished only in the arts of cunning, the camarilla burrows into the palace like a rat, to emerge a thundering charger. It does not enter boldly by the door, but wriggles through the narrowest hole it can find. It crawls in upon all-fours like a dwarf, and comes forth an armed giant.

Such being the state of affairs at head-quarters, the unsettled condition of the rest of the nation can easily be accounted for. As a specimen of how readily political excitement is engendered, and to what fatal results it leads, the following coffee-house scene may be taken:—'The Spanish café is a club; for men of simple wants and social habits, a very convenient one; and, as if in contempt of London exclusiveness, it is open to all the world. Here the political effervescence of Spain often leads to the most violent scenes. At the beginning of 1844, in the principal café of Zaragoza (after Barcelona, the most turbulent city of Spain), an officer of the garrison was assailed and insulted for the despotic acts of Narvaez and the Moderados. From language of increasing asperity, and of that vehemently energetic character which belongs to Spain, they passed to hustling, and the officer's epaulettes were brushed and ruffled in the mêlée. He instantly drew his sword, wounded some of his antagonists, had missiles flung at him, and was driven with his back to the wall. Other officers and soldiers repaired to the scene, and blood was shed; nor were the combatants separated until the political chief and municipal guard arrived to make them prisoners. So great was the violence used on this occasion, that firearms were produced, and numerous shots discharged within the café; and after the other officers and military interposed, an alferaz (ensign) of the regiment of America was hit by a pistol bullet—the carrying of pocket pistols being too common in Spanish cities during periods of excitement. Thereupon the officers fell with their swords upon the civilians, but the latter were well provided with sword-sticks to meet them; and while these fenced and dealt each other some severe blows, the two or three soldiers who took part in the fray deliberately fired on the body of civilians, and the latter discharged all the pistols they carried. The café subsequently bore tokens of the skirmish, several bullets being lodged in the woodwork, and divers chairs and tables shattered to pieces. Fortunately, though several of the combatants were wounded, none died; and, as a bystander remarked with peculiar nonchalance, "There was good practice for the surgeons of Zaragoza." So strong, unfortunately, became the animosity between the townspeople and the troops of the line, that on the same night an attempt was made to poniard Captain Don Bernardo Taulet, by three men muffled in cloaks, who dogged him to his door.' This led to further outbreaks, and the café was closed for a week.

Despite, however, of all this anarchy, such is the excellence of the soil, that the picture drawn of the condition of the lower classes is surprisingly favourable. 'Let this astonish you, sagacious statesmen—let this fact confound the more polished world's wisdom: there is no poor-law here, no compulsory relief; the rural society is very barbarous; agriculture is no more advanced than it was a century after the flood; industry there is little, occupation trifling, energy none; the soil is but scratched, manures little used, irrigation, which is in truth indispensable, but slightly resorted to; and yet distress there is almost none. * * * You may sojourn long enough in a Spanish town before you will meet any of those evidences of downright misery which so soon strike the eye at home, and which abound even in London, in the vicinity of its most splendid squares. There may be rags and filth enough, but there is not the squalor of suffering, or the gaunt aspect of famine. No one starves in this country; few are in positive distress. Those who seek alms are for the most part of the class of jolly beggars, and how thriving is the trade, may be inferred from the independence of its

practitioners, from the impudence of their unimploring demands, and the obstinate sturdiness of their persistence. The beggar, having no property of his own, is king and lord of all the properties in the country. The Spanish beggar is more of a visitor and a familiar acquaintance than a suer for alms. He has his own set and circle, like those who move in the best society, and pays his regular round of visits upon fixed days. He does not sow cards to reap dinners, nor does he deal in drawing-room scandal, small-talk, or pointless tattle. No; he conjures you by the love of God and of the Virgin to give him a *quart*, and having kissed the same, and crossed and blest himself with it, he passes to your next-door neighbour. If you are deaf to this appeal, he does not hesitate to tap at your windows and knock at your door with the authority of a postman; if you conceal yourself in your inmost recess, his voice is sure to reach you with its impressive and imperious:—"De alguna cosa por el amor de Dios y de la Virgen!"—[Give something for the love of God and of the Virgin!]

Learning, which once held her chief seat in Spain, has now nearly deserted her. The walls of the universities remain, but they enclose but few students; though professors remain for the sake, it would seem, not so much of teaching, as of granting diplomas. The arts and sciences are therefore at a low ebb. Medicine is chiefly practised by the quack. He is known as the Curandero, and is of various kinds. 'There is the vender of Orviétan, or counter-poison, who has an antidote for everything; the barber-surgeon, who, like Sangrado, bleeds for everything; the Curandero Maravilloso, or Spanish Morison, who has a pill or a powder to cure everything (I don't suppose Englishmen have any right to inveigh against Spanish quacks); the Nevero, or snow-vender, who makes up an imitation of snow, and vends it in phials at fairs as a remedy for aches and pains; and the Caracol-Curandero, or snail-doctor, who with snails and frogs professes to cure every inward complaint. Finally, there is the Gusano-Curandero, or worm-quack, who attacks the thousand diseases which flesh is heir to with decoctions or plasters of powdered reptiles; and the Saludador, who kisses the most dangerous sores, and undertakes to cure them with his breath.

'A Curandero in the district of Cuenca had perhaps the most extraordinary pharmacopœia that has ever been heard of. His name was Campillo, and his renown spread far and wide—into Castile on the one hand, and into La Mancha on the other. He was endowed with extraordinary eloquence, and his influence over his patients was immense. He wrought upon their imagination and enthusiasm, and was thus probably indebted to a species of natural magnetism for many of his triumphs. He was the Napoleon of quacks; and, of his cures, though nearly incredible, are well attested. A dropsical patient, thirty years of age, applied to him. He had passed through the hands of the most expert members of the faculty, and had vainly tried every recognised remedy. He was so weak as to require to be carried about. Campillo resolved, in this man's case, to try a most extraordinary species of allopathy. He carried him to the hospital, where a number of children then were lying, and purposely infected him with small-pox! The disease was completely developed in him, his sufferings were excessive, and his face and body were pitted for life; but his dropsy disappeared for ever. One would suppose that the remedy here was almost worse than the disease. Not so, however, thought the good Cuencans. Scores of dropsical and other patients flocked to him, requesting to be cured by small-pox. And Campillo records I know not how many cases, but does not say a word of those he killed. This genius had a great contempt for all ordinary sorts of plasters, whether designed for cuts, contusions, or ulcers, and accordingly he invented lotions and plasters of his own. A rich proprietor wounded his leg against a tree in hunting; his ordinary surgeon applied cataplasms composed of bread-crumbs, milk, and

saffron, to allay the inflammation. A large ulcer unfortunately ensued, the limb became swollen, and acute pains were felt. He tried another surgeon—worse and worse. He lost his appetite and his sleep. Such was the fruit of sundry decoctions, ptisans, and medicines, prescribed (said the doctors) to make his blood fluid, and correct its acrid humours. He next applied to the Cirujano-mayor of the royal armies, who left nothing untried, applied the most powerful alteratives, and salivated him most effectually. The ulcer, notwithstanding, became so large, that there was soon a talk of amputating the limb. Before this last resort, Campillo was applied to, and told him to pour three times a day on the limb the contents of a pint bottle with which he supplied him, rigidly enjoining him not to taste the contents of the bottle. The leg was speedily cured; and Campillo afterwards confessed that the cure was effected with common water!

Many a pleasant story of Spanish life is scattered over Mr Hughes's graphic pages; and his pictures possess that sort of vividness and vraisemblance which guarantee their likeness to the originals. They impress the reader with a conviction that the manners, actions, habits of thought, and even the condition of the people of Spain, are precisely the same now as described in the life-like history of the renowned Gil Blas de Santillane. But the picture, however amusing when seen in detail, is when viewed as a whole, much to be deplored. It is lamentable to reflect that, with every natural advantage, Spain should stand at zero in the scale of European civilisation.

THE DUKE OF NORMANDY.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE continental journals announce that, on the 10th of last August, there died at Delft, in Holland, Charles Louis, known as the 'Duke of Normandy.' This individual presented one of those extraordinary instances of doubtful identity which we find scattered over ancient and modern biography. The mystery of his birth has not been cleared up by his death, and continues as impenetrable as that of the celebrated Man with the Iron Mask.

It is well known that, in 1791, Louis XVI. of France was overtaken during his attempted flight from France at Varennes, and afterwards dragged to the prison of the Temple. He was accompanied by his family, which consisted of his wife, Marie Antoinette, his sister, daughter, and his only son, the dauphin of France. On the 21st January 1793, the unfortunate monarch was beheaded; and his son, still a prisoner, was partially acknowledged as Louis XVII., though only in the ninth year of his age. This was but a mockery, for his captivity only became the more close and cruel. He was separated from his mother, and handed over to the custody of one Simon, a ferocious cobbler, and his wife, who, besides practising all sorts of external cruelties on him, tried every means to demoralise his mind. When this ruffian was promoted to a seat in the 'Commune' (a kind of common council), the royal prisoner's hardships increased. He was shut up in a room, rendered totally dark both night and day. In this he was kept for a whole year, without once being allowed to leave it; neither was his body or bed linen changed during that time. The filth, stench, and vermin amidst which the child dragged on his existence, at length, it is said, terminated it.* On the eve of death, his persecutors sent the physician Dessault to see if his life

could be prolonged by better treatment; but the doctor's reply was that it was too late: nothing could save him; and his demise was announced to have taken place on the 8th of June 1795, at the age of ten years and two months. The National Convention, which then managed the public affairs, appointed a commission to verify the event, and the body was opened by two surgeons, named Pelletan and Dumangin. In speaking of the remains, they describe them as a corpse 'represented to us as that of Charles-Louis.' The doctor Pelletan took out the heart, and preserved it in spirits of wine; which he gave to the deceased's sister when she had married the Duke D'Angoulême. The rest of the body was huddled with other corpses into a common grave in the cemetery of the parish of St Margaret; so that, at the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, when Louis XVIII. desired that the remains of his predecessor should be disinterred, they could not be distinguished.

The equivocal wording of the medical report, aided by other suspicions, caused an idea to gain extensive currency that a dead child had been substituted for the royal infant; and that he had escaped from his jailers by a well-laid plan, carried out by his partisans. This notion was so prevalent, that we find, amongst the records of the Convention, a decree dated June 14, 1795—only six days after the date fixed as that of the young king's death—ordering him to be sought for along all the roads of the kingdom. However, the better-informed part of the community were firmly convinced that Louis XVII. was dead and buried; and from that time till very lately, the belief was never effectually disturbed. Taking advantage of the doubt, several impostors made their appearance, claiming to be the prince. The first of these was one Hervagaut, who, when discovered to be a tailor's son, was condemned in 1802 to four years' imprisonment. In 1818 Mathurin Bruneau, a shoemaker, tried the same trick; but failing, was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. In short, no fewer than fifteen impostors have been enumerated; all of whom pretended to be the wretched young prince, returned from exile after escaping from the Temple. The latest claimant is the subject of the present notice; and so startlingly do some of the circumstances of his career coincide with the short history of the son of Louis XVI., that many well-informed persons really believe he was the person he represented himself to be.

Between the termination of Charles-Louis's imprisonment by death or otherwise, and the appearance of this individual on the scene, it may be necessary to remind the reader that several revolutions and counter-revolutions had swept over France. Napoleon's career had begun and ended; the allies had seated the Bourbons on the throne in the person of Louis XVIII., brother to Louis XVI., and uncle to his latest predecessor; Charles X. had succeeded, and was driven from the throne by the revolution of 1830, which seated Louis-Philippe on it in his stead. All these events had taken place when the story of the so-called Duke of Normandy commences.

On an unusually hot evening for the season—an early day in the May of 1832—a man covered with dust, and who appeared to be borne down with fatigue, entered Paris through the barrier d'Italie. Still, he traversed the Boulevard de l'Hôpital with a firm step, being a fine well-made man, apparently about forty-eight years old. On arriving at the bridge of Austerlitz, he crossed to the toll-bar at the farther extremity, and was accosted by the keeper, an invalid soldier, who demanded the toll. Upon this he made a sign that he did not understand French; but, on the other pulling out a sous piece, to intimate the nature of his demand, the stranger shook his head, heaved a deep sigh, and, after some hesitation, drew forth a fine handkerchief, which he threw towards the toll-keeper, and hastened away in the direction of the 'Boulevard Bourbon', to Père la Chaise. He got within the gates just before they were closed for the night, and concealing himself amongst

* For a minute account of this interesting and much-abused child, we refer to our tract entitled 'The Little Captive King.'

the tombs and bushes, escaped the notice of the watchmen. It was thus that the stranger passed his first night in Paris.

The day was far advanced when he was found, too much overcome by hunger and fatigue to rise. A gentleman accidentally passing, observed and pitied his condition. After supplying him with some food, he recommended him to solicit the assistance of a benevolent lady whom he named, as she was known far and near for her readiness to help foreigners in distress; besides, she spoke the German language fluently, the only one the worn-out traveller understood. Acting upon this advice, he repaired to the generous Comtesse de R.'s residence, at No. 16, Rue Richer. She was a lady well stricken in years, and preserved an enthusiastic veneration for the Bourbon branch of the royal family, having been femme de chambre to the son of Louis XVI. When the wretched wayfarer presented himself to her, she naturally inquired who he was. To which he replied in German, 'I am Charles-Louis, Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.' Upon hearing this unexpected reply, the good old countess fainted. On recovering her senses, she exclaimed, 'Good Heavens! he is the very image of his unfortunate mother!' On calmer reflection, however, she was but half convinced, and determined to put the stranger's identity to another test. She had kept as a relic a little blue robe with metal buttons, which was worn by the royal infant when she nursed him. This she brought forth; and the stranger no sooner saw it, than he exclaimed, 'Ah, my little coat!' After this, Comtesse de R. declared her belief that he was her prince to be so firm that she would have died on the scaffold rather than recant. Without hesitation, she gave up the best apartments of her house for his use and occupation; she even offered for his acceptance the remains of her fortune. This, however, he at once refused, asking no more from her than that she would send for a tailor to equip him with habiliments more in accordance with his pretensions, than the tatters he then wore. This the countess did, and was not slow in imparting to her royalist friends of whom she was the honoured hostess. All acknowledged the extraordinary similarity both in person and manner which the stranger bore to the royal family. Some were enthusiastic believers; others, with all their legitimist enthusiasm, were sceptical. Amongst the former was a certain Monsieur S. de L., who thought the appearance of the 'prince' a miracle in reference to that particular time. Louis-Philippe, when he accepted the crown nearly two years before, had done so with great apparent reluctance. 'How happy therefore will it be,' said this visionary politician, 'to remove the burthen of the state from his own shoulders to those of the rightful heir to the throne!' But before so curious a proposition was made to the king of the French, the other royalists consulted M. de Talleyrand. He replied, with his usual epigrammatic irony, 'There are some people who are born with two left hands. This is poor S.'s case: added to which, he seems to have been brought into the world without brains.' Upon this the party wisely determined to keep the 'prince's' presence in Paris as quiet as possible. Another of his adherents, M. de Forbin Janson, the bishop of Nancy, suggested that, as the illustrious stranger's chance of the throne was somewhat remote, he should enter the church, in which the highest dignities awaited him. This was also found to be impracticable when Neudorf (the name by which the 'prince' now declared he had hitherto been known) revealed that he was a married man, and the father of six children.

The more sceptical part of his adherents very naturally wished to know—supposing his story to be true—how in his early years he escaped from the Temple; and when the stranger had sufficiently mastered the French language—which he took but a short time to acquire—he gave a most circumstantial and plausible

account of his early adventures. His narrative was carefully noted down at the time, and, translated, consists in substance as follows:—'I cannot be said to have escaped from my jailers,' he began, 'for I left the prison in the most natural manner possible. Some time before the day of my supposed death, a royalist committee was formed for the purpose of saving me. One of these was M. Frotté, who, as the pupil of my physician Desault, was allowed free ingress and egress to the Temple. One day he entered my cell, motioned me to be silent, seized me, and dragged me to a cabinet under the spire of the tower. A sick child who had been given over by the faculty was substituted in my place, and he, dying two days after (8th June 1795), was buried as Louis XVII. At my supposed death, there being no more prisoners in the Temple, all the keepers and guards were withdrawn, and I was conducted outside the walls without meeting a single official. The ruse, however, got wind, and the decree of the 14th of June was the consequence. To frustrate this, the royalist committee caused several children to personate me, imparting to the impostors several circumstances connected with my family. One they sent to Bordeaux, another to La Vendée, a third to Germany, and so on. These are the children who, when they became men, tried to keep up the character which they had been previously taught to play. This explains the incredible number of false dauphins who have appeared.' He ended by declaring, that when, in 1814, the congress of Vienna ceded the crown of France to Louis XVIII., they knew perfectly well of his existence; but the obligations the allies were under to 'his uncle,' overwhelmed the scruples they felt at investing that prince with a sovereignty to which he had no title.

One thing appeared improbable—how the assumed prince should have forgotten his native language. He was ten years of age at the period of his leaving France, and spoke French as cleverly as any other boy, if not more so. How, then, did he lose this faculty? A residence in Germany, even for so great a length of time as thirty-seven years, could hardly have obliterated the French language from his mind. This does not appear to have been explained, and, with some other circumstances, it served to check the credulity of parties half inclined to believe the representations of M. Neudorf.

Further proofs were therefore required; and several were afterwards afforded. The details of the first are somewhat singular. At this time (July 1832) there lived in the village of Gallardon, at the extremity of Beauce, a peasant named Martin, who had the reputation of receiving revelations from above, which he acquired so far back as 1818, when Matthew Bruneau and other spurious princes made their appearance. One Sunday in that year, during mass, Martin saw a vision in which he said an angel commanded him to get an interview with Louis XVIII., the purport of which should be afterwards revealed to him. Immediately after his return from church, Martin having taken leave of his wife and family, commenced his journey on foot to Paris. On the fifth day he arrived there, went straight to the palace of the Tuilleries, and demanded to be admitted to the king. In the simplicity of his heart, he told the guards that his mission was of a celestial nature; but they, not finding messengers from above among the list of visitors set down in the orders of the day, handed poor Martin over to the municipal authorities, who transferred him to the Bicêtre lunatic asylum. Here he remained for some time, during which his exemplary piety and touching resignation attracted the attention and respect of the principal physician, who often made him the subject of general conversation. At the end of two months Louis heard of the circumstance, and actually consented to see the harmless man. At the interview, he imparted to the king the substance of a second revelation; which was, that his majesty's nephew, Louis XVII., was still alive, and would return at no distant period; and that if the king he addressed attempted to undergo the ceremony of coronation, the direst calamities would follow; amongst

others the dome of the cathedral (of Rheims) would fall in, and crush every soul taking part in the rites. Whether the majesty of France took any serious heed of this enthusiast's warning, it is impossible to say; but one thing is certain—Louis XVIII. never was formally crowned. When Martin returned to his village, he found that the king had bought the house which he rented, and presented it to him to live in for the rest of his days. This, together with his interview with royalty—of which he of course made no secret—elevated the poor visionary to the character of a prophet amongst the population of that part of the country; many of whom indeed formed themselves into a sect called Martinists, and devoutly expected the re-appearance of the son of Louis XVI.

As these facts were notorious in 1818, they had not been forgotten in 1832, and it was not at all unnatural that the least credulous of the Comtesse de R.'s friends should suggest that Neindorf should be shown to the Beauce prophet. Accordingly, in September, a journey to St Arnould, near Dourdan, was undertaken; and without saying who he was, or pretended to be, Neindorf was there confronted with Martin. In an instant, it is said, the prophet recognised him as the person he had seen in his second vision as Louis XVII. His enthusiasm knew no bounds; he embraced the 'prince' with tears of joy, and in the evening the whole party heard mass at the modest little church of St Arnould.

Whatever effect this scene may have had upon Neindorf's more educated companions, it created a prodigious sensation in that part of the country, and one which was extremely beneficial to the 'prince.' The honest people could not do enough to testify their delight. After his return to Paris, they organised subscriptions, in collecting which the village priests took the lead. Under their influence the farmers and peasantry subscribed not only cash, but produce, a regular supply of which was sent every Saturday to Paris, under the charge of a farmer of St Arnould, named Noël Pequet. It was ascertained that, during the four months succeeding his appearance at St Arnould, the value of upwards of £16,000 sterling was remitted to him from various parts of France!

With these supplies, and the contributions of the Comtesse de R. and her friends, Neindorf was able to take a house, and set up an establishment, which he did as Duc de Normandie, the title which had been given by Louis XVI. to his son. He began house-keeping on a scale of regal magnificence. He bought a carriage, and collected a handsome stud of horses. His servants' liveries were splendid, and adorned with gilt buttons, on which was embossed a broken crown. He even went so far as to form a court and appoint a ministry; and, that nothing should be wanting, he actually started a newspaper to advocate his cause. The gentleman who undertook the responsible editorship of this journal having, however, neglected to deposit the securities required by law with the proper authorities, was arrested, and condemned to a long imprisonment; which he duly suffered. The unfortunate victim to loyal sentiments was one M. Widerker. This was the only evidence vouchsafed by the higher powers of their knowledge of the duke's proceedings. That the government of Louis-Philippe did not apprehend any very serious extent of belief in Neindorf's pretensions, must be inferred from the immunity with which they allowed him to carry on his proceedings, and to accept the contributions of the royalists. On the other hand, it must be noticed that Louis-Philippe's seat on the throne was not so firm as it is now; and he may have been afraid to disturb Neindorf, lest he should have excited the enmity of a very powerful party.

It must be owned that the evidence which the pretender had hitherto produced, was only calculated to gain over persons of limited experience and strong legitimist prejudices. A circumstance, however, which afterwards took place, was of a nature to stagger more

obstinate sceptics: it had indeed that effect. We translate it from the words of an individual who was present when it happened. The Duc de Normandie was at dinner, surrounded by several friends. Among the company was an old lady who, having recently arrived from the provinces, had never heard of the "prince," and, on being presented to him, was extremely astonished to find herself in the presence of so illustrious a person. After dinner, the conversation turned upon the duke's younger days, and the lady referred to addressed him in these words—"I, monseigneur, never saw the dauphin; but an old friend who was constantly near his person in his infancy, has described to me that from the midst of his lower jaw there sprang out two teeth. They were incisors, and as straight and pointed as the teeth of a rabbit." Without speaking a word, he pulled open his lower lip, and exhibited to the company such a pair of rabbits' teeth as were described.

This occurrence confirmed the duke's adherents in their belief of his identity with the victim of the first revolution, and the presence of the rightful heir to the throne of France created some stir in Paris. Perhaps the aspirant to royalty and his friends felt disappointed that the government did not evince its dread by some little persecution, over and above the imprisonment of Widerker. To account for this forbearance, dark suspicions were whispered regarding the secret intentions of the ruling powers; and these were not long in being corroborated. One day in November, the duke expressed a desire to imitate certain other royalties by examining the streets of the capital, and mixing with its humble citizens *incog*. To this end he sallied forth alone, and even condescended to take his dinner at Véfour's celebrated restaurant. The evening was unusually dark, and while returning to his house across the open space at the back of the Tuileries (La Place de Carrousel), he felt his shoulder suddenly grasped by a strong hand, and in another instant a poniard was plunged more than once into his breast, with the words, 'Die, Capet!' Fortunately, the intended victim wore inside his coat a medal of the Virgin, which had belonged to his mother, to Marie Antoinette, his mother; this, receiving the point of the dagger, preserved his life, though several flesh wounds were inflicted. The assassin fled; nor did the duke make any alarm, for fear of being obliged to appear at the municipal guardhouse, and thus get into the power of the government. When he reached home, he was faint from loss of blood, and kept his bed for a fortnight.

The suspicions of foul play entertained by his 'court' were confirmed; they regarded the bravo as an emissary of the government, and the '*Meur, Capet!*' as an acknowledgment of the duke's right to the crown! There were, however, ill-natured people who went about hinting that, as the victim was quite alone, and became the teller of his own story, the diabolical deed *might* have been done by himself, to strengthen the faith of his followers. Nor were these sceptics silenced when the gashes in the coat, the dents in the medal, and the blood of the royal sufferer, were pointed out. But, upon the whole, whether true or false, the circumstance materially strengthened the duke's position; and, on recovery, he began to play the prince in earnest.

He wrote to the Duchesse of Berri, and to 'his sister,' the Duchess of Angoulême. To the latter he offered to prove his identity in the following manner:—"When in the Temple," he said, "our royal mother and our aunt wrote several lines on a paper, which paper was cut in halves. One piece was given to you, and when we meet I will produce its fellow, which has never been out of my possession since our fatal separation." The truth of this was never put to the test, for no answer was designed to his letter.

At length the statement which the Duke of Normandy

* *Meur, Capet!*—*Capet* is the family name of the Bourbons, as *Guelph* is that of the house of Brunswick.

lived, the constant visits of his increasing partisans, and his general proceedings, attracted the attention of the police; and the heir to the French throne was made to understand that he stood a likely chance of being thrown into prison, and brought up to answer for his conduct before the court of assize. Upon this he determined to live less ostentatiously, and withdrew to a hotel in the Rue St Guillaume (No. 34), with which address none but a chosen few of his devoted partisans were made acquainted. Though formerly disappointed at having been passed so contemptuously over by the authorities, he now seemed in great dread of them. He never dared to appear abroad, and instituted particular signs and modes of knocking at his door when those in the secret wished admittance. The proprietor of the house entertained from these proceedings very disagreeable suspicions, and, lest he should get into trouble himself, gave his illustrious lodger notice to quit. Some weeks after, the claimant of the crown was really arrested; but exile, and not imprisonment, was his doom. He was placed in the coupé of a diligence between two policemen, and conducted beyond the frontiers of France. In 1838 we find him in England, still calling himself the Duke of Normandy.

He took up his quarters in Camberwell Green, near London, and in November of the above year, suffered a second attempt upon his life. He was, it seems, returning from an outhouse in the garden, when a man confronted him, and fired two pistols at his breast. He pushed aside the weapons with the candlestick he happened to be carrying; but two bullets entered his left arm. The assassin escaped over a drain into a back street; but having been recognised, was subsequently captured. A surgeon was sent for, and the bullets extracted, after having done no serious injury. The criminal turned out to be one of his late adherents, by name Desiré Roussele; who, on examination before the magistrates of the police-office at Union Hall, could assign no motive for the deed; and after two more examinations he was discharged, the duke declining to prosecute. The next appearance of his grace of Normandy at a police-office was in character of defendant. It seems that he had turned his attention to the art of pyrotechnics, and his explosive experiments were so alarming to the quiet neighbourhood of Camberwell, that he was summoned to answer for his conduct; but on promising not to repeat it, the complaint was dismissed. It would appear that his experiments were not altogether useless; for at a trial of newly-invented shells before the Board of Ordnance at Woolwich, the duke's missiles were declared either second or third, we forget which, in point of efficiency. Indeed he seems to have occupied himself almost exclusively with scientific pursuits whilst in England. At Chelsea, whither he removed, the duke constructed a set of workshops and laboratories, in which he, with his assistants and pupils, diligently wrought. In what his scientific labours and experiments would have resulted, it is impossible to say, for they were interrupted by a third attempt on his life. While alone in one of his workshops, late at night, a bullet was fired at him from a hidden and still undiscovered enemy. The shot missed him; but, afraid to remain in this country any longer, he retired to Delft, in Holland, where it seems he died a natural death on the 10th of August last.

Whatever opinions may be formed of the truth of this individual's story of his birth, it is certain that a great many persons in France, whose opinions are entitled to respect, believe him to have been Louis XVII. Amongst the notices in the French papers to which his decease has given rise, we find a note written by M. Herbert, once director of the military posts in Italy. It appears that when in that office, the man Neindorf was, in 1810, arrested at Rome, and interrogated by M. Radet, chief of police in that city; the latter pronounced him to be in reality the son of Louis XVI. Than M. Radet, there could not be a better judge of the matter, for he happened to be one of the five per-

sons who arrested Louis and his family when they tried to quit France, and were intercepted at Varennes. Our own impression is, notwithstanding this and all other circumstances to the contrary, that the man was an impostor, and such we believe will also be the impression generally among our readers.

A FASHION OF 1745.

We have lately formed acquaintance with a rare pamphlet of the year 1745, which may perchance amuse our readers. The title at full length is as follows:—'The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop Petticoat, as the Fashion now is, and has been, for about these two years, fully displayed in some Reflections upon it, humbly offered to the Consideration of both Sexes, especially the Female. By A. W., Esq. London: printed for William Russell, at the Golden Ball, near St Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, 1745. (Price Sixpence.)' It starts with a disclaimer of all preciseness and moroseness, professing rather an unusual regard for the fair sex: neither is the author an old man clamouring against things new. This, indeed, he says, could not well be the case; for fashions have undergone little change in his remembrance: 'among men scarce any, except a broader or narrower hat, and some little variation in the sleeves, skirts, and pockets of their coats.' He enters the field on public grounds alone.

The chief invention of his time is, he says, the hoop petticoat. In its original institution about the year 1709, it was sufficiently bad, inasmuch that most people thought it could not long survive, especially after Isaac Bickerstaff, in the *Tatler*, opened his batteries against it. Having, in spite of ridicule, stood its ground since then, it has within the last two years 'spread into such an enormous circumference, that there is no enduring it any longer. It is now,' the writer declares, 'past a jest: the whole sex, in a manner, especially the younger sort, the misses, are by this prodigious garment become a perfect nuisance.' 'I pass over,' he adds, 'the foolish expense of so much silk and other costly materials, to cover such a huge extent of canvas, or striped linen and whalebone, though that is beyond measure ridiculous.'

Determined, if possible, to write it down, our pamphleteer proposes to 'treat the wearer of this rotunda in a fivefold view or aspect; 1, as merely hooped; 2, as hooped, and coming into a room; 3, as hooped, and actually in a room; 4, as hooped, and in a coach or chair; and, 5, as hooped, and in any public assembly, particularly at church.'

First, with a mere regard to proportion, the hoop puts the lower section of the female figure out of all harmony with the upper. 'Can anything be a greater jest than to see a girl of seventeen taking up the whole side of a street with her hollow strutting petticoats? Behold one of them at church walking down the wide empty middle aisle, one corner of her petticoat touching the pews on the right, the other those on the left. . . . But be it where it will, what a figure does a creature make with two cumbersome unwieldy baskets or hampers rising orbicularly from either side, then spreading to an exorbitant size as they descend, swagging from side to side, one up and t'other down, like a pair of scales, pretty near, but not quite at an equilibrium! I say, what a figure does such a creature make!'

'Thus in general: now for the particulars.' Suppose the fine lady coming into a room, the graceful manner of doing which was formerly reckoned no small part of female education and good-breeding. First enters wriggling, and sideling, and edging in by degrees, two yards and a half of hoop; for as yet you see nothing else. Some time after appears the inhabitant of the garment herself, not with a full face, but in profile; the face being turned to or from the company, according as they happen to be situated. Next, in due time, again follows two yards and a-half of hoop more. And now her whole person, with all its appurtenances, is actually

arrived, fully and completely, in the room, where we are in the next place to consider her.

She sits down : if it be upon a couch or squab, though the couch or squab be five yards long, her hoop takes up every inch of it from one end to the other. If upon a chair, it is the same thing in effect ; only the hoop is suspended in the air, without anything else to rest upon. But now enter two, or three, or four more, with hoopage of equal dimensions. Upon their sitting down, too, *sequitur stridorque, strepitusque*. The ladies need not check at the Latin ; they shall have it in English : the ruffling and crush of silk and silver, and the crash and cracking of whalebone, immediately ensue. The hoops and petticoats, when contracted and huddled up into a heap, make, if possible, a more awkward and ungainly show than when they were free and unconfined. They rise, and sink into such hideous wrinkles, into such mountains and valleys, into such a variety of uncouth, irregular shapes, as exceed all the descriptions of painting or poetry. For myself, I will not pretend to enter into the detail of them ; but appeal to the eyes and judgment of all who see them. It is nevertheless to be observed, that whoever, of any three, happens to sit in the middle, has her hoop on each side tossed up at least a foot higher than before, in which attitude she looks like a higgler-woman that sells apples or cabbages sitting on horseback between two panniers ; only the higgler's panniers are well enough shaped, these the ugliest that can possibly be contrived or imagined. Such is the exquisite taste and fancy of the fair sex in this refined age, so famed for elegance and politeness.

Consider next two, or three, or four of them crammed into a coach. If I guess right at what they endure, I would almost as soon ride the wooden horse, be tied neck and heels, sit in the stocks, or stand in the pillory, as suffer what they suffer, by being so cramped, squeezed, bruised, and crushed, only to gratify this unnatural piece of foppery ; for which, too, everybody laughs at them. But be that as it may, though they are the best judges of their own feeling, we, I am sure, can best judge of what we see. And what do we see here ? Why, a woman's petticoats half within doors and half without, such a quantity of stuffage turned out into the street at each window, it being impossible for the coach to contain all. And was ever sight more odious and ridiculous ? Thus for the coach or chariot. As to the chair, though it can receive but one at a time, yet in that both the confinement and uneasiness, and the amazingly absurd figure, are as bad, if not worse, than in the other. The hoop is hoisted to the very roof of the chair, whether the glasses are up or down ; you see nothing on each side but petticoat inverted ; the woman is totally hidden. And in front you see but little of the face ; the two wings of the hoop covering all but the nose, and a small part of the forehead.

But now for public assemblies. Is there any equity, that one woman should take up as much room as two or three men ? At the playhouses, indeed, at ridottos, oratorios, &c. it is no great matter how much both sexes are incommoded ; the more, perhaps, the better. But ought it to be so at church too ? We (whatever they may do) come thither to serve God, but are hindered from performing our duty as we should, and as we desire, by the crowd and embarrassment of these ungodly hoops. We can neither kneel, sit, nor stand with any tolerable convenience, for a parcel of worthless firts, the most considerable of whom, perhaps, exceeds not the quality of a tailor's daughter. One with the stiff ribs of her petticoat dashes against me, and almost breaks my shins ; two or three more attack me in the rear, banging my hams and the calves of my legs. A man of more devotion than I pretend to, may be somewhat disturbed in it while he is thus buffeted ; and that by those who, in all appearance, have no devotion, but come to church for one only purpose, to show their hoops and themselves.

But besides their being thus grievous to those within the pews, how many do they keep out of them ? Sup-

pose all, both men and women, as willing to come to church as they ought to be, many cannot come, unless they will stand in the aisles, being excluded from the pews by these heathenish hoops. I call them heathenish, not that they were ever worn in any heathenish nation, but because they tend to heathenism, by the mischief they do to Christianity. For my part, I wonder how the wearers of them have the confidence to look us, or even one another, in the face. But modesty, which used to be the most amiable and most distinguishing character of that sex, seems now to be as much out of fashion as the hoop is in fashion. To ask a question in passing : Did you never see a hoop hedged in by other hoops, thrown up into the air half a yard above the wearer's head, and that at church too ? I am sure I have, and so, I suppose, have others. How decent is this, especially in the house of God, and in the time of divine service ! Having thus said something to all the particulars, I now resume the hoop in general. It certainly takes up much less time, and pains, and expense to hoop a cask completely, than to hoop a woman. And since I have made this comparison, which, I hope, is natural enough, I would by all means have the tall and big females called hogheads, the middle-sized barrels, and the dwarfish kilderkins. Of which last sort, by the way, there are not a few who would be pretty, were it not for their hoopage ; but as they, too, must needs be surrounded with that fashionable incumbrance, they strut and waddle, like a crow in a gutter, to the great diversion of the ill-natured, and no less concern of the compassionate spectators.

The tall, in this habit, are the most tolerable ; yet some even of them you shall see, who, having little round faces, being short to the waist, long downwards, and wearing a wide-extended hoop, look like a pair of kitchen-tongs set a-straddle, and provoke laughter to a high degree.

To say the truth (I am aware it is an unmannerly truth, but I cannot help that ; let those bear the blame who make it necessary to be spoken), in this debauched profligate age, with regard to luxury, dissoluteness, extravagance, ruinous gaming, irreligion, immoderate love of pleasure, diversions, and recreations, the men are very bad, and perhaps the women worse. What excess of riot do these she rakes run into at their masquerades, ridottos, oratorios, Vauxhall, Ranelagh gardens ; and at races, balls, assemblies, in almost every large town, sitting up all night, acknowledging that it is grievous, fatiguing, and destructive of their health, yet still indulging themselves in these scandalous practices ! And all this at a time when the hand of God lies heavy upon us, when his judgments are visibly poured out upon the nation ; when abroad we are involved in a most deplorable, expensive, bloody, and everywhere unsuccessful war ; at home harassed to death with insupportable taxes, the decay of trade, the empty houses in the city, and the untenanted farms in the country, being evident proofs that the whole kingdom, in a manner, is beggared and undone.

What then ? Ought the hoop to be wholly discarded ? I heartily wish it were, for it is bad enough at best. However, my invective has all along been levelled not against any, but against so much hoop ; against the insufferable bulk of it, as the fashion now is, and has been for about these two years. Some few ladies even now (I speak it to their honour) carry a circumference of a moderate compass ; let the rest of the hoops at present be conformed to these, and who knows but in time we may get rid of them all ?

So much for this extravagance of our great-grand-mothers. Of course the preaching must have been in vain, as such preachings ever are. The following of fashions is a moral phenomenon, which has not yet been thought worthy of notice by the philosopher. In reality, it is an extremely curious illustration of the power of one of our sentiments—the love of approbation. No style of form so extravagant, no material so absurdly expensive, but it will be adopted by the multitude, if supposed to

be what everybody wears. The individual is helpless, however sensible of the folly. And the strange consideration is, that everybody may be disgusted with the mode, and yet it will keep its ground, just as a tyrant who has not an friend, may continue to rule through the terror exercised over individuals. Let those who think public opinion never wrong, ponder on this curious fact.

NAMES OF PLACES IN THE UNITED STATES.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE number of counties, townships, &c. in the United States, bearing the same names as the counties of England, are—we had almost said—innumerable. Of Cumberland, for example, there are six counties and eight townships; of York, four of the former and nineteen of the latter; while there are three Chester counties, and twenty-five Chester townships. Indeed the only English counties whose names have not been adopted some six or eight times, are Shropshire, Wiltshire, and Devon; but, as if to make up for the omission, the name of Shrewsbury, the capital of Shropshire, is used five times; that of Salisbury, the capital of Wiltshire, eleven times; and that of Exeter, the capital of Devon, eight times.

A flourishing manufacturing village, named Manchester, is rising up at the falls of Amoskeag, in the state of New Hampshire; in a township of the same name in Vermont, white marble is found in inexhaustible quantities, which would be a treasure indeed to the Manchester on this side the Atlantic; in another township of the same name in Massachusetts, the inhabitants, 1355 in number, are extensively engaged in the fisheries; while another Manchester, in Connecticut, possesses a capital of 220,000 dollars invested in manufactures. There are nineteen other Manchesters scattered among the various states. There is a township in Maine named Leeds, which contains a population of 1736, twelve schools with 604 scholars, and a capital of nearly 7000 dollars invested in manufactures; and there is a small village of the same name in the state of New York. Besides these, there are three Leedsvilles, and one North Leeds. In the state of Ohio there is a 'growing village,' which contains 'one flouring-mill, one saw-mill, one forge, several stores, and various mechanics' shops.' This village is named Birmingham. There is another of the same name in Michigan, which contains four stores, a flouring-mill, and a furnace, and is reputed to be flourishing. There are other four Birminghams in the states. There is a county named Preston in Virginia, with a population of 6866; a township of the same name in Connecticut; another in New York; and other four variously distributed. Of Sheffield there are seven, whose aggregate capital, invested in manufactures, is 35,200 dollars; and it is stated of one of them, that it is the oldest township in the county of Berkshire, Massachusetts, containing five distilleries, three tan-works, two fulling, one grist, and eight saw-mills. The population is 2822. Halifax seems to be a favourite name, for two counties and seven townships, &c. bear it; while Bradford is equally popular in one county and eight townships, &c. There are several townships in New York and Pennsylvania named Stockport; and if the phrase, 'sending to Coventry,' is ever adopted in the states, it will be necessary to tell to which of the seven places known by that name the offender is to be despatched. The names of the minor manufacturing towns of England, such as Huddersfield, Rochdale, Bury, &c. have not yet come into use. The English town of Liverpool is the great town of export for salt; and in the township of Liverpool, in the state of New York, there were produced from saline springs, in 1840, upwards of 800,000 bushels of this commodity. There are two Liverpools in the state of Ohio, one in Pennsylvania, and one in Indiana. There is a large maritime county named Bristol, with a population of 60,000, in the state of Massachusetts, which possesses a capital in manufac-

tures of upwards of four millions of dollars, and which excels the Bristol on this side of the water so far as the number of newspapers is concerned, for it has two daily and eight weekly papers! There is another Bristol in the state of Maine, with a population of about 3000, which is said to have 'good harbours, and considerable shipping engaged chiefly in the coasting trade and the fisheries.' In it a settlement was commenced as early as 1635. In Rhode Island there is a flourishing town named Bristol, which has now a population of 3500, and possesses a weekly newspaper; and it is reported that on its site 'the celebrated King Philip, chief of the Pequods, and the terror of the early colonists, held his court.' There is also a Bristol in Connecticut, in which clocks and buttons are extensively manufactured; another in New Hampshire, which was first settled in 1770; and, in addition to all these, there are eleven other places of the same name in the United States. It is curious to find so many Bristols, most of them with large populations, and in a flourishing condition, in the eastern part of the states near the sea-coast. It is, however, sufficiently accounted for by the fact, that at the time America was discovered, Bristol was perhaps the greatest port in the west of England; and in the charter given by James I. to the colonists in 1606, it was agreed that the adventurers from Bristol, Exeter, and Plymouth, should settle in the lands lying between the 38th and 45th degrees of north latitude. Within these parallels we find all the eastern Bristols situated. In those days Liverpool was scarcely known except as an insignificant port at the mouth of the Mersey, and the Bristol settlers would have very little idea that the field of commerce which they were opening up would be the means of causing this fishing village of Lancashire to become a formidable and successful rival of their own native city.

Among the eastern states, the name of Plymouth very frequently occurs. The Plymouth in Massachusetts, where, in 1620, the 'pilgrim fathers' landed, contains a population of 5281; it has two weekly newspapers, two academies with 123 students, and forty-one schools with 1378 scholars. In the same state there is a county named Plymouth, with a population of 47,373, and a capital invested in manufactures of 1,657,265 dollars. The same name is given to a township in Pennsylvania, which is inhabited chiefly by Friends. The name given by the pilgrim fathers to the spot on which they first landed has travelled to the far west, and is found in the states of Missouri, Indiana, and Illinois. The Southamptons are ten in number, and, consistently enough, one of them is situated in the county of Hampshire. The fashionable English Brighton has given its name to a township distinguished as being the most extensive cattle market in the county of Middlesex, state of Massachusetts. The only Brighton which would appear to be worthy of its name, is a beautiful flourishing place situated on the west side of the Big Beaver river, in the state of Pennsylvania. On the east bank of the same river is New Brighton, and the two places are connected by a bridge 500 feet long. The other Brightons are eight in number. Hastings, the seaport in England, proved, in the year 1066, a convenient landing-place for William the Conqueror; and a Hastings situated on the east side of the Hudson, in New York, is reported to 'possess a convenient landing.' In the state of Delaware there is a Kent county, whose capital is Dover; and scattered among the states are twenty-one other Dovers. Not one of these places, however, is situated opposite to a Calais; but there is a Calais in the state of Maine, opposite to the British town of St Andrews in New Brunswick. The description of Yarmouth in Massachusetts—that it has a number of vessels employed in the fisheries and the coasting-trade—would apply equally to the Yarmouth on the German Ocean. Hull, a township in Massachusetts, incorporated in 1644, has a beach four miles long, but a population only of 231. The names of seaports on the east coast of England, north from Hull, have also been adopted, for we find three Sunderlands, two Stocktons,

and two Scarboroughs. In England there are two Newcastles, and it is thought necessary to distinguish them by the names of 'upon Tyne' in the one case, and 'under Lyne' in the other; but no distinguishing mark is attached to the twelve Newcastles of the United States. There is a Bath on the east side of the Hudson river, which contains a sulphur spring of some celebrity; and another Bath in Virginia, which contains a medicinal spring with a temperature of 96°, reputed to be 'useful in rheumatic and other complaints.' Of a third Bath, in Georgia, which contains about fifteen houses, it is stated that 'the situation is elevated and healthy, and it is resorted to in the sickly season.' The other twelve Baths that exist do not seem to possess anything like the characteristics of the English Bath. One Bath county, in Kentucky, contains a population of 963, of whom 1951 are slaves; and another, in Virginia, contains a population of 4300, 347 of whom are slaves. There is one Cheltenham and one Baxton; but neither a Matlock nor a Harrowgate. Cambridge in Massachusetts possesses a university, founded in 1638. This university is named Harvard, and has a president and twenty-seven professors, 248 classical students, and upwards of 50,000 volumes in its libraries. Oxford in Ohio possesses a university named Miami, which has a president and five professors, 139 students, and 4352 volumes in its libraries. The land with which it is endowed yields a yearly income of 4500 dollars.

We might go on multiplying instances of the use of the names of English towns in the states, but the above will serve to give an idea of the extent to which the practice is carried. If the facilities for communication between one place and another go on increasing as much in future as they have done in past years, it will become necessary to exercise the utmost precision in speaking or writing of any town. Blunders enough have already arisen from the confusion of such names of persons as Smith, Thomson, Jones; and it would appear as if the United States were about to enter on the experience of similar blunders, but of a more serious kind, regarding the names of their places. Story-tellers on this side of the water have hitherto found such names as Smith very convenient as disguises for the real names of their heroes, but the names of places they have often been forced to conceal under an initial letter, or to disguise altogether under a fictitious one. The American story-tellers need never have recourse to such a shift.

The 'far west' is a term which has been very often used with a very general meaning. No specific place was indicated by the name, and in the course of years it was found that the 'far west,' like the poor Indians, was moving every day farther west. Its 'local habitation' has now, however, been fixed to be in the state of Missouri, 1072 miles from the city of Washington. There the post village of Far West, with a population of 500 souls, is to be found. One Far West is, however, insufficient for the Americans, as another is found in the state of Indiana, about 500 miles nearer to Washington. Other points of the compass have been fixed in a similar manner. East and West townships are found in the state of Ohio; and in the state of Pennsylvania, where it would be least expected, is found another township named West. The same state has a township named North East; New York another; and Maryland contains a village of the same name. In eleven of the states we find that each contains a Bridgewater; in one state there is a North Bridgewater; in another a North-west Bridgewater; in a third a West Bridgewater; and in a fourth an East Bridgewater. The places to whose names the prefix *New* is attached, occupy forty of the 750 pages of Sherman and Smith's Gazetteer. Many of the American names seem to have become old already, for we find New Echota, New Hecksensack, New Ohio, New Philadelphia, New Columbia, &c. &c.; while there are six Old Towns, one Old Jefferson, and two Old Hickories.

The names of abstract virtues are found in great

abundance, and if the character of the inhabitants corresponds to the names of their towns, they must have reached a point in social bliss which would leave little more to be desired. Concord is applied to twenty-seven places; Harmony to thirteen; Amity to six; Unity to eight; and Friendship to half a dozen. Of New Concords there are three, and of New Harmonies two. There are four Fair-Plays, and one Fair-Dealing; one Philanthropy; and a settlement named Economy, consisting of Germans from Swabia, on the banks of the river Ohio. There is a Home in India, and another in Pennsylvania; but Sweet Homes are to be found only in North Carolina and Arkansas. As if to make up for this scarcity, there is a Paradise in Illinois, and two in Pennsylvania; while, at the same time, the Promised Land is in Maryland; and the visionary may find an Eldorado far west in Missouri. Success is found both in New Hampshire and New York; but there is only one Patriot in Indiana, and one in Ohio. Of Unions there are eighty-six, besides a number of Union-towns and Union-villes.

Honour has likewise been paid to Napoleon and some of his generals. There are five Napoleons and one Bonaparte. The name of his great rival Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden, has been given to one township in New York and to two in Missouri. The name of Bernadotte is found in Illinois; while there is a township in New York named Massena. Nor have the famous victories of France's great emperor been forgotten; for there are two Arcolas, nine Lodis, four Marengos, and one Jena; and, to commemorate his final overthrow, there are a dozen Waterloos. The famous French republican tune of *Ca Ira* has given its name to a village in Virginia; and the name of the republican general Lafayette is applied to three counties and fifteen townships. The great objects for which men have in all ages struggled, and to gain which states have been both raised and overthrown, have supplied their names very freely to places in the United States. The appellation of Liberty has, with a strange inconsistency, been given to a county in Georgia which contains a population of 7241, of which 5561 are slaves. In addition to this Liberty, there are other forty-seven in the various states. Freedom is the name of a borough situated on the east bank of the Ohio; and other twelve Freedoms exist in the states. Equality exists in North and South Carolina, Illinois, and Missouri; and thirteen states contain Independence. Arkansas has a county named Independence, of whose population 514 are slaves!

For the names of their presidents the Americans appear to entertain much respect, for we find them broad-cast among the states in the most plenteous manner. The capital city is named after Washington. There are only two or three of the states that have not counties bearing his name; and the townships, &c. named Washington are 105 in number, of which thirty-six are found in the state of Ohio alone! The name of Adams, who succeeded Washington as president, is applied to five counties and sixteen townships, &c. besides which there are nine Adamsvilles. Jefferson, who was third president, has his name given to sixteen counties and fifty-two townships, &c. His successor was Monroe, whose name is used for fifteen counties and forty-eight townships, &c. There are fourteen counties and thirty-five townships, &c. named Madison; while the name of Jackson has been given to thirteen counties and eighty-one townships, &c. Among the western states there are five counties named Van Buren, and ten townships and six villages bear the same name. Harrisons and Tylers are also very common; while the states of Tennessee and Missouri possess each a county named Polk.

Other names are found quite peculiar to the United States. There is a Sunset in Georgia; and on the north bank of the Ohio there is a Rising Sun. A Morning Sun rises in Tennessee, and another in Ohio; while the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio possess each a Moon. The United States have three Dead, three

Mad, seven Little, one Big, one Muddy, four Deep, four New, three Vermilion, three Red, one Green, and seven Black rivers; besides a river Styx in Ohio, a Dismal Swamp, thirty miles long and ten wide, in Virginia and North Carolina; and to bring this strange summary to a conclusion, an Ultima Thule situated on a branch of Little River, in the state of Arkansas.

SLAVERY.

On the 19th of August 1836, says Darwin in his journal of a voyage round the world, we finally left the shores of Brazil. I thank God I shall never again visit a slave country. To this day, if I hear a distant scream, it recalls with painful vividness my feelings when, passing a house near Pernambuco, I heard the most pitiable moans, and could not but suspect that some poor slave was being tortured, yet knew that I was as powerless as a child even to remonstrate. I suspected that these moans were from a tormented slave, for I was told that this was the case in another instance. Near Rio de Janeiro I lived opposite to an old lady, who kept screws to crush the fingers of her female slaves. I have stayed in a house where a young household mulatto daily and hourly was reviled, beaten, and persecuted enough to break the spirit of the lowest animal. I have seen a little boy, six or seven years old, struck thrice with a horse-whip (before I could interfere) on the head; I saw his father tremble at a mere glance from his master's eye. These latter cruelties were witnessed by me in a Spanish colony, in which it has always been said that slaves are better treated than by the Portuguese, English, or other European nations. I have seen at Rio de Janeiro a powerful negro afraid to ward off a blow directed, as he thought, at his face. I was present when a kind-hearted man was on the point of separating for ever the men, women, and little children of a large number of families who had long lived together. I will not even allude to the many heart-sickening atrocities which I authentically heard of; nor would I have mentioned the above revolting details, had I not met with several people, so blinded by the constitutional gaiety of the negro, as to speak of slavery as a tolerable evil. Such people have generally visited at the houses of the upper classes where the domestic slaves are commonly well treated; and they have not, like myself, lived amongst the lower classes. Such inquirers will ask slaves about their condition; they forget that the slave must indeed be dull who does not calculate on the chance of his answer reaching his master's ears. It is argued that self-interest will prevent excessive cruelty; as if self-interest protected our domestic animals, which are far less likely than degraded slaves to stir up the rage of their savage masters. It is an argument long since protested against with noble feeling, and strikingly exemplified by the ever illustrious Humboldt. It is often attempted to palliate slavery by comparing the state of slaves with our poorer countrymen: if the misery of our poor be caused not by the laws of nature, but by our institutions, great is our sin; but how this bears on slavery I cannot see. As well might the use of the thumb-screw be defended in one land, by showing that men in another land suffered from some dreadful disease. Those who look tenderly at the slave owner, and with a cold heart at the slave, never seem to put themselves into the position of the latter—what a cheerless prospect, with not even a hope of change! Picture to yourself the chance, ever hanging over you, of your wife and your little children—those objects which nature urges even the slave to call his own—being torn from you, and being sold like beasts to the highest bidder! And these deeds are done and palliated by men who profess to love their neighbours as themselves, who believe in God, and pray that his will be done on earth! It makes one's blood boil, yet tremble, to think that the Englishman and our American descendants, with their boastful cry of liberty, have been and are so guilty; but it is a consolation to reflect that we at least have made a greater sacrifice than was ever made by any nation to expiate our sin.

PETER BELL.

We observe from the newspapers that the great 'Peter Bell' in York-Minster is now safely suspended in its own tower. The weight of the bell and its appendages, together with the frame, is calculated to be 25 tons; but the strength of the tower is equal to triple that weight. The bell is the largest in the kingdom, being 5 tons heavier than 'Old

Tom' of Oxford, and 7 tons heavier than the celebrated 'Tom' of Lincoln. The cost of it is above £2000; its height 7 feet 4 inches, and its diameter 8 feet 4 inches. It is placed (at a height of nearly 200 feet) diagonally in the tower, for the greater security to the building, and above 300 cubic feet of timber have been used for its support. It may be rung with two wheels, and will revolve entirely, if necessary.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

ADDRESSED TO THE INFANTS LEFT BY MADAME LEONTINE GENOUD.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF DE LAMARTINE.]

Poor sable-clad children, who ceaseless, forlorn,
Ask your sire, saying, 'What is this death that you weep?
And why from our couch do we waken each morn
Uncared, and how long lasts this sad gloomy sleep?

Hush little ones! Only in dreams you will feel
The kiss on your brow, fingers twined in your hair,
The nest on her knees where your head loved to steal,
The heart pressed to yours—the eyes meeting yours there.

Love will wean you from grief: now, 'tis bitter for you;
Your milk is dried up; like the lamb that is torn
From its dam by the shepherd, and cast forth all now,
To teach it to browse on the herb and the thorn.

You will have but a memory—a vague distant dream,
Of what is the sweetest in life's early years;
A mother's fond love but a history will seem,
By a sad lonely father told, mingled with tears.

And when in your souls you would bring back to light
Those memories under the cold marble sealed,
Those sweet whispered words, and that smile fond and bright,
When the mother's heart-love to the child is revealed.

And when, in your day-dreams, tears, ceaseless, unbidden,
Burst forth, and your souls up to Heaven arise,
When you see the young babe in its mother's breast hidden,
Or the desolate father absorbed in his sighs—

Come, come to this grave, where the green turf upwells,
Sit down at the foot of your mother, and pray;
Look up, full of hope, to the heaven where she dwells,
Imploping her smile like a light on your way.

From that blest home eternal, her soul evermore,
Like an unsetting star, o'er her babes loves to rest;
So the eagle, when soaring to heaven's high floor,
Still watchful looks down on her own beloved nest.

D. M. M.

AN AWKWARD CLERICAL ERROR.

Soon after Dr Trench's consecration, he accompanied his father one Sunday to the Magdalen Asylum, in Leeson Street, Dublin; where his person being unknown, but his dress indicating his ministerial character, the sexton approached him respectfully, and requested that he would, in compliance with the general rule observed there when any strange clergyman was present, give his assistance to the chaplain. He instantly complied with the request; read the service of the day; and, after the sermon was concluded, he was told by the unceremonious chaplain that his duties were not yet over, and that he expected him to administer the Lord's Supper to the congregation. 'In fact,' said his grace, in repeating the anecdote, 'the humblest curate in Dublin could not have more of the burden of the day laid upon him. However, I did everything he desired; and, after service, followed him into the vestry and disrobed, whilst he scarcely condescended to notice me. When I made my bow to depart, he said, "Sir, I am greatly obliged; may I ask to whom I am indebted?" "The Bishop of Waterford," said I; and I shall never forget the poor man's countenance. He seemed thunderstruck; and I was glad to escape from the apologies he was forcing upon me.'—*Sir's Memoir of Archbishop Trench.*

LITERARY OVERSIGHTS.

Sabbathier, a compiler of the last century, published a work entitled 'Manners, Customs, and Usages of the Ancients,' in which he forgot to say one word about the Romans!—*Curiosities Bibliographiques.* Paris. 1845.

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SHY MEN.

INDIVIDUALS are often judged of very erroneously from their external and ordinary demeanour. Of a particular class of misjudgments I am peculiarly assured, namely, those relating to men who have the reputation of being reserved through pride. In a large proportion of such cases, it is not any form of pride which produces the reservedness, but the opposite quality of shyness. It is the defect of self-esteem, rather than an undue endowment of it, that causes the conduct complained of.

Among the persons known to me as friends and associates, I could point to a number who are usually considered as proud men, and to whom it is customary to attach the—of late much misused—epithet aristocratic; while I know, with all possible certainty, that the real cause of the conduct and demeanour which obtains them this character, is nothing else than mere timidity of face. You may meet one of these men in company, and after a little time get into easy and familiar converse with him; yet, next day, encountering him in the street, and expecting a frank recognition, will be frozen by the most distant bow. You set him down as a cold proud man, too much absorbed in self to have any sympathies with you; but the fact is, that he has a boy-like shyness, which makes the usual courtesies of life a burden to him, and he only passes you in this reserved manner because he could not address you without an embarrassment painful in itself, and which would leave him in a state of self-humiliation, doubling that pain twice over. Thus, what you deem an assumption of superiority on his part, is in reality a silent confession of the most distressing weakness.

A Scottish peer, who died a few years ago in the prime of life, was unpopular from this cause. Alike to equals and inferiors, to country neighbours and to tenants, he appeared a freezing aristocrat. But there was no absolute want of a kindly nature in this gentleman. He was only oppressed with constitutional shyness. One of our late sovereigns, spending a morning at his father's house during his youth, the children of the family were ordered to be prepared to be formally introduced to the king. When the time came, all were found duly ready for the introduction, excepting the eldest son. He—the hope of the house—had been missing all morning, and could nowhere be found. The venerable earl had the mortification of bringing his young flock under the eye of royalty without its chief ornament: the awkwardness of his apology for the absence of Lord —, may be imagined. In reality, the young nobleman had secretly left home at an early hour, for the express purpose of avoiding the dreaded ceremony; nor did he reappear till some time after the royal guest had departed. On succeeding, a few years after, to his titles, and large estates and influence, his

natural shyness experienced no abatement; and it had the effect of, in a great measure, neutralising his high social and political rank. To convey an idea of the extremity of the case—he was one day driving with a friend over the estates of a neighbour, when his curriole broke down. An honest farmer, being the distress of the party, came up to offer the horse he was riding upon, and another from a neighbouring field, for their use. The earl's companion accepted the offer with thanks; but the noble himself stalked aside, and took up a position at a little distance. There he waited till the horse was brought to him; there he mounted it; and then he rode off, without having said a single word to the worthy man who was putting himself to inconvenience on his account. The farmer, it may be believed, was astonished; but there cannot be the shade of a doubt that this strange conduct was the consequence of mere shamefacedness, or an inability to enter upon a few graceful commonplaces, which to another man would not have cost one moment's thought or pain.

The character of a late English noble was felt to be a great puzzle, in as far as, professing the extreme of liberalism in politics, he was observed to be practically 'aristocratic' far beyond the most conservative of his compeers. It was said of him that, in his own house, the servants had instructions to avoid, as far as possible, meeting him in staircases and passages; whence it was inferred that he disliked the very sight of his humbler fellow-creatures. I know not how the case might actually be; but from others which have come under my immediate observation, I think it by no means unlikely that Lord — was only shy, not proud. He was perhaps one of those to whom greetings are intolerable, and from whom a 'Good morning' is wrung like gold from a miser. The great mass of the humble can hardly form an idea of the difficulties experienced, through this cause, by some of those whom they consider as men of consequence. A gentleman occupying one of the highest offices in the country, and in the enjoyment of great public respect, on account of the manner in which he discharges his important functions—a man equally sound in judgment and kindly in the affairs of private life—this gentleman, to the knowledge of the present writer, often uses efforts to pass his friends in the street without being seen by them. A colleague in office, who for half the year sits several hours every day in the same room with him, states that he had often found himself on the point of encountering — in the course of a country walk, when he had observed him deliberately quit the footpath, and cross to the opposite side of the road, where he would stand looking over a hedge, affecting to take an interest in the landscape, or some object near or remote, until he thought his friend would be past, when he would quietly return to the footpath and resume his walk,

thus accomplishing what?—nothing but the avoidance of a kindly greeting with his colleagues and friend! Such a fact will to many appear incredible; but its value consists in its strict truth, and its serving to illustrate a disposition of mind which, though hitherto little noticed, is only a too painful reality.

Shy men are generally persons of a diffident and amiable character—often possessed of a fine taste and nice moral feelings. They shrink from society and from individual rencontres, very much because of a certain overdelicacy of nature, which makes the common bustle of life unpleasant to them. Another element of their case, is a deficiency of mere animal spirits. In their ordinary moments, they lack the backing of excitement to force their minds into active and healthy play. Laxly scuffed, the strings refuse to twang, and the men start back, not from the sound themselves have made, but from the absence of all sound. A sense of the dull unwholesome state of their minds reacts upon them in producing greater embarrassment, and the more they keep out of society, the more unfitted for it do they become. Sometimes a chance plunge into life, or an impulse from the contiguity of a bustling friend, will waken up a little energy in them, and for a while they will feel the comfort of a healthy normal state of mind. But when the external stimulus has spent its force, or been removed, they sink back into their unmanly timidity, and cheat the gleam of hope which their friends had begun to entertain. Usually, these men are altogether misunderstood by the world, being thought haughty when they are in reality modest, and cold and repelling when they may perhaps be glowing with benevolence to all mankind. At the best, they are regarded as odd and incalculable persons, and find their best and noblest qualities insufficient to protect them from the neglect which must ever be the fate of men of unpopular manners, however deserving of esteem.

Wherever the persons thus characterised are liable to any kind of external influence, it were well that their case should be properly understood and treated. The tendency of the patient himself—for a patient he should be considered—is to retreat from the society which is painful to him, into still deeper obscurities, and there foster the disease which preys upon him. He should, on the contrary, be tempted by all fair means into the bustle of the world, and induced, if possible, to take an interest in its affairs. Even a liking for its frivolities might, in such a case, be redemption from worse evil. When friends have any influence in proposed matrimonial arrangements, they should seek to unite the victim of shyness to a person of cheerful social nature, instead of to one who, while deemed perhaps more solid, might be apt, by less gay and active disposition, to lead to further restraints being imposed. In children, the incipient manifestations of the malady might be met by the encouragement of active sports and social habits. Above all, it is important that the victim be not left to himself, or thrown into the hands of persons of sombre temper. Disheartening views of individual merits, and of human nature generally, must also be deeply injurious.

The facts here brought forward ought to warn us against rash-judging from external appearances. The heart of man is a thing of infinite contrarieties; and often where we think ourselves surest of the ground on which we are forming an estimate, we are at the remotest point from the truth. Let us make a rule of pausing when we are asked to condemn a man for his pride, whether as an incidental demonstration or a habitual characteristic. Where we think there is disdain, there is perhaps only a pitiable embarrassment, arising from natural and irresistible awkwardness. Nor may we even be sure, where we see a somewhat forward or over-confident manner, that we are not contemplating the efforts of this same fellow, for it is natural to assume one vicious manner in order to escape the tendency to

another, and a declivity, however constrained, may seem to the victim a blessed escape from the pain of a habitual vacillation.

MR LYELL ON THE GEOLOGY OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE reader must not expect from this title any lengthened disquisition on the geology of the American continent, but merely a passing notice of some of the more interesting facts adverted to by Mr Lyell, in his recent travels through the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia.

1. *Falls of Niagara.*—These celebrated falls were first seen by the tourist when about three miles distant. It was a lovely morning in August, the sun was shining full upon them—no building in view—nothing but the green wood, the falling water, and the white foam. At that moment they appeared to me more beautiful and less grand; but after several days, when I had enjoyed a nearer view of the two cataracts, had listened to their thundering sound, and gazed on them for hours from above and below, and had watched the river foaming over the rapids, then plunging headlong into the dark pool, and when I had explored the delightful island which divides the falls, where the solitude of the ancient forest is still unbroken, I at last learned by degrees to comprehend the wonders of the scene, and to feel its full magnificence. This is ever the case with the magnificent and sublime; the mind, habituated to ordinary things, fails at first to form a proper estimate of the object it contemplates, but gradually enlarges with the contemplation, partaking of the attributes by which it is surrounded. Leaving this matter, however, to the metaphysician, let us follow the geologist in his description and estimate of the stupendous cataract.

As is known to every reader, the falls of Niagara are situated between Lakes Erie and Ontario—the last of those great fresh-water seas so characteristic of Upper Canada. The distance between the two lakes is about twenty-nine miles, and the difference of level 330 feet. As the river issues from Lake Erie, it resembles a prolongation of the tranquil lake, being interspersed with low wooded islands. This lake-like scenery continues for about fifteen miles, during which the fall of the river scarcely exceeds as many feet; but on reaching the rapids, it descends over a limestone bed about fifty feet in less than a mile, and is then thrown down about 165 feet perpendicularly at the falls. The largest of these, called the Horse-shoe fall, is 1800 feet, or more than a third of a mile broad, the island in the midst being somewhat less in width, and the American fall about 800 feet wide. The deep narrow chasm below the great cataract is from 200 to 400 yards wide, and 300 feet deep; and here in seven miles the river descends 100 feet, at the end of which it emerges from the gorge into the open and flat country, so nearly on a level with Lake Ontario that there is only a fall of about four feet in the seven additional miles which intervene between Queenston and the lake. The great ravine is winding, and at some points the boundary cliffs are undermined on one side by the impetuous stream; but there is usually a talus at the base of the precipice, supporting a very ornamental fringe of trees. It has long been the popular belief, from a mere cursory inspection of this district, that the Niagara once flowed in a shallow valley across the whole platform, from the present site of the falls to the Queenston heights, where it is supposed the cataract was first situated, and that the river has been slowly eating its way backwards through the rocks for a distance of seven miles. According to this hypothesis, the falls must have had originally nearly twice their present height, and must have been always diminishing in grandeur from age to age, as they will continue to do in future so long as the retrograde movement is prolonged. It becomes, therefore, a matter of no small curiosity and interest to inquire at what rate the work of denudation is now going on, and thus to obtain a measure for calculating how many thousands of years or centuries have been required to hollow out the chasm already excavated.

Unfortunately for such an estimate, our data are very incomplete, the earliest authentic notice of the falls being that of Father Hennepin in 1678. 'As to the waters of Italy and Swedeland,' says the worthy missionary, 'they are but sorry patterns of it: this wonderful downfall is compounded of two great falls, with an isle in the middle, and there is another cascade less than the other two, which falls from east to west.' By 1761, when Kalm, the Swedish botanist, visited the district, the lesser cascade had vanished in consequence of the demolition of the projecting ledge by which it was occasioned. In 1818 and 1828 there were extensive falls of the undermined limestone, which are said to have shaken the adjacent country like an earthquake. Since 1815 the settlers have noticed an indentation of the American fall to the extent of forty feet, at the same time that the Horse-shoe fall has been altered, so as less to deserve that name. Goat Island, which divides the falls, has also suffered degradation to the extent of several acres within the last four or five years. All this, though scanty information, evinces a gradual recession of the falls, and points to a time when they shall approach the shores of Lake Erie, and convert its expanse into a dry and fertile plain. When this may happen is altogether matter of conjecture. Mr Bakewell estimates the recession during the present century at three feet per year, while Mr Lyell thinks one foot a more probable estimate. At the latter rate, it would have required 35,000 years to excavate the gorge between Queenston and the falls, and will take more than double that period to recede to Lake Erie. It must be borne in mind, however, that the recession depends upon the nature of the rocks to be worn down, on the height of the fall, and other contingencies. At present the ledge over which it passes is limestone resting on soft shales, and as the latter are washed away by the water the former is undermined and falls down; a new undermining soon takes place, a fresh fall occurs, and thus the process of decay, though slow, is perpetual. By and by the rocks to be out, through will be sandstones of a softer texture; and though the fall will be diminished in height, the wasting effects of the cataract may be equally or even more rapid.

Be this as it may, it must have required a long series of ages to hollow out the chasm between the falls and Queenston; and if we knew the rate of erosion, Niagara would form, as it were, a great natural chronometer. And though it proved to us the lapse of many thousand years, yet is its action altogether recent compared with the events exhibited by the geology of the district. The surface is covered with shells and gravel more modern than the clays of the London basin, and which were deposited ere yet Niagara poured its waters over the escarpment at Queenston; these, again, are but of yesterday compared with the underlying strata through which the river now cuts its way. 'Many,' says Mr Lyell, 'have been the successive revolutions in organic life, and many the vicissitudes in the physical geography of the globe, and often has sea been converted into land and land into sea since that rock was formed. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Himalaya, have not only begun to exist as lofty mountain chains, but the solid materials of which they are composed have been slowly elaborated beneath the sea within the stupendous interval of ages here alluded to.'

2. Coal-fields of the United States.—Like everything else in the American continent, the coal-fields are on an unusual and gigantic scale. That of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio, extends continuously from north-east to south-west for a distance of 720 miles, its greatest breadth being about 180 miles! Its area thus amounts to 63,000 square miles, a superficies considerably greater than the whole of England and Wales. That situated in Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, embraces an area of 14,000 square miles; while others, many times much larger than the largest coal-field in Britain, are found in Michigan and other parts of the union. The coal is of two kinds—bituminous, such as that found in Britain; and anthracite, or debituminised coal, which is a natural coke deprived of its gaseous matters by subterranean pro-

cesses. This anthracite burns without smoke or flame, does not soil the fingers, is not easily broken, and has a metallic or ringing sound when struck. It is found in various degrees of purity, containing from 5 to 15, or even to 25 per cent. of inflammable matter. The most thoroughly debituminised portions of the field are those most intimately associated with the Alleghany mountains, thus pointing to the subterranean fires by which the bituminous materials were expelled; and it is curious to learn that as the field recedes from the mountains, it gradually becomes more and more bituminous, till it cannot be distinguished from ordinary coal. For a long time this anthracite was rejected; but science has taught its use to the Americans, to whom, for countless ages, it will be an indispensable source of wealth and comfort. In speaking of its use at Pottsville, Mr Lyell says, 'Here I was agreeably surprised to see a flourishing manufacturing town with the tall chimneys of a hundred furnaces, burning night and day, yet quite free from smoke. Leaving this clear atmosphere, and going down into one of the mines, it was a no less pleasing novelty to find we could handle the coal without soiling our fingers. The slow combustion of anthracite can be overcome by a strong current of air, not only in large furnaces, but by aid of a blower in the fireplaces of private dwellings; and its drying effect on the air of a room may be counteracted by the evaporation of water. As managed by the Americans, I have no hesitation in preferring its use, in spite of the occasional stove-like heat produced by it, to that of bituminous coal in London, coupled with the penalty of living constantly in a dark atmosphere of smoke, which destroys our furniture, dress, and gardens, blackens our public buildings, and renders cleanliness impossible.'

Again, the coal-fields of America are as remarkable for the ease with which they can be worked, as for their vast extent and excellent qualities. There are no deep shafts requiring eight or ten years of expensive labour, no gigantic engines for drainage, no complicated machinery for ventilation, no precautions necessary against explosions, for such disasters are totally unknown. 'I was truly surprised,' says our authority, 'now that I had entered the hydrographical basin of the Ohio, at beholding the richness of the seams of coal which appear everywhere on the flanks of the hills and at the bottoms of the valleys, and which are accessible in a degree I never witnessed elsewhere. The time has not yet arrived, the soil being still densely covered with the primeval forest, and manufacturing industry in its infancy, when the full value of this inexhaustible supply of cheap fuel can be appreciated; but the resources which it will one day afford to a region capable, by its agricultural produce alone, of supporting a large population, are truly magnificent. In order to estimate the natural advantages of such a region, we must reflect how three great navigable rivers—the Monongahela, Alleghany, and Ohio—intersect it, and lay open on their banks the level seams of coal. I found at Brownsville a bed ten feet thick of good bituminous coal, commonly called the Pittsburg seam, breaking out in the river cliffs near the water's edge. Horizontal galleries may be driven everywhere at very slight expense, and so worked as to drain themselves, while the cars, laden with coal and attached to each other, glide down on a railway, so as to deliver their burden into barges moored to the river's bank. The same seam is seen on the right bank, and may be followed the whole way to Pittsburg, fifty miles distant. As it is nearly horizontal, while the river descends it crops out, at a continually increasing but never at an inconvenient height above the Monongahela. Both above and below the seam are others of workable dimensions, and almost every proprietor can open a coal-pit on his own land. The stratification being very regular, they may calculate with precision the depth at which the coal may be won. So great, indeed, are the facilities of procuring this excellent fuel, that already it is found profitable to convey it in flat-bottomed boats for the use of steam-ships at New Orleans, 1100 miles distant, in spite of the dense forests bordering the intermediate river plains, where timber may be obtained at the cost of felling it.' One

cannot read this account of these coal-fields without speculating on the future condition of North America, and associating therewith all that is great, and powerful, and enlightened. Without her mineral resources, Britain never could have been what she now is; and America has started as it were full-grown into life with resources to which those of our island can hardly be compared. The mineral wealth of Britain has already accomplished wonders, and will bring about still more stupendous results; but America, when Britain's last pound of coal shall have been consumed, will only be emerging into meridian glory.

3. *Natural gas-light*.—Many of our readers may be aware that the carburetted hydrogen which issues from some of the north of England mines, as, for example, that of Wallsend, has been collected in gasometers, and used for the purposes of illumination. In no case, however, has it been of much importance, beyond the mere illustration of the fact, that such an illumination could be effected. Not so, however, on the other side the Atlantic, as we hear from the following extracts from Mr Lyell's journal:—'Sailed in a steamboat to Fredonia [on Lake Erie], a town of 1200 inhabitants, with neat white houses, and six churches. The streets are lighted up with natural gas, which bubbles out of the ground, and is received into a gasometer, which I visited. This gas consists of carburetted hydrogen, and issues from a black bituminous slate. The lighthouse-keeper at Fredonia told me, that, near the shore, at a considerable distance from the gasometer, he bored a hole through this black slate, and the gas soon collected in sufficient quantity to explode when ignited.'

4. *Great Dismal Swamp*.—Among the recent and superficial formations of America, there is none more interesting than those swamps or morasses which occur in the low flat regions of the Carolinas and Florida. The largest of these lies between the towns of Norfolk and Weldon, in North Carolina, and is traversed in part by a railway, supported on piles. 'It bears,' says Mr Lyell, 'the appropriate and very expressive name of the "Great Dismal," and is no less than forty miles in length from north to south, and twenty-five miles in its greatest width from east to west, the northern half being situated in Virginia, the southern in North Carolina. I observed that the water was obviously in motion in several places, and the morass has somewhat the appearance of a broad inundated river-plain, covered with all kinds of aquatic trees and shrubs, the soil being as black as in a peat-bog. The accumulation of vegetable matter going on here in a hot climate, over so vast an area, is a subject of such high geological interest, that I shall relate what I learnt of this singular morass.

'It is one enormous quagmire, soft and muddy, except where the surface is rendered partially firm by a covering of vegetables and their matted roots; yet, strange to say, instead of being lower than the level of the surrounding country, it is actually higher than nearly all the firm and dry land which encompasses it, and, to make the anomaly complete, in spite of its semi-fluid character it is higher in the interior than towards its margin. The soil of the swamp is formed of vegetable matter, usually without any admixture of earthy particles. We have here, in fact, a deposit of peat from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, in a latitude where, owing to the heat of the sun and length of the summer, no peat-mosses like those of Europe would be looked for under ordinary circumstances. In northern latitudes, where the climate is damp and the summer short and cool, the growth of one season does not rot away before the growth of the next has risen above it; and the more so that the situation is wet and boggy. The vegetation in fact is protected from decay by the comparative absence of heat and the presence of water, but in Carolina the former of these causes does not operate. Mr Lyell, therefore, accounts for the formation of the 'Great Dismal' in the following manner:—'There are many trees like the willow which thrive flourish in water. The white cedars stand firmly in the softest part of the quagmire, supported by their long tap-roots, and afford, with many other evergreens, a dark shade, under which a

multitude of ferns, reeds, and shrubs, from nine to eighteen feet high, and a thick carpet of mosses, four or five inches high, spring up and are protected from the rays of the sun. When these are most powerful, the large cedar (*Cupressus disticha*) and many other deciduous trees are in full leaf. The black soil formed beneath this shade, to which the mosses and the leaves make annual additions, does not perfectly resemble the peat of Europe, most of the plants being so decayed as to leave little more than soft black mud, without any traces of organization. The evaporation continually going on in the wet spongy soil during summer cools the air, and generates a temperature resembling that of a more northern climate, or a region more elevated above the level of the sea.'

Though the swamp has been described as highest towards the middle, there is a lake seven miles long and five broad in its centre, but of no great depth. Much timber has been cut down and carried out from the morass by means of canals, which are perfectly straight for long distances, with the trees on each side arching over and almost joining their branches. There are also numerous trunks of large and tall trees buried in the mire, which, being kept wet, do not decompose, but yield the finest and most durable planks. The animals chiefly found inhabiting the 'Dismal' are bears, wild cats, and occasionally a solitary wolf; but otherwise the region is as lifeless and gloomy as can be imagined. Mr Lyell regards this swamp as a fine illustration of the mode in which coal has been formed, and argues that if the district were submerged beneath the ocean so as to receive a covering of sand or mud, that the whole vegetable mass would be converted into a modern coal-seam.

Such are a few random gleanings from a work whose pages, whether they relate to the geology, statistics, or people of the districts through which the author travelled, are replete with sound and attractive information.

POSITION AND APPEARANCE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It is certainly one of the peculiarities of the present day, that people are more inclined to think for themselves, to examine time-established customs and opinions, and, if they find them mischievous or false, to break from their trammels, than they were even twenty years ago. Indeed there are few who walk through the world, endeavouring to keep their eyes open, and notice what is going on around them, who have not an 'experience' of one sort or another to oppose to some erroneous but current opinion. *Apocryphus* of one such conviction is the following sketch from life.

'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' That, courteous reader, is not a proverb against which I would break a lance or wear down a goose-quill. No; so wrote one of old, whose pearls of wisdom Time cannot corrode; nor in them can the world's accumulated knowledge and developed reason find speck or flaw. The adversity to which Shakspeare alluded, was the change from a high and proud position to one of humble obscurity; from a life of ease and luxury to a precarious existence, dependent on toil and daily exertion, and not without dangers and difficulties. Such changes must have been frequent at all times, yet are they most so in an age like the present. In a country whose crowded population are striving and wrestling for place and precedence, some must be continually losing ground. Now, the opinion with which I do quarrel, is that which shapes itself into the words I have often heard—'Bad enough to be poor, but still worse to seem poor.' Think of the contrariety of human nature; this is the very thing the miser, stooping beneath the weight of his money-bags, strives to seem. 'Ah,' exclaims some struggling stickler for the value of appearances—'ah, he can afford to seem poor!'

Excuse me, my dear friend; no man is so rich in virtues as to be able to afford a falsehood; and none can be made happy or respectable by holding a false position. And for the rich to feign poverty, is as false a thing as for the poor to cheat the world by hollow appearances. The fable of the dog and the shadow has a meaning the most profound. I believe that more than one-half of the amount of human miseries arises from the struggle to maintain the appearance of things, instead of to acquire the realities. And, after all, how shallow they are! The people who keep but one eye open can see through them. Folks who struggle to maintain a position higher in a worldly sense than that to which they are entitled, seem to have chosen a footing slippery and insecure as thin ice. What foundation can they trust on which to build? What purchase have they from which to spring or climb higher? I think I could illustrate this truth by many facts which I have observed. I will try to do so by recalling two or three odd chapters of biography.

A few years ago—so few, that the youthful actors of that day are only now entering on the summer of life—I chanced to be intimately acquainted with two families, the heads of which were connected by the close band of commercial partnership. They had been brought up in ease and luxury, or, as the world afterwards said, extravagantly; for the day of reverses came, and either from unfortunate speculations, or some of the thousand causes by which we are told the intricate wheels of business may be clogged, the firm of Freeman and Sanders, which had stood for two generations in proud security and unblemished repute, bent its head to the dust in acknowledged bankruptcy. The senior partner, Mr Freeman, died, it was said, of grief and shame, within three months from the period of this catastrophe; and thus were his children and their mother deprived of a stay and protector in the very hour of their extremest need. The scene and circumstances were those, alas! but too common in real life, but over which pride drops so thick a veil, that strangers seldom penetrate behind it—a scene and circumstances so gloomy of aspect, that the writer of fiction shrinks from making the world familiar with their details, while the moralist sighs and doubts how it were wisest to deal with them.

No one seemed to have observed that there was anything remarkable about the eldest daughter, Mary Freeman, who was then about nineteen years of age. Neither tall nor short, nor handsome nor plain; neither particularly gay, nor, on the other hand, given to melancholy, the slanderers of women who believe in Pope would have been likely enough to pronounce her one with 'no character at all.' If anything had been noticed of her, it was, that she was quiet and lady-like, and a great reader. We shall see what had been the moulding of quiet reflection and judicious reading, added to the early impressions made by a truthful and high-minded mother. I was in the house in those sad hours when the dead lay unburied, and the distressing details consequent on death pressed heavily on the living, and seemed, as they always do, to clash rudely and profanely on their aching hearts. Here, too, and at this hour, cowered Poverty in one of its darkest forms. The widow, blinded with heart-wrung tears, lay exhausted in a room apart. On Mary devolved all cares, all responsibility. She knew that the very furniture of the house belonged to her father's creditors; and she knew that the means in her mother's hands would not suffice a month for the family's support. She was very pale, and a dark circle round the eyes showed that she had wept bitterly; but she was calm now, and gave her orders with distinctness and composure. The draper had brought mourning habiliments for her selection.

'This is too good,' said Mary quietly, putting on one side some articles he had displayed before her. The tradesman looked surprised, and said something about seldom supplying ladies with goods inferior to those. 'We cannot afford so high a price,' continued Mary in a

manner unmistakably different from the affectation with which the wealthy sometimes talk of their means; and she chose the very cheapest articles which would combine durability with economy. A peculiar expression passed over the draper's face. If I read it aright, it half arose from pity for the fallen family, and half from a sudden conviction that at any rate he should be paid immediately or certainly for his goods, having doubtless remarked that dangerous customers always endeavour—to keep up appearances. Mary Freeman had acted from her own instinctive love of truth and justice; she knew not then that she had already made her first stand against the despot Poverty—combated with him hand to hand. Boldly to, say, 'I cannot afford,' is the true way to keep him at bay.

Mary Freeman appeared to possess nothing of what is called worldly wisdom; and yet her position was one which worldly people would have said required a great deal of worldly policy to guide her; and she really had only great simplicity of character, the power of distinguishing between right and wrong, and the habit of always and promptly deciding on the former line of conduct. So completely had the mother been spirit-crushed by adverse fortune, that the management of affairs was silently, yet as a matter of course, ceded to Mary. She was well educated and accomplished, and every way competent to be an instructress; her sister, two years her junior, was a fine musician, and she calculated that if both could obtain pupils, they should be able to support their mother, certainly to maintain her above want, though not to procure her the luxuries to which she had been accustomed. A cheap lodging was taken, and the creditors, admiring the energy and right-mindedness the young girl was displaying, permitted her to remove, before the sale, sufficient necessities to furnish their new abode. A situation of a very humble class offered for her young brother. 'Take it, Harry,' she advised; 'you cannot afford to remain idle; anything is better than that. If they find you attentive, and superior to this occupation, your employers will perhaps promote you to something better—at any rate take it, until something more advantageous appears.' And while these young people are buffeting the world bravely and wisely, let us turn to the Sanders family, who, seeking to retrieve their fortunes, were pursuing a very opposite course.

'We must keep up appearances,' was the text from which a silly woman was perpetually preaching; and when her husband had the weakness to yield to her persuasions, it was not to be expected that her sons and daughters should see the error and folly of their course. Soon after the failure, Mr Sanders had obtained a situation of from two to three hundred a-year, as superior clerk in a mercantile house. Properly managed, such an income, however inferior to that which they had formerly spent, might have supported his wife and the two young children in real respectability and independence; and had the elder son and daughter, who were about the ages of Mary and Fanny Freeman, been taught to contribute to the general stock, the inconveniences of which, to their intimate friends, they so bitterly complained, would surely have been removed. But no: a really excellent situation might have been procured for George Sanders; but, alas! it was in a retail establishment, and his mother would not listen to such a falling off from the dignity of the family. 'It would be the ruin of him,' she exclaimed: 'how could he show himself in genteel society when it was known that he might be seen serving behind a counter? He could not escort his sister to evening parties if he were chained to business three nights a-week; and if Clara did not "go into society," what, poor girl, would become of her? It was not giving her a chance.' The chance was, of course, that of 'making a good match,' as the phrase goes. Poor Mrs Sanders! her castle-building was about as unreal as that of the girl in the old story with her basket of eggs. 'Appearances' were, with her, the brittle commodity on which fortune was to be founded.

No matter that at home there were heart-burnings and discontent; tradesmen calling for bills which there was not the money to discharge; or that, for the providing of showy luxuries, the necessities of life were curtailed; and so, in the family the petty selfishnesses of humanity were painfully brought out, as, except in the very highest natures, they always are when individual comfort is tryingly trespassed on. Even the bonds of affection, which alone could have held together such discordant elements, were weaker and weaker. Instead of instructing her children to exert themselves, she taught them that, by cultivating appearances, fortune would call at their door; and certainly they waited with a patience which would have been admirable if practised in a better cause.

In the days of their equal prosperity the two families had been intimate, but their unequal adversity had brought out in such strong relief the lights and shades of their character, and their paths seemed so opposite, that, without any disagreement, calls became less frequent, till sometimes they did not meet for months together.

Five years glided away. At the end of that time Clara Sanders was still unmarried; and though at last, wearied and worn out with waiting for some unexceptionable and lucrative employment to present itself, her brother had accepted a situation, it was one infinitely inferior in point of remunerative advantages to several he had rejected; but then it was perfectly 'genteel,' and he was released from business in time to join in the fashionable promenades, and had no veto put upon evening parties. Bred up in a bad school, he did not perceive that his 'position' was one that to a high and upright mind would have appeared positively degrading. His paltry salary scarcely found him in pocket-money and cigars, while for his real maintenance the strong able-bodied man of twenty-two was indebted to an impoverished and hard-working father; nay, worse, to a parent involved in debt, and surrounded with difficulties. To my thinking, the world in this nineteenth century knows no such martyrs as those who are struggling to uphold themselves in a false position.

It was a warm evening, just at that season of the year when spring is melting into summer, when London is full of the 'fashionable world,' and when, consequently, the descending grades of society, following their example, revel also in gaiety and visiting. A party was projected to take place in the showy but really wretched home of the Sanderses; and little could the invited guests suspect the crooked plans—laughable, if they were not most melancholy—to which their hosts must have recourse ere they could receive them; the curious stratagems, born of the inventive mother, Necessity, by which they must keep the bubble 'appearances' from bursting. At the present moment, how to obtain five pounds to purchase articles for which they could not obtain credit, was the question in agitation between mother and daughter. There was a loud rat-tat at the door—surely street-door knockers are nowhere so noisy as in London—and presently Mr George entered the room, drawing off a pair of lemon-coloured gloves, the cost of which might have given them all a better dinner than they had tasted that day.

'Just met Harry Freeman,' he exclaimed, throwing himself into the nearest chair; and finding that he received no answer to this important piece of information, he continued, 'What luck some people have to be sure!'

'Has he been in luck's way, then?' inquired Mrs Sanders.

'Only that he has been pushed up over the heads of clerks of a dozen years' standing, and made foreign correspondent in —'s house.'

'I should think his sisters would give up teaching now,' said Clara, with an emphasis on the last word.

'I don't believe it—they are such scrows,' replied her brother. 'I declare I would not have worn the coat he had on.'

'What!—shabby?'

'No, not shabby; but such a cut! East of Temple Bar all over.'

There was a slight whispering between mother and daughter.

'If you do that,' said Mrs Sanders, 'you must invite them.'

'He will be too busy to come,' replied Clara; 'and they will be sure to wear white muslin; girls always look nice in that.'

'George and you might walk there this evening; it would be better than writing.'

'I'll leave you at the door, and call for you in half an hour,' said he, as they walked along; for he had learned that her mission was not solely to invite their old friends to join the evening party, and his cowardly vanity shrunk from being present when the other solicitation was made.

Clara found Mary and her brother studiously engaged with a German master, and Fanny and Mrs Freeman busily plying the needle. She must seek a private audience for her more important request; but she felt that 'she was giving her friends a little consequence,' by inviting them to the party before the stranger.

'We are particularly engaged on Wednesday,' said Mary; 'very particularly,' she added, with a smile, which somehow or other brought a blush to the cheeks of her sister Fanny.

Clara expressed in courteous phrase all due regrets that they should not have the pleasure of seeing them, with all the et ceteras usual on such occasions; and on the first opportunity, asked to speak to her in private for five minutes. It was not an agreeable thing to ask the loan of five pounds, and she put it off yet another moment, by dwelling once more on the disappointment Mrs Sanders would feel at not seeing her young friends.

'When I tell you,' said Mary Freeman, now released from all restraint, 'that our dear Fanny is going to be married on Thursday morning, you will see that it is not likely we should go to a party the night before. Though indeed we seldom go into anything like gaiety; you know we cannot afford finery and coach-hire.'

In her astonishment Clara could not help ejaculating, 'That chit Fanny!'

'Nay, though younger than we are,' said Mary, 'she is two-and-twenty.'

'Is it a good match?' asked Clara.

'Excellent,' I think,' replied Mary, again smiling, and now at her friend's use of that vulgar hackneyed phrase, 'inasmuch as her intended is a gentleman of the highest character. Their attachment I believe to be a most warm and sincere one; and though not absolutely rich, he can surround her with all the comforts of life. I assure you I rejoice that she did not accept either of the other offers she received, although they were what the world calls better ones.'

'Other offers!—and yet you never go out!' exclaimed Clara with undisguised astonishment.

'I sometimes think they must have been because we never put ourselves in the way of seeking admirers.'

Clara was not inclined to ask what Mary meant by using the plural 'we,' and so she proceeded to seek the loan.

'I will lend it you with pleasure,' replied the kind-hearted girl, 'if you will promise to return it to me by the first of next month. It is part of what I have put away to pay for our lessons in German and Spanish, and the quarter will be due then. I do not think Harry will need to go on any longer, for he has a talent for acquiring languages, and he has fagged very hard for the last three years. I am not so quick, and shall take lessons till Christmas, if I can possibly afford it.'

The promise was given; ay, and I am afraid without even the positive intention of fulfilling it. For those who are slaves to 'appearances' live only in the present, and regard the future but little.

The first of the month arrived,—the second,—the third,—and no communication from the Sanderses. On the fourth came a letter full of excuses and apologies.

Mary had discrimination enough to read through such phrases the simple truth—that they had not the money. She was too sorry for them to feel angry, though the disappointment to herself was a serious one. She determined to break off her lessons for a few weeks, until she could replace the sum she had generously lent and—lost. Those who know what it is to study ardently, and with a specific object in view, will believe how vexatious such an interruption was. How the party 'went off,' or what further stratagems the Sanders family resorted to during the ensuing months, there is no record to show. Ashamed of seeing the friend she had wronged, Clara took no further notice of the broken promise, putting off perhaps from time to time the fulfilment of some vague intention she might have formed of calling or writing again. But the crisis was coming; the bubble was bursting; appearances could be kept up no longer. One of the many penalties attending those who struggle to maintain a false position is, that they seldom or never draw round them friends able or willing to assist them in the dark hour of adversity. The really high-minded and generous, who would respect honest poverty, and hold out a helping hand to it in the time of need, recoil from the mockeries of life and all false people; instinctively they shun them, and so know them not. Of all their butterfly associates, the Sanderses had not one of whom to seek counsel or aid in the hour of their second and deeper fall. Deeper, indeed; for now was disgrace. The world saw that the ruin came from personal extravagance; and creditors cheated, as they believed themselves to have been, intentionally, were different to deal with from the sufferers by mercantile failure. When Clara next called on Mary Freeman, it was with humbled mien and tearful eyes, not to pay the borrowed pounds, but to seek the further loan of—a few shillings. Fortune had smiled upon the orphans. With Harry's increased salary, he had insisted that Mary should confine her earnings to the defraying her own personal expenses—thus she had already saved money.

'Say no more about the old debt, my dear Clara,' she exclaimed: 'I long ago looked upon it as a gift; that is, if you would accept it from an old friend. I should have written to tell you so, but I feared to hurt your feelings.' And she slipped another five-pound note into her hand, to be returned 'whenever she grew rich.'

And this was the friend whom for years she had slighted!—whom her mother had hesitated to invite to the house, lest she should appear ill dressed! The good that was in her nature seemed to rise above the evil-teaching by which it had been crushed, and, throwing herself on her knees, she buried her face in Mary's lap, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

'My poor girl,' said Mary, herself somewhat overcome by the interview, 'I do feel for you. I know what poverty is—bitter and hard to bear. Yet it is a foe that, to be conquered, must be bravely met. You are still young—'

'Five-and-twenty!' murmured Clara.

'Well, so am I.'

'But you have overcome your troubles; mine are just beginning.'

'I have worked very hard for six years, it is true, and I have had my reward.'

'I—I,' exclaimed the wretched Clara, wringing her hands, 'feel older—much older than I am. I have seen so much misery, so much falsity; all the energy of my youth seems gone.'

'Some of it will come back when you set yourself resolutely to some suitable occupation. Independence is so delightful a feeling, and the money one earns so very sweet, so much more one's own than any other can be. No one ever forgets his or her first earnings, and you have this pleasant emotion still to know!'

Mary Freeman tried to cheer her suffering friend; and in part she succeeded. She persuaded her to seek independence resolutely and perseveringly, and, after

a while, she did find a sweet return for her exertions. But it was quite true that the rich strong energies of youth had been frittered away in folly and the pursuit of mockeries and unreal vanities.

Most melancholy is it to witness the misfortunes of those who suffer for the faults of their parents; yet rarely is this denunciation of Scripture avoided. In few things, indeed, are cause and effect so easily traced. And surely, of all injuries inflicted on the young, none is so fatal as evil training. Clara's young brother and sister, mere children still, have, to my thinking, a better chance of prosperity than she had. Plunged as they are into absolute and acknowledged poverty, at least they escape the misery of a 'false position.' They have a firm footing, from which let us hope that, by some honest means, they may rise to comfort and independence. As for George, selfish and idle habits, it is true, had taken deep root in his nature; yet he was young, and in those few words lies a world of hope. The thin ice of false appearances had broken beneath him, and for that, were he already wise, he would have been most thankful, yea, though for the time he were plunged into very troubled waters. They could not have stranded him on a more insecure resting-place. I know not his present lot.

Another four years passed away, bringing myriads of changes—some sudden, some gradual—to many a hearth and home. During this period Mrs Freeman, who had been for many years in delicate health, was taken from her children; but, saving this bereavement, her family had prospered beyond the brightest paintings of hope. The affection between Mary and her brother was something beautiful to contemplate. His life had been too busy to afford him much time to cultivate acquaintances; thus his warm affections were concentrated on a few very dear friends, and his sisters, especially Mary, to whom he looked up with no small degree of reverence as well as love. The most perfect confidence had always subsisted between them; yet now, for the first time, Mary suspected that Harry hid some secret from her. The mystery, whatever it might be, seemed not of a disagreeable kind; yet that there was a mystery, she felt certain, else why so many letters—some of them, too, looking like tradesmen's bills—about which he said not a word, though he generally looked rather pleased than otherwise when he opened them? True, he had told her an acquaintance of his was furnishing a house, and had consulted him a good deal about it; and he, appealing to Mary's taste, as superior to that of two gentlemen, insisted on her deciding on several matters—choosing paper for a drawing-room, and many such et ceteras. It was rather odd, she thought; but Mary retained the simplicity of character inseparable from a truthful nature, and nothing doubted.

One day Harry Freeman proposed an excursion some half-dozen miles from town, to visit the residence of this mysterious friend. It was a beautiful day in spring, when everything in nature seems to gladden the heart; and, exhilarated by the ride, Mary was in high spirits when they drove up to the gates of a substantial villa, beautifully situated on the rise of a hill which commanded a fine view—the house being surrounded with extensive and highly-cultivated pleasure-grounds. When they entered the dwelling, Mary found that everything corresponded with the outward appearance of elegance. One room, especially, seemed to charm her—a sort of breakfast-parlour or morning-room, in which books and musical instruments were arranged, and which, leading into a conservatory, seemed to hint that the intended occupier had a feminine passion for flowers.

'I suppose this beautiful house, this exquisite room, are intended for some young and interesting bride?' exclaimed Mary.

'No, my dear sister, not so,' replied Harry. 'Sit down on this sofa beside me, and I will give you a brief history of the owner of this dwelling. There was a poor boy thrown adrift on the world without

friends, without money. He remembers to this day that he felt himself as if cast on an ocean without anchor, or compass, or rudder. There was no settled purpose in his young heart, which was filled with bitter recollections of indulgences no more to be tasted, and overgrown with wrong notions and false pride of all sorts. To the beautiful example of one dear relative, and to words which, on a day of most intense agony, he heard from her young lips as a message from on high, he feels that, under Heaven, he owes a degree of worldly prosperity almost unparalleled. It is for this sweet relative and himself, he added smiling, 'if she will let him share her home, that he has prepared this abode. Do you not think he does right to devote his income to her comfort, her enjoyment?'

'Quite right,' replied the unsuspecting Mary: 'but, Harry, who are they? I am sure I should like to know them.'

'Mary, murmured he, with much tenderness, and drawing her yet nearer to him, 'I was the poor boy, and you the sweet sister, whose wise example and brave words have made me what I am. Nay, do not start and look so wildly; indeed I can afford this home; ay, and the saddle-horse in the stable, and half a hundred things I have yet to show you. I am partner in the house where I served—I hope faithfully. That I should become so, was almost the last wish expressed by Mr——, the head of the firm, on his deathbed.'

'I do not think it can be real,' said Mary, when at last she could speak, after gushing tears of joy had relieved her heart: 'but, Harry,' she continued, as if a new idea had just occurred to her, 'you may marry?'

'And so may you,' replied her brother: 'indeed I am almost selfish enough to fear you will. But,' he added, as again he held her in his arms and kissed her cheek, 'if I should marry you will but have another sister. I could not love a wife who did not love and reverence you.'

• OCCASIONAL NOTES.

'THE WEATHER AND CROPS.'

ABOUT harvest-time in each year, the newspapers throughout this empire teem with paragraphs headed as above. The people of Great Britain, proverbial as they are for incessantly talking about the state of the atmosphere, are more anxious and loquacious about it in August and September than at other seasons. The smallest change creates a great excitement. A dull or wet day produces long faces and fearful forebodings: the farmer expresses terrible apprehensions, and the stock-jobber 'speculates for a fall,' nor does he speculate in vain; for a succession of hazy or sunless days is certain to depreciate government securities. Politicians look grave; wonder, if there should happen to be a short crop, how the country is to get on till next year; and tremble lest a rise of a halfpenny in the loaf should cause a rising of the disaffected in what used to be called the 'disturbed districts.' Such are the gloomy perspectives conjured up in this country by one or two wet autumn days. That these exaggerated fears are engendered by these very small causes, only shows our immunity from great calamities. The worst which is ever apprehended in Great Britain, is a crop below the average; a total failure, such as takes place in other countries, is unheard of; and we would just remind the apprehensive of what frequently takes place abroad, that they may derive consolation from the contrast.

Perhaps the most destructive of all calamities which foreign agriculture suffers, and from which that of England is exempt, are inundations. In territories intersected by rivers which, from having their sources in extensive mountain ranges, are liable to sudden and immense accessions, the waters overflow and sweep away the next year's food of an entire province. A few seasons ago, a calamity of this nature occurred no

farther away than the south of France, when the Rhone burst its banks, and submerged a vast expanse of standing corn. As we write, the French papers inform us that the harvests both of Upper and Lower Hungary have been destroyed by the violence of inundations, which lasted for eight days. Not only is all the corn swept, but whole villages have been carried away, and old and valuable woods much injured. More than a million of individuals are threatened with actual famine, in consequence of this widely-spread calamity.

If we turn to the East, we shall see that the destruction of grain about harvest-time is much more frequent. Besides drought and blighting winds, swarms of locusts frequently darken the air, and descend to eat up whole acres of grain in a night. In the more prolific districts, again, such as Egypt and some parts of Turkey, the cultivator is oppressed by a plague surer in its operations than the worst elemental disasters; namely, an oppressive system of taxation, which exacts dues great in proportion to the goodness of the crop, so as to leave the *fellah*, or agriculturist, but scarcely enough to support existence. From all these plagues the climate, situation, and political constitution of Great Britain exempt us. Yet, instead of being thankful for the superior blessings which we enjoy, we tremble at the smallest likelihood of a less than average abundance of corn, and fill our newspapers and our conversation with doleful prognostications concerning 'the weather and crops.'

AN EXTENSIVE RAILWAY.

The longest line ever yet contemplated is one proposed to extend between St Petersburg and Odessa, a distance of 1600 miles. It will connect the Baltic with the Black Sea; but, by taking an eastward sweep, might also bring direct communication with the Caspian within its track. Commencing at St Petersburg, it will be cut southward to Novgorod and Moscow, and thence to Odessa, taking in the most important of the intervening cities. Besides the vast uninterrupted distance, the traveller will pass through a variety of climates, and will be able to accomplish the hitherto unheard-of feat of travelling from winter into summer. Supposing he get into the train at St Petersburg amidst frost and snow late in the winter, he will find himself, before he leaves the terminus at Odessa, suffering from the heats of summer!

It is not easy to foresee all the difficulties by which the formation of such a rail will be opposed. These will principally arise from the snow-storms which occur in the northern regions, and we have not heard that any scheme has been projected for clearing away such an obstruction, by means of the locomotive or otherwise, during its progress. Of mere engineering difficulties one has ceased to hear; for, after the wonders in levelling and tunnelling which have been performed in Great Britain, a railway in any part of the globe does not appear at all impracticable. The paragraph from which we copy the above information adds, that it is intended to continue the line from Odessa into Persia, through its capital Tehran to Ispahan; but whether the Caucasian range is to be tunnelled, is not stated. Should the gigantic scheme be carried out, a branch from Odessa to Constantinople may be fully expected to the west, whilst another eastward through Tartary to Peking must be regarded as a no very distant probability. But the speculator who projects his railway anticipations thus far into futurity, be he ever so sanguine, cannot regard the possibility of a break-down in the Kobi desert—with no station nearer than Sou-tahou close under the great Chinese wall—without a shudder. Altogether, the Russian undertaking, with the vast branches which may be imagined in connexion with it, presents materials for a sublime prospectus; and it is almost to be regretted that the Emperor of Russia did not send his scheme into 'the market.' It would have been curious to observe how far the force of prospectus-writing would have gone.

There seems little doubt, however, that the Russians

are quite in earnest about connecting Odessa with St Petersburg.

INDICES—A HINT TO PUBLISHERS.

In the last number of the Quarterly Review, we find the following judicious note appended to an article on the collective edition of Lord Chesterfield's letters:— 'We have a serious complaint to make of this "Collective Edition of Chesterfield's Letters"—it has no index. It was the same with the "Collective Edition of Walpole's Letters," lately issued from the same establishment, and, like this, in other respects satisfactorily arranged. The publisher ought to know that, though such omissions may not be regarded by the keepers of circulating libraries, they are most annoying to people who have libraries of their own, and buy books to be bound, preserved, and consulted—not merely to be read or glanced over, like a "standard novel" or some sentimental spinster's *mince* or jocular captain's *hash* of history or memoirs. In every considerable printing-office there may be found some intelligent man willing and able to compile a sufficient index for such a book as this now before us, for a very moderate remuneration, at his leisure hours.'

Scarcely a day passes but we suffer great inconvenience and loss of time, either from imperfectly drawn-up indices, or from the total want of them, in standard works. Every book worth reading through (except perhaps a novel), and which is deposited in a library, is virtually a book of reference; for if it did not contain passages worthy being read over again, it would hardly have been preserved; and to wade through several pages of context to find a particular piece of information, is a trial of patience which an index obviates.

The learned French bibliophile, Magré de Marolles, states that not till the middle of the sixteenth century were alphabetical indices added to printed books. 'They have ever since,' he says, 'been considered indispensable. Since the invention of printing learning has spread, and the utility of this plan is universally acknowledged. It gives to authors the means of quoting with precision, and to readers a facility of verifying their quotations at once.' A century or two ago, indices appear to have been more general accompaniments to books than at present; the Delphin Classics, for example, having a copious and complete index. Amongst modern works, we may mention D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, neither series of which has an index; yet the matter in these learned volumes is more useful for reference than for continuous reading; being, though highly valuable, detached and memorandum-like. We could cite a hundred similar instances, were we disposed to be tedious.

Besides the want of indices, there is another defect in many books of biography and history—the paucity of dates. The author contents himself with recording the year once, and thinks that is sufficient for a great many succeeding pages. He refers to 'this year' after perhaps a long episode or series of reflections, expecting that the reader has carried the date in his head through perhaps a couple of chapters, and gives him the trouble of referring back, to find out the place where the figures of the date are set down. Nay, he sometimes goes further in confusion, and ingrafts upon 'this year' a heap of perplexities, the unravelling of which demands some proficiency in mental arithmetic. In reference to the dateless period, he will say that so and so happened 'the year before,' or he begins an important paragraph with, 'In the year after —,' which, without careful collation with the date set down a dozen pages back, gives you no clue to the chronology of the subject whatever. As, however, it may be inelegant, and create tautology, to be continually repeating the numerals in the text, we would recommend that all historical and biographical books should have the year to which the matter relates, printed at the top of each page—a good old fashion, the reason for abandoning which we could never comprehend: and this brings us

to a third objection presented by a great many modern books—the utter uselessness of their running titles. Not to select real instances vividly, we will imagine a work on 'the history of the world'; if it contain a thousand pages, 'the history of the world' will appear at the head of each, and consequently be repeated some thousand and one times, for the sake, the printer will tell you, of uniformity. Were utility, however, made the more rational aim, he would substitute a word or two at the top of each page to denote the nature of its contents.

We throw out these hints to publishers and printers, assured that their adoption, simple as they are, would be highly gratifying to the patrons of literature.

ECONOMY OF A CLUB-HOUSE.

WYOMAN has read the article in our last number on 'Club-Life,' will be prepared to admit that the system which has engendered it is an important novelty in social economics. The interior of a modern club-house presents a set of apartments, and a plan of domestic arrangement, not to be found associated in any other sort of domicile abroad or at home. The best analogy we can think of, is that presented by the union of a nobleman's mansion with a first-rate tavern; for club-bists have at command all the elegances and luxuries of the one, with the promptitude in getting served of the other. To give our readers a correct idea of the internal arrangements of a modern club-house, it is our intention in this sketch to describe them in detail.

The visitor, on entering one of these palace-like edifices, finds himself in a lobby tenanted by two servants—the hall-porter, who is seated at a desk, and his assistant. It is their duty to ascertain that none have access to the club but members, whose names are inserted in a book as they enter; to receive letters, and to keep an account of the postage. For the despatch of letters, there is a letter-box, which is opened when the official carrier calls in making his collections from the regular receiving-houses. The porters are often attended by one or two lads, in pages' livery, to convey messages from inquiring strangers to such members within the club as may be required. Close to the hall is a reception-room, for the convenience of individuals wishing to see members, and this passed, a hall or vestibule presents itself. Some of these have called forth the highest skill of the architect and decorative artist. The hall of the Reform Club is, we believe, the largest. It is a quadrangle, with a piazza projecting from each wall, and supporting a gallery by massive marble pillars, the whole forming a fine specimen of the Italian style of interior architecture. The vestibule of the 'Conservative' is an example of the opposite school. On entering it from the lobby, it presents to the eye one blaze of colour and prettiness. It is a circle (broken only by the staircase and gallery) surmounted by a cupola. It is covered with designs—chiefly floral—in the most dazzling hues, but so harmoniously blended, that they have a gorgeous rather than a glaring effect. The floor is tessellated with different-coloured marbles.

Doors from the hall or vestibule open upon the various apartments on the ground-floor. First, there is a 'morning-room,' which is used for reading newspapers and writing letters. At the largest clubs, nearly all the best periodicals are taken in. Some idea of their profusion may be formed from the fact, that the Athenæum club expended, in 1844, for English and foreign newspapers

* A description of the 'Reform' club-house will be found in the twelfth volume of our old series, page 294.

and periodicals, the sum of L.471, 2s. 6d. Stationery is supplied to an unlimited extent, not only for writing letters, but even for literary members to feed the press with 'copy,' should their inspirations visit them at the club. The morning-room is comfortably rather than elegantly furnished.

The 'coffee-room' is put to the same use as in a tavern; namely, to that very necessary one of eating and drinking. It is furnished with rows of small tables projecting from each side, with an avenue up the middle. These tables are laid for breakfasts and luncheons till four o'clock in the day, after which they are arranged for dinners. A *carte de jour* (daily bill of fare) is brought to any one wishing to dine, and from it he selects what he prefers. That he may be promptly and correctly served, the following attendants remain in the coffee-room:—a butler to furnish the wine, a head-waiter and many assistants to supply the dishes (which are wound up from the kitchen by a machine called a 'lift'), and a clerk to make out the bills and keep the accounts. The process of getting and paying for a dinner at the Junior United Service Club is thus described,* and we have reason to know it is the same in nearly every other establishment. 'Members, when intending to dine at the club, fill up a form of dinner-bill with the dishes which they may require; this bill is sent by the head-waiter in attendance to the clerk of the kitchen, who attaches the price of each dish as established by the *carte*, and adds a charge of sixpence (in some clubs a shilling), commonly known as "table money," and intended to cover the expense of bread, cheese, butter, table ale, potatoes, &c. and copies the bill into the kitchen-book. The bill is then returned to the coffee-room, where the charge for such wine as may be taken is added by the butler; and it is finally delivered to the coffee-room clerk, who adds it up, and receives the amount from the member.' An answer to the question—'What does a member pay for his dinner?' shows us the prandial economy of the club plan. From the fiscal reports of the Athenæum, it appears that the average cost of each dinner has been for many years only 2s. 9d., exclusive of wine. (To people in humbler life this may seem quite enough to pay for a single meal; but it must be remembered that the two-and-ninepenny dinner is not only excellent in itself, but is served with luxurious accompaniments, which are not to be surpassed at the table of the richest nobleman. Whereas, if we compare it with the price of tavern-dinners, we shall find that the same sum would be charged for a tough beefsteak, served in a second-rate inn, by a slovenly waiter on a dirty table-cloth. Besides, a man can dine at his club for eighteenpence if he choose; and well too. Moreover, he is thought no worse of for making a habit of dining economically. The frequenter of a fashionable tavern, on the contrary, is given to understand by the inattention of the waiters and the freezing politeness of the proprietor, that his custom is not much coveted, unless he launches out into a few extravagances 'for the good of the house;' and many a poor gentleman has been made to feel his poverty bitterly, by the vulgar notion which, in former years, construed economy into meanness. Clubs have happily altered all that. In them a member is in his own house, and can be lavish or inexpensive just as he pleases, without exciting remark. He is quite independent; he dreads not the discontented looks of waiters at the smallness of his *douceurs*; and he feels no apprehension lest he should be 'expected' to take more wine than he actually wants.† This appears to have had an extensive effect in abolishing over-indulgence at table. From the accounts of three of the largest of the clubs, we ascertain that

the average quantity of wine taken at and after each dinner, supplied during some six years past, was only a half-pint. In 1844, there was expended by the 1250 members of the Athenæum only L.722, 6s. 6d. in wine and spirits. Even supposing only half the club habitually ate and drank in the house during that year, this would give but the small sum of twenty-three shillings as the club expenditure of each member throughout the year for stimulants. What a happy change in manners since the old convivial times, when our own forefathers thought nothing of drinking wine to double the above value at a single sitting!

The detached, rather than solitary mode of dining in clubs, bespeaks a tendency to destroy the sociality which is essential to maintain a genial tone in every society. To obviate this in some degree, a snug and handsomely-furnished dining-room is provided on the ground-floor. In it from six to a dozen members may dine together exactly as they would in a private family. To facilitate the arrangement of these parties, printed forms are left in the coffee-room, and as many as wish to join the 'house dinner' (as it is called) subscribe their name. The lowest number that such a meal can be provided for is six, in some clubs eight; and members having signed the list, must pay whether they dine or not. The charge for these dinners is about seven-and-sixpence per head.—On looking over a table of statistics of the various clubs,* we find that houses most in request for dinners are, first, the Parthenon, where, in 1841, the number supplied to its 732 members was 24,581; being at the rate of nearly thirty-four dinners each;† and, secondly, the 'City,' in which 600 members ate during the same year 18,515 dinners, or thirty-one and three-quarters each.‡ The greatest number of dinners ever taken in a club during one year was served in the Junior United Service in 1839, when 29,527 were eaten. Their average cost was 2s. 3d. each, exclusive of wine.

We have seen that the ground-storey of a club-house consists of a morning, a coffee, and a dining-room, with their accessories. We will now mount the stairs to the upper apartments. Some architects attempt to make the staircase a grand and attractive object, as in the Athenæum; others try to hide it as much as possible, supposing that art is incapable of making such an object a pleasing one. The architect of the Reform Club was of this opinion; and, by keeping it out of sight, has succeeded in producing one of the grandest halls perhaps in London.

The chief apartment above-stairs is the drawing-room, in which members take their evening coffee and tea. Here the decorator and upholsterer's finest taste is generally called into requisition. In some clubs, the display of luxury and expensiveness is carried to a point which may be characterised as absurd; particularly as the drawing-room of every club is less used than any other in the house. Near to it is the library, which is fitted up with every convenience for reading, consulting maps, &c. and is attended by a resident librarian. The books are accumulated by donation, and by a sum set aside from the general funds for their purchase. The number of volumes of course varies with the age and affluence of the club. The most extensive library is, we believe, that of the Athenæum, which, in March 1844, contained 20,300 volumes. Five hundred pounds is annually expended by this club for increasing its library, exclusive of the cost of periodicals.—Near to the library is, in some houses, a card-room, in which, however, no game of pure chance is allowed; and at whist, half-guinea points are the highest stake to be played for. Breaking either of these rules is attended, on proof, with summary expulsion.

* In 'The System of Management of the Junior United Service Club,' &c. drawn up by Mr Thomas Hatch, the secretary, and printed for the information of the members.

† The proprietors of some taverns formerly caused it to be understood that their charges for eatables were not remunerative, and that gentlemen were 'expected' to take a certain quantity of wine.

* In a manuscript on the subject kindly lent for our use by the secretary of one of the principal clubs.

† This proposition is, it will be obvious, no index to the number of diners. Some five-and-twenty per cent. of each club never dine in the house at all, but merely go occasionally to read the papers or write their letters—the family-men, for example.

sion. In the Reform Club, there is no place exclusively set apart for whist; a small supplementary drawing-room, called the 'house-dinner drawing-room,' being used. Indeed gaming, even of the most moderate kind, is discouraged as much as possible.

The third storey contains at least one billiard-room, which is attended by a marker. For cards and billiards a charge is made; as it would be very unfair to make members who do not indulge in those games participate in the extra expenses they entail.—In only twelve of the twenty-two clubs is there a smoking-room, which, we have usually remarked, is the worst-looking place in the house. This completes the description of such of the public apartments as tend to give an idea of club-life. The highest storey consists of dormitories for the resident servants. The rooms in the basement of the building, such as kitchens, larders, pantries, still-room, dressing-rooms, lavatories and baths, need merely be mentioned, to show what other conveniences are provided for the members.

Thus much of the apartments in a modern club, and their uses. We will now take a glance at the management and governance of the complicated domestic establishment:—The direction of the affairs of every club is confided to a general committee selected from the members, which numbers from thirty to forty. From three to eight of these form a quorum, and meet once a-week to regulate the financial concerns of the institution, to superintend the election of new members, to appoint tradespeople, to engage or dismiss servants, and to inquire into and address any complaints which may be made by members. The general committee also prepares annual reports and statements of account, which are printed for the information and satisfaction of the rest of the club. As, however, all these duties could not be efficiently performed by one board, it divides itself into sub-committees for special objects. These are the 'house committee,' which has the superintendence of the household affairs; the 'wine committee,' always composed of acknowledged connoisseurs of that article, to whom its choice, and all matters respecting its cellarage and distribution at table, are confided; and the 'book committee,' for the management of the library, to which all works are submitted for approval before they can be admitted, and from which all orders for their purchase issue. Where there are billiard-rooms, amateurs of that game are selected to form a 'billiard committee.' As organ and agent of all these boards, a secretary is appointed, who also conducts the official correspondence of the club. This enumeration includes the managing direction: the minor details are carried on by servants.

The chief of these is the house-steward, to whom is intrusted the management of the domestics; the purchasing, storing, and superintending of the daily supplies of viands. He is in some clubs aided by a 'superintendent,' who has the charge of the drawing-room floor, and sees that proper supplies of stationery and newspapers are furnished to the writing and reading rooms. The butler and his assistant supply and keep accounts of the wines and spirits. The duties of the coffee-room clerk are sufficiently obvious: he sits at the top of the 'kft,' whilst the kitchen clerk's post is at the bottom. This arrangement justifies the definition of a 'kft,' given by an Irish friend, who declared it to consist of a 'wooden spout with a moveable bottom, having a clerk at each end.' The head coffee-room waiter is the lowest servant in rank who does not wear livery, which all the other male servants do. The cook of most club-houses is generally a foreigner, so accomplished in his profession, that he almost deserves the name of an artist. He has a male assistant and a number of kitchen-maids under his orders. The female servants, who never appear in the public part of the house, are superintended by a housekeeper, who has under her charge a middle-woman, a still-room maid (to make tea and coffee), and several housemaids. The number of domestics in each club varies from 56 (in the

Reform Club) to 11, the number employed in the Garrick and Naval Clubs. Most clubs subscribe, either in money or in kind (such as waste linen, &c.), to an hospital, that their servants may be received into them, in the case of accidents or prolonged ailments; but for temporary maladies, a surgeon is engaged to attend and supply medicines. The broken victuals are given to the poor, under the direction of the parish authorities.* One feature connected with the servants' hall of the Athenæum is deserving of notice and imitation. It contains a library collected by the servants by means of small quarterly contributions out of their wages. 'The beneficial effects are,' remarks the secretary to that institution, 'that the servants will frequently stay at home and read when off duty in bad weather; and in fine weather in summer, they may be often seen reading under the trees in St James's Park.' They are very proud of their books, and several who could formerly read but imperfectly, have been stimulated to exertion by the example of the pleasure derived by others. None have an excuse for being unable to read and write, because a person in the house is employed to instruct gratuitously such as desire it.

This completes our description of the internal arrangements of a club-house; but we must not omit to show how, and at what expense, all its advantages are attainable. To be a member of a club, unimpeachable respectability, not only of station but of conduct, is essential. When an individual becomes a candidate for admission, his name and profession are legibly exhibited, and on a stated day a ballot by every member who chooses to vote, takes place. In some establishments one negative in ten, in others a single negative of the whole votes, excludes. Exclusion (called 'blackballing') is not always, however, a proof that a man is not worthy of admission; for the candidates of some clubs are very numerous. There are at present on the list of candidates for admission to the Junior United Service Club no fewer than 2000 names. In such cases there is of course a strong competition for suffrages; and as many voters have their bias in favour of friends, they will often blackball a stranger to secure the election of the candidate in whom their personal interest is strongest. Still, there is an unpleasant feeling attached to rejection, and we cannot applaud the practice of some clubs, of keeping their list of candidates and members in the coffee-room for general reference. The rejected are easily known by the date of the unfortunate event being placed against their names. We do not see the justice of thus indirectly publishing this sort of disgrace. When elected, a candidate has to pay an entrance-fee, which, in most clubs, is about twenty guineas. The Union is the highest, being £32, 11s.; and the Law the lowest, being only £5, 5s. The annual subscription is, in a majority of clubs, six guineas; in only two as low as five; and in none higher than ten guineas.

We would point out, in conclusion, that for this moderate subscription, the member may occupy a palace from nine in the morning till after midnight. He may partake of the choicest cookery and the finest wines at cost price, which are served with scrupulous cleanliness by civil servants, whom he has neither to pay nor to manage. He has access to an extensive and well-selected library, and to every paper and periodical that is worth reading. He can come when he pleases, and stay away when he pleases, without anything going wrong: he is perfectly independent and has nobody to please but himself. 'Clubs,' remarks the experienced author of *The Original*, 'are favourable to economy of time. There is a fixed place to go to, everything

* To check carelessness, an excellent rule is adopted in some establishments: a sum is annually allowed to cover losses by breakage (the Junior United Service set aside £20 yearly); and if articles greater in value have been destroyed during the year, the deficiency is supplied out of the wages of each servant; if, however, the contrary, the surplus is divided amongst them. We note these minute facts as hints to private housekeepers.

is served with comparative expedition, and it is not customary in general to remain long at table.'

The system having been found so beneficial amongst the higher circles of society, it might safely be recommended for imitation amongst the lower grades, in which economy—the chief advantage of the club-principle—is so much needed. We see no reason why the middle and operative classes could not have their domestic clubs, as well as the nobility and gentry.

NEW ZEALAND AS A COLONY.

THE number of conflicting statements which continue to be published respecting our colonies, renders it almost impossible for any one to form a satisfactory conclusion on the subject. One, a hard-working, enterprising, and prosperous settler, views everything from the sunny side of success; another, whose education and habits are utterly at variance with the sturdy duties of a back-woodman, emigrates, loses his money, returns and denounces the country as the most wretched in creation; a third travels to visit some relations, or for amusements' sake, and then publishes his reminiscences of a month with all the confidence of a twenty years' resident; while a fourth, who has never been beyond the environs of the metropolis, indites his 'personal experiences' for the benefit of intending emigrants. Be it Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, it is all the same; book contradicts book so directly, that it would be better for a person to set out without having perused a single line, than to be perplexed and bewildered among such heterogeneous materials. Fortunately, however, there are in this, as in other cases, a few exceptions: a book does occasionally make its appearance by an honest and impartial author, whose opportunities are known to have been such as enable him to arrive at an accurate judgment. In this class we feel inclined to include a recent work on New Zealand,* as knowing the author, and as believing him capable of estimating, with tolerable accuracy, the facts and appearances which came under his notice.

Mr Brown entertains a high opinion of the physical and mental qualities of the aborigines, considering them intelligent and manly, acute in their perceptions, and keenly given to trading and barter. He admits, no doubt, their superstitious observances, which are often repugnant to Christian morality, and their deficiency in gratitude and conscientiousness; but, on the whole, regards them as more likely to amalgamate with Europeans than any other known race of coloured people. Of their country, as a field for British emigration, he forms an equally flattering estimate. Its climate is mild and equable, its soil capable of bearing the usually cultivated crops in abundance, and though possessing no river-plains to be compared with those of America, has still a fair proportion of surface fitted for the plough. When cleared of the original copse and fern, the finest pasture springs up spontaneously; and we are told that pigs, sheep, and oxen fatten with much greater rapidity than in the most fertile counties of England. Not subjected to destructive droughts, and having no continuously wet season, it presents an open pasturage the whole year round, and thus sheep become not only heavier animals, but yield finer fleeces than they do in Australia. Though wheat, rice, maize, and potatoes flourish luxuriantly, it should be borne in mind that as yet New Zealand is better adapted for pastoral than for agricultural purposes. All kinds of stock introduced by the settlers have prospered amazingly; and bees, unknown till 1840, have thriven so well, that an export trade in honey is shortly expected. Though possessing some fine timber, both for building and ornamental uses, it is not a forest country like

North America; and though copper, manganese, tin, lead, sulphur, rock-salt, coal, and other minerals have been found in several places, yet we know too little of the country in this respect to speak with certainty on the abundance or extent of the supply. As is well known, New Zealand has many fine harbours, and would form the most eligible station for the South-Sea whale fishing, which could be prosecuted at all seasons. From its position also, it is eminently fitted to be the great mercantile emporium of the Southern Pacific. Exporting minerals, timber, its native flax, gum, bark, hides, wool, oil, &c. and taking in return our manufactures and machinery, the while that it would afford a permanent and comfortable home for our redundant population, this infant colony certainly deserves all the praise which its friends bestow, and all the attention from the British government which they so anxiously crave.

Admitting the superiority of the aborigines to other savage races, and also the eligibility of the country as a field for emigration, the first question which naturally arises is—Why have our efforts up to this period proved so unfortunate? Mr Brown answers—The infatuated procedure of the government officials. 'In the beginning of 1840, when Captain Hobson arrived in New Zealand to establish British authority, he found an extensive trade carried on between the immigrants, under the New Zealand Land Company, and the natives. The settlers, flushed with past prosperity, and enjoying still brighter hopes of the future, had pushed their enterprising spirit into every part of the country where vessels could go, or where produce of any kind could be obtained. The natives were actuated by similar feelings. To satisfy their increasing wants, they made every effort to raise additional supplies, and effected sales of land, now so eagerly sought after by the Europeans, but not less valued by the natives, not only on account of the large quantities of goods to be obtained for it, but also from their anxiety to get Europeans to settle among them for the purposes of trade—a sale of land being, in their estimation, sure to effect this object. Like the settlers, therefore, the natives were, at the period of Captain Hobson's arrival, hoping much from the future. Not merely did they anticipate increased trading advantages from the additional number of settlers to which they looked forward, but we were regarded by them as beings of a higher order. In physical power we were acknowledged to be vastly superior; they were impressed with this truth by the sight of our ships of war, and the feeling was continually kept alive by individual exhibitions of that superiority; as a single settler, by his courage and determination alone, would frequently withstand and frighten off numbers of natives bent on robbing or otherwise molesting him. However manifested, or on whatever grounds it rested, it cannot be disputed that, at the period referred to, our moral and physical power were regarded by them with the utmost respect; and it is mortifying to make the admission, that ever since that period the respect of the natives, both for our moral qualities and physical power, has been gradually weakened by our own conduct, and to such a degree as to have entirely changed the nature and objects of the very government, and even to have endangered our personal safety in the country.' Such is Mr Brown's opinion, and he proceeds to confirm it by adducing several reasons, the principal of which was the treaty of Waitangi, which he styles 'a farce,' and to which he affirms that the signatures of many of the chiefs were obtained by improper influences.

This treaty stipulates on the part of Britain for the sovereignty of the islands, and the exclusive right of buying all the land; and in effect, though not in words, at whatever price the government choose to give, and at whatever time they find it convenient to purchase. In return for this, the New Zealanders were to be admitted to all the rights and privileges of British subjects; 'in other, and in more intelligible words,' adds our author, 'the privilege of being taxed, and of living under our civil and criminal laws.' When this treaty came to be acted

* New Zealand and its Aborigines; being an account of the aborigines, trade, and resources of the colony. By William Brown, lately a member of the legislative council of New Zealand. Smith, Elder, and Co. London. 1846.

upon, it operated against the settlers of the New Zealand Company, and others who had directly purchased land from the natives, raising questions as to the validity of their titles, and otherwise creating confusion and discontent. The natives were perfectly aware that they had in many instances parted with certain lands; but when government thus started the question of validity, the savage, intent only upon additional quantities of goods, was also but too ready not only to raise the same objections, but to deny the sales altogether. Besides this confusion, new purchases could only be made when and where the government chose; and thus sales went on slowly; fewer goods came to the natives, who began to show symptoms of dislike to the terms of the treaty—a dislike which many of the company's settlers did everything in their power to foment—representing government as the common enemy both of immigrant and native. The government and settlers being thus pitted against each other, the natives were by far too shrewd not to perceive 'the house divided against itself,' and so committed aggressions upon the colonists, without being punished as they deserved: obedience they rendered to government only in as far as presents and new purchases made it their interest to do so. Under the plea of 'protecting' the aborigines, the public functionaries exercised a rigid severity towards the settlers for aggressions against the natives, and thus impressed them with an idea of their importance; while their offences, on the other hand, were either treated with lenity or altogether overlooked. For example, 'on the frivolous pretence of a tapu having been broken, they robbed a Mr Forsaith, a settler at Kiarara, to a very large extent. The authorities on this occasion made no attempt to punish them; but, after sundry interviews with the protector, the matter was hushed up, by the natives making over to the government a tract of land (12,000 acres) by way of compensation! Considering themselves on the whole successful, the natives, within a few months afterwards (March 1842), made a predatory excursion to Wangari, and, without any pretext of injury received, robbed the settlers of a large amount of property. Government never made the slightest attempt to punish the offenders, and the settlers to this day are without any compensation for their losses.'

Such conduct produced results the very opposite of those intended; for, instead of gratitude and consideration, the New Zealanders began to treat the government and its orders with contempt, as well as to become more insulting and annoying to the immigrants. In addition to these infatuations, Mr Shortland (acting as the representative of government after Captain Hobson's decease) began to put the treaty of Waitangi into effect, not only as regarded the settlers, but as affecting the titles of the respective chiefs, who claimed certain tracts by right of conquest. This of course was indignantly resented; and when he found that he could not carry the treaty into effect with the natives, the settlers on these tracts (and who had purchased them from the chiefs) were informed that they would be allowed to sit still 'on payment of a small fee by way of acknowledgment.' This, like other measures, was scouted: the settlers had no fear of an armed force to compel them to immediate subjection, and so appealed to the Land Commission, knowing well that British justice would not despoil them of lands which they had already honestly paid for. 'The infatuated government,' says Mr Brown, 'proceeded, and gave deeper and deeper offence to the colonists, each measure being more destructive than another, until it arrived at the climax of unpopularity; having excited the derision and hatred of every individual in the country, north, south, east, and west. Even the missionaries could not conceal their displeasure, as their countenance to the measures of government had at first been purchased by promises which were never fulfilled. In addition to these indirect and perhaps unintentional causes of injury to the natives, the government is chargeable with practising deception in many ways

towards them. For instance, from the importunity of the natives, promises to purchase land were freely made—but to be broken; and, worse than all, payments for land actually purchased were not duly made; while the repeated but fruitless applications for it, produced in many cases the greatest exasperation.' Over and above all these causes of dissatisfaction, 'customs' regulations were enforced at the ports, and taxes imposed on tobacco and other articles. To a people who had never been accustomed to imposts of this nature, and into whose harbours vessels of every nation had hitherto entered without any restriction, these exactions were especially offensive, and led, as will be seen, to open resistance.' These remarks apply more particularly to the northern parts of the island, where government had planted Auckland and other townships; but the same spirit of discontent was rapidly spreading along Cook's Strait, where the New Zealand Company had already established Wellington, Nelson, and New Plymouth.

The ultimate results of the government procedure were frequent quarrels between the settlers and natives, a diminution of trade and enterprise, the massacre of Wairau, the insurrection headed by Heki at the Bay of Islands—and so on through a series of defiance and obstructions, till Mr Shortland was superseded by Captain Fitzroy, who arrived in December 1843. The hopes excited by this change caused a temporary cessation of hostilities; for both natives and settlers looked forward to some speedy and effective remedy. After a few weeks, however, their patience became completely exhausted, and the new governor was compelled to waive the right of pre-emption, and to allow the natives to dispose of their land as they thought proper, the purchaser merely paying a fee of ten shillings per acre to government. This tended for a short time to allay the hostility of those whose lands lay in the vicinity of the townships, as such met with ready purchasers even at that rate; but to the inland chiefs it was no advantage. The consequence was, that the old spirit of hostility returned, burning all the fiercer that many of the settlers made common cause with the aborigines. This alliance was effective; for on the 10th of October 1844, all restrictions on the sale of lands were removed—the government retaining its superiority and right to grant titles, by exacting payment of only one penny per acre. Lands, therefore, can now be purchased for whatever sum the natives will agree to take, in any district, and at whatever time parties choose to agree. In addition to this, all the ports in the islands were declared free, customs in every shape were abolished, the distillation prohibition removed, and instead of indirect taxation for the purposes of the local government, a property rate of L.1 per cent. was imposed. All these measures were popular in the highest degree, and infused new life and vigour into the infant colony. 'In the course of a few weeks, the feelings of both native and European were completely changed, and the bustle and activity of business took the place of languor and despair: the foundation of the prosperity of the colony of New Zealand may be said to have been then laid.' Reverting to the aborigines, it is gratifying to learn that, notwithstanding the continued mismanagement of affairs, they were fast acquiring the manners and habits of the Europeans; were generally adopting their dress, their style of living, their system of trade and modes of agriculture; and everywhere showed the greatest anxiety to possess sheep, cows, bullocks, horses, and ploughs. The women, too, were imitating those little domestic arts peculiar to the British housewife; and even shops and hotels in English fashion had been opened by natives. Another important index to their advancement was the desire they manifested to be near the townships; some of the chiefs actually taking up their residence within the capital.

Such is the substance of Mr Brown's statements respecting New Zealand, as derived from his personal experiences, from the commencement of the colony in 1840, till the beginning of the present year, at which

time he sailed for England. Since then, accounts have arrived of the destruction of the township of Koorarika by the natives, the loss of many lives, and damage to the amount of sixty or seventy thousand pounds. This calamity also our author places to the account of the Hobbsch-Shortland infatuation, considering it as the offspring of that discontent which was first engendered by the land questions and commercial restrictions. He seems to entertain no fear for future aggressions, if the authorities observe a mild but firm procedure; for the character of the natives is altogether opposed to the supposition of large combinations against the whites, with a view to their expulsion from the country. On the contrary, they rather court the settler's presence, and are ever ready to trade with him, knowing well that their own comforts are bound up with those of the colonists. It is now sufficiently obvious, however, that a large body of troops are indispensably necessary for the defence of the settlers, and to preserve order; and if the power of the troops shall be confined exclusively to these objects, there can be little doubt of this being easily attained. But if, on the contrary, that power shall be employed to uphold injustice, or to coerce the natives of their rights, there will be no peace or personal security, and the natives will combine together, and if unable to expel their oppressors, they will at least effectually prevent the colonisation of the country. In particular, this result will inevitably happen if any interference with, or restrictions upon, the free sale of their lands be again attempted, whether in the form of an open prohibition or hindrance of sale, or by the equally unjust but more deceitful scheme of taxing their lands. *Absolute free trade in land has now become indispensable to preserve peace with the natives; and New Zealand upon other terms is not worth having.*

Supposing such a course were followed as is here shadowed out, Mr Brown entertains no doubts of the co-operation and amalgamation of the aborigines—an amalgamation which, in his estimation, would be greatly facilitated by the adoption of such measures as the following:—1. An efficient protector's establishment, including sub-protectors, at every important station; for though there is at present an establishment under this name, its sole use, previous to Captain Fitzroy's arrival, was 'to make land purchases for the smallest sums for government, varying, it is believed, from threepence to sixpence per acre, and to cajole the natives into a belief of our good intentions towards them, without making any effort towards their real improvement.' 2. The establishment of a gazette, to be published both in English and Maori, for the purpose of affording information to the natives of the intentions of government, and also to elicit from them information respecting land, their titles, disputes, and other matters of public interest. 3. The making of roads by native labour, under the inspection of government. 4. Stimulating the aborigines, by means of public awards, to industrial pursuits, such as agriculture after the European mode, stock-rearing, flax-growing, and the like. 5. The encouragement, by similar means, of the adoption of our dress, houses, style of living, &c. 6. The establishment of schools, and the adoption in these, as well as in churches, of the English language exclusively. 7. No favour by government to any particular religious sect, but equal protection to all. These and other steps Mr Brown believes would essentially contribute to the improvement of the natives, and would assist in amalgamating them more speedily with the settlers. Though not attaching the same value to some of these suggestions which the author apparently does, we may yet believe that their adoption could not fail to affect materially the character and conduct of the susceptible New Zealander.

Looking upon New Zealand, therefore, as one of our colonies, almost everything has yet to be done by the British government. The natives require to be dealt with honestly and firmly—honestly as regards the disposal of their lands, and firmly as concerns the fulfil-

ment of their bargains. To 'protect' them, as was done between 1840 and 1844, would be to retain them as savages; to befriend them in deed, is to instruct them in the arts and accomplishments of civilised life. Respecting the immigrants, immunity from farther aggressions must be afforded them: numerous land-disputes have to be decided, and compensation made for losses already sustained. They do not wish large grants of money from the Home Treasury; all that they demand is, 'the assurance that the funds raised within the colony be expended judiciously and economically, for the purposes of the colony.' Such a course, coupled with free trade in all its purity, would, according to Mr Brown, render New Zealand one of the most eligible fields for British emigration, inasmuch as the country is neither exclusively agricultural, pastoral, nor commercial, but preserves a desirable relation to each of these resources; thus allowing of that variety of interests which is the foundation of all permanent prosperity.

THE PRISON OF OPORTO.

THE Portuguese seem to be at present in much the same state of advancement, as respects prison discipline, that we were about a century ago. A coarse principle of vengeance is that which rules in the management of criminals; and whether the unhappy sufferers survive the pains of incarceration, or die under them, would appear to be a matter of indifference.

While on a visit to Oporto in 1844, I had an opportunity of witnessing the manner in which prisoners are treated in the common jail of that city. Not being in the habit of visiting such places, I should not now have entered this one, but for a circumstance which attracted my attention. In daily passing the prison, a large building of handsome architecture, I could not help noticing a very curious appearance. From the unglazed windows there were projected numerous long poles, to each of which was attached a string and bag, the whole being kept in pretty constant motion, accompanied with screams and wailing lamentations from the inmates. (On looking up, wretched faces, sallow, and matted with long beards, were seen crowding against the gratings, and the urgent appeals made by them to the passers for food or money were among the most dismal sounds which had ever fallen upon my ear.

Interested as well as shocked, I resolved to visit this abode of misery. On consulting with some friends as to the best manner of gaining admission, all endeavoured to dissuade me from the attempt, assuring me that no one ever entered the place willingly, as the scenes I should there witness were dreadful, and the danger from infectious diseases great. A feeling, however, of something higher than curiosity induced me to persevere, and I succeeded in procuring an order from one of the magistrates. This was attended with some difficulty, as, at the period of my visit, one of those insurrections or revolutions with which the peninsula is almost annually visited, had just broken out, in consequence of which the town was under martial law, and many arrests were taking place. On proceeding to the prison, at each corner of which is placed a sentry, who challenges all who pass after sunset, I was admitted into a large hall, in which there was a strong guard of soldiers, and thence ascended a long flight of steps, at the top of which is an iron gate.

On showing the order the gate was opened, and I was requested to inscribe my name in a book, after which the jailer desired me to follow him, informing me it was the prisoners' dinner hour. I accordingly accompanied him and four assistants, and, after passing through a long vaulted passage, came to a hall about forty feet square, in the centre of which was an immense tin case containing the soup, and close to it a pile of loaves for the prisoners. I tasted the soup, which was made of beans and other vegetables, and a large proportion of oil, which I did not find unpalatable. In a little I followed my guide, through another pas-

sage, and my attention was directed to a trap-door, on which the jailer gave three loud knocks with a heavy stick; and, being almost instantly responded to from below, the bolts were withdrawn, the door lifted up, and immediately first one and then another of the most miserable-looking creatures issued forth, each holding a ration can. Both were tall men, very thin, of sallow unhealthy complexion, long hair over their faces, and most repulsive melancholy expressions. Casting their eyes upward on mounting from below, they walked quickly to the soup can, held out their ration tin, and received from another under-jailer a piece of bread, and without a syllable having been uttered, returned to the trap-door and descended. The door was closed over them, the iron bars padlocked, and there they were to remain until rations were again distributed. I thought I had never seen such wretched-looking fellow-creatures; but I confess my sympathy in their fate was not increased, on being told that these two men were the executioners of the prison: having been condemned to death for murder, they had availed themselves of the option offered, either to suffer themselves, or to put others to death. One of them had been confined for thirteen, and the other for seven years, during which time they had lived in the same apartment.

We then proceeded to a trap-door in another passage, and, being desirous of seeing the room in which the prisoners were kept, I accompanied one of the jailers. After descending a long narrow winding staircase, nearly blocked up by prisoners anxious to get up for their rations, I found myself in a large high-vaulted apartment with windows without glass, and up the bars of which the jailers mounted, sounding each with a short piece of iron, to discover if any of them had been filed. There were eighty-one prisoners in the room, several of whom were deserters, young fellows in military costume; others were murderers and robbers. Some were still untried; others had long been sentenced to the galleys or death; all were huddled together, whether their crimes were great or small.

I could not help feeling I had got into strange company; but although a very melancholy, it was a very interesting scene, to be in the midst of so many human beings whose features betrayed the violent passions that had caused the perpetration of the bloody deeds which had brought them there. Among them were some handsome men, and the variety of dress had a singular and picturesque effect. Many of them were well clothed, others were in straw cloaks or sheepskins, and others had nothing but a shawl wherewith to cover themselves. Some had provided themselves with mattresses; but most of them had the bare floor for their couch. A very few were working as carpenters and weavers. All were very polite; and, on the whole, I found their quarters greatly superior to what I had been led to imagine. Owing to there being no glass in the windows, it must be extremely cold during the winter; but there is, consequently, a current of fresh air, which counteracts the close atmosphere and pestilential diseases which would otherwise inevitably arise.

I was greatly struck by the proof which even these lawless men exhibit of the necessity for a distinction of rank and power; for they invariably elect from among themselves a judge or chief, whom all must implicitly obey, and the one whom they had selected while I was there was a very tall gentlemanlike man, who had committed some half-dozen murders. On receiving permission, the whole, provided with ration cans, mounted the steps, ranged themselves in the hall, and one by one marched past the man dealing out the soup and the bread, and again immediately descended.

Some had complaints to make, and one man became violently excited, and speculated with an elegance and energy which would have called down rounds of applause had he been on the stage. I afterwards descended into another room, where there were about fifty men, and into another with the same number of women, many of whom had children with them, and to whom

the rations were served out in the same way as to the men. We then proceeded up another staircase, and entered various rooms occupied by those who could afford to pay for superior accommodation, many of them being gentlemen and tradesmen, who had been arrested in consequence of the existing insurrection. I had reason to believe that some of the prisoners were kept concealed from visitors, and on a small door being opened by the jailer, I entered (though at first held back by one of the assistants) a cell so dark, that at first I could see nothing; but shortly observed an object covered with a white cloth moving in one corner. This was no doubt a political prisoner; and, without a syllable being uttered, his rations were left with him, and the door closed. While waiting in the hall, a man, apparently a farmer, was brought in upon suspicion of being connected with the rebels, and underwent a most minute examination, in order to discover if he was the bearer of any treasonable papers; and so searching was this scrutiny, that his shoes were actually taken off, and the soles ripped open. Nothing suspicious was found; yet the jailer ordered one of the trap-doors to be raised and closed over this unfortunate man, who, unless he had some friend with influence or with money to free the officers or judges, would probably remain in prison for years; but even if condemned to death, he may have the execution deferred as long as money is 'judiciously' applied.

Within the last two or three years, the town and country police has been rendered so efficient, that murders or robberies are comparatively rare in the neighbourhood; and the prison is not nearly so full as formerly, when not unfrequently, owing to its crowded state, the wretched creatures became so excited and violent, that it was thought necessary to order the sentries to fire through the windows indiscriminately among them.

During the time of Don Miguel's usurpation, a time still spoken of with horror by the inhabitants of Oporto, the prison was crammed so full that it was represented to the governor of the town (the notorious Jelles Jourdao) that there was not space for more. 'Is it full to the ceiling?' he demanded. 'No.' 'Then, added he, 'don't tell me that it is full.' At that dreadful period there was scarcely a respectable family in the town who had not relatives in this prison, and many of them were beleaguered in the adjoining square. When Don Pedro entered Oporto, the doors of the jail were broken open, and all were liberated, with the exception of the jailer, whose skull was fractured by the mob as he tried to escape.

Since the period of my visit to this horrible place of confinement, the Portuguese legislature has had under consideration the state of the national prisons, and the establishment of penitentiaries; but I have not heard that any improvement has yet resulted from their deliberations.

FURNISHING A HOUSE.

All things are according to the ideas and feelings with which they are connected; and if, as old George Herbert says, dusting a room is an act of religious grace when it is done from a sense of religious duty, furnishing a house is a process of high enjoyment when it is the preparation for a home of happy love. The dwelling is hung all round with bright anticipations, and crowded with blissful thoughts, spoken by none, perhaps, but present to all. On this table, and by this sung fireside, will the cheerful winter breakfast go forward, when each is about to enter on the glad some business of the day; and that sofa will be drawn out, and those curtains will be closed, when the intellectual pleasures of the evening, the rewards of the laborious day, begin. Those ground windows will stand open all the summer noon, and the flower-stands will be gay and fragrant; and the shaded parlor will be the cool retreat of the wearied husband when he comes in to rest from his professional toils. There will stand the books, destined to refresh and refine his higher tastes; and there the music with which

the wife will indulge him. Here will they first feel what it is to have a *home of their own*, where they will first enjoy the privacy of it, the security, the freedom, the consequence in the eyes of others, the sacredness in their own. Here they will first exercise the graces of hospitality, and the responsibility of control. Here will they feel that they have attained the great resting-place of their life—the resting-place of their individual lot, but only the starting-point of their activity. Such is the work of furnishing a house once in a lifetime. It may be a welcome task to the fine lady decking her drawing-room anew, to gratify her ambition, or divert her *ennui*; it may be a satisfactory labour to the elderly couple, settling themselves afresh, when their children are dispersed abroad, and it becomes necessary to discard the furniture that the boys have battered and spoiled; it may be a refined amusement to the selfish man of taste, wishing to prolong or recall the scenes of foreign travel; but to none is it the conscious delight that it is to young lovers and their sympathising friends, whether the scene be the two rooms of the hopeful young artisan, about to bring his bride home from service, or the palace of a nobleman, enriched with intellectual luxuries for the lady of his adoration, or the quiet abode of an unambitious professional man, whose aim is privacy and comfort.—*Deerbrook, by Miss Martineau.*

THE PAMPERO.

Amongst the most remarkable phenomena connected with the Pampas of South America, are those hurricane-like storms known by the name of *pamperos*. They occur in summer after a continuance of northern wind and of sultry weather. Before the setting in of the storm, clouds gather in the south-west, which soon assume a singularly hard and rolled or tufted appearance, like great bales of black cotton, and are continually altering their forms. They are followed by gusts of hot wind, blowing at intervals of about a minute. Then suddenly the storm, which apparently proceeds from the snow-capped summits of the Andes, rushes down with an indescribable violence, sweeps over the Pampas, and ere it reaches the town of Buenos Ayres, often becomes a hurricane. The *pampero* is frequently accompanied by clouds of dust, collected from the parched-up soil, so dense as to change the brightest light in an instant, as it were, to the most intense darkness, so that people are unable to find their way. Instances have occurred at Buenos Ayres of persons bathing in the river being drowned ere they could find their way to the shore. These clouds are often attended by a heavy fall of rain, which, mingling with the dust as it pours down, forms literally a shower of mud. Sometimes the *pampero* is accompanied by the most terrific thunder and lightning, doing great damage, and frequently attended with loss of life. The shipping in the La Plata river always suffers greatly from a *pampero*, and the loss of property is considerable. The force of these storms must be immense, as it is able to remove heavy bodies to a great distance. Captain Fitzroy mentions that a small boat, before the setting in of the storm, had been hauled ashore just above water-mark, and fastened by a strong rope to a large stone; but after the storm it was found far from the beach, shattered to pieces, but still fast to the stone, which it had dragged along.—*Continuation of Physical Geography.*

THE ELECTRIC EEL.

In no part of the world is the electric eel, or *gymnotus*, found in such numbers as in the numerous rivers which join the Orinoco in its middle course, and in that river itself. These animals resemble a common eel, except that they are rather thicker in proportion to their length. They are of a yellowish and livid colour, with a row of yellow spots on each side from head to tail. They are difficult to catch, on account of the great agility with which they hide themselves in the mud. The Indians take them in the following way: They force a herd of horses to go into shallow water, where they know to be frequented by these eels. The noise which the horses make with their feet, brings the eels out of their muddy retreat, and they immediately attack the horses, by pressing themselves beneath their bellies, and discharging on them their electric shocks. The frightened horses make efforts to get out of the water, but the Indians prevent them, and the eels repeat their discharges. Some of the horses, being stunned by these repeated strokes, fall down and are drowned; others, stung by the signs of horror, and endeavour to escape, but are prevented by the Indians. At last the eels become ex-

hausted, in consequence of the repeated electric discharges, and are easily taken. The shock which these animals communicate is so severe, that it is impossible to hold them in the hand, or to tread on them. They can give a shock exactly similar to that of an electric battery, stunning fish through the medium of water, and, if they are small, killing them. This shock is evidently given by a voluntary act of the fish, for it is not always felt instantaneously on handling them; and the moment of the effort being made, can be distinguished by the corrugation of the skin and the changing of the colour.—*Wittich.*

SUPERSTITION RESPECTING THE BAY.

It was a superstition entertained both in ancient and modern times, that the lightning paid respect to the bay tree, and consequently its leaves were used as a charm against the electric stroke. Thus in an old English poem we find these lines—

As thunder nor fierce lightning harms the bay,
So no extremity hath power on fame.

In a copy of complimentary verses to the memory of Ben Jonson, there is this allusion to the supposed protection which the bay conferred on its wearer—

I see that wreaths which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off death's pale dart: for, Jonson, thou
Thou hadst been numbered still with living men;
Time's scythe had feared thy lawrell to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.

It is related of Tiberius the Roman emperor, that whenever the sky portended a storm, he placed a chaplet of laurel round his neck. A Dutch writer of the seventeenth century takes upon him to combat the notion; and in order to show its falsity, states that, only a few years previously, a laurel tree had been shattered by lightning in the neighbourhood of Rome. The iron crown of laurels upon the bust of Ariosto in the Benedictine church at Ferrara was melted by lightning, an incident which Childe Harold notices and comments on—

Nor was the ominous element unjust;
For the true laurel wreath which glory weaves,
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The consequences of this pursuit, when not even carried to the length of a study, are self-evident, and the day has happily passed away in which the votaries of nature were taunted with ridicule, and as addicted to childish fancies. There is a kind of freemasonry in the study or pursuit of natural history; it operates on our kindly affections, and in many instances opens the communication to the most pleasing acquaintances, which, from congeniality of disposition, ripen into the warmest friendships. Our walks cease to be solitary; something there is always to observe, something to note down, to verify or compare. The effect on the mind, too, is not one of its least advantages: we look round on the creation, and exclaim with Stillinger—

How wondrous is this scene! where all is formed
With number, weight, and measure! all designed
For some great end.

We admire with astonishment the Providence which has assigned to each thing its place, forming a harmonious whole, through such innumerable and inseparable links; and feel, with deep humility, how richly we are endowed, and how great is our debt of gratitude and praise to nature's God. From casual observance, in the first instance, we are led on to serious contemplation, and higher feelings are awakened, which operate most influentially on the mind and conduct. I have ever noticed as a sequence, that kindness of disposition, consideration for others, and a greater calmness of mind, become the portion of the admirer and observer of the works of Providence: he rises from the perusal of the book of nature a better man.—*E. P. Thompson.*

FASHION.

He submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—*Locater.*

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THE WEALTH OF PATIENCE.

'How poor are they that have not patience!' This is one of those sayings given by Shakspeare to Iago, which shows that the poet thought better of the character than many of his readers. How vast are the intellectual resources, how great is the intellectual strength, which the dramatist attributes to this jealous and revengeful, but originally 'honest' man! It is a vulgar stage error to suppose that Iago's honesty was merely assumed. He had won his reputation fairly; Othello had had full experience of him; and it was this which justified that extreme confidence which the noble and unsuspecting Moor so fatally manifested. Here, however, lay the misfortune: Iago's honesty was of a worldly nature, and expected reward. Cassio had stepped in between the lieutenant and his hopes; and his expectations being disappointed, the motives of his conduct suffered mutation. Nevertheless, Iago could not part with all that was meritorious in him: much, indeed, survived. The 'learned spirit' which he brought to bear on 'all qualities of human dealings' yet was paramount, and ever and anon would break forth in such aphorisms as that which we have quoted. Some of them were strongly condemnatory of his own new plans of proceeding; yet (perverse infatuation!) while he remained true to them in the letter, he contrived to evade their legitimate application by force of that 'divinity of hell' which, for the nonce, he had invented, whereby truth itself might be perverted to evil uses. This very maxim we have quoted condemned him. The identical poverty which he spoke of was specifically that under which he was suffering—the want of patience. He could not tarry for his guerdon, but would snatch at once at the crown. Another competitor had gained it, and, instead of awaiting patiently a second chance, he chafed at delay. To hasten on the day of recompense, he sacrificed the labours of a life of service, its well-earned reputation, and the future fruits of its continuance. Had 'the ancient' not been naturally jealous, perhaps he had not been so easily soured; but this only serves to suggest that impatience has a cause more bitter than itself—that the poison-flower has a root, in which was concentrated the gall as an elementary particle, ultimately developed in pernicious fructification.

Why are we impatient? This, then, is an important inquiry. Impatience is but a superficial symptom of a more deeply-seated disease; it indicates a rebellious nature. Iago demands,

'What would *die* ever heal but by degrees'

The impatient man requires that it should heal at once. He insists on a miracle, or a special interference in his personal case; and thinks it fully reasonable that, on his account, the laws of nature should be suspended. If

Providence will not so work for him, he forthwith undertakes to usurp its office, and so work for himself; setting aside the order of circumstance and duty, that he may constitute and begin a series of events that shall conduce speedily to his own private behoof. He never stays to question whether the good he proposes to himself be one probably in the estimation of Supreme Wisdom. He has been disappointed in his lieutenantancy; that is enough. To repair this loss, 'both the worlds he would give to negligence,' that he may have the satisfaction of trying, once for all, a desperate throw with fortune, even though he perish in the attempt. Better not to be at all, than to deserve, and not to possess, even for an instant. Have not, however, others suffered like delay? Let them, if they will, be contented fools; he will, at any rate, show more spirit, and estimate himself at his true worth. •

'By the faith of man,

I know my price; I am worth no worse a place;

and will not cease contending until I get it; and let them who would oppose me look to the issues!

Iago, as we have said, could read this lesson to Roderigo, but failed to apply it to himself. Such judicial blindness has only too frequent illustration. Would that each man might make the other a mirror to himself; or

'That some Power the gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us'

To return. Among the chief arguments to patience, we reckon this one—that each man born into, has virtually sworn allegiance unto, nature and society. There may be much in both to displease and irk an ardent and sanguine temperament; but in this we should recognise the destiny of the race, or of a people, rather than of an individual. The laws and principles which regulate both are, in themselves, unalterable—they are the primary land-marks which no created intelligence or power can remove. We cannot, therefore, too soon declare our submission to these inevitable limitations, and learn therewith to be content. Content!—therein lies all true wealth.

'Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But globe, fineness, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.'

Then, also, to him who rebels against the barriers, as it were, of his being, wishing for more liberty than belongs to the human condition, this entire world of time itself is, as it was to Hamlet, 'a prison'; 'this goodly frame, the earth, a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, no other thing than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.' Nor is the speculation on which we now venture too refined in character for the popular mind in these days. The

tribe of Hamlets is, on the increase. The general diffusion of literature has made even the crowd theoretical; and the thinking mind may be detected even in the lowest places of society. Well accordingly is it to guard right early against the diseases to which they are liable—such as were manifested in the mental constitution of a Byron and a Rousseau, so that much of the misery they suffered may be avoided by others. It is a mistake to suppose that any rank or station is free from it: hard work even will not take it out of a man; often, indeed, it embitters the melancholy impression. There are Wretches in humble as well as in high life; sentimentalists, in fact, in all classes, just as there are suicides among the rich and poor; and to both, the world is either a prison or a kingdom, according to the sanity or elevation of the mind that contemplates the creation, of which it is a part.

Such an idealist as we have described is indeed an irretrievable pauper: his case is hopeless, since there are no possible means of appeasing his discontent. Moreover, while his mind is perhaps dictating to the Author of the universe how it might have been better made, he is neglecting his own sublunary duties, and suffering ruin in his daily affairs.

Not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

In rendering in our allegiance, however, to the primary laws and principles which regulate, and perhaps constitute, nature and society, we must not be understood to mean that the truly patient man will be idly submissive to corrupt customs and bad governments. To reform these, indeed, may require all the patience that any man can possess, and circumstances of time and place may compel him to undertake the task as the continuous duty of his life. No other single virtue is so effective an instrument of reform as that of patience. Sudden outbreaks, strikes, and insurrections, only too often retard the improvements which they would judiciously advocate. Physical force is a bad argument; it knocks a man down, but leaves social evils erect; nay, frequently aggravates the mischief. Moral power, on the other hand, works gradually, and gains an impetus from persecution itself; it has all the right on its side, and wisely surrenders all the wrong to the enemy; conditions these which try the patience for a while, but insure a triumph in the end. Not only are the paths of wisdom those of peace, but the paths of peace are those of wisdom. Only in this way, for instance, will the ameliorations of labour in this country, so happily begun, proceed: it is not by violence, but by the gentle law of progress, that the labourer will win an independent station. Link by link, the chain of destiny is weaving which will necessitate the results of freedom, if impatience interfere not with the mysterious process. All the greatest works of nature and art are conceived and engendered in silence and in secret; and even thus the crises of society are prepared in the womb of time, during long intervals of apparent rest, by that Divine Wisdom which disposes of events both to individuals and to nations. But let us not, we repeat, by these remarks, be supposed to intend a tame and blind acquiescence in oppression and injury; no, we mean rather to show the superiority of moral over physical force in procuring the remedy—the former as requiring patience, and the latter as unwisely indicating the contrary. 'Haste,' says Dante, 'mars all dignity of act;' and nature, though her method, as Emerson tells us, be one of 'coasty,' is, properly speaking, never in a hurry. Thus also it should be with social revolutions; let the necessary changes be gradually introduced, that the least possible wrong may be done to existing interests, as the greatest possible benefit accrue to the coming order. God, who might have created his universe in a day, preferred to occupy many cycles of time in the accomplishment of his work; nor is the philosopher ignorant that uniform progression is essentially much

more miraculous than sudden intervention, though the constancy of the wonder abates our sense of it, except when we pause to reflect, and then we are thrown into amazement by the detection of a law which previously we had neglected to study.

If, however, patience should be discriminated from mere passive obedience, so, likewise, it is not to be confounded with positive stoicism. This seems to have been the great error of the ancients, who, for the sublime doctrine of suffering, hastily substituted that of insensibility. Suppose that the desirable stoical state were acquired or inherited, it wants virtue to commend it; for, if rendered unsusceptible of pain, we can deserve no credit for not resisting the attempted infliction. There are natural differences between individuals which help to illustrate this truth. One man is more irritable than another both in mind and body, by reason of his native temperament; the event, which is no exercise of patience to another, is a great one to him. Patience, then, is in proportion to sensibility, and is mensurable by the degree of pain endured. It springs, too, from humility, and not from pride, as with the stoics. Neither is it a careless indolence, nor a mechanical bravery, nor a constitutional fortitude, nor a daring stoutness of spirit, nor a form of fatalism—too frequently ranked among the more humble and obscure virtues: rightly considered, it is nothing less than a divine habit of mind, accompanying every circumstance of life, and essential both to duty and to happiness. The man who possesses his soul in patience, is either placed beyond vexatious interruption, or surrounded with defences which mediate between him and evil accident.

ADVENTURE OF AN ENGLISH CARLIST.

DURING the summer of 183—, Don Carlos took up his quarters in an old ruined Carlist castle in the valley of the Bistan, in Navarre. The king occupied a room which had escaped the general wreck, while his ministers, generals, and agents, lodged as they best might. The soldiery, such as they were at that time, were scattered over the country, sleeping under hedges, in groves, or, in some few instances, occupying the huts and farm-houses of the Navarrese. I slept in the remnant of a stone kitchen, near the ruined gate of the castle. A pile of straw, with my cloak, formed my bed, with my saddle-bags for a pillow, and there was I disposed, ruminating over the events of the day, and endeavouring to snatch a portion of rest, which I much required. My position in Don Carlos's establishment will explain itself in the course of my narrative; I need only here mention that I had been, at the date I now write, about three years in his service, and a great portion of the time in constant and confidential communication with the claimant to the throne of Spain, Charles V.

I lay on my bed, I have said, and had gradually dropped off into a happy state of oblivion, when I heard the heavy tramp of a spurred and booted foot approaching along the stone passage that led to the kitchen. The sound of footsteps ringing in the deserted halls of the castle, woke me at once to consciousness; my slumbers being soon further dissipated by the sound of a rough voice calling for Don Carlos. Springing on my feet, and clutching sword and pistol, I answered the call, and next moment one of the lanciers composing the regal body-guard stood before me. 'His majesty, signor,' said the soldier, uncovering himself, 'commands your presence immediately.' I signified my readiness to obey, though displeased at the whim that robbed me of my sleep, and followed the messenger, who bore in his hand a wretched oil lamp, which scarcely sufficed to illumine the long dark passage sufficiently to save me from tumbling against the scattered stones and rubbish which encumbered them.

At length a sentry at a door in the only clear passage of the castle proclaimed the king's apartment. I knocked, and received an instant summons to enter.

The room was of the usual bare description, but vast in its dimensions. A bed stood in one corner, very little better than that which I have above described. At a table sat the king, writing by the light of two oil lamps. I advanced, and, according to custom, knelt and kissed his hand. He rose and spoke, with one hand resting on the table, and the other hanging by his side. 'Don G——, when will you be ready to proceed to Paris?' 'At once, sire,' I replied. The king smiled, and said, 'Many thanks; to-morrow morning will be time enough. Be ready then. There are your instructions. You will have an escort to the frontier. Once there, you will act on your own responsibility. Somehow or other you must reach Paris without exciting suspicion: thence you will proceed to the Hague, and return to Spain with despatches. I know your ability in these matters: I trust all the details to you.' After a few more verbal instructions, Don Carlos gave me his hand to kiss, smiled most graciously, promised never to forget my zeal in his service, and dismissed me to his minister's room, where the despatches lay. I received these important papers, and once more retired to my old stone kitchen, rest having become now still more necessary to me. The task was no easy one. As an agent of Don Carlos, the French government would certainly stop me, if I should fall into their hands. My despatches I was sure to lose in the event of discovery, and their contents would be instantly made known to the Christiano party. With this conviction, I felt the necessity of using every available precaution, to avoid being arrested in France.

At dawn I was on foot, and equipped for the journey, while a party of twenty lancers, in their gallant and picturesque costume, awaited my orders. We started immediately, and halted only when, having crossed the Pyrenees, we reached the banks of the Bidassoa. While yet on Spanish ground, I dismounted from my mule, and assuming the costume of a Basque pécheur, dismissed my escort. I was now alone, with France before me: I was unarmed; while a purse and my despatches were as carefully concealed as possible. While awaiting the disappearance of my Spanish lancers, I sat down and endeavoured to mature my plan of operations. I had no passport. Three documents of that nature, made out in three several names, were at my lodgings at Bayonne. I knew that, were I made a prisoner, my passport would be at once taken from me; whereas, if found without that necessary protection, I should have leisure to decide upon which of my three characters I should assume. It will be seen at once what a precarious and anxious life is that of a secret diplomatic agent.

The bridge near Zugaramundi lay about a mile below; but my policy was to swim the Bidassoa. Accordingly, no sooner was my escort out of sight, than I approached the water's edge, looked carelessly up and down the opposite banks, and seeing no sign of any living being, plunged in, and made for a spot fringed with thick bushes. A brief space of time brought me within twenty feet of the French shores, when, quick as thought, two gun barrels were protruded from amid the bushes, and I was summoned to surrender. In two minutes more I was in the safe keeping of a couple of douaniers—armed customhouse officers. 'Ha! ha! Carlist,' said one of these whiskered gentlemen; 'we've caught you, have we?' I at once threw aside all ideas of disguise, and played the Englishman. 'Gentlemen,' said I, quietly eyeing my two antagonists, 'take care what you are about. I am an English gentleman rambling about for my amusement; beware how you offer me any insult.' 'If monsieur is an Englishman, he has of course a passport?' 'Unfortunately I have left it at Bayonne.' This of course led them to suppose that my residence was at Bayonne, the very object for which I had lodgings there. 'Well, sir,' said they, 'Englishman or not, we find you crossing the Bidassoa in a suspicious manner. You have no passport, and it is our imperative duty to take you before the maire.' I made no opposition to this command; and away they started with me, walking one on each side to their quarters.

The beginning of my journey, though unpropitious, was, however, exactly as I expected.

On reaching the mairie, we found the maire not at home, and I was unceremoniously walked into the public room of an auberge, the solitary window of which overlooked a paved yard, with very high walls, composed of loose stones. I seated myself at a table, and at once, on the plea of my walk and the consequent hunger, ordered dinner, inviting the douaniers to join me. The invitation was immediately accepted; and from that instant the worthy satellites of the customhouse treated me with the utmost deference. After dinner, I ordered brandy and cigars; but feigning not to smoke myself, demanded permission, while they were inhaling the weed, to walk up and down the yard. To this my now merry guardians made not the slightest objection, and into the yard I went. To escape was impossible; besides, the very fact of my doing so would have been betraying my secret. My object in entering the yard was far otherwise. After taking some time through the window with the douaniers, and when I saw clearly that the wine and brandy had somewhat confused their intellects, I seized a favourable opportunity, removed a stone from the wall, thrust my despatches therein, and returned the stone to its place. My heart was now as light as a feather—my despatches were safe.

Shortly after dinner I was taken before the maire, and questioned. With him I assumed a higher tone than with the douaniers; said I was an Englishman, as he could well see; complained bitterly of having been arrested while pursuing my pleasure; and demanded imperatively to be taken to Bayonne, where my passport was, and where my friend the maire would satisfy them as to my innocence. The words, 'my friend, the maire of Bayonne,' startled the worthy magistrate, who became excessively polite; and in a few minutes more I was on my road to that town. The maire of Bayonne was my friend, but under circumstances which I cannot here explain. I little knew, however, that the government suspected him of being a Carlist.

On arriving at my destination, I went with the douanier to the street in which my lodgings were situated—induced him to wait outside—and in a very few minutes again stood before him in the costume of an English gentleman, and with my passport in my pocket. The maire was at home—immediately satisfied the douanier—vised my passport for Paris; and I was at once placed, without any difficulty, in the very best position possible, not being supposed to have come from Spain at all. Under this comfortable impression I returned with the douanier, secretly obtained my despatches, and booked myself in the diligence for Paris direct. But the little maire had his suspicions still, and next day the telegraph was at work; and long before I reached Paris, the fact of my being on my road there was known, and a plan of operations decided on. The little maire was too cunning for me.

Unconscious of this circumstance, I left the diligence at the messageries of Lafite and Gaillard, with my little valise under my arm, and immediately retired to a bed-room, there to wash off the dust and other marks incident to a long journey, preparatory to dining. I had been in the room five minutes, and had, luckily, not opened my valise, when I heard a polite knock at the door. Perfectly unprepared, I opened the door, and one glance told me the intruder was a commissary of police. I knew my fate hung on a word—a look; and, young diplomatist as I was, I averted with a presence of mind which since has many times astonished me. 'Mr. ———?' said he, politely mentioning my name. 'Mr. ——— is up stairs at No. —,' said I, without flinching, at the same time smiling most benignly. 'Oh, ten thousand pardons, monsieur, for the mistake: what number did you say, sir?' I repeated the number; the commissary of police thanked me, re-entered the passage, and began quietly to ascend the stairs. Before he had reached the summit of the flight, I was in the street with my valise in my hand. With such a salient as this has been of

to have taken a *fiacre* or cab would have been to betray my hiding-place at once. I therefore hurried along on foot, plunged into the city, reached as low a neighbourhood as I could find, and entered a house of very suspicious character, where, however, I was quite safe until dark. Here I dined; and as soon as night came on, sallied forth in search of a more safe place of concealment.

In a street in the Quartier Latin, some months before, I had often spent an evening with a very clever, but very poor young artist. We had been great cronies, and to him I determined to apply for shelter for the night. With some difficulty I found the house, and being admitted to the porter's lodge, inquired for Monsieur Jules Victor. '*An'quarisme*—[On the fourth floor.] said the laconic Cerberus, and up the stair I at once sallied. After a journey up a narrow and dark flight of stairs, I reached the desired door, and knocked: '*Entrez*,' said a soft female voice. I started, but still obeyed the summons, and found myself in the presence of a very pretty and neatly-dressed young Frenchwoman. 'This is Monsieur Victor's apartment, I believe?' said I with some hesitation. 'It is; he will be here directly. Will monsieur be seated?' said she with a most engaging smile. I seated myself, and Victor instantly came out of the adjoining chamber. 'Delighted to see you, my dear fellow; what earthquake has cast you up? But excuse me; allow me to introduce you to Madame Victor—Madame Victor, Monsieur —!' This announcement rather disarranged my plans; but determined to make a trial, I sat down, and at once told my story, concluding by casting a sly look at madame, and saying, 'Had you been a bachelor, I meant to beg half your bed?' 'And of course now you will stay?' said madame kindly; 'we will do the best we can for you.'

This point settled, I rose from my chair, and drawing my passport from my pocket, burned it quietly before them. Very much surprised, they inquired the reason, which, however, was obvious—that I could no longer travel under my own name, and another had become absolutely necessary. I spent a most pleasant evening with this worthy and kind couple; amused them with my multifarious adventures; and next morning sallied forth to call on an intimate English friend. With him I could not be explicit; but, after the ordinary topics which occur to men meeting after an absence of some duration, I said, 'I have lost my passport. Will you go to the English embassy with me, and vouch for my respectability?' 'Certainly.' 'But will you be quite silent with regard to my real appellation? My name is Henry Seymour!' He started. 'I do not ask you to say my name is Henry Seymour, but simply to say you know me.' Though very much surprised, he agreed; and away we went to the English embassy. We saw the usual official—the usual questions were asked—my friend vouched for my respectability. I mentioned that I had lost my passport. A new one was made out at once; and after the usual particulars, the official said, 'What name?' 'Henry Seymour.' 'Where last from?' 'Calais.'

That night, after transacting my business in Paris, and perfectly satisfied with the neat manner in which I had eluded the vigilance of the police, I was on my road to Brussels. But the eternal telegraph was at work. Ere I was half-way on my road, the deceit I had practised was suspected, and intelligence transmitted. With orders to watch me closely. On arriving at Brussels I gave up my passport, and in an hour afterwards called for it at the police-office. The commissary eyed me in a hesitating manner, quite sufficient to awaken alarm, and told me to call next morning. 'This was enough for me: I knew at once that I was suspected.'

I must here mention that Belgium and Holland were at war—the former being, with France, opposed to the Carlist dynasty, and the latter in secret league with Don Carlos. My plan of operations was at once decided on. I left the hotel (the *Grand Laborer*) at which I had taken up my quarters, and fixed myself in a cabaret. As soon as night came, I sent for one of the common

carts of the country, and offered the driver a handsome sum to get me across the frontier. 'But you will be taken prisoner, sir,' said he. 'The very thing, I want, I thought to myself. I contented myself, however, with saying that I would risk the danger. Tempted by the somewhat brilliant offer I made him, he agreed, and I mounted the cart, lay down on a pile of straw, threw my cloak over me, and in a very short time was fast asleep. Having scarcely had a proper night's rest since I left Spain, my slumber was heavy and unbroken, and I only woke when challenged by the Dutch sentinels. I at once knew that I was within the lines of the Hollanders, and demanded to be taken before the distinguished general in command. His name, and what passed between us, I cannot now reveal; suffice that I instantly received a pass, and reached the Hague without further molestation.

My despatches presented, and my mission fulfilled, I sailed for England, and thence took ship again for Spain. Such was my adventure—one of many which I underwent when in the secret diplomatic service of Don Carlos. What the exact object of my journey was, it is not for me to reveal; suffice it, however, that my return was hailed with delight, as I brought with me that from the want of which monarch and peasant equally suffer—GOLD.

CLUB-LIFE OF THE PAST.

HAVING in two preceding articles endeavoured to give our readers some idea of club-life as it at present exists, they will perhaps feel interested to know what kind of life was led by such of our forefathers as belonged to the clubs of their day. The contrast of the old with the new state of things will appear immeasurably in favour of the moderns, especially in respect of morals. We may now be without the flashes of wit that were wont

'To set the table in a roar;'

but we are also without the intemperance, coarseness, and improvidence which the old club system fostered and kept alive.

Abstractly, clubs are necessary to man, for he is a social animal. From his earliest history, he has associated for the purpose of increasing his comforts and his pleasures. Clubbing, therefore, is as old as the oldest community, for nations may be regarded as extensive clubs; of which the king may be considered the president; the vizier, or prime minister, vice-president; the rest of the government office-bearers, and the populace simply members.

The success of the principle having been fully established by past experience on a large scale, certain members of our own nation have found it convenient from time to time to form themselves into small sectional associations, denominated *par excellence* clubs.* The chief reason which appears to have moved them thereto, was a community of sentiments or opinions; for amongst 'congenial souls' are social pleasures best cultivated. This tendency shows itself in every nation, although it is only in England that it is fully developed. In the East, there is no occasion for them; coffee-houses for men, and public baths for women, answer the purpose. Though, in the continental states of Europe, they have occasionally existed for political purposes, they were always short-lived; for in monarchies less limited than our own, it has been considered dangerous to allow a number of persons to meet together frequently, for

* This word is a recently-employed adaptation of the Anglo-Saxon *clæfan*, to divide; 'because,' says Skinner, 'the expenses are divided into shares or portions.' Though Shakespeare, as will presently be seen, belonged to a club or clubs, we do not find the word used in his writings, nor indeed in that of his contemporaries, in the above sense. The cynicisms of Queen Anne's reign were amongst the earliest writers who applied the term to convivial meetings.

fear of disaffection. For this reason, even our nearest continental neighbours cannot form social associations like our clubs. The geography of the subject, therefore, is soon disposed of, and we proceed at once to its history.

We hear little about convivial societies till the reign of Elizabeth. We then find men of taste fond of meeting at places of public entertainment to enjoy each other's society. 'Domestic entertainments were at that time rare. The accommodations of a private house were ill calculated for the purposes of a social meeting, and taverns and ordinaries were almost the only places in which we hear of such assemblies.* The best-remembered of such meetings, is that known to posterity as the Mermaid Club, having been held at a tavern of that name. It was established by Sir Walter Raleigh. Besides its founder, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Ben Jonson, and Donne, were amongst its members; who, to mental intercommunion, added the less refined pleasures of eating, drinking, and smoking. But intellectual recreation was in the ascendant, for which we have Beaumont's unimpeachable testimony. In a poetical and cordial letter to Ben Jonson, he exclaims—

'What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then, where there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly.'

The boon companions of those merry days often met at other places, and Ben Jonson drew up, for another club which he originated, a set of rules entitled *Leges Conviviales*, in which he advocated, amongst other excellent things, temperance. If we may credit the elegant apostrophe of Horrick, 'rare old Ben' and his companions practised what he preached.

'Ah, Ben'
Say how, or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric founts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?†
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.'

We hear little of clubs throughout the reign of the first James, and during that of his son Charles nothing; for in his unhappy time, to borrow a Hudibrasian jest, cudgelling was more rife than clubbing. The puritanical manners adopted during the commonwealth scarcely admitted of any sort of recreation; and the resuscitation of clubs arose appropriately enough out of the Restoration. For many years monarchical principles had been so very unpopular, that the name of 'king' was banished from the vocabulary of Cromwell's adherents; and when the reaction took place, and sovereignty came into fashion with the reappearance of the second Charles, the royalists testified their exuberant satisfaction by the wildest or most eccentric tokens. Amongst the latter was a club held at the sign of the King's Head, called the King's Club, the only qualification for which was, that the candidate's surname should be 'King.'

In and more immediately after the days of the 'merry monarch,' there were a greater number and variety of clubs than ever existed before; and although they were principally established for convivial purposes, leading to excesses, and engendering habits and manners much to be deplored, yet we, who live in better times, should not be too harsh in denouncing them. At the Restoration, society—taking that expression in its general sense—had ceased to exist. Throughout the previous half century, public discord, private dissension,

and all the several ills that civil war is heir to, had shivered the social compact. The Restoration was not only that of the single prince, but the beginning of peace and good-will amongst his subjects; except that the process in the latter case was slower, and more cautiously carried out than the reseatng of Charles on the throne. Men, in choosing their companions—especially those of their least guarded moments—were obliged to be extremely careful; yet, after so much turmoil and estrangement, they naturally yearned for fellowship. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that when a few individuals found themselves to possess sentiments of a congenial cast, political or otherwise, they should have made arrangements for meeting as frequently as possible, to enjoy each other's company. The tavern was the most convenient place of assembly, and the bottle was considered in those half-dark days the best promoter of reconciliation and good cheer. Clubs, therefore, however much their use has been since abused, had their use then: they formed points of union, and gradually operated to promote the general harmony which had long been broken.

Independent of this, at the end of the seventeenth, and even to the middle of the succeeding century, the very smallness of the population was a bar to much spontaneous sociality. If neighbours wanted to meet, they could only do so by special and previous arrangement; which arrangement generally took the form of a club. It was even customary, so late as the year 1710, for the inhabitants of the same street to form themselves into a club. The Spectator of that date records, that there were, in several parts of the city, street-clubs, in which the chief inhabitants of the street converse together every night. 'I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Ormond Street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter of the town, told me there was at that time a very good club in it; he also told me, upon farther discourse with him, that two or three noisy country squires, who were settled there the year before, had considerably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club (to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had thoughts of taking every house that became vacant into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for it of a sociable nature and good conversation.' The story of the racketty squires actually lowering the rental by damaging the local society, and the curious qualification demanded of a tenant, that, besides being quiet, and able to pay his rent, he should be of 'good conversation,' show the vast influence of small clubs at that time.

The chief bond of union amongst persons who meet for relaxation and entertainment, is congeniality of some sort or other; which, as we have seen above, the mere accident of living in the same street did not always insure. But, of all sorts of congeniality, none is so universal as that arising out of eating and drinking; 'in which,' says Addison, 'most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all bear a part.' Clubs for dining and supping were plentifully established both in town and country, and amateurs of particular dishes met together to discuss them. The most celebrated club that ever existed took its rise from a congenial fondness for mutton pies. Just before the Revolution of 1688, there lived in Shire Lane, close to Temple-Bar, one Christopher, a pastry-cook, of peculiar mutton pies had rendered his shop famous. On the pretence of eating these delicacies, Lords Montague and Desart, the poets Prior and Garth, Jacob Tonson the bookseller, and others, met under Christopher's sign; which bore the elegant effigies of a cat and a fiddle. They periodically took possession of the shop-parlour, and gave themselves the name of the 'Kit-Cat Club;' but, as Arbuthnot sung—

'Whence deathless Kit-Cat took its name,
Few critics can unfold;
Some say from pastry-cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.'

* Gifford. Life of Ben Jonson.

† The Three Tuns, still existing at the Fleet Street end of Fetter Lane.

Ward, in his 'Complete and Humorous Account of the Remarkable Clubs and Societies,' gives the derivation which has been generally received. 'The cook's name,' he writes, 'being Christopher, for brevity called Kit, and his sign being the Cat and Fiddle, they very merrily derived a quaint denomination from puss and her master, and from thence called themselves the Kit-Cat Club.' At the time it was formed by the above-named individuals, the country was in a very critical position. The efforts of King James II. in favour of popery was so strenuous, that the seven principal protestant bishops were prisoners in the Tower. Members of the club increased, and were ostensibly attracted to Shire Lane by the mutton pies; but really met to concert measures for the bloodless rebellion which very soon followed. 'The Kit-Cat Club,' remarks Horace Walpole, 'though generally mentioned as a set of wits, were in fact the patriots who saved Britain.' The club long outlived its original purpose, and Christopher grew rich enough to remove to the Fountain Tavern in the Strand. In Queen Anne's reign, it comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank, talent, and merit. Sir Godfrey Kneller painted their portraits, of that peculiar dimension which is now denominated 'Kit-Cat.'

The Beefsteak Club is, if we mistake not, still in existence. It was instituted in 1735,* in consequence of the Earl of Peterborough's visit to the work-room of a celebrated theatrical mechanist, named Rich. The artist began to cook his beefsteak on a gridiron, over the fire used for melting his size. The earl was asked to partake, which he did with so much relish, that he determined to dine with his host once a-week. He brought on the next visit a few friends, who formed themselves into a club; amongst them were Hogarth and Sir John Thornhill. From time to time the club has numbered some of the most celebrated men of genius this country has produced.—These are the most famous of what may be classed as the special-dish clubs. Hosts of others were, however, established, such as the Calves'-head Club, held in Charing-Cross; the Tripe Club of Dublin; Oyster, Eel-pie, and Goose clubs.

Not only a concurrent taste for the good things of this life, but similarity in the most ridiculous particulars, served as an excuse to form a club. The Spectator satirises this, by describing a market-town 'in which there was a club of fat men, that did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain one another with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance.' A club of tall men was established in Edinburgh, which went by the name of the Six-foot Club. An 'Ugly Club,' instituted at Cambridge, is also mentioned; but as few could be found to put in a voluntary claim to unenviable ugliness, it was but a limited and transient affair. The 'Hum-drum Club' consisted of a set of very honest gentlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit together, smoke their pipes, and say nothing, till midnight. The Mum Club was an institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy to noise. The Spectator also tells of a Lovers' Club established at Oxford, into which 'a mistress and a poem in her praise' were the only passports.

Meanwhile, the wits of Dryden's day continued to assemble and exchange smart sayings at places of public entertainment, like their predecessors the companions of Ben Jonson. Taverns, such as 'The Mermaid,' had by this time changed their name to coffee-houses, and in some measure their nature; for they were not at particular times of the day, open to all comers; and although, on the other hand, no subscription was exacted for the privilege of entering them, yet we find, by the account which Colley Cibber gives of his first visit to Will's in Covent Garden, that it required an introduction to this society, not to be considered as an imperious intruder. There the veteran Dryden had long

presided over all the acknowledged wits and poets of the day, and those who had the pretension to be reckoned among them. The politicians assembled at the St James's coffee-house, whence all the articles of political news in the first Tattlers are dated. The learned frequented the Grecian coffee-house in Devereux Court. Locket's, in Gerard Street, Soho, and Pontac's, were the fashionable taverns where the young and gay met to dine: and White's, and other chocolate houses, seem to have been the resort of the same company in the morning. The bay window of this house was then, as now, its great attraction as a morning lounge. Generations of 'company' have continued to frequent the establishment down to the present moment, a committee of the predecessors of the present frequenters having taken the management of the concern into their own hands, and formed it into a political club for gentlemen professing Tory principles. The history of Brookes's, also in St James's Street, is the same, except that it is composed of Whig partisans. Its proprietor appears to have been extremely popular in his day; and no wonder, if any faith is to be placed in the following couplet, penned by a grateful debtor:—

'The generous Brookes, whose honest, liberal trade,
Delights to trust, and blushes to be paid.'

Boodle's, not far from Brookes's, was first set up by a man of that name, and is now also supported by subscription. It has always been a lounge for country gentlemen visiting London. These three establishments bear the closest resemblance to modern clubs to be found amongst the social relics of a bygone age.

The effects of coffee-house meetings upon the habits of our forefathers are thus described by Miss Berry:—'Three o'clock, or at latest four, was the dining hour of the most fashionable persons in London, for in the country no such late hours had been adopted. In London, therefore, soon after six, the men began to assemble at the coffee-house they frequented, if they were not setting in for hard drinking, which seems to have been less indulged in private houses than in taverns. The ladies made visits to one another, which, it must be owned, was a much less waste of time when considered as an amusement for the evening, than now as being a morning occupation.'

Such nightly meetings—which were clubs without a regular organisation, and bore the name of the keeper of the house they were held at—were kept up by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, and afterwards by Dr Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Topham Beauclerc, Gibbon, Boswell, and Garrick. For a long time these celebrated men met at the 'Mitre,' in Fleet Street, as a club, but one without a name. At the funeral of Garrick, they agreed to call their meetings the 'Literary Club,' which afterwards included Sheridan and other choice and intellectual spirits.

Dr Johnson, it is well known, was a great lover of clubs, and belonged to several. Of the Pandemonium, held in Clarges Street, Mayfair, we are enabled to give some notion from the Memoirs of the late Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas, who was a member. He narrates that, on being introduced into the club, he first addressed himself to Oliver Goldsmith, whose absence of mind prevented him taking any heed of the new member. Dr Johnson was next bowed to, and, in return, 'he gruffly nodded to me, and continued some observations of a ludicrous nature which he was making, in a tone of mock solemnity, to the little party by his side, who proved to be no other than David Garrick. The Roscius received me with an air of cordiality and politeness which was quite delightful to me.' At length Mr Foote, and a number of other members having arrived, we adjourned to dinner. The conversation, to my great relief, became general before even the cloth was removed. It seemed to be a favourite subject with several

* A similar club, under the same title, had by this time expired.

* Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France. By the editor of *Madame de La Fayette's Letters*.

of the members to bring out the peculiar vein of Dr Goldsmith. About this period he had produced the Good-Natured Man and other successful comedies. Mr Foote observed to him, that he wondered to see Goldsmith writing such stuff as these, after immortalising his name by pieces so inimitable as the Traveller and the Deserted Village. "Why, Master Foote," said Goldsmith, with his rich Irish brag, in reply, "my fine verses you talk of would never produce me a beef-steak and a can of pepper; but since I have written nonsense, as you call it, for your bare boards, I can afford to live like a gentleman." Dr Johnson, who had taken his seat at the head of the table, then began, in a monotonous tone of affected gravity and grandiloquence, to pronounce a eulogium on folly, and to prove that it was more pleasing, and therefore more useful than good sense. In the course of the evening, every conceivable variety of topic was introduced; but, in general, the subjects under discussion had some reference, more or less remote, to the current literature of the day. They thus acquired an interest which to me was peculiarly striking, from the connexion which subsisted between the topics of conversation and the speakers themselves, without much regard, probably, to the undoubted talent with which the discussion was handled: for I may declare with unaffected sincerity, that the whole scene was perfectly new to me, the actors in it, not less than the topics on which they declaimed. At the same time, I had *now* enough to perceive the prudence and propriety of exercising the peculiar talent which had recommended me as a candidate for admission into the club—(silence). It called for no extraordinary sagacity to discover that I had got into a most pugnacious society, who, like others of their class, had acquired an undoubted right to be regarded as of the *genus irritabile*.

Clubs of a convivial nature, though much on the decline, are even now common to all classes of society in England. Whigs, Tories, squires, travellers, lawyers, engineers, doctors, scholars, soldiers, sailors, merchants, and others, have each their exclusive institutions. The multiplicity of tradesmen's clubs is both notorious and proverbial; and besides convivial associations, there are many ostensibly for charity and useful purposes. Yet under whatever name and pretence they are frequented, drinking and smoking are the real purposes for which their members meet. The design of the benefit and benevolent clubs is excellent; but as they are held at public-houses, the manner in which it is carried out is highly prejudicial. Many clubs are set a-foot for economical ends. The manufacturing districts, for example, abound with societies into which each member pays a small weekly sum, and, after a time, he becomes entitled to some article of dress. Upon this plan there are hat, coat, and boot clubs. The economy of such associations is, however, a pure fallacy. At each meeting there must be 'something to drink,' and conversation about the business in hand cannot be enjoyed without a pipe. By the time, therefore, that each member becomes entitled to his coat, he has in all probability spent as much money on beer and tobacco as would have bought a whole suit of clothes.

Having pretty nearly characterised the convivial clubs of the past, we may be permitted to say a word on the effect they have had on manners; and in this point of view we cannot find a single good word to say in their favour. Though there were, as we have before hinted, some excuses for their first formation amongst our disunited forefathers, they have since had the most baneful effects upon the public. Much of that excessive drinking which characterised the past age, must be charged to the universal habit of frequenting convivial clubs. They have, we venture to affirm, kept back most hurtfully the progress of civilisation. They withdrew men from their families, and interfered with studies which would have been more beneficial than ribald conversation suggested by intellects fuddled with drink.

A distinct sort of clubs, belonging to the past, have

not yet been alluded to—gaming clubs. That irrational vice was practised at nearly every coffee-house, and to such a degree, that the legislature interfered to prevent it. Gamblers, therefore, to evade the law which forbade play in public-houses, clubbed to take private ones. Such houses as White's, Brookes's, and Booby's, the law did not touch, and the propensity was indulged in them; whilst others were started on the same plan for the special purpose of gaming. It is pleasing to record that they have gradually faded away; Crockford's, the most splendid and extensive, having been broken up last year. Indeed, what were known as 'fashionable vices' are fast vanishing, or are deemed decidedly vulgar. A person who games deeply, or gets often intoxicated, no longer finds ready admission into the higher circles: he is a tainted man; his exclusion from the best modern clubs is equally rigid. This example, so worthily set by the aristocracy, will not be lost upon the operative classes, and the time is not far distant when a confirmed card-player, or habitual drunkard, will lose the countenance of his companions, in however humble a walk of life he may exist.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

EFFECTS OF COLOURED LIGHT ON PLANTS.

Most persons are familiar with the fact, that solar light is indispensable to the growth, health, and perfection of every vegetable. Without exposure to sunshine, plants could not acquire their colours, could not elaborate their various secretions, or properly mature their seeds. This sunshine, or 'white light,' as it is called, consists of several coloured rays which are known to possess very different illuminating, heating, and chemical properties; hence it has become a subject of interest among men of science to examine whether all the rays assist alike in the progress of vegetation. One of the most recent inquirers is Mr R. Hunt—well known for his researches on light—whose experiments are detailed in the Gardeners' Chronicle for August.

The solar beam of white light, when subjected to prismatic analysis, is found to consist of seven or more distinct colours; namely, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Mr Hunt, however, adopting the views of Sir David Brewster, is inclined to admit only three primitive colours—red, yellow, and blue—all the others being made up of mixtures of these. By experiment, the red rays yield the greatest amount of heat, the yellow the largest quantity of light, while the blue produce the strongest chemical effect. It is evident from this, that by the use of red, blue, and yellow glasses, the natural conditions of a plant may be materially altered; thus, heating rays may be admitted while light and chemical effect are partially excluded; or light may be admitted while heat and chemical effect are excluded; or, lastly, the maximum chemical power may be exerted without exposure to either illuminating or heating rays. Subjecting seeds or plants to light which has passed through these variously-coloured media, Mr Hunt has found the following general results:—

1. Under *yellow* glass, it was found that in nearly all cases the germination of seeds was prevented; and even in the few cases where germination commenced, the young plant soon perished. Mr Hunt is inclined to ascribe these instances of germination to the action of heat rays which had passed through the glass, rather than to light. Agarics, and several of the fungus tribe, flourished luxuriantly under the influence of the yellow medium. Although the luminous rays may be regarded as injurious to the early stages of vegetation, there is reason to believe that, in the more advanced periods of growth, they become essential to the formation of woody fibre.

2. Under *red* glass, germination took place, when the seeds were carefully watched, and a sufficient quantity of water added to supply the deficiency of the increased evaporation. The plant, however, was not of a healthy

character, and, generally speaking, the leaves were partially blanched, showing that the production of chlorophyll (green colouring matter) had been prevented. Most vegetables, instead of bending towards red light, in the same manner as they do towards white light, bent from it in a very remarkable manner. Mr Hunt found that plants in a flowering condition could be preserved for a much longer time under the influence of red light than under any other, and is inclined to think that red media are highly beneficial during the fruiting processes of plants.

3. Glass of a deep blue—such as is used for finger-glasses—has the property of allowing the free passage of all chemical rays, whilst it obstructs both the heat and light radiations. The rays thus separated from the heat and light rays, Mr Hunt regards as a distinct principle, for which he proposes the name of *actinium*.^{*} They have the power of accelerating in a remarkable manner the germination of seeds and the growth of the young plant. After a certain period, varying nearly with every plant upon which experiments were made, these rays became too stimulating, and growth proceeded rapidly without the necessary strength. When this was perceived, the removal of the plant into the yellow rays, or, which was better, into light which had passed through an emerald green glass, accelerated the deposition of carbon, and the consequent formation of woody fibre proceeded in a regular and perfect way.

'Such,' adds Mr Hunt, 'are the conditions and the results of my experiments. They seem to point to a very great practical application, in enabling us in this climate to meet the necessities of plants, natives of the tropical regions. We have evidence, at least so it appears to me, from these and other results, that the germination of seeds in spring, the flowering of plants in summer, and the ripening of fruits in autumn, are dependent upon the variations in the amounts of actinium or chemical influence—of light and of heat—at those seasons in the solar beam.' Many results obtained by the photographic processes appear to prove this to be the case. Altogether, independent of their practical advantages, these experiments point to principles in nature, the further explication of which may lead to the solution of some of the most interesting problems in organic development.

A NOVELTY IN LOOKING-GLASSES.

Amongst the productions of human industry, there are some, the common and daily use of which efface the marvels connected with them. Among such things mirrors may be classed. That the exact image of every object should be reproduced with the most perfect fidelity, is surely an extraordinary fact, and one which can only be appreciated to the full by savages who see a reflector for the first time. Clear water is the only means which nature, unaided by art, has provided for mirroring the features of the human face or other objects; and the belles of the earliest ages arranged their costume, and practised their little coquettish arts, over a sheet of pellucid water. But a more efficient and portable substitute was found in polished metal, and mirrors of such material were adopted. To whom the invention must be attributed, it is impossible to say: 'probably,' remarks a French writer, 'the inventor was a woman.' That brass mirrors are of high antiquity, there can be no doubt. They were in use among the Jewish women, as we learn from the Pentateuch; for Moses made the laver of the tabernacle of that metal, ginch of which was contributed by the women, who voluntarily gave up their mirrors for the purpose. It is, however, conjectured that the use of such reflectors was borrowed from the Egyptians, who were the earliest people to bring them into use. As refinement increased, brass, ever so well polished, was found not so reflective as

silver—a discovery for which a certain Praxiteles (not the sculptor, but a contemporary of Pompey) has the credit, and mirrors of that metal were adopted; but their expensiveness precluded their use by any but the most affluent. The common people of Rome employed a great variety of polished materials; amongst them, straw carefully plaited, which, it is not generally known, acts as a reflector of the sun's rays sufficiently powerful to burn; in consequence of the natural gloss produced by the silex with which all reeds are coated.

The most acute historians have been unable to discover when glass was first used as mirrors, but they were first supplied to the ancient fashionable world from Sidon; and, when history emerges from the dark ages, we find those lustrous articles made almost wholly at Venice, which remained the seat of the manufacture up to a comparatively recent period. To this we may probably trace the fact, that the makers and hawkers of looking-glasses in England, France, and other parts of Europe, are nearly always Italians. The Venetian trade was much damaged by Colbert,* who, by the force of capital, seduced many workmen from Italy, and deprived the Venetians of the profits of an art which had been for some ages looked upon as their patrimony. Colbert set up a large establishment in his native country, in which he introduced several improvements in the manufacture of looking-glasses. The most important was the substitution of cast for blow glass, by which not only a smoother and more faultless surface was produced, but also larger plates. This was the latest improvement; for the mode of silvering the backs is done precisely in the same manner now as it ever was. The term 'silvering' is scarcely correct: it is derived from the fact of the chief ingredient used being mercury, vulgarly called quicksilver. The French, with more propriety, designate the process 'tinning' (*étamage*), that being the metal which is employed along with mercury. This explanation is necessary to render the more intelligible an improvement in this process which has been recently patented, and in which silver, properly so called, is substituted for tin. But we must first describe the not uninteresting, but extremely insalubrious process by which the manufacture of looking-glasses is now carried on. The so-called silvering consists in applying a layer of tin-foil alloyed with mercury to the posterior surface of the glass. The workshop for executing this operation is provided with a number of smooth tables of fine freestone or marble, truly levelled, having round their contour a rising ledge, within which there is a gutter or groove which terminates by a slight slope in a spout at one of the corners. The glass-tinner, standing towards one angle of his table, sweeps and wipes its surface with the greatest care, along the whole breadth to be occupied by the mirror-plate; then taking a sheet of tin-foil adapted to his purpose, he spreads it on the table, and applies it closely with a brush, which removes any folds or wrinkles. The table being horizontal, he pours over the tin a small quantity of quicksilver, and spreads it with a roll of woollen stuff; so that the tin-foil is penetrated, and apparently dissolved by the mercury. Then taking the plate of glass, he lays it carefully on the smooth bed of tin and mercury, which adheres to the glass in obedience to the law, that bodies contract a close adhesion when they touch at all points. The glass is then removed from the table, and placed under heavy weights for twenty-four hours, so as to make the adhesion more perfect and durable. Even after this, a portion of the superfluous lacquer remains on the glass, and has to be gradually drained off by placing the plate on a frame sloped like a writing-desk. This is a very nice and difficult operation, and requires the most minute care to prevent the glass from contracting during the operation, in which case the whole process must be recommenced. Moreover, the bed of tin is easily cracked, and everyone knows with

* See paper on Actino-Chemistry, in No. 22, New Series, of this Journal.

* The interesting story of Colbert will be found in the first volume of Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts.

what rapidity the action of the sun, or the least humidity, spoils the best looking-glasses.

It is fortunate, therefore, that, nearly coincident with the reduction of the glass-duties, a new process for manufacturing reflectors by chemical instead of mechanical means has been discovered. Everything which tends to cheapen so ornamental and harmlessly useful an article as mirrors, may be looked upon as a not unimportant advance in social economy. We do not hold with those utilitarians who would banish inexpensive luxuries from the humblest abodes; and we would therefore do all in our power to promote the adoption of any improvement in such articles, with a view to their general accessibility. To this end we gladly give publicity to the new invention for silvering looking-glasses.

Towards the end of 1843, Mr Thomas Drayton, of Brighton, sealed a patent, the subject of which was a mode of silvering looking-glasses without the employment of quicksilver. The material used is composed of coarsely-pulverised nitrate of silver, spirits of hartshorn, and water. This, after standing for twenty-four hours, is filtered, and an addition is then made of spirit of wine and a few drops of oil of cassia. The glass to be silvered with this solution must have a clean and polished surface; it is to be placed in a horizontal position, and a wall of putty or other suitable material formed around it; so that the solution may cover the surface of the glass to the depth of from an eighth to a quarter of an inch. A deposition of the silver then takes place in two hours or less, and when the required deposit has been obtained, the solution is poured off; and as soon as the silver on the glass is perfectly dry, it is varnished with a composition formed by melting together equal quantities of bees' wax and tallow. This serves as a protection to the residuum which adheres closely to the glass, and affords a more clear and brilliant reflection than the old process; besides being done in infinitely less time, and with no risk of failure. The term 'silvering' looking-glasses is rendered by the new plan quite correct, for it is silver, and nothing but silver, which converts the glass into a mirror.

It may be asked why so useful an invention should have as yet remained unknown to the public, and unacted on? The answer is, that although the inventor proved fully that the principles of his invention were correct, there were some difficulties of a purely technical nature connected with the manufacture, which he was not very readily able to overcome. In this emergency M. Tourasse, to whose working Mr Drayton had committed the patent he had taken out for France, has succeeded, after a year spent in experiments, in perfecting the process. M. Tourasse submitted the invention to the Academie des Sciences, who appointed a commission to inquire into its merits, which it fully confirmed. On the 20th of August last, Mr Drayton's agent experimented before a committee of the Society for the Encouragement of the Useful Arts, and succeeded in silvering a double glass in half an hour.

'Whoever,' it is remarked in the report from which we copy this information, 'has compared looking-glasses prepared after the old and the new processes, must be struck with the superior reflective powers of the latter. The adhesion of the metallic coating to the glass is firmer, and the protection afforded by the outer varnish more complete.' One great advantage is, that, by the patent, glass tubes and other globular surfaces can be silvered by it. This was impossible by the old method; for, except the concave and convex mirrors used in dining-rooms, nothing of the sort could be accomplished, from the purely mechanical nature of the process. This advantage will be most apparent to those who have occasion for optical instruments, in which many improvements will doubtless follow. In a salubrious point of view, it will be a great boon to workmen who are now engaged in one of the most unhealthy employments existing. They at present exist amidst the fumes of mercury, which, despite all the elaborate precautions employed to preserve the skin and lungs

from injury, prove fatally injurious. Although the material used be silver, the public are promised looking-glasses at prices very little differing from those at present charged.

In conclusion, we may remark generally on the gratifying march which chemical processes are making upon mechanical ones in all kinds of manufacture. There is no body of men who have from time to time proved such benefactors to mankind as operative chemists.

DESECRATION OF MELROSE ABBEY BY TOURISTS.

It is with pain we perceive, by advertisements in the Edinburgh newspapers, that, in consequence of the wanton and malicious damage done to the Abbey of Melrose by persons calling themselves tourists, and other visitors, by chipping and defacing the beautiful carvings and stone-work, and carrying off the fragments as memorials or relics, its noble owner, the Duke of Buccleuch, has felt it his duty to close it to the public for the future. Thus, in consequence of the covetous depredations of a few well-dressed petty larcenists, the honest and moral part of the community is shut out from one of the finest ruins in Great Britain. The veneration of antiquity will naturally feel this as a sort of injustice to themselves, for it is difficult to conceive a private right sufficiently strong to exclude them from a ruin which historic and national associations have in one sense made public property. But the duke is not only the owner, but the conservator of the structure. He feels himself responsible to posterity for the proper care-taking of a building which to our successors will be even more valuable as a memorial of the past than it is to ourselves. At least we can conceive his grace feeling in this way, and, if he acts accordingly, who can blame him? We can only hope that, when the public have received a sufficient lesson on the subject, some relaxation of the rule may take place. Meanwhile, let every effort be used to aid in the detection of the offenders, for whose discovery the duke's agents in Edinburgh further offer a (we hope needless) reward of ten pounds.

There are some petty offences to which their perpetrators appear to attach neither importance nor blame; they are glazed over with the varnish of custom, or the shortcomings of the law. A man who would not wrong you of a penny in money, thinks nothing of borrowing a book or an umbrella, and never returning either. Peccadilloes of this nature have become so familiarised from frequency, that conscience seems to take no trouble about them. The evil more particularly under discussion is freely committed, because the law does not take much notice of it. Chipping monuments, and pocketing the leaf of a folious capital, or the wing of a cherubim, are amongst the unpunishable offences, because the crime is so wanton, that the statutes never contemplated it: hence, when the silly fellow smashed the Portland vase in the British Museum, the law could be no more severe with him than if he had wilfully broken a Delft teapot. What the law cannot effect, however, public opinion can; and we are severe enough to hope that, should any of the Melrose Abbey depredators be discovered, their names, addresses, and professions will be published in the newspapers as fully as if they had to appear upon an indictment in the Court of Justiciary, or the Old Bailey.

Whoever has visited Melrose Abbey, and examined its ruins with attention, will not deem this hope too visionary. Its beauty chiefly lies in the exquisite finish of its ornaments, and the high state of preservation in which a sheltered position has kept the friezes and capitals. The forms are as clear, and their outlines as sharp, as if they had been cut in the eighteenth, instead of the fourteenth century. It is therefore obvious that the smallest morsel chipped from one of these beautifully-executed stone carvings destroys the whole figure, whether it be that of a human being or of a leaf. A lump from the shaft of a column, or the corner of an entablature, could better be spared. But

these do not satisfy our relic-hunting tourists: whilst they are robbing the house, they like to take away something worth carrying.

It is a sad blow to national pride to reflect, that the untameable propensity for defacing objects exposed in public places is almost peculiar to Great Britain. On the very first day that the ornamented walks of Windsor castle were thrown open to the public, the statues and shrubs were so defaced and damaged, that the privilege was instantly withdrawn. In the British Museum, the attendants of the sculpture saloons are obliged to be constantly on the watch, lest some 'John Smith' should have the impudence to pencil his name on the statue of Memnon, or deface the instep of Minerva with a coarse epigram. In Scotland, several articles of value have been stolen from Abbotsford by visitors. The tombstone of Burns's father in Alloway kirkyard was gradually nibbled away, and a new one substituted by subscription. In short, wherever we go, evidences of the propensity present themselves. Be it, however, remembered, that the humbler orders do not stand alone in this petty turpitude. As truly remarked by Sir Robert Peel in the debate on the question of throwing open certain royal palaces and public monuments for general inspection, the poorer classes offend less in this way than the 'vulgar rich.' Abroad, either in France or Germany, the wanton destruction of public property is seldom met with. To be sure, a much sharper supervision is maintained, and one does not move a step in any public place without being confronted by a policeman. But whatever the cause of the superior moral conduct of our continental neighbours, the fact is creditable to them.

In conclusion, let us hope that the Melrose Abbey depredators may be discovered and exposed. We express the hope, less from a desire to see the failings of tourists, or those of any other class of persons blazoned forth, than from a belief that such a punishment would operate in checking the practice. It is the custom of farmers to nail the skins of rats to their barn doors, from a supposition that the spectacle terrifies other rats, and prevents them from stealing the corn. In imitation of this practice, it may be found expedient, should the duke relent and once more open the abbey, to expose a list of those who have been convicted of the crime peculiar to tourists, as a warning to entrants not to do the same.

TWO DAYS ON LAGO MAGGIORE.

EARLY on the morning of the 5th of August 1843, a friend and myself found ourselves seated on the outside of a *velocifera* in the Corte della Posta at Milan, and indulging a vain regret that the city, its Duomo of white marble, its pictures and arches, would soon for us change from a reality to a remembrance. We were not long in discovering that our vehicle had as much right to the name it bore as it had to be called 'The Comfortable.' In movement, it was unequalled by the tardiest German sciffell-post; and the necessity our seats imposed, of placing knees in neighbourly acquaintance with chins, was suggestive, upon sitting down, of aches and pains, which very soon were fearfully realised. I know not how many tedious hours were occupied by the journey, through a country, fertile and luxuriant to the last degree, which spreads itself on a dead level between Milan and the Lago Maggiore. There was little to attract attention by the way, and yet the road crosses the field of a great battle between those two renowned captains of older time, Hannibal and Scipio. But battle plains, how much sower of interest they possess for historians and their students, lie inordinately flat before the eye of an actual visitor. I had much rather read of them than traverse them; unless, as in the present instance, they are directly in the route, and not to be avoided except by additional trouble; or unless there may have been some recent conflict, in which a personal, or at all events a national interest is involved, as at Waterloo. Battle fields, moreover, invariably disappoint a present spectator. Some chro-

nicle tells you of them afar off, and the inner eye instantly peoples them with crowding troops, whilst the ear catches, as it were from a great distance, the din of glorious war! But when you are upon them, what do you see and hear? Nothing more than a plain, devoted, like any other plain, to the common uses of agriculture, where the most you shall hear is the sighing of breezes amongst the grass. The poetry of the place has evaporated, and a dull reality is the residuum. You look at the particular spot where armies have met and contested for victory through the optic glass of fancy. By the shedding of blood, it has become separated with an imaginary line from the rest of the earth's surface, and has risen into an importance to which, locally, it is not entitled. To the mental eye, the air above is lurid—the ground torn and trampled. But when the eye of flesh alights upon the scene, how changed, how different! The two hosts have drawn off, ages ago, from that mighty strife which is carried on in books to this hour; the place is in nowise distinguishable from the surrounding country, and daylight quietly illuminates everything within the compass of the horizon with one common lustre.

In passing along, we noticed a few upright stones by the wayside, each marked with its forlorn P. R.; and a little further, our thoughts on this grave subject ran appropriately enough against a tall cypress tree which stands at a turn of the road. It is pleasing to be informed that Napoleon caused the Simplon, which pushes forward elsewhere regardless of much more serious obstacles, to deviate a little, that this tree might be spared. Tradition declares that this identical cypress existed in the time of Julius Cæsar; but its appearance does not confirm the tale. At Sesto Calende, where an end was put to the *Velocifera*, our passports were inspected by Austrian officers, and shortly afterwards we embarked on a small steamer with her prow towards the head of the Lago Maggiore. A 'blue breeze' from the mountains ruffled its surface, and gave animation to the scene, whilst the waters, stretching away before us, seemed to penetrate into the recesses of the snowy Alps. As we proceeded, the ruined castle of Angera crowned a rocky ridge on our right, and added the element of masculine grandeur to the effeminate softness of Italian scenery. At Arona, the vessel stopped to land and take in passengers. It is just behind Arona that the brazen statue of San Carlo Borromeo takes its colossal stand—an image sixty-six feet high, erected by subscription in 1697 in honour of a saint, once a famous personage in these parts, who was born in the town, to which he is here made to extend his hand, as if in the act of pronouncing a benediction. Ladders are placed in the interior, by means of which tourists well affected to hagiology and climbing, may ascend into the nose of the statue, provided they do not labour under the affliction of gout or corpulency. St Charles was archbishop of Milan, and his breviary is represented under his left arm.

On, on the steamer paddled; village after village spotted the shores, which grew more and more undulating as we advanced. Then the bay of Baveno opened out on the left, its surface diversified with the Borromean islets of European celebrity. The steamer stopped once more, whilst a boat hove to, into which we and our baggage were injected, and which then made towards one of those towns which we had seen glittering white on shore. Here our knapsacks were examined (for we had quitted the Austrian for the Sardinian territory); and that operation concluded, we launched in the direction of Baveno, a hamlet lying at the head of that broad indentation which makes one considerable compartment of the lake. Our course lay amongst the islands: the appearance of the Isola Madre attracted us in preference to the artificial and more celebrated Isola Bella. Having been without food since morning, we began to be conscious of an abstract quality which wise and simple agree in terming hunger; and if the Isola Bella had really been what one traveller compared it with, namely, a Frigord pie, it would have been impos-

sible to resist landing and cutting a huge slice thereof for the immediate satisfaction of our appetites. The island, however, appeared provokingly inedible, and in our haste we could only afford to cast a glance upon the exterior of the house standing upon it, which Gibbon, in 1747, called 'an enchanted palace, a work of fairies in the midst of a lake encompassed with mountains, and far removed from the haunts of men.' At an inn standing prettily on the edge of the water, we procured rest and refreshment, and then I sallied out alone. It was just the hour, and precisely one of the places at which we most wish to be unaccompanied, that the full stream of reverie, along which we are irresistibly borne, may flow on in undisturbed peace; that the flowers which fancy is then pleased to scatter around our path, may be gathered 'untalked of and unseen'; that the storied designs on the arras-work she loves to weave, may be gazed at and spelled over without reproof or fear of check. The hour was evening; the place Italy. The loveliness of the sky, tinted with colours such as are alone in the power of evening to let drop from her magic brush, was answered and contrasted by the loveliness of earth: The hills, terminating with a happy characteristic abruptness, broke out into rocks that were mossed over, adorned with flowers, and scattered with trees, exactly in the way that an artist would have desired. That was on one side; on the other, the lake extended like another sky, with islands here and there interrupting the blank level, like spots of cloud. The outline of the second tier of hills on the further side of the bay, was the most strangely jagged I ever beheld. If they should ever, in any repetition of the physical disturbances which have befallen our globe, be used as a saw, wo to the substance they come in contact with.

Wandering along in this idle mood for a mile or two, I came to some houses, where I engaged a boat to the Isola Bella. A few minutes sufficed to land me at the marble steps leading to the Count Borromeo's palace, a large pile, which, in spite of Gibbon, I will venture to say possesses no beauty but that of situation. Close upon its rear is a number of miserable huts, where some hundreds of poor people house themselves. The palazzo, though incomplete, contains several lofty, well-proportioned rooms, with floors of marble and painted ceilings. There are several pictures on the walls; but they are of little excellence, being of that stupid class styled *famili*, representing red-draped cardinals, ruffed courtiers, and rough warriors. There is a story of the dark Italian cast told of a painter, some of whose works are shown here. He was fitly named Tempesta; for the story goes that he was passion-tossed, and killed one wife for the purpose of taking another to his conjugal bosom. When pursued for the crime, he fled to this island, where he was protected by the then count. Beneath the grand apartments on the ground-floor there is a suite of rooms, decorated with Mosaic pavement, shell-work, and statuary, where the luxurious owner is accustomed to ice himself during the heat of summer. The present nobleman makes Milan his principal residence; though still wealthy, he has no longer a little empire in his hands. The twelve castles and the entire lake, which once belonged to his line, have passed in great part to other persons.

The gardens occupy the rest of the islet, and consist of no less than ten hollow terraces raised one above another. The fact is, that the island was formerly nothing but a bare rock. One of the Borromeos, having a taste for gardening, caused the spot to be doubled in size, by conveying an immense quantity of the richest earth from shore. A profusion of trees and plants were then procured, including a quantity of rare exotics. The effect of the whole, artificial as it strikes a stranger at first sight, is, as one wanders from terrace to terrace embellished with marble balustrades and sculpture, eminently beautiful. Instead of the ordinary thought which Sisson indulged in, I confess that when I saw the mingling of aloes and orange trees, myrtles, cactuses, and magnolias, and revelled in the perfumes which these

and other odoriferous shrubs diffused through the air, the words of Mignon's song came to my memory, and I caught myself involuntarily muttering—

Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen?
Vom dunkeln Laub die Gold-orangen glühen.
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht.

[Knewst thou the land where the lemon trees bloom—
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thickset's gloom—
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?]

The whole is, in truth, a hanging garden of plants from the tropics, interspersed amongst those of northern climes, and a fine mist of delightful scents droops over all—a realisation of the fables of eastern magnificence. The vaults beneath the terraces are accessible, and, if you choose, you may walk into their cold dark recesses, whose only inhabitants are troops of bats. If you cast your eyes from this 'summer isle of Eden' into the world without, a glorious prospect is ready to greet them. In one direction the pellucid waters of the lake stretch towards Milan; in all the others the sinuosities of its margin are wildly romantic with bay and promontory; whilst, lifting your eyes, you perceive that mighty chain of snowy summits which severs the skies of Italy from the mists of the rest of Europe. Before quitting the place, a tall cedar is pointed out whereon Napoleon, in one of those 'whittling' moods especially patronised by schoolboys and Yankees, carved the word 'Battaglia,' just before Marengo was fought. Only a scar in the bark is visible, so that the tradition may have no greater amount of truth in it than the majority of *show* tales. There is a room in the palace where it is said Bonaparte slept. By the time I again stepped into the boat, the moon was shining from a speckless sky upon the lake and mountains, not with the chilly coldness of our English luminary, but with the glowing gaiety that became the Italian clime. I thought of that 'blessed moon' which once at Verona 'tipped with silver all the fruit tree tops,' and of twenty other pieces of romance that would look very silly if put down here. 'Last night,' said I, 'just at this hour, I was in Milan cathedral, and saw the moonlight streaming through the windows upon the marble floor; and now, beneath as bright a moon, I am upon Lago Maggiore!'

Next day my companion and I, instigated by the recommendation of the inn album, undertook to ascend Monteronte, a hill lying behind Baveno, but invisible from that place. The day was warm, and, by not taking the shortest cut, we found the ascent toilsome. Soon after quitting the inn, we struck into a belt of chestnut trees, that girdles the base of all the eminences, and obtained amongst the branches, as we ascended, many glimpses of the lake glittering in the morning sun. The side of the hill, almost all the way to the top, was bespattered at wide intervals with farm-houses and cottages, many of whose inhabitants were busy making their second crop of hay or tending cattle. The careful industry of the people, notwithstanding their reputation for do-nothing habits, was very observable. In the belt of wood through which we passed at an early period in our ascent, we saw streams carefully conducted down the declivities by channels of gentle curve, so as at once to prevent the ground being converted into a swamp, and to feed the grass with a suitable supply of moisture. This must have been a work of no slight labour, when the extent of ground, and the number of rivulets gushing forth, by hundreds, are taken into consideration. That it was, that the soil underneath the trees, instead of being arid and treeless, as it is in every English forest, produced a fine crop of nutritious grass. Again, higher up, not only had care been taken to convey the water in courses best adapted to effect these purposes, but the drainings of each farm-yard were carried abroad by channels, so as to give the land an excellent manuring.

The views of the Mers below were inconceivably beautiful. As we approached the summit, island after island came out of its lurking-place into the lake, and

the adjacent cliffs were perpetually undergoing changes of form and attitude. But what could rival in united grandeur and beauty the prospect from the highest point? A series of snowy peaks bounded more than half the horizon. To the south, the eye ran over a vast plain, until stopped by a faint blue bar that indicated the Apennines, and in the midst of that plain the dome of Milan cathedral was just discernible. Here and there a distant glitter betrayed the errant propensity of two rivers, and one or two sheets of water that contributed to feed them, shone from far like plates of burnished metal. Turning westward, we beheld Monte Rosa, 'so named from roseate hues,' towering boldly upwards from amongst his radiant brethren, whilst between that lofty pinnacle and the verdant point on which we stood, the eye sunk into a vale which contained a lake about as large as our Windermere. This was the Lago d'Orta; its one little island tufted with trees, that half concealed a chapel. In the north, the Galgenstock, its broad bosom occupied by the snow and glacier which feed the Rhone, was conspicuous. A score of notches in the ridge-line indicated the principal passes. But the finest prospect of all was that towards the east, where almost the whole length of the Lago Maggiore lay beneath our feet with all its towns, villages, and towers; and amongst them the castle of Angera and town of Arona were not to be mistaken. That view was splendid beyond description, and I shall not ruffle the calm image of its beauty, that my memory in quiet moments loves to bend over, by wasting more words upon it.

The descent from the top was excessively fatiguing. Before reaching the bottom, we called at one of the farm-houses and procured a cup of rich milk from a large reservoir secreted from the sun's influence, and hence possessing a delicious coolness. We proceeded the same day by diligence up the Toccia valley to Vogogno. It was late when we reached that place, and yet there was ample time to make two discoveries; namely, that the village had the remains of what had once been a strong castle, and that the Simplon road, in pursuing its course of independence, had neglected the crooked, narrow, stony street, and struck out a new route for itself. Thus it happens that the casual traveller sees nothing of Vogogno; a loss he will not fret over, when he is told there is nothing to see.

WIENHOLT ON SOMNAMBULISM.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Among the numerous works which have recently appeared in this country on mesmerism and kindred subjects, there is none perhaps more deserving of attention than the translation of Wienholt's Lectures on Somnambulism, by Mr Colquhoun, the well-known advocate of animal magnetism. Dr Arnold Wienholt was a German physician, eminent in his profession, and of studious, scientific habits. He was born at Bremen in 1740, and died there in 1804. His Lectures on Somnambulism form only a portion, but the most important, of what he published on medico-magnetic subjects during his life. We shall endeavour to present our readers with an abstract of their contents.

Dr Wienholt thus describes the phenomenon which he is about to investigate. 'The sleep-walker, when otherwise healthy, falls at a particular period into a common sleep, which cannot be distinguished from the natural state of repose. After a longer or shorter time, he rises from his couch, and walks about the room, sometimes about the house. He frequently goes out into the open air, walks upon known or unknown paths, as quickly, and with as much activity and confidence, as in his waking state; avoids all obstacles which may stand, or have been designedly placed in his route, and makes his way along rugged paths, and climbs dangerous heights, which he would never have thought of attempting when awake. He reads

printed and written papers, writes as well and as correctly as in his waking state, and performs many other operations requiring light and the natural use of the eyes. All these actions, however, are performed by the somnambulist in complete darkness, and generally with his eyes firmly closed. When the period of his somnambulism has elapsed, he returns to bed, falls back again into his natural sleep, awakes at his usual time, and in most instances knows nothing of what he had done in the sleep-waking state.' Few somnambulists, he adds, exhibit all the above phenomena, most of them only walking about in their sleep, without speaking or performing any such delicate manual operations as writing and such-like. Still, the annals of medicine contain many well-authenticated instances of somnambulism of a very remarkable character. Of these a few are narrated by Wienholt, in order to form the groundwork of his inquiry.

One very striking case is that of a 'rope-maker who was frequently overtaken by sleep even in the daytime, and in the midst of his usual occupations. While in this state, he sometimes recommenced doing all that he had been engaged in during the previous part of the day. At other times he would continue the work in which he happened to be engaged at the commencement of the paroxysm, and finish his business with as great ease and success as when awake. When the fit overtook him in travelling, he proceeded on his journey with the same facility, and almost faster than when awake, without missing the road, or stumbling over anything. In this manner he repeatedly went, from Naumburg to Weimar. Upon one of these occasions he came into a narrow lane, where there lay some timber. He passed over it regularly, without injury; and with equal caution and dexterity he avoided the horses and carriages which came in his way. At another time he was overtaken by sleep just as he was about to set out for Weimar on horseback. He rode through the river Ilme, allowed his horse to drink, and drew up his legs, to prevent them from getting wet; then passed through several streets, crossed the market-place, which was at that time full of people, carts, and booths; and arrived in safety at the house of an acquaintance, where he awoke. These, and many similar acts requiring the use of eyes, he performed in darkness as well as by daylight. His eyes, however, were firmly closed, and he could not see when they were forced open and stimulated by light brought near them. His other senses appeared to be equally dormant. He could not smell even the most volatile spirit. He felt nothing when pinched, pricked, or struck. He heard nothing when called by his name, nor even when a pistol was discharged close beside him.' A second case is that of a young girl between twelve and thirteen years of age, belonging to a family of distinction, who was afflicted with a violent nervous complaint, and, during her paroxysms, while her eyes were firmly closed, 'distinguished, without difficulty, all colours that were presented to her, recognised the numbers of cards, and the stripes upon those which were variegated, wrote in the same manner as usual, and cut figures in paper as she was accustomed to do in her waking state.' Another is that of a young man, a gardener, who used to rise from bed, go out of the house, clamber over walls, and even upon the roof of the house, uninjured, and who once, that a table was likely to fall upon him, contrived dexterously to evade it—all in a state of sleep.

A fourth case, mentioned by Wienholt, is that of a student who, during a severe nervous complaint, experienced several attacks of somnambulism. Upon these occasions he would go from his bed-room to his parlour, and back, open and shut the doors, as well as his closet, and take out of the latter whatever he wanted—pieces of music, pen, ink, and paper—and all with his eyes shut. From among his music he selected a march from the opera of *Medea*; laid the sheet in a proper situation before him, and having found the appropriate key, he played the whole piece

with his usual skill upon the harpsichord. In the same manner he also played one of Bach's sonatas, and gave the most expressive passages with surprising effect. (One of the porches present turned the notes upside down: this he immediately perceived, and when he recommenced playing, he replaced the sheet in its proper position. While playing, he remarked a string out of tune, upon which he stopped, put it in order, and again proceeded. He wrote a letter to his brother, and what he wrote was not only perfectly rational, but straight and legible. While Professor Feder was on a visit to him one afternoon, the somnambulist observed that it was snowing, which was actually the case. On the same occasion, notwithstanding that his eyes were still completely closed, he remarked that the landlord of the opposite house was standing at the window, which was true; and that hats were hanging at the window of another room, which was also the fact. He opened Professor Feder's "Compendium of Logic and Metaphysics," and pointed out to him several passages which he thought interesting, as also some of his own written notes of the professor's lectures, in a volume which had been recently bound. He pointed out to another of his teachers the exact place where he had left off in his last theological lecture. It is a remarkable circumstance, however, that there were many things which he did not perceive. Thus, while writing to his brother, he did not observe that there was no more ink in the pen, and continued to write on.

Another of the cases referred to by Wienholt is one observed by the archbishop of Bordeaux, and reported first in the French Encyclopædia. A young ecclesiastic in the same seminary with the archbishop 'was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism, of going to his room, taking pen, ink, and paper, and composing and writing sermons. When he had finished one page of the paper on which he was writing, he would read over what he had written, and correct it. On one occasion he made use of the expression *ce divin enfant*. In reading over the passage, he changed the adjective *divin* into *adorable*. Perceiving, however, that the pronoun *ce* could not stand before the word *adorable*, he added to the former the letter *t*. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made any use of his eyes, the archbishop held a piece of pasteboard under his chin, to prevent him from seeing the paper on which he was writing; but he continued to write on, without appearing to be incommoded in the slightest degree. The paper on which he was writing was taken away, and other paper laid before him; but he immediately perceived the change. He wrote pieces of music while in this state, and in the same manner with his eyes closed. The words were placed under the musical notes. It happened upon one occasion that the words were written in too large a character, and did not stand precisely under the corresponding notes. He soon perceived the error, blotted out the part, and wrote it over again with great exactness.

Having thus given a few of the best authenticated examples of somnambulism then known, Dr Wienholt proceeds, in his subsequent lectures, to examine the various theories most commonly offered in explanation of such striking facts, long familiar to medical men and physiologists.

The first hypothesis which he examines is that supported by Hoffmann, Haen, and Haller, and prevalent in the first half of the eighteenth century; namely, that in somnambulism no use at all is made of the organ of vision, but that all the phenomena are to be attributed to the operation of the imagination of the somnambulist, assisted by the sense of touch. According to this hypothesis, the somnambulist 'has in his mind a perfect picture, comprehending even the most minute details of his previous experience, of the way he has to traverse, of the known locality of certain apartments, streets, roofs of houses, &c.' and as he proceeds through these images of his own mind, the sense of touch steers him

clear of every obstacle. But argues Dr Wienholt very justly, supposing the possibility of such a perfect picture or recollection of the whole scene, he was to traverse in the mind of the somnambulist, and supposing, also, that the sense of touch may be awake, how happens it that the actions of the somnambulist always correspond so exactly in point of time with external objects? If a man with his eyes bandaged enter the same room, let the picture of it, and the arrangement of the furniture in it, be never so familiar to him, two or three paces forward will confuse him; the picture of the room may still remain distinct in his mind, but he will not know *whereabouts in the picture* he is. None of this helplessness or hesitation, however, is observed in the somnambulist. He proceeds as confidently and boldly as he does in his waking state; nor, in doing so, does he commit mistakes. It will not do to suppose an increase of susceptibility in the sense of touch or in the other senses, for this increase never takes place except in consequence of long practice; whereas somnambulists conduct themselves as perfectly in their first sleep as in their tenth or twentieth. But supposing the sense of touch sufficient to pilot the somnambulist past obstacles which he had distinctly conceived beforehand, how would it pilot him past obstacles purposely placed in his way at the moment, or how would it pilot him in places perfectly strange to him?

The next hypothesis which Dr Wienholt examines, resembles the one just discussed. It is, that somnambulism is a middle state between sleeping and waking, in which the somnambulist is dreaming, while at the same time his senses and his will are completely, or to a great extent, active. The somnambulist, intermingling the phantasms of his dream with the perceptions of his senses, conducts himself strangely, but yet accurately, so far as external objects are concerned. All his senses, sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell, are as active as when he is awake, or nearly so; and the only difference between him and a man completely awake is, that he is absorbed in a dreamy train of thought. In opposition to this theory, Wienholt argues that, so far from somnambulism being a half-sleep, all the symptoms of the most profound sleep are exhibited by the somnambulist, even in an exaggerated degree; as if somnambulism were something farther removed from the ordinary waking state than sleep is. The most intense light produces no impression upon the eyes of somnambulists, pistol-shots no impression upon their ears; nay, they do not feel pain when they are struck or pricked. Yet, while all their organs of sense are thus dormant, they conduct themselves as if they saw, heard, felt, smelt, and tasted perfectly well. If, as is natural, people should still insist that the somnambulist sees by his eye in the ordinary way, it must be supposed either that his eye is not completely closed, or that he opens it imperceptibly at intervals. But allowing, for the moment, either of these suppositions to be true, neither would be found sufficient. 'When the eyelids are nearly closed, we see only the small circle which more immediately surrounds us, and even this, in consequence of the small quantity of light which can enter the eye, only faintly illuminated; and this circle vanishes when the eyelids become united. But the somnambulist requires visual perceptions of distant as well as of near objects; he requires, in those perilous operations which he performs with such ease and rapidity, a longer and more lively perceptions than usual; while the supposition of a small part of the pupil only being uncovered would not afford him. Add to this, that these perambulations are undertaken chiefly during the night, not only in moonlight, but in complete darkness, when, to be of any service at all, the eye would require to be opened more widely than usual. Suppose, then, that the somnambulist has his eyes shut, but opens them now and then, so as to receive as much information as he requires; in this case the opening must be the result either of pure chance, or of some impres-

idea from without; if the former, the opening of his eyes would be of no use to the somnambulist, because he might receive visual impressions when he had no need for them, and be deprived of them at the very instant when they were most necessary; and if the latter, some hesitation would be observed on the part of the somnambulist, as he felt the influence of the impediment which obliged him to open his eyes. But the somnambulist 'is never observed to hesitate in his progress, to meet with difficulties, or to rectify his proceedings. He conducts himself, and continually acts, just as he would do if he possessed the complete use of his eyes.'

The supposition that the somnambulist sees with his eyes as in the ordinary waking state, is set at rest by an examination of the eyes of somnambulists. The eyes of persons in this state are either completely closed or very wide open; there is no medium. If we examine the eyes of somnambulists whose eyelids are closed, the following circumstances appear. If we attempt to draw their eyelids asunder, we meet with resistance. The antagonist muscles of those which usually keep the eyes open, act strongly in opposition to our efforts, and the latter are at rest. The eye can be opened only to the extent of one-half. When this takes place, the apple of the eye is perceived to be turned upwards towards the internal angle, and we see only the margin of the iris peeping from under the upper eyelid, and remaining immovable in the same place. The approach of light to the eye does not occasion the slightest change. There is no winking of the eyelids, no expression of feeling, when the light is brought ever so near to the half-opened eye. One somnambulist exhibited no sign of sensibility when a candle was brought so close to his eye that his eyebrows were singed by it. This insensibility of the eyes, however, is best exhibited by those somnambulists whose eyes are open. "A young lady, during a severe nervous complaint, fell into paroxysms, during which she walked about the sick-room. Her eyes were wide open, and appeared to be quite insensible. Savages, who suspected deception, made use of several means of ascertaining the truth. In vain did he unexpectedly aim a blow at her with his hand; she made no effort to evade it, nor did she interrupt her discourse, and the eyelids did not move in the slightest degree. He held spirit of hartshorn before her eye, moistened a feather with it, and applied it to the cornea; suddenly touched one of the eyeballs with his finger; nay, at last he held a lighted candle so close to her open eye, that her eyelashes were burnt. During this insensibility of her eyes she rose from her bed, walked about the room, kept the middle way between the bedsteads as well as she could have done when awake, turned round at the proper time, did not once stumble against anything, although several things were placed in her way; and all this she did without touching the objects."

There is only one plausible argument, says Dr Wienholt, which can still be had recourse to in support of the idea that it is through the ordinary medium of the senses that the somnambulist receives his knowledge of external things. This argument is embodied in the ingenious theory of somnambulism started by Dr Darwin in his *Zoonomia*. It supposes that the somnambulist's sensual organs are open to impressions as in the waking state; but that his mind is so absorbed by a dreamy train of ideas, that only such impressions are conveyed to it by the senses, as harmonise and fit in with that train of ideas. Thus, a very loud noise may excite not the least attention on his part, because he cannot incorporate it with what is passing in his mind; whereas, on the other hand, a very slight sound may throw him into a state of agitation, because it instantly and naturally harmonises with the course of his dream. This hypothesis is not without some plausibility. It is observed, however, that extremely abstemious persons, like Newton and Smith, pursuing some train of thought, are insensible to all impressions foreign from the subject they are occupied with; but that the moment any re-

mark is made, or any incident occurs, bearing on the subject of their thoughts, they instantly clutch at it, as it were, thankfully, and incorporate it with the current of their ideas.

To this hypothesis of Darwin, Wienholt objects that it is totally gratuitous, and at variance with all ascertained facts respecting somnambulism, particularly with the fact of the immobility of the pupil of the eye in somnambulists whose eyelids are open. 'There is no doubt,' he says, 'that an individual may occupy himself so profoundly and so constantly with one particular train of ideas, that other objects falling within the sphere of his senses are not perceived. But what a difference between this state and that of which we are now speaking! In the case of a person in a reverie, there is manifestly no organic change in the eye; in the case of a somnambulist, there is a very remarkable and permanent change. Again, the sensations which are not remarked by persons in a reverie, are sensible impressions of the usual kind. But let unexpected sensations of a particular kind, affecting the nerves in an unusual degree, be produced, as, for instance, by a sudden flash of lightning, a violent clap of thunder, a musket discharged in the neighbourhood, shaking the body, powerful excitement of the skin, &c. they would certainly, however deep the abstraction, occasion an immediate awakening.' Not so, however, in the case of somnambulists. Many other objections are urged by Wienholt to the same effect, the last of which is the most decisive. Whatever value the Darwinian hypothesis might be supposed to have, he says, in explaining cases of somnambulism with the eyes open, it is totally inapplicable to all those cases in which the eyes are shut; and these are probably the most numerous.

Having thus discussed and exploded the various theories entertained by the physiologists of his time respecting somnambulism, Dr Wienholt proceeds to state his own belief on the subject; but this we must reserve for another article.

BOOKBINDING.

BOOKBINDING may be said to have been coeval with the art of writing books, though at first the covers were cases of wood, stone, and earthenware. Catullus has described the general style of binding in his time, and we have the testimony of Aquila and Lambert Bos, that the titles were written or worked on the outside. There was often some degree of splendour about the bindings of Greece and Rome. Philatus, an Athenian, was the inventor of glue for bookbinding.

In England, the art was first practised by the monks. There was a room in religious houses called the *scriptorium*, for the purpose of writing and binding books, and grants were made to provide skins for covers, &c. Many missals and other books exist, which exhibit the splendour of the bindings fabricated in these establishments. It was the scribe's duty to put bindings and clasps to the holy manuscripts. The British Museum library contains the *Testus Sancti Cuthberti*, bound by Bilfrid, a monk of Durham, about A.D. 720. Herman, Bishop of Salisbury in 1080, was a writer, illuminator, and binder of books. Henry, a monk of Hyde Abbey in 1178, used not only to bind books, but to form the brazen bosses of them. The bindings were frequently adorned with elegant devices. In the British Museum is a manuscript gospel in its original wooden binding, with ivory-carved ornaments. Other specimens are embellished with rubies, diamonds, sapphires, and silver. Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, Sir John Fastolf, and other persons of rank, had their arms engraved on the clasps of their books. Numbers of the bodies of the church constructed in early times were protected with brass corners, bosses, and bands. The usual materials for common works were wood covers and deer-skin. A line in Pope's *Dunciad* conveys a good idea of the substantial bindings of antiquity—

There Caxton sleeps, and Wynnyn at his side,
One clasped in wood, and one in many cow-hide.

Long before the invention of printing, books were bound also in calf-skin, coloured cloth, velvet, &c. After the

invention of printing, they were chiefly bound in parchment, or ferret, velvet, vellum, calf, and morocco. The old English poet Skelton has left us a description of the splendid bookbinding in his time; and the German traveller Hentzner has described the bindings which he saw in the royal library of England in 1598. Queen Elizabeth loved to have her books splendidly bound; and there are rich specimens, which belonged to her and James I. in the British Museum. Her Golden Manual of Prayers was bound in solid gold, and she had other books bound in silver, enriched with precious stones. Queen Mary, Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, and many other ladies, were in the habit of working embroidered ornaments on the silk and damask covers of their books.

Some whimsicality is occasionally displayed in the choice of the material in which a book is bound. In a bookseller's catalogue, we read of a Latin copy of Apuleius's Golden Ass (1501) bound in ass's-skin. The Duke of Roxburgh's library contained a collection of pamphlets respecting Mary Toft, the rabbit-woman of Godalming, Surrey, bound in rabbit-skin; and the Hon. George Napier had a work relating to the celebrated dwarf Jeffrey Hudson bound in a piece of Charles I.'s silk waistcoat. Mordaunt Cracherode, the father of the celebrated book-collector of that name, wore one pair of buckskin breeches exclusively during a voyage round the world; and a volume in his son's collection, now added to the library of the British Museum, is bound in a part of these circumnavigating and memorable mentionables. As a binding for sporting books, nothing can be more appropriately pretty than the fallow-deer skin; while for young ladies' albums, nothing can surpass the superfine *soft-me-tangens* skin of the hedgehog. Often have hog-skin and fox-skin been used for bindings; human skin only rarely.

London bookbinders are unrivalled for their elegant leather bindings. The cheap, neat, and substantial cloth-binding, now so common, was first commenced on a large scale by Mr Pickering.

Authors' notions of neatness may be partly conceived, according to the taste they display in their bindings. Thus Gibbon, a dandy in dress, was a dandy in bindings; while Dr Johnson, somewhat of a sloven, had a ragged regiment of rough calf-skin books, which he could toss about with savage carelessness, and complained, when he borrowed a book from Stephen, that it was too well bound. On the other hand, Adam Smith, who was plain and unpretending in his own exterior, indulged in an elegant library. 'I am only a beau,' he used to say, 'in my books.' From two passages in Shakespeare, we may infer that he held that fine works should have fine bindings, and that bad works should be bound only in the commonest style—

How would he look to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up—*Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound.—*Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2.

Dibdin says, in his *Literary Reminiscences*, that 'the binding of the Harleian Library (chiefly in red morocco) cost Lord Oxford £18,000.'

When a deputation from the university of Cambridge announced to Lord Burghley, their chancellor, an intention of presenting a book to Queen Elizabeth on her visit to Audley End, he cautioned them that 'the book must have no savour of spyke, which commonly bookbinders do seek to make their books savour well; for that her majesty could not abide such a strong scent.' Bookbinders probably had recourse to scents to preserve their books; for it is a known fact, that a few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Rousing leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch tree, never moulds; and merchants suffer large losses of this article to lie in the London docks in the most careless manner, knowing that it cannot sustain any injury from damp.

COAL.

What so important in the actual condition of the world as this extraordinary mineral, coal?—the staff and support of present civilisation, the great instrument and means of future progress! The very smallness and multiplicity of its uses disguise from observation the important part it bears in the life of man and the economy of nations. We have often thought, with something of fearful interest, what would be the condition of the world, and of England

in particular, were this subterranean treasure exhausted, or even much abridged in quantity. Yet such is the term to which, if the globe itself should last, our posterity must eventually come; and as respects our own country, the period, at the present rate of consumption, can be defined with some exactness. The immense coal-beds of the Ohio and Mississippi will yet be yielding their riches to the then innumerable people of the western world, when our stores are worked out and gone. Yet here also time will fix its limit. Geology gives no indication whatsoever of natural processes going on by which what is once consumed may be recreated or repaired. The original materials of the formation may be said to be no longer present; the agencies and conditions necessary to the work are either wanting, or partial and deficient in force. Whether human science, grasping at this time what seem almost as new elements of power committed to man, may hereafter discover a substitute for this great mineral, is a problem which it belongs to future generations to solve.—*Quarterly Review*.

JEROME'S CLOCK FACTORY.

The following account of a visit to the clock manufactory of Mr Jerome at Newhaven, in one of the New England states, is given by a correspondent in an American paper:— 'Curiosity to examine his works, and the process of making a clock, led us to pay a visit to this establishment. Mr Jerome, on being informed of the nature of the call, very politely showed us through the whole of his extensive works. On entering, our ears were greeted with the mingled hum and buzz of saws, the thunder of two powerful steam-engines, and the clatter of machinery. Our attention was first drawn to the sawing works, by which the cases are cut out and fitted as if by magic. Boards in the rough state are cut in proper lengths for the front, sides, top, and bottoms of cases. These are again subject to the action of finer saws, and cut in perfect order for being matched and put together; and this alone, of all the woodwork about a clock, is smoothed, & in anyway remodelled, after being cut from the unplanned timber. The veneering, which is principally of mahogany, rosewood, and black walnut, is taken, after being glued to the different parts composing the case, to a room set apart for the purpose, in which are employed at this branch some eight or ten hands, and there receives an even surface, and six coats of varnish, which, when finished, will compare in elegance with the finest articles of furniture in the cabinet warehouses of our city. The movements are all cut in proper forms and sizes by dies, with great precision and rapidity, even to the pivot-holes in the plates, which have before been drilled. The cogs in the wheels, the second, minute, and hour stops, are grooved out by the same rapid and skilful process. The post, pins, and smaller pieces of the inside work are turned from the more rough material, polished, and finished at the same time, while the plate and wheels are cleansed and polished by rinsing first in a strong solution of aquafortis, and then in pure water. We cannot describe minutely the whole process of making a clock, or the life-like movement of the machinery; it would take more time and space than we can at present devote to this purpose. In short, the case, movements, plates, face, &c. which, when put together, form one of Jerome's celebrated "brass clocks," go through some fifty different hands before being completed. One man can put together about seventy-five movements per day; while every part, from the first process to the finishing, goes on with equal rapidity. Mr Jerome informed us that he anticipates making this year fifty thousand clocks, and these are to be turned out by some seventy-five hands. This may seem a large number of clocks to be made in a year by so small a number of workmen; but, after witnessing the perfection of the machinery, the systematic equalisation of each department of labour, the almost incredible despatch and precision of the whole arrangement, it is easily accounted for. Machinery, in this instance, is made to take the place of physical and mental labour, and to do what has hitherto been considered as capable of execution only by the genius of man, assisted by numerous and skilfully-used tools. He yearly consumes of the various articles used in the manufacture of clocks the following enormous quantities:— 500,000 feet pine timber; 200,000 feet mahogany and rosewood veneers; 200 tons of iron for weights; 100,000 lbs. of brass; 300 casks of nails; 1500 boxes glass, 50 feet per box; 1500 gallons varnish; 15,000 lbs. wire; 10,000 lbs. glue; 80,000 looking-glass plates. 2400 dollars are paid

yearly for printing labels, and for screws, saws, coal, and oil: workmen employed, 75; paid wages yearly, 30,000 dollars; clocks made per day, 200; per year, 50,000. Little, doubtless, did Mr Terry, the inventor and first maker of a Yankee wooden clock, dream, when he whittled out the movements of his first production in the clock line with a penknife, and afterwards served his customers with a clock, unceasing, from his saddle-bags, that in a few years an article constructed on the same plan, though of different material, would be manufactured at one establishment to the extent of fifty thousand in the year. But Yankee ingenuity and enterprise stop at no point where a penny can be turned to advantage, or so long as the offspring of his genius finds a demand in the market at a living profit.

THE FARMERS OF BELGIUM.

The farmers of Belgium are a hard-working class of men—in the habit of labouring their farms, and generally ignorant of every other subject but their profession. But in it truly they show rare sagacity and experience; and, though unaided by, and almost despising the light of science, they discover in some parts of their system of agriculture a perfection to which science has never yet guided the farmers of this or any other country. When we look back to the ancient grandeur of Belgium, when its cities were the marts and factories of Europe, and consider the consequent increase of population in a country naturally unproductive, we will discover a sufficient stimulus to excite the energies of a people gifted by nature with an indomitable perseverance and unwearied industry. This disposition, as well as its effects—their agriculture—has been handed down to the present generation of farmers, and still manifests itself in many operations which the negligent farmer would consider unprofitable, or at least superfluous; and it is from this praiseworthy industry that Belgium, comparatively a poor country, is considered by strangers as unrivalled in the salubrity of its climate and the fertility of its soil, and that the great part of the kingdom is prevented from returning to its original barrenness.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

FABLED MELODY OF THE DYING SWAN.

The melody ascribed to the dying swan has long been well known to exist only in the graceful mythology of the ancients; but as few opportunities occur of witnessing the bird's last moments, some interest attaches to Mr Waterton's personal observations on this point, which we can ourselves corroborate, having not long since been present at the death of a pet swan, which, like Mr Waterton's favourite, had been fed principally by hand; and, instead of seeking to conceal itself at the approach of death, quitted the water, and lay down to die on the lawn before its owner's door. 'He then left the water for good and all, and sat down on the margin of the pond. He soon became too weak to support his long neck in an upright position. He nodded, and then tried to recover himself; he nodded again, and again held up his head; till at last, quite enfeebled and worn out, his head fell gently on the grass, his wings became expanded a trifle or so, and he died while I was looking on. * * Although I gave no credence to the extravagant notion which antiquity had entertained of melody from the mouth of the dying swan, still I felt anxious to hear some plaintive sound or other, some soft inflection of the voice, which might tend to justify that notion in a small degree. But I was disappointed. * * He never even uttered his wonted cry, nor so much as a sound to indicate what he felt within.'—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TRUTH'S PROGRESS.

When a great truth is to be revealed, it does not flash at once on the race, but dawns and brightens on a superior understanding, from which it is to emanate and to illuminate future ages. On the faithfulness of great minds to this great function, the progress and happiness of men depend. The most illustrious benefactors of the world have been men who, having risen to great truths, held them as a sacred trust for their kind, and have borne witness to them amidst general darkness, under persecution, perhaps in the face of death. Such men, indeed, have not always made contributions to literature, for their condition has not allowed them to be authors; but we owe the transmission, perpetuity, and immortal power of their new and high thoughts to kindred spirits, who have concentrated and fixed them in books.—*Channing.*

MY GRAVE.

[The following verses are given by the Dublin *Notes* as one of the earliest pieces which came from the pen of its late editor, Thomas Davis, Esq., whose sudden and unexpected decease has lately taken place.]

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the greenwood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeding wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground—
Just as they fall they are buried so?
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gale, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf; put no tomb-stone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep; but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
'He served his country, and loved his kind.'

Oh! 'twere sweet unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

CURIOUS GOLD CARRIERS.

Sir James Campbell (of Ardkinglas) relates in his memoirs that while at Zante, one of the Ionian Islands, he observed a curious fact relative to the small Barbary pigeons. At a certain period of the summer they arrive in incredible numbers from, it is supposed, the African coast. 'If so, their flight must be amazingly rapid, as they arrive in excellent condition, and very fat. It is certain at least that they come from a country where gold is produced, as I had an opportunity of proving by personal observation. I remarked that numbers of them had particles of sand sticking to their feet, which were sometimes pellucid, and generally glittering. I had some of this sand collected, spread upon paper, and carefully analysed, when I ascertained that the result produced a considerable proportion of gold. Birds of passage probably drink immediately before setting out on their migration, and the auriferous particles were probably brought down by some stream which must have passed through a country impregnated with the metal which is the object of such universal pursuit.'

ROADSIDE FENCES.

Let any one take a ride about the outskirts of London, the seat of so much wealth and refinement, and he will presently observe fences on the roadside, half dead, half alive, patched in many places with brushwood, full of weeds and rubbish, and resting upon a foundation at least four times wider than a rightly-constructed fence requires. Around provincial towns it is the same; close to the outlets, where in general the finest buildings are erected, stands many an old irregular fence full of potties, docks, and other herbage, presenting anything but an appearance in keeping with the trimly-kept grounds of a suburban villa. Our roads are, in general, well kept; and if they were bounded with fences at all in character with them, the suburbs of our cities and towns would assume something of the air and neatness observable in a pleasure-ground. More of a garden-like character would be diffused, and though the appearance thus introduced would be perhaps less picturesque, it would at any rate bespeak a more refined and careful taste.—*Grigor's Prize Essay.*

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LED BY IDEAS.

A MAN is properly and ordinarily the king of his ideas; but it sometimes happens, as in other empires, that one of the subjects, rising into too much favour at court, becomes practically the real monarch. We have then presented to us the singular phenomenon of a Man led by an Idea. Let any one dip for a month into the more intellectual circles of London, and he will be astonished at the number of such revolutionised monarchies which meet his observation. Talk of spoiled children ruling their weak parents; of easy-natured people governed by their servants; of kings in the hands of too powerful ministers; all these are nothing to the spectacle of a man—probably a clever and well-informed one—led by an idea.

Men led by ideas are usually of benevolent character, and their master-thoughts are generally of the nature of plans for putting the whole faults of the social machine at once to rights. It is a curious feature in the condition of the greatest country the world has yet known, that it ever believes itself in the most dreadful state imaginable, and expects nothing but ruin in a very short time. Tenderly concerned for themselves and countrymen, a few worthy persons are continually going about with nostrums for averting the calamity. One holds that over-population is the cause of the whole mischief, and proposes to bleed off the disease by a system of emigration; which, it becomes quite clear, would carry away units for the tens added in the ordinary course of things each year. Another has a faith in pauper colonies, or allotments of inferior lands. With a third, more schools is the cry. Some, again, are ostentatiously material in their views. What, they say, can be done with the minds of men until they have got plenty of four-pound loaves? They hold it to be necessary to give the people a more ample store of good things in their larders and cupboards. Unfortunately, no one pretends to show how this is to be accomplished otherwise than by the usual means of a prosperous industry. Some have dilettanti ideas. They are all for honeysuckled cottages and schools of industry. A few think a more universal diffusion of cricket, with gentle-folks bowling to labourers, and spiced ale sent down from the manor-house, the true plan for setting Britain on its legs. Mr Owen stands smiling by, fully assured that no good is to be expected till the plan of competition has been exchanged for that of co-operation. But, meanwhile, somehow the commerce of the country takes a start; new fields of capital are found, and hardly an idle person is to be seen: all the difficulties which we lately contemplated then vanish, and John Bull is found to be a safe enough person after all; so that only he has work to do, and money and grab to get by it.

Such a denouement is rather awkward for the leading-idea men; but the fact is, the ideas are good enough ideas nevertheless, taken simply by themselves, and not as panaceas. Scarcely any doubt exists that colonisation, and cottage gardens, and cricket, and schools, are all capital things: the error lies in thinking any one of them sufficient to patch up a diseased commonwealth, and going about seeking to pin down mankind to that narrow conclusion. It seems, however, to be essential to enthusiasts of this class to have but one idea—at least at a time. Engrossed by it, they can see no value in any other. An emigration man, for instance, despises allotments, and an allotment man looks with contempt, if not indignation, at the idea of sending the people out of the country. It is hardly possible, indeed, for one person to listen for a moment to another who lives under the regime of a different idea. The four-pound-loaf system is a perfect weariness of the flesh to a man of schools, and *vice versa*. Such appears to be the nature of the case, and we have never yet had an Admirable Crichton who could argue for and prosecute all the various objects at once. It would be the most amusing thing in the world to bring a few such persons together, and listen while they each struggled to advance his own monarch fancy, and debar all the rest.

A. B. It has been fully proved in practice that allotments satisfy the poor labourer, at the same time that they return an equal, if not greater rent to the landlord. The whole of our surplus population might be provided for in this way, if gentlemen would only set their shoulder to the wheel. [The shoulder in connexion with the wheel is constantly in requisition among the idea men.]

C. D. But why not bring the people into little local co-operative communities, where they might have a range of the various trades, keep up a church and school of their own, and live at one table? Here is an engraved plan that makes my whole idea intelligible at a glance.

E. F. All these schemes are absurd in political economy, for that must always be the best mode of employing men in which they use their powers to the effect of the utmost possible production. Fix a man down in a piece of ground, whether by himself or with others, where he only can labour in one limited way, and he subserves an inferior end to what he does when he takes a part as high as his faculties will permit in some great combination of labour. The real curse of the country is, the number of people being too great in proportion to the demand for their work. Hence low wages, and hence misery. There will be no good till a few millions are sent to clear ground in the colonies. Then wages would rise, and it would be good times for the reduced number remaining.

G. H. What stuff! you do not see that the labours of men, if rightly directed, and not restricted by any exter-

and pressure, must be sufficient to maintain them whenever they are. Free trade is my remedy.

I. J. I never trouble myself with the science of anything. I only know that England was once merry England, and that the Book of Sports and Brand's Popular Antiquities show us how it may be restored to that condition. Let us always take care to set the peasantry in motion at Christmas with their carols, and at Easter with their egg-songs; let us revive archery and metheglin, and all will be well.

K. L. For any sake instruct them, and make them rational beings. An ignorant man is a volcano or a piece of pyrotechny, ready to explode at any time. Educate him, and he becomes a harmonious part of the social enginery. We must have a national system of education, giving the needful nurture free to all, like the air they breathe. How is it to be wondered at that we have strikes, riots, heavy calendars, and thousands of evils, when one half the community are reared without any tincture of learning?

M. N. Away with your march-of-intellect nonsense! When did a book ever fill a belly? I want to see the people have plenty of eggs and bacon. They ought always to have large wages, and everything comfortable about them, whether they choose or not. Unions are bastilles where the poor are starved. There should be an act of parliament to let everybody have at least a pound a-week, even when they cannot or choose not to work for it.

O. P. Well, it is my opinion that intemperance is the cause of most of our sufferings. If you would only embrace and agree to support the system of total abstinence, you would soon see this a very different country from what it is. The water cure is the cure, you may depend on it. Only see how drinking absorbs the earnings of the working-man, how it renders him idle and sensual, and reduces his household to starvation! Everything we complain of is traceable to alcohol. And you may plant schools, form allotments, promote emigration, and try whatever else you please, but till you take away the fatal cup, you will make no true improvement.

Q. R. Well, I think you may promote the advancement of our species by different means, namely, by establishing galleries of pictures and statues. What was the glory of ancient Greece?—Her works of art. The great Hellenic democracies were refined by continually regarding beautiful forms in their temples and theatres. There is nothing wanting to make us as great a people, but a proper annual grant for national and provincial galleries. About a million a-year would serve, and I am sure we spend many millions in a worse way. I lately published a letter to the prime minister upon the subject; but he was then struggling to get a majority on the sugar duties, and I suppose never had time to take my suggestions into consideration.

S. T. Galleries for works of art! More need to build new sewers! The effects of defective draining upon the health of the inhabitants of large towns has been fully proved, and it is time that measures were taken to remedy so great an evil. I have given my thoughts to sewers night and day for twenty years. It is a great, but neglected subject. The world might be lighted by the profits made from cleaning it, and health promoted at the same time. I could send you ten folio blue books to illuminate you upon drainage; or, should you prefer it, come to me some day, and I will tell you all about it by word of mouth. Only come early, that we may have a long day to discuss it.

U. V. That is not a subject to my liking. Have you ever considered the solitary system of prison discipline? I like a prison. When I come to a town where I never was before, I inquire for the jail, and generally go to visit it. Crime is, in fact, my favourite study. There is at present a striking want of settled principle with regard to the management of malefactors. What you treat them severely, with a view to their

punishment, the public gets squeamish, and a daily newspaper makes you its useful grievance for the time: when you are lenient and kind, with a view to their reformation, the same newspaper proclaims that culprits are treated more kindly, and enjoy more of the good things of this life, than honest hard-working labourers. All this perplexity would give way if any plan were adopted. You may find an account of it, commencing at the fifteen-hundredth page of the tenth report of the committee on Prison Discipline.

W. X. I am sorry to dissent from a great number of you gentlemen. I consider war, and the employment of force in general, as the grand means of depraving human society; and till we can make all men converts to peace principles, I believe there is no good to be done with them. See the evils of war, in the misexpenditure of public money, the setting up of false objects to love of approbation, the making of widows and orphans, the brutalisation of the public mind, and a continual inflammation of the minds of young ladies in garrison towns. A few worthy people have joined me in setting up a peace society, and we have already made great way in different quarters. We take care every year to send a set of our tracts to the members of her Majesty's government, about the time when they bring forward the army and navy estimates in parliament. I have no doubt we shall succeed in bringing the public at large to our way of thinking, and thus put an end to war—in time.

Y. Z. Well now, I don't care much about anything so unpractical as inculcating what you call peace principles. Neither am I zealous about temperance, or cottage gardens, or the establishment of picture galleries. I wish to wash the people. Only let me once get them into a way of cleaning their skins regularly, and all will be well. And the way I argue is this: cleanliness is the mother of all the virtues. Therefore, let the people be clean, and they will be everything else that could be wished. Hence I look to baths as the universal regenerators. Men once called for the sponge to wipe out the national debt; they will do far more good by now applying it to their own persons. Revolutionists used to call on the nation to take the plunge; let them now take the plunge-bath. Trust me, till we can set all the world a-washing, there will be no real improvement effected. You might preach for ages on other subjects; but nothing will avail while men remain uncleansed. Of all the conservative powers, dirt is decidedly the greatest.

This alphabet of favourite ideas is no fancy. The men led by them may be met with every day in the highways and byways of the world; some as conversation-men at dinner parties, some as button-holders in the porticoes of clubs, some as lister-keepers in general and wherever they are to be had. Secretaries of state, and Messrs Ridgway the publishers, know such men well by their handwriting. They are the Vander-deckens of the social Cape, continually looking for the means of getting their letter conveyed to the public, but rarely or never finding it. There is something distressing in the idea of so much good intention, and so much excellent suggestion, not only running to waste, but subjecting its authors to a disrepute which never befalls the quiet selfish men of the world. It suggests, however, a remark which may possibly be of service to such men. The main cause of their failure is their becoming so much and so exclusively absorbed in their plans, as to lose the practical tone of common life. For the want of this, nothing will alone. It would excite distrust respecting the most admirable discovery or moral scheme which the wit of man ever devised. The world likes safe, realisable measures; it will only in ordinary circumstances, move a short way at a time; it distrusts theory—that is, suggestion, unproved by experiment. Hence it is necessary to use some caution in bringing any proposed improvement or change before the public. However clear it may be in its entire scope, it may, in that form, be too much for the common run of minds,

and it will therefore fail; but possibly, if some practicable, common-sense-looking step be proposed; leading towards the entire scheme, that may be sanctioned and put in practice, and a way may thus be formed for the realisation of the whole.

THE BLIND SQUATTER.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

Nearly four hundred miles up the Trinity river, Texas, at the extreme point to which the flat-bottom steamboats run up in search of cotton and other productions, is Robins' Ferry. Below, the river is narrow, with high steep banks, within the deep shadow of which the waters roll noiselessly and swiftly towards the ocean, while groves of somewhat stunted trees run down to the very edge of the cliffs: here, however, the stream expands into a broad and shallow lake, the shores of which are low, and even unsightly, as is generally the case in Texas.

We arrived at a landing-place three miles below the junction of the lake and river late one night, and early the following morning I was paddling up against the stream in a light bark canoe, which, having but a slight hold in the water, served better to stem the current than one of larger dimensions. For some time I continued within the shadows of the cliffs in comparative gloom; but, after a somewhat fatiguing hour, my eye first caught a glimpse of the shallow lake, where I hoped to find sufficient abundance of wild-fowl to glut my most murderous appetite as a sportsman. The dawn had long since passed, but nature appeared yet asleep, so calm, so still was that almost untrodden spot. Gliding swiftly out of the influence of the current, I allowed my canoe to stand motionless, while I gazed around. Far as the eye could reach, spread a perfect wilderness of waters, forward, to the right and to the left, perfectly unruffled, for not so much as a blade of grass or a leaf was stirring on the shore. Here and there rose huge trunks of trees, borne from above by the almost periodical inundations, and which, reaching some shallow part, became stationary, until time and decay removed them by degrees from their resting-place. Snags were visible all around, while a low bushy island lay about a quarter of a mile to the southward. The waters sparkled in the sun, revealing at some distance the presence of hundreds of ducks, geese, and swans floating upon the surface. For some time they remained unheeded, so charmed was I by the quiet beauty of the landscape; but at length the prospect of a late breakfast awoke my killing propensities, and, raising my paddle, I gave a true Indian sweep, and glided noiselessly towards the little island above alluded to.

My progress was rapid, but not a sound could have been detected by any save an aboriginal. The bevy of ducks which had drawn me in that direction were sailing towards the island, and I was within gun-shot long before I was perceived, as, the better to deceive them, I lay almost on my face at last, and paddled with my hands. At length I allowed the canoe to drift with whatever impulse it had previously received, and cautiously clutching my double-barreled apology for a Joe Manton, rose in the boat. Ere, however, I could gain my feet, crack! crack! went the two barrels of a fowling-piece, a whistling was heard close to my ears, and the ducks, save and except a few victims, flew away with a loud rustling of wings. I was astounded. My first impulse was to return the fire at random, as the idea of Indians crossed my brain. I could, however, plainly detect the presence of a fowling-piece by the peculiar report, while it was clear the ducks had been the object aimed at. Still, the proximity of the lead, to my ears was far from pleasant, and I hastened to prevent a recurrence of so dangerous an experiment. "Hallo! friend," cried I, in a loud and somewhat angry voice, "are you duck-shooting or man-shooting, because I should like to know?" A man rose instantly above the bushes. "Mer-

ciful Heaven," cried he, "have I wounded you, sir? Come in, and I will explain this accident."

I readily complied, and a few minutes placed me beside the sportsman. I at once saw that he was blind. Nearly six feet high, thin, even gaunt, he presented a most remarkable appearance. Clothed in the ordinary garb of a backwoodsman, there was yet an intellectuality, and even nobility of character in his features, which struck me forcibly, while the sightless orbs at once revealed the cause of what had nearly proved a fatal accident. "You are not alone?" said I, glancing curiously around the bushes. "I am," he said with a smile, "quite alone. But let me most sincerely beg your pardon for having endangered your life." "No excuses," said I, depositing the victims of his volley at his feet; "but if you would explain to me how you are here alone, and how, being here, you are thus employed, you will assuage a very strong feeling of curiosity." "With pleasure," he replied, "I owe you an explanation; and besides," he continued, "I believe we are countrymen, and this meeting gives me true delight." "I am an Englishman," I said. "And I a Scotchman. In Britain it makes us countrymen; in a strange land it makes us brothers."

Struck by the blind man's manner, I loaded, prairie fashion, a couple of corn cob pipes with some excellent leaf tobacco, and handing him one, seated myself quietly by his side. Closing his eyes, from habit, as if to read the past, he was silent for a few moments. "My name is Campbell," he said at length, without further preface, "and by trade I am a cabinetmaker. To begin at the beginning. When I was twenty, and that is not so long ago as you may think, I received an offer to go to New York. I was engaged to be married to a sweet cousin of mine. Poor Ellen! I could not go without her, and yet it was, they said, owing young to marry. Still the offer was good, and rather than I should lose the opportunity of advancing myself, they all consented it should be a wedding. The day after our happy union we sailed for the far west.

"We reached New York in safety; I entered upon my employment with a firm and settled determination to secure, if not fortune, at least competence. Wages were in these days very high; I was a good workman; my master had confidence in me, and besides my wages as journeyman, paid me a salary as his foreman and clerk. As determined to lose no opportunity of advancement, I kept all his books after my regular day's work was done. I saved more than half my earnings, and was as happy, I believe, as an industrious honest man can be; and if he, sir, cannot be happy, I know not who can." "You are right," said I; "an honest, sober, industrious working-man, with ample employment, respected by his masters, with a little family around him, should be the happiest of created beings. His wants are all supplied, without the cares and troubles of wealth." "So it was with me; I was very happy. At the end of ten years I had saved a large sum, and then, and only then, my wife presented me with my first and only child.

"With the consent, and by the advice even of my employers, who had my true interests at heart, I determined to start in business for myself; but not in New York. New Orleans was a money-making, busy place, and thither I removed. My success was unexpectedly great; my own workmanship was eagerly bought up, and I employed many men at the enormous wages of the south. Two misfortunes, however, now clouded my felicity; both attributable, I fear, to my desire for independence. The south did not agree with my wife, and ere I could restore her to a genial climate, she died. Sir, my sorrow was the sorrow, I hope, of a man and a Christian; but I felt it sorely. He only who has seen wife or child removed from him by death, can estimate my feelings. Existence for a time was a blank. I worked mechanically, but no more did her cheerful voice encourage my labours. I ate, I drank, ah, sir! it was then I missed her; at the morning meal, at dinner, over the tea board. As my eye rested

on the empty chair on the opposite side of my little table, I could see in it the accustomed form; and then my heart seemed to turn cold, and the very blood to cease to flow. He who has not lost a wife or child, knows not real sorrow in this world. It is the severest trial man ever is put to. Well, sir, she died, and I was left alone with a little image of herself, my Ellen. A gayer, happier being never lived—always smiling, always singing. In time, she brought back some glimpse of joy to my soul.

One morning I awoke with a peculiar sensation at my heart—I had caught the yellow-fever. I will not detail the history of this illness. Suffice, that it was three months ere I was restored to health; and then, by some extraordinary accident, it proved that I was blind; while my business was gone from me. I knew not what to do. You know, sir, the usual course of ruined men in New Orleans; they sell off secretly, shut their shutters, write G. T. T. (Gone to Texas) on the door, and are no more heard of. But I, sir, could not do this. I was, however, no longer fit for business: a quiet retreat in the woods was my best course of proceeding. Besides, my health was shattered, and I should not have lived in New Orleans. Accordingly, I contrived to raise a thousand dollars when I wound up my accounts, and with this and a negro slave, I and my child started for Texas. Blind, I was not fit to cope with men, and my object, therefore, was to retire, as far as was consistent with safety, into the woods.

Eight years ago I journeyed up this river, and reached this very spot. Francisco, my negro, was a devoted and faithful fellow, and worked hard, because I was a good master to him. We erected a hut upon yonder shore: it was a laborious operation; but it was at length completed. I have said I was a cabinetmaker; so was my negro; we therefore furnished the place elegantly for a backwoods dwelling.

Now to speak of my daughter. When we left New Orleans she was eight years old, and up to that age had been educated most carefully, her existence being, of course, that of a town girl. You know, sir, the lazy luxurious habits of the pestilential city, and how little they fit one for roughing life in the woods. Well, Nelly was transplanted hither, preserving and increasing her accomplishments, and yet has she become a perfect prairie bird. Her fingers ply the rude needle required to make these coarse garments; she and Francisco prepare them for use. We have a female slave, Francisco's wife, but hers is out-door work; and Nelly makes butter, cooks, ay, sir, and even cleans. And she is quite happy, singing all day long; and if an hour can be found for a book, she is in paradise.

Singular as it may seem, I do most of the hunting; at all events, all the wild-fowl shooting. With the dawn I am up; and in my flug-out, which I pull, while Nelly steers, I land here, and conceal myself in the bushes, while she returns to prepare breakfast. With my loss of sight I have gained an additional strength of hearing. I can detect immediately the approach of the ducks and geese on the water, and if once they come near enough, am sure not to waste my powder and shot. After about a couple of hours she returns for me. Her time is now nearly up: you shall see her, and breakfast at New Edinburgh.

At this instant a diminutive sail caught my eye at the distance of a hundred yards. Rising, I perceived a small canoe gliding before a slight breeze which had arisen, and rapidly approaching. The foresail and mainsail concealed its occupant; but presently a melodious voice was heard carolling a merry ditty.

'There is my child,' said Campbell, his voice hushed to a whisper; 'there is my child. I never hear her sing but I see her, mother before me.'

'Well, father,' cried Nelly, taking in her little sail; 'no ducks for me to pick up? not one. You are unlucky this morning.'

At this moment she caught sight of my naval uniform, and stopped short. This gentleman was kind

enough to pick them up for me, and you must give him a seat in the boat.'

Nelly approached. Though tanned by the sun, one could still see the blue-eyed Scotch girl in her. Light curls fell from beneath a vast straw-hat over her shoulders, while a simple fur pelisse, and buckskin moccasins, with red worsted stockings, was all her visible attire. But never had I seen anything more graceful or more elegant. A woman, and yet a girl, she had evidently the feelings of the first, with the joyous artlessness of the second. We were friends directly, while I mentally compared her with my interesting Irish friends Mary Rock and her sister.*

In a few minutes more we were sailing for the shore, and in a quarter of an hour were in sight of New Edinburgh. To my surprise I discovered a substantial log-hut, several outhouses, Indian corn-fields, while pumpkins, &c. flourished around in abundance. Two cows were grazing in the neighbourhood; as many horses were near them; while pigs and fowls were scattered in all directions. I was amazed, the blind Scotchman's industry was so novel in Texas. I expressed my surprise. 'Eight years of perseverance can do much,' said Campbell quietly: 'thank Heaven I am very happy, and my Nelly will not be left a beggar.' 'But you must find her a steady, hard-working young fellow for a husband,' replied I, 'to preserve all this.' 'I think,' said he, smiling, 'if you were to ask Nelly, she would tell you that that was done already.' The slightly heightened colour of the maiden was her only answer, and at that moment we reached the landing, where the negro couple and their pickaninnies were standing. The slaves were sleek and hearty, and showed their white teeth merrily.

Campbell led the way to the house, which was, for Texas, superabundantly furnished. Comfort was everywhere, and abundance. The breakfast was, to a hunter, delicious, consisting of coffee, hot corn cakes, venison steaks, and wild honey, while a cold turkey graced the centre of the board. What I enjoyed, however, better even than the breakfast, was the attention of the daughter to her blind father. He seated himself at the board, and Nelly having first helped me, supplied all his wants with a care and watchfulness which was delightful to behold. She anticipated all his desires, her whole soul being seemingly bent to give him pleasure. She was, in fact, more like a mother with a child, than a daughter with a father in the prime of life. Breakfast concluded, we talked again of his history, particularly since his arrival in Texas.

The routine of the day was simple enough, as they explained to me. The negroes, overlooked by the father and daughter, worked in the fields from dawn until six in the evening, the father fashioning some rural implement, an axe or plough handle, while the daughter plied her needle. They breakfasted at half-past six, dined at half-past eleven, and supped at six; after this last meal, Nelly generally read to her father for two hours. Their library was good, including several standard works, and the four first volumes of 'Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.'

Campbell went out into the air after a while to talk to the negroes, and I was left alone with Nelly. I took advantage of his absence to learn more of her character. Never was I more delighted. Not a regret, not a wish for the busy world of which she read so much; while it was quite clear to me that her lover, whoever he was, had only succeeded by promising to reside with the father. To leave her blind parent seemed to her one of those impossibilities which scarcely even suggested itself to her mind. Yes; Nelly Campbell was a sweet creature, perhaps the only truly romantic recollection I bore with me from Texas.

I remained with them all day; I visited their whole farm; I examined Nelly's favourite retreat, in a grove at the rear of the house; and then I left them. We

parted with a regret which was mutual; a regret which, strange to say, was quite painful on my side, and I never saw them again. Still I did not lose sight of them. I always wrote by the steamer to Nelly; and many a long letter did I obtain in reply. More and more did I discover that she was a daughter only, and that even a husband must for a time hold a second place in her heart. At length she wrote—'And now, sir, I am married, and I am very happy, though I almost sometimes regret the step, as I can no longer give my whole time to my dear blind father. He is, however, so happy himself, that I must resign myself to be less his nurse, especially as the only quarrel John and I ever have, is as to who shall wait on him. If he has lost part of his daughter, he has found a son.' This picture of happiness made me thoughtful, and I owned that, great as is the blessing of civilisation, and vast and grand as are the benefits of communion with your fellows, a scene of felicity might yet be found in the woods. Though I am a strong lover of mankind, and wish to be among them, and to enjoy the advantages of civilisation, yet do I think, if I were an old blind man, I would be a backwood squatter, with a daughter such as Nelly.

I heard no more from them, as I soon after returned to England, and the busy life of the world and other avocations have always prevented me writing. Should I, however, ever revisit Texas, my first care will be to run up the Trinity, and once more enjoy hospitality at the table of the BLIND SQUATTER.

WIENHOLT ON SOMNAMBULISM.

SECOND ARTICLE.

ACCORDING to Dr Wienholt, somnambulism is an abnormal state, in which visual impressions, or impressions tantamount to visual ones, are conveyed to the mind of the somnambulist through some other medium than the eyes. This idea, he acknowledges, is unusual, inharmonious, apparently unnatural; but he thinks there is evidence tending to prove that the function of sight has in many cases been carried on independently of the eyes. Proceeding in his inquiry with a view to exhibit this evidence, he first calls attention to the fact, that our most intimate knowledge of the physical construction of the eye gives us no information whatever as to how sight is carried on. Let the eye and the optic nerve do their utmost, it is the mind, and the mind only, that sees. In the operation which we call seeing, how much, for instance, is purely the work of judgment and long training, the idea of the size of the object looked at, its distance, &c. Again, what modifications of the organ of vision do we not observe in the animal creation, yet all apparently serving the end of simple vision. 'Most insects possess eyes; but in regard to their number, as well as their form and condition, these organs differ not only among themselves, but also from those of other animals. The eyes of the common fly, for instance, are sexangular: the spider has no less than six of these organs; and yet, judging from their operations, they appear to receive only a single perception from these various images. The chameleon moves only the one eye without the other, and can thus see before and behind, towards the sides, upwards and downwards. In birds, the eyes are placed on the sides of the head; they do not, therefore, like us, see only one object with their two eyes, but several. In the polypi, we perceive nothing analogous to our finer senses, and yet, without eyes, they manifest the most delicate sensibility to light; they are vitally affected by light and darkness; and when any nourishment comes near them, they immediately perceive it.'

All this, should, tend, Wienholt argues, to shake our conceits, that sight and eyes stand together in any relation closer than that of an arrangement suitable to a special condition of being. Seeing with eyes is no doubt the arrangement which we see prevailing in the present animal system; but we have no reason to be-

lieve that this arrangement is the only one which might have been adopted. Seeing in some other way than by eyes is at least not inconceivable.

Whether, however, the act of seeing without eyes has ever been performed, can be decided only by reference to authentic cases. Putting aside the cases previously cited, of difference of structure in the organ of vision, of insects, &c. the doctor refers to experiments made upon the bat. 'A series of recent and decisive experiments,' he says, 'has demonstrated that, in the bat, the faculty of vision continues even after the organ has been completely destroyed. Eminent philosophical naturalists, with Spallanzani at their head, instituted these experiments, and verified the fact in different parts of Italy—in Pavia, Pisa, and Turin; and in Genoa, also, they have been repeated, with the same success by Spadone, Rossi, Casali, and Turine; and no objection has been made to their accuracy. These naturalists discovered that the bat, even when blinded, regulates its motions in the same manner, as when possessing the complete use of the eyes. Completely blinded bats were not in the slightest degree obstructed in their motions. They flew about by night or by day with their wonted ease and rapidity, avoiding all obstacles which lay, or were intentionally placed in their way, as dexterously as if in full possession of their sight. They turned round at the right time when they approached a wall, rested in a convenient situation when fatigued, and struck against nothing. The experiments were multiplied in the most varied and ingenious manner. A room was filled with thin twigs, in another silken threads were suspended from the roof, and preserved in the same position, and at the same distance from each other, by means of small weights attached to them. The bat, though deprived of its eyes, flew through the intervals of these threads, as well as of the twigs, without touching them; and when the intervals were too small, it drew its wings more closely together. In another room a net was placed, having occasional irregular spaces for the bat to fly through, the net being so arranged as to form a small labyrinth. But the blind bat was not to be deceived; in proportion as the difficulties were increased, the dexterity of the animal was augmented. When it flew over the upper extremity of the net, and seemed imprisoned between it and the wall, it was frequently observed to make its escape most dexterously. When fatigued by its high flights, it still flew rapidly along the ground, among tables, chairs, and sofas; yet avoided touching anything with its wings. Even in the open air its flight was as prompt, easy, and secure, as in close rooms; and in both situations, altogether similar to that of its associates who had the use of their eyes.'

Can any evidence be adduced in proof of the position, that beings of the human species, when deprived of the use of their eyes, have still continued to receive visual impressions, as these blind bats appear to have done? As a means of deciding this question, our author refers to the following well-authenticated examples of extraordinary accuracy of perception in blind persons. Diderot mentions a man who was born blind, and who was a chemist and a musician. 'He judged correctly as to beauty and symmetry; knew very well when another object came in his way; and made no mistake, in passing a street, whether it was a *cul-de-sac* or an ordinary thoroughfare. He wrought at the turning-lathe, and with the needle; took machinery to pieces, and reconstructed it, &c.'

'All have heard of the famous Saunderson, the great, although blind mathematician. When only in the twelfth month of his life, he lost his sight by small-pox. He had, therefore, no more idea of light than a person born blind, and he did not recollect to have ever seen. Yet he made very rapid progress in the acquisition of languages and sciences, and, in his thirtieth year, had attained such eminence in the mathematics, that, upon Newton's recommendation, he was appointed to succeed Whiston in the mathematical chair, and became an excellent teacher. He wrote a work upon algebra, which

was much esteemed by the learned; and what was the most remarkable, the blind man gave instruction regarding the laws of light, and taught optics. Every change in the state of the atmosphere, when calculated to excite visual perceptions, affected him; and he became aware, especially in calm weather, when objects approached him. One day, in a large garden, while he was assisting some astronomers in making their observations, he always knew when clouds passed over the sun. He went out with his pupils at night into the open air, and pointed out to them the situation of each star. He married his wife from love of her bright eyes. The perception he had of these could have been derived only from the touch, and this could hardly have been sufficient to inspire him with love.

Dr Wienholt then gives a detailed account of three other cases—one, that of a Swiss peasant who went through a number of minute mechanical processes; another, that of a lady who wrote, sewed, and corrected her own manuscript; and the third, the well known case of Metcalf, the celebrated blind surveyor of roads. To these he adds that of 'Mademoiselle Paradies, the great musician. This lady, when only in the second or third year of her life, was seized with amaurosis, which entirely deprived her of sight. She never recovered; and became so blind, that she could neither perceive the lightning in a stormy night, nor the light of the sun at noon. Mademoiselle Paradies sews well, and in her early years made lace. She plays all games of cards, and is very fond of the game of skittles. Dancing is one of her favourite amusements, and she takes a part in all German and foreign dances. She is passionately fond of the theatre. In her youth, she frequently performed important characters in private companies. She is also sensible of the approach of other bodies, and judges correctly of their distance and magnitude. She clearly perceives when any larger body stands in her way. She goes about the whole house like a person possessed of sight. When chairs or tables are displaced, and stand in her way, it sometimes happens that she comes against them; but this never occurs in the case of a person. When she enters a strange room, in which she had never previously been, she perceives whether it is large, moderate, or small. When near the centre of the room, she can determine whether it is long, broad, or round. When taken to the street, she easily perceives when she passes a cross street; and this even when the air is perfectly calm. When led past a house or garden in the open air, nothing escapes her attention: she inquires to whom this house or this garden belongs. The most remarkable thing is, that she can distinguish whether a garden is surrounded by boards, walls, or stakes. Of her perception of near objects, she convinced one of her sceptical friends in a remarkable manner. He led her along a narrow path through an alley of trees, and, with a stick given her by this friend, she struck every tree in passing, drawing back her hand each time, and she did not miss a single tree out of twenty.

Her ideas of beauty are derived from the perception of proportion in examining statues. She has much æsthetic pleasure in feeling them. This pleasure is in proportion to the beauty and correctness of the work. In the Müllerian cabinet and collection of antiques, therefore, she experiences great delight; and the observations she makes upon the objects are quite wonderful. Laughing, angry, weeping, calm and quiet countenances she recognises in a moment. She herself selects all the stuffs and colours for her clothes, and never could she be persuaded to choose a dress of green and yellow, black and green, or green and blue. Her head-dress, also, is of her own choosing; and she has her own little vanities in regard to her dress as well as any other lady. Her relations and friends, who are accustomed to her ways, often forget that they are conversing with a blind person, and it happens not unfrequently that they consult her upon objects of sight—for example, in purchasing cloth, ribbons, and

flowers. They show her everything, and are not satisfied if anything displeases her. Although her eye can give her no perception of the objects around her, yet she exhibits a preference for one situation over another. The Augarten pleases her more than the Prater. She prefers Dornbach to the Augarten. There she finds purer air, waterfalls, green fields, and hills. She likes those situations best where nature presents most variety of scenery, and where the activity of the senses and the imagination is equally excited.

The explanation usually given of cases such as these, with which the world has been long familiar, is, that in blind persons there takes place a remarkable intensifying of the remaining senses, so that the co-operation of an intenser touch, an intenser hearing, an intenser taste, and an intenser smell, frequently compensates for the loss of the eyesight. Dr Wienholt admitting the fact of an increase of the sensibility of touch, &c. in blind persons, denies that this affords a sufficient explanation of the phenomena in question. Entering into a minute examination of the various operations attributed to the blind persons above mentioned, such as distinguishing a *coul-de-sac* from a thoroughfare, discovering an error in a manuscript, going through a series of intricate mechanical processes, he argues that the supposition of an intensification of the sense of touch, or of the other senses, is totally inadequate, according to every mode of reasoning, to account for the facts; and that impressions analogous to visual ones must in some way or other reach the minds of the individuals, to enable them to act in the manner related. 'Let us only dwell a little,' he says, 'on the operations of the blind surveyor of roads. When any one, like him, traverses pathless mountains, climbs steep hills, and proceeds through deep valleys, he must have before him the respective situations of the different objects, the way he proposes to go, and that which he has already passed, and continually compare them with those notions which exist in his imagination. And in all this his sense of touch, however constantly exercised, could not be of the slightest use to him. For here he requires, at every step, a consciousness of the particular spot upon which he happens to stand, and the direction of the way by which he is to proceed farther. Without eyes, or something that can supply their place in a more perfect manner than the other senses, he would be like a mariner on an extensive open sea without a compass. Give the latter all the other means for prosecuting his voyage—let him use his sounding-line as assiduously as possible—let him observe the distance he has traversed, the nature and depth of the bottom, &c. all this will not enable him to discover his latitude, or assist him in his farther progress. For this he requires the constant use of the compass, just as the blind man, in order to keep the right direction on such paths, would require the use of his eyes. Farther, this blind traveller, in order to proceed with safety, must possess a knowledge of all the obstacles which lie in his way, by which he may avoid or surmount them. These must be present to his mind, as well as to his body; the picture of the landscape, with all its minute parts, must be constantly before his soul, and always continue in harmony with that which lies before his imagination; both must change in the same way: and here, how could his touch or any other sense assist him? Consider also his business as a guide over the snow in a dark night, when the road becomes quite different from what it was, and therefore he could derive no assistance from his previous knowledge of the localities acquired through the touch; and when it is not easy to comprehend how he, without the use of his eyes, or something that might supply their place, could find his own way, far less act as a guide for others. For this last purpose, we should not be disposed to select a man who was himself obliged to grope in the dark, and has to seek his way by feeling. Lastly, throw a glance into the soul of this man who was about to construct a road through a wild pathless district, taking the best possible direction, avoiding everything that could make a road inconvenient, diffi-

cult, or expensive, and choosing the shortest and most suitable line. What a detailed plan of the country must he not have had in his contemplation! how correct and definite must it not have existed in his mind, in order to enable him, amidst such various difficulties, to effectuate his object!

After a great many ingenious remarks to the same purpose, Dr Wienholt concludes by saying, that 'he is entitled to hold it as demonstrated, that our soul, if it has once acquired perceptions through the medium of the eye, may afterwards, in an incomprehensible manner, and without the use of this organ, receive similar impressions, and continue to remain in the same connexion with the external world in which it had previously stood by means of light and natural vision.' And if so, he argues farther, he is entitled to suppose that 'man may also be deprived of other organs, and yet be capable of performing the same functions as he previously did only by their instrumentality.'

Now, Dr Wienholt holds that somnambulists are persons in this abnormal state, in which vision and other operations of the senses are performed in some other way than by the instrumentality of the usual organs. Natural somnambulists are those who fall naturally into this abnormal state; artificial somnambulists are those who are thrown into it by the passes, &c. of the animal magnetist.

Here the doctor leaves us; but Mr Colquhoun, in his appendix, carries us on to the consideration of the phenomena of clairvoyance, which he accounts the highest known degree of this abnormal state. The adoption of Wienholt's conclusion he regards as leading necessarily to a belief in the possibility of clairvoyance; and legitimately so; for if the somnambulist sees through his own closed eyelids, he may also see through the walls of the room he is in. The idea of opaqueness belongs only to our present arrangement for vision; and in the somnambulist's arrangement for vision, in which the eyes perform no part, this idea may vanish. In the somnambulist state, also, many other of our dogmatic conceptions of nature may turn out to be mere illusions connected with our present state of being. Such is the drift of Mr Colquhoun's appendix to the lectures before us. We will not, however, attempt to follow him into this mysterious subject.

POOLE'S TALES, SKETCHES, AND CHARACTERS.

We missed this volume at the time of its publication; but it is not now too late to do justice to one who is far less known than he deserves to be. John Poole is the author of the successful play of Paul Pry. He is also a magazine writer of high acceptability. The book now under our notice* seems to have been designed as a combination of some of his most happy miscellaneous writings. It exhibits its author as a man of lively wit and playfulness, without any tincture of malice, and as a shrewd observer and clever describer of human character, with just that degree of exaggeration which is necessary for telling effect. Of all former English writers, Sterne is the one whom Mr Poole most resembles.

The first and longest paper in the volume describes a Christmas visit to Dribble Hall, the residence of a highly peculiar specimen of the English country gentleman. The author and his two friends arrive too late for dinner on Christmas eve, and the following is his reception:—

'With folded arms and outstretched legs, in a large, easy, red morocco chair, in the warm corner of the fire-

place, reclined the squire. He did not rise to receive us, but welcomed us with—"Well, how d'ye do? Come, sit down without ceremony. A miserable night, eh? Sitting here in my snug corner, I didn't envy you your ride, that I can tell you. Come, sit down. Just the party I told you you'd meet. Mrs Dribble, my dear, Mr Heartall and his friend; my cousin, Mr Ebenezer Dribble; and my wife's brother and sister, Mr John Flanks and Miss Susan Flanks. Worthington, I needn't introduce you: you know everybody, and everybody knows you. Well, I'm glad you're come at last, for it is more than half-past six, and I was beginning to want my tea."

"Tea!" exclaimed Heartall; "why, sir, we have not dined!"

"Whose fault is that, then?" said the squire; "I'm sure it is not mine. I told you most particularly in my letter that I should dine at four precisely—I'm certain I did. Here, Ebenezer, take this key and open the middle door of the under part of the little bookcase in my private room, and in the right-hand corner of the left-hand top drawer you'll find a book in a parchment cover, lettered on the outside 'Copy of Letter Book.' Bring it to me, and lock the door again. I'll show you copies of my letters to you all, and you'll see I'm right."

"My dear Dribble," said Worthington, "you may spare Mr Ebenezer that trouble. The fault is neither yours nor ours; but some impediments in the city, together with the fog—"

"Well," said Dribble, "all I desire is, that you should be satisfied it is no fault of mine that you have lost your dinner. But did you take nothing by the way?"

"Oh yes," said Worthington, "we took a sandwich."

"Well, then," rejoined the squire, "you won't starve." This he uttered with a chuckle of delight, as if at the consequent escape of his farder. "However," he continued, "we'll do the best for you, under the circumstances; instead of supping at ten, we'll order supper to be served at a quarter before."

"To speak the truth, Mr Dribble," said Heartall, "I am exceedingly hungry, and I believe so are my travelling companions: we have had a very uncomfortable ride, and—"

"Oh, in that case," replied Dribble, "perhaps you'd like something to eat. Well, I'll order tea, for I can't wait any longer for my tea; and Sam shall bring up a slice or two of something cold for you to take with your tea. Or, if you would prefer a glass of ale with it, say so. Here, Sam; here is the key of the ale barrel: draw about—let me see—one, two, three of them—ay, draw about two pints, and bring me the key of the barrel again."

"I never drink ale, sir," said Heartall.

"Nor do I, sir," said I.

"Oh, don't you?" said the squire. "Why, then, if you prefer wine you can have it; only I think you had better not spoil your supper. It is fair to tell you we have a hot roast turkey for supper. I'm very fond of a hot roast turkey for my supper—in fact I always have one for my supper on Christmas eve."

"Haden't we better order tea in the drawing-rooms," said Mrs Dribble, "and leave the gentlemen to take their dinner quietly in this?"

"Nonsense, Mrs Dribble!" angrily exclaimed the squire: "it is no dinner, but a mere snack. Besides, where is the use of lighting a fire in the drawing-room at this time of night? Pray, madam, don't interfere with my orders." Then, addressing himself to us, he continued—"Perhaps you would like a little hot water up stairs whilst they are putting your snack on a tray?"

"The 'snack on the tray' was particularly emphasized: no doubt, with the humane intention of saving us from

* Christmas Festivities: Tales, Sketches, and Characters. With Beauties of the Modern Drama; in Four Spectacles. By John Poole, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1844.

the mortification of any disappointment which our own wild expectations of a more profuse collation might otherwise have occasioned.

'We readily accepted the offer of the hot water, and Sam was ordered to conduct us to our room.

"Stop!" cried our host, as Sam was preparing to marshal us the way; "stop—there is no fire in any of your rooms; but as I always like to have a fire in my own dressing-room in such horrid weather as this, perhaps you might find it more comfortable to go there."

'Admiring this delicate attention on the part of our "considerate" host, we accepted the offer "as amended." As we were about to move forward, Sam nodded and winked at his master, at the same time twitching the sleeve of his fustian jacket. The squire put a key into his hand, accompanying it with an injunction that he would carefully lock the door, and bring him the key again. On entering the dressing-room, this mystery was explained by Sam's unlocking one of his master's wardrobes, and taking from it his own dress livery coat, which the former always kept under lock and key, and which, upon this occasion, he had forgotten to leave out.

'After as comfortable a toilet as the time would admit of, we re-descended to the dining-room—our expectations of a merry Christmas not much enlarged by the manner and circumstances of our reception.

'The family were taking their tea; and, on a table in a corner of the room, we found a very inefficient substitute for what ought to have been our dinner; for the squire's directions had been rigidly followed. The repast consisted of nothing more than a few slices of cold boiled veal served on a tray, and (as we had declined his ale) the remains—somewhat less than half—of a bottle of sherry. Worthington's "I hope so," which struck me at the time as being of a very suspicious character, was now shown to deserve the worst we might have thought of it. To despatch such a provision, where the duty of so doing was to be divided amongst three hungry travellers, did not require a very long time; and the moment Squire Dribble saw that the last drop was drained from the decanter, he did not ask whether it would be agreeable to us to take any more, but desired Sam to "take all these things away, and bring a card-table."

Rigid regulations, all formed with a view to his own comfort, and from which no hospitable feeling will admit of the slightest departure, painfully remind the reader that Mr Dribble is not entirely a fancy sketch. It is, in fact, that pure selfishness, under the mask of regularity, which is often met with in unaccommodating persons. In the morning, after a sleepless night in a chilling bed-room, the author is roused by his host.

"Not stirring yet, sir?" cried the squire. "Why, sir, it is almost nine; I have been up this hour, and want my breakfast; I always breakfast at nine."

"Then pray, sir," said I, with an unaffected yawn, "pray get your breakfast, and don't wait for me. This is much earlier than my usual hour of rising. Besides, I have not slept well, and there is nothing peculiarly inviting in the weather. I will take some breakfast an hour or two hence."

"Pray get up, my dear sir, and come down stairs, or the rolls will be cold; and I can't bear cold rolls. Now do get up: I hate—that's to say, Mrs Dribble hates to see breakfast about all day long; and" (continued my kind-hearted, considerate host) "you would find it very uncomfortable to take breakfast in your own room without a fire—for it is a bitter cold morning. I'll tell Sam to bring you some hot water."

Away he went; and not long after came Sam with the water—Sam informing me that his master (polite as nature) had instructed him to say that he could not be so rude as to sit down to breakfast till I came—nor could the ladies. This hint was of course decisive: so, greatly to my dissatisfaction, I arose; and (having dressed with as much speed as the discomforts of my

position would allow) with a blue nose, shrivelled cheek, and shivering from head to foot, I descended to the breakfast-parlour.

'Scarcely had I time to salute the assembled party, when I was thus addressed by the squire:—

"A late riser, eh, sir? We have nearly finished breakfast, but no fault of mine. You know I called you in time, and I told you I wanted my breakfast. You must be earlier to-morrow though, as you'll start at eleven. But come, my dear sir, what do you take? I'm afraid I can't recommend the tea; but I'll put a little fresh into the pot if you wish it? However, here's plenty of coffee, and" (putting his fingers to the coffee-biggin) "it's nice and warm still. The eggs are all gone, but you can have one boiled on purpose for you, if you like—or what say you to a slice of the cold veal? I believe you found it excellent yesterday? I should have made my breakfast of it, if I had not had my broiled leg of the turkey. I had just finished eating it as Mr Worthington and Mr Heartall came down: for they were rather late-ish like yourself."

'Freezing as I was, this was no time for the exercise of an overstrained delicacy, which would have inflicted upon me cold veal and cold coffee; so I requested to have some hot tea and an egg.

"Then bring me the tea-caddy again, Sam," said Squire Dribble somewhat peevishly; "and here, take the key and get an egg out of the cupboard—or two—and let them be boiled. Be sure you lock the cupboard again, and bring me the key. And, Sam—come back. Put a ticket into the basket for the two eggs you take out, or I may make a mistake in my egg account."

'The squire made some fresh tea, and in due time poured it out for me; for Squire Dribble gallantly relieved his lady from the performance of all the onerous and unfeminine duties of the breakfast table—such as making and pouring out the tea, serving the coffee and cream, distributing the eggs, and doling out the portions of whatever else there might happen to be—by taking them upon himself.

'When Sam returned with the eggs, he brought along with him the newspaper, which had just arrived.

"Give that to me," said Dribble, who had not quite finished his breakfast. So, taking it from the hands of the servant, he, without offering it to any one else, put it beneath him, and sat hatching it till he himself had leisure to read it.

"It is an odd fancy of mine," said the squire; "but I would not give a farthing for my newspaper unless I see the first of it." This was a reason sufficient to reconcile the most fastidious to the proceeding.

The entire two days at Dribble Hall form an inimitable unique picture, for which we would commend our readers to a perusal of the book, as sufficient in itself to remunerate them for their trouble. In the hope of their following our advice, we may point out Sir Hurry Skurry and Pomponius Ego as sketches particularly worthy of their attention; nor may they be the worse of knowing that the clap-trap nautical drama of Dibdin, the intense ruffian-labourer style of Morton, and other favourites of the playgoing public, are most successfully burlesqued in the concluding part of the volume. Perhaps, however, the most mirth-provoking part of the book is an anecdote which has a remarkably real appearance, under the title of *Secrets in all Trades*. The author, meeting a stranger in a country churchyard, recognises Burley, the late landlord of an inn he used to frequent near Cambridge, but now, it appears, retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Falling into a confidential discourse about the way in which this worthy conducted his business, the author receives from him a most luminous and satisfactory account of his wines.

"You can't deny it, Burley, your wines, of all kinds, were detestable—port, Madeira, claret, champagne—"

"There now, sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken, I assure you, sir, as I'm an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—port and sherry."

"How! when I myself have tried your claret, your—"

"Yes, sir—my claret, sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen everything they ask for, sir: gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, sir—especially the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. I'll tell you how it was, sir. I never would have any wines in my house, sir, but port and sherry, because *I knew them to be wholesome wines, sir; and this I will say, sir, my port and sherry were the—very—best I could procure in all England—*"

"How, the best?"

"Yes, sir—at the price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, sir. You must know, sir, that I hadn't been long in business when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn't find some fault or other, they would appear to know much less—always excepting the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir; and *they are excellent judges!*" [And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.] "Well, sir; with respect to my dinner wines I was always tolerably safe: gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be Madeira, or pale sherry, or brown, or—"

"Why, just now you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar!"

"Very true, sir; port and sherry. But this was my plan, sir. If any one ordered Madeira:—From one bottle of sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction—especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my Madeira, sir, for I always used the best brandy. As to the pale and brown sherry, sir—a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call my *delicate pale* (by the by, a squeeze of lemon added to that made a very fair Buccellas, sir—a wine not much called for now, sir): and for my old brown sherry, a little burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like sherry that had been twice to the East Indies, sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were very particular about their wines, I used to serve it as such."

"But, Mr Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather—?"

"I guess what you would say, sir; but I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, sir. But my port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about port, sir. One gentleman would say, 'Burley, I don't like this wine—it is too heavy!' 'Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter.' Out went a glass of wine, and in went a glass of water. 'Well, sir, I'd say, 'how do you approve of that?' 'Why—um—no; I can't say—' I understand, sir, you like an older wine—*softer*; I think I can please you, sir.—' Pump again, sir.—' Now, sir,' says I (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light), 'try this, if you please.' 'That's it, Burley—that's the very wine; bring another bottle of the same.' But one can't please everybody the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my port as being poor—without body. In went *one* glass of brandy. If that didn't answer, 'Ay, gentlemen,' says I, 'I know what will please you—you like a fuller bodied, rougher wine. Out went *two* glasses of wine, and in went *two* or *three* glasses of brandy. This used to be a very favorite wine—but only with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir."

"And your claret?"

"My good wholesome port again, sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris-powder. For a fuller claret, a little brandy; for a lighter claret, more water."

"But how did you contrive about Burgundy?"

"That was my claret, sir, with from three to six drops

of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavour or a delicate flavour. As for champagne, sir, that of course I made myself."

"How do you mean 'of course,' Burley?"

"Oh, sir," said he, with an innocent yet waggish look; "surely everybody makes his own champagne—*else what CAN become of all the gooseberries?*"

IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON.

THERE is scarcely a city in Europe in which improvements are more required, or so reluctantly undertaken, as in London—a city to which history will point as the metropolis of the world, and marvel that she tolerated within herself so many evils, originating in selfishness, and short-sightedness, and perpetuated by the operation of the same causes down to our own time. The evils here complained of are those of imperfect or insufficient channels of communication between one part of the great city and another; the existence of densely-crowded districts, untraversed by direct or available thoroughfares; and the pertinacity with which the 'rights of property' are allowed to militate against the 'rights of society.' While we cannot refuse to acquiesce in the statement of the Committee of Metropolitan Improvements, that 'the alteration of an ancient city, with a view to adapt all its streets and buildings to the increased wants and improved habits of modern times, is a work of much greater difficulty and expense than the construction of a new town,' we are at a loss to account for the improvements, in too many instances, being planned as the readiest means of overcoming a difficulty, rather than what they really ought to be, as the great commercial channels of a mighty city.

On reference to a map of London, it will be seen that the general direction of the principal thoroughfares has been influenced by the course of the river on which it is built, from the seat of government and fashion on the west, to the seat of commerce, the Royal Exchange, and Port, on the east. These thoroughfares are, however, not more numerous, and but little more convenient, than they were two hundred years ago, while the population has increased sevenfold, and the traffic augmented to a degree that almost defies calculation. The consequence is the continual obstruction of the streets, confounding the already existing confusion, and creating dangers where before there were only difficulties. Let any one walk from Temple-Bar to the Exchange, at any time of the day, but particularly between the hours of two and four, and he may verify the truth of these observations. On arriving at a crossing, the chances are ninety-nine to one against his finding the smallest opportunity of passing over under a delay of a quarter of an hour; while the noise, the jostling, cursing, and shouting around him, are absolutely deafening. Suppose him at length arrived in safety at the west end of Cheapside, he finds not only the traffic of the line along which he has come, but that also of the parallel or Holborn line, pouring into this one channel, while the resistless tide advancing from the opposite direction, here diverges to the two main lines in its progress westwards, creating a scene which, for confusion and effect, cannot be paralleled by any other city in Europe. He fights his way along Cheapside to its east end, the Poultry, contracted suddenly to some twenty-five feet in width, through which the four conflicting streams struggle in intense embarrassment; and having reached the open space fronting the Mansion-House, may rest for a few minutes to afford time for the evaporation of the surplus which he must inevitably feel on seeing that a narrow street of the Plantagenet era is expected to suffice for the rushing tide of life, pleasure, and commerce of the age of Victoria. It is possible

that the capacity of the Poultry Market may have been sufficient for the times when Edward III. rode through it with his court to the 'joustings in Chepe,' or led the procession from the Tower, with his fair Mistress Alice, the Lady of the Sun, to witness the 'passage of arms' in Smithfield. Wheel carriages were then not used, nor to any extent in immediately subsequent periods. We read, however, that in 1631 complaints were made that the streets were 'encumbered;' and yet the same thoroughfare remains, apparently for no other purpose than that of exasperating 'drivers' endangering passengers, and perpetuating absurdity.

We must not, however, forget that something has been done towards diminishing or removing the evils we have attempted to describe; and we regard the recent opening of new streets as indicative of a movement which will not stop short of effectual amelioration. The line from Piccadilly through Coventry Street into Long Acre opens a new channel midway between the two great thoroughfares referred to above, which it will beneficially relieve of a portion of their traffic, and prove of the highest public utility, if farther extended to one of the leading lines, instead of terminating, where it does at present, in Drury Lane. But when we consider that the plans for this improvement were first submitted to the committee in 1837, we cannot help thinking that some very powerful antagonistic influence must have been at work to prevent its completion, or rather commencement, for a period of nearly ten years. It is, however, gratifying to observe that the new streets are not to be left to the convenience or the caprice of individual builders, for the display of architectural abominations or abortions, but are to be built on a regular plan, which will contribute materially to the effect of the new lines. Although the committee tell us that they regarded mere 'embellishment as a matter of subordinate importance,' we find that the houses already completed in New Coventry Street are in a light and pleasing style, with just enough of ornament to relieve what would otherwise be a dull mass of brick and mortar. The same observation will apply to the junction of the new portion of Oxford Street with Holborn, where the houses have red brick fronts with white stone 'dressings,' and form altogether an architectural improvement that will be a real 'embellishment' to that quarter of the metropolis. But we regret that the facts prevent our speaking favourably of the new opening from the Strand by Bow Street to Holborn, originally contemplated as an important thoroughfare in an almost direct line from Waterloo Bridge to the British Museum, which a culpable spirit of parsimony has diverted from the proposed direction. It is, however, possible that we are indebted for the break in the route to the evidence given before the committee in favour of *diagonal* crossings, which, it was asserted—with a blindness that could only be equalled by that of the old woman who put a big stone into the empty pannier on one side of her donkey, to make it balance the full one on the other—were preferable to *direct* crossings, especially when the convenience and safety of foot passengers were taken into the account. Will it be believed that a parliamentary committee, sitting in the nineteenth century, would listen to or tolerate such nonsense, or to that which denies that the presence of an ungainly block of buildings, such as that standing in Holborn, near Gray's Inn, and by which a broad thoroughfare is suddenly contracted from a width of one hundred feet to that of forty feet, is any inconvenience? And yet it would appear that, by a blind fatality, it is precisely on such evidence as this that the plans for some improvements which would be real public benefits, whether as regards business, health, or convenience, are converted into lasting monuments of stinginess and error. There would be some excuse for all this, were it inevitable: but will any one believe for a moment that a saving of a few thousand pounds should be weighed against the improvement of a city like London, whose local revenue is £2,000,000 sterling? There are some

things which can only be well done when done on a large scale. They not only require large means, but unity of purpose.

If we compare what has been done in London with what might have been done, or with what really has been done in other places, we shall find that the metropolis is the 'slowest,' as well as one of the most antiquated cities, and might learn a useful lesson from many comparatively humble examples. The writer of the present article, during a residence in New York, once had occasion to leave that city for the country, just at the time that an important improvement had been determined on; and on his return at the end of *six months*, found that an unsightly and loathsome mass of buildings had been cleared away, and replaced by a broad and handsome street half a mile in length, which opened a serviceable line of communication between the northern and southern portions of the city. In this case the money was raised by assessment on the wards most benefited by the improvement, and although complaints were made of the unequal pressure of the tax, yet the work was carried off with all the spirit of a people who know what utility means, and are wise enough to act upon that knowledge. Other instances might be brought forward, were further proof required, to show that, if so much can be done with restricted means, the inhabitants of London have not the shadow of an excuse for tolerating her monster evils.

Here, however, measures are dreamed over for many years before those who have the power wake to the necessity of action; and then how much delay must be incurred in the adjustment of conflicting claims, and the settlement of preliminaries. Sometimes the refractoriness of one individual is allowed to derange a well-arranged plan, or supersede it altogether. We willingly concede all that can be reasonably urged in favour of the rights of property; but common sense is sometimes to be preferred to prescription; and does the simple position of houses on certain portions of land constitute a sufficient reason for the eternal toleration of a nuisance or formidable inconvenience? It is matter of notoriety how summarily railway companies possess themselves of the property of belligerent country gentlemen, when it is necessary for their purposes. Could not some such process as this be applied to city improvements? Or is there a sacredness in outrageous evils, which inspires a dread of laying violent hands upon them?

In the report of the parliamentary committee on this subject, there are many other new streets contemplated, which, if completed, would make London architecturally what she is now commercially. Among these are a new line from the Bank to the Post-office, a little to the north of Cheapside; one from St Paul's to Blackfriars Bridge; from Southwark Bridge to the Mansion-house; from King William Street to the Tower and the Docks, which are now connected solely by narrow, crooked, and inconvenient thoroughfares; from Oxford Street, through Clerkenwell, to Shoreditch Church; and from Westminster Abbey to Belgrave Square. The line from the London Docks to Spitalfields Church, as well as the further extension of Farringdon Street northwards, are now in actual progress, and these, with the others, are not to be regarded solely with reference to the facilities of intercourse which they will afford; for they will intersect, in the words of the report, 'some districts in this vast city through which no great thoroughfares at present pass, and which, being wholly occupied by a dense population, composed of the lowest class of labourers, entirely secluded from the observation and influence of wealthier and better educated neighbours, exhibit a state of moral and physical degradation deeply to be deplored;' but, 'whenever the great streams of public intercourse can be made to pass through districts such as these, the cure of this lamentable evil will speedily be effected. The moral condition of these poorer occupants must necessarily be improved by immediate communication with a

more respectable inhabitancy; and the introduction, at the same time, of improved habits and a freer circulation of air, will tend materially to extirpate those prevalent diseases which are now not only so destructive among themselves, but so dangerous to the neighbourhood around them.

We have thus every variety of argument—moral, physical, and pecuniary—brought to bear upon the question; we trust that all will not be swamped in the purely selfish. We are pleased to see that the Victoria Park, in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, is approaching completion, as, from its extent—nearly 300 acres—it will afford scope for health, exercise, and recreation, to the inhabitants of a district notorious for its squalor, and remoteness from any similar strolling ground. On a board at one end of the enclosure is written the words Victoria Park; some wag has, however, erased the name of royalty, and substituted 'Weavers.' We hope this is an indication that those who toil at the loom through dreary days and weary nights, value the advantage offered to them, and will be prepared, with their wives and children, to do their best to enjoy it.

We have said nothing of the new Royal Exchange, of Trafalgar Square, or fountains and statues, as they do not properly belong to the object of the present paper; although we may look upon them as an earnest that more will be done some day, as their existence proves that the difficulties which lay in their way were not insurmountable. But we repeat, that what is to be done must be done on a great and comprehensive scale; a bit by bit reform by various unconnected and irresponsible bodies will not do: we want the resources and authority of legislative supervision. And here we may call attention to the improvement which has, within the last few years, taken place in Paris (where the evils arising from want of space are greater than in the most crowded parts of London), which is so striking, and the method pursued leads to so few complaints, as to hold out the promise of a rapid advance in the same direction. A comprehensive plan of the city, accessible to the public, and approved and sanctioned by the municipal authorities, indicates the improved and widened lines of streets, to which houses, when rebuilt, must conform; and in their tortuous and narrow thoroughfares are to be seen, from distance to distance, new houses built, or being built, from five to ten or fifteen feet back from the old frontage, and in such directions as (when all the old houses shall have been rebuilt) ultimately to present regular instead of the existing tortuous lines, which, by the irregular projection and retreating of the houses, interrupt the traffic, and impede the free sweep of the winds.

If some such far-seeing measure as this were adopted in London, we should not hear of the ruinous delays in the purchase of vacant lots along the contemplated lines. Notice has frequently been given to the commissioners that certain pieces of ground are for sale; but no attention was paid to the fact until the lot was let and a house built upon it, and then they bought it. A case of this kind occurred on the Coventry Street line, where a lot which, in the first instance, was offered for £1,400, was afterwards purchased for £5,000. It strikes us also that if the new lines were planned to cross instead of to follow existing streets, an economical advantage would be gained, as the expense of removing a few houses on each side to form the opening, would be much less than that of removing one whole side; while the general utility of the line would not be at all affected by this arrangement.

We are fully aware of the difficulty of moving an immense population like that of the metropolis, where two millions of human beings are shut up in a 'province' of 251,000 houses. But the prospective advantages are so great, that they may fairly be allowed to weigh against a present sacrifice. London, in its most fashionable localities, west of Regent Street, gives but a faint indication of what the whole metropolis might become, and with it every town in England; if the duty

of promoting public health, and of checking all abuses of local administration, were made cabinet questions, in lieu of many others which absorb the time and energy of party leaders."

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL MEETING AT WINCHESTER.

[The following letter, from a lady in London to a friend in the country, giving an account of the late meeting of archæologists at Winchester, has been handed us for publication.]

"* * * I must tell you that of late there has been a revival in London of a taste for antiquities of all kinds—old furniture, old carvings, old coins, old houses, old castles, old churches; in short, every object of art which happens to be of a considerably past date. It is now a kind of fashion to show a love of antiquities, and as the taste is taking a practical turn, and introducing a finer order of architecture, with domestic furniture and ornaments to match, the reign of Victoria I. in England bids fair to rival that of the illustrious François Premier in France, and be remembered as the age of the *renaissance*. As it would never do for Uncle Philip and his family to be behind their neighbours in this universal rage, we have all become great antiquaries, and look with much interest on the proceedings of the two associations by which the taste is cultivated. Do not suppose from this that we leave evening parties to go to dull meetings, where long prosy papers are read; for nobody in their senses would think of doing anything half so absurd. The meetings we attend are very nice affairs. They take place annually at the dull time of the year, when not a soul is in London, and always at some delightful old-fashioned town, where there are plenty of ancient churches, old halls, and such curiosities to be overhauled. Last year we went to the meeting of the association at Canterbury, and had some very pleasant jaunting about its neighbourhood; this year we attended the meeting of the seceding association (now to be called the British Archæological Institute) at Winchester, where there were likewise some agreeable out-of-door proceedings, as well as in-door assemblies. I need hardly tell you that such meetings help greatly to rub up the gentry in these towns, and tend to establish acquaintances, of a lasting and pleasant kind, between strangers and natives.

Having thus opened the subject, I may try to entertain you with a short account of the meeting which took place at Winchester, from the 9th to the 14th of September last, to which we proceeded from the Isle of Wight, where we had been rusticated for a few weeks. On settling ourselves in lodgings, and making a few inquiries, we found the means of admittance to all the daily meetings, for every two persons, to be simply the purchase of a ticket, price one pound: so this was soon arranged. Early on the morning of Tuesday the 9th, the usually dull aspect of the streets and lanes of Winchester was considerably changed. On walking out, we observed numerous important-looking gentlemen bearing rolls of paper in their hands, and hurrying to the St John's Rooms in St John's House, where the meeting was appointed to be held. We soon followed, and on admission, found ourselves in a spacious apartment, now used as the assembly-room, which, however, in days of yore, had been the refectory of the hospital dedicated to St John the Baptist. The walls on the present occasion were hung with a fine collection of articles, collected from various old churches in the country. At twelve o'clock the Marquis of Northamp-

ton, president of the association, took the chair, in the midst of a gaily number of men eminent in church, state, and science.

The first thing done was the delivery of an address on the pleasures and advantages of cultivating a taste for antiquities, by Dr Wilberforce, the dean of Westminster; and I need hardly say that he was throughout listened to with both attention and delight—the effect being heightened by a sweet deep-toned voice, which the dean inherits from his father. He concluded by observing that, while casting aside all fanatical love of what was absurd in past times, it was our duty to reverence what had in its day been great and noble. ‘Let us,’ said he, ‘love to look into the old past; let us visit the scenes of its departed greatness, not to array ourselves in its worn-out customs, but that, having ears to gather up the whispers of their oracular advices, we may, by our own skill in art, fashion for ourselves the outward circumstances we need.’ Dr Whewell, master of Trinity College, Cambridge, having seconded the vote of thanks to the eloquent dean, launched forth on the merits of the study of architecture, related how much he himself owed to the labours of Rickman, who, he said, had done for Gothic architecture what Linnaeus had done for plants. While still a schoolboy, ‘Rickman’s Gothic Architecture’ had fallen into his hands—it became to him a grammar and dictionary of a new language, and this language he endeavoured to impart to his fellow-collegians. He looked back with extreme pleasure to this incident in his life, and its consequences; and he looked forward with delight, in the hope that this meeting might be attended with the same agreeable and valuable consequences; for the study of architecture was not a mere mental amusement, but a most profound and valuable mental culture—a branch of culture which would soon dissipate all prejudices respecting it, and clothe the dry bones with hue and colour.

Dr Williams (the warden of New College, Oxford) remarked, that as holding a high appointment in William of Wykeham’s college, he might be allowed to express how much gratified he felt in seeing so brilliant a company assembled to aid the study of that science in which that great man excelled. He hoped that, instructed by the information which he might derive, he might hereafter look with more intelligent eyes on scenes so familiar to him, and with gratitude towards those who had aided him in better estimating the character of that great man. At three o’clock, parties were formed to visit the ruins of Wolvesey Castle, the museum in the deanery, and the church and hospital of St Cross. We first went to Wolvesey Castle, so called from King Edgar’s obliging Ludwell, a refractory Welsh prince, to deposit here annually three hundred wolves’ heads. It was built by Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, and brother to King Stephen, in 1138. The ruins now remaining are supposed to have belonged to the keep; they are built of large flints, faced with a thick coating of hard mortar, giving it the appearance of freestone. Until Oliver Cromwell’s time, it continued to be the abode of the bishops of Winchester; it was then demolished, and, some years after, the present Episcopal palace was raised close to the former site. The museum of archaeological curiosities, arranged for the present occasion in the library at the deanery, was contributed by different members of the association, and included many rare antiquities: a series of enamels of exquisite workmanship, fine impressions of seals, also a variety of embroidered ecclesiastical vestments—one we particularly noticed, upon the hood and orfrais of which the twelve apostles were represented. The crowd here was so great, that we soon left it for St Cross, one mile distant from Winchester. We walked by the clear silvery stream of the river Itchen, and we all agreed that if the pilgrimages of ancient days were even one-half so delightful, those engaged in them were more to be envied than pitied. The day was superb; and on our entering the quadrangle, one side of which is formed by the church, quite a gay scene greeted our eyes—knots of ladies and gentlemen

standing upon the very green grass, and small groups of the quiet happy-looking old men, the brethren of the hospital, dressed in their Sunday gear. This hospital was built in 1136 by Henry de Blois for thirteen resident brethren, a master and steward; and 100 poor honest men were to have a plentiful dinner every day. Owing to the rapacity of the master, the original intention of the founder became perverted in process of time, until William of Wykeham restored the charity, and repaired the buildings. A certain portion of good wheaten bread and beer (rather small) is given every morning to the porter, for the refreshment of such poor travellers as may apply at the gate. Most of the archaeologists claimed it, but for myself, not being curious in that respect, I was content to take the testimony of others regarding the quality of the *dole*. The church was erected at the time when Gothic architecture was beginning to be ingrafted on the Romanesque; therefore it gives a valuable lesson in the transition of style from Roman to Gothic. It is a cruciform building, and, although small, possesses all the features of a collegiate or conventual establishment. The intersecting arches in the triforium are very curious. The refectory is entered by a flight of steps from the large quadrangle: it has a tower on one side, and the master’s residence on the other. It is adorned with rich Gothic windows, and at the east end a raised floor for the table of the officers, the brethren being placed at the side. There is also a raised hearth in the middle of the floor, and a gallery at the west end, from whence the chaplain pronounced the benediction at dinner time. After a full inspection of this curious establishment, we returned to Winchester.

At the eight o’clock general meeting, the Rev. John Bathurst Deane read a most interesting paper on Avebury, Carnac, Stonehenge, and other primeval temples. He entered at length into the spirit, *rites*, and ceremonies of Druidical worship: he thinks the circle and semicircle indicate the joint dedication to the sun and moon, and showed good reason why the large artificial hill at Avebury, known as Silbury Hill, should not be regarded as having been a barrow, but as a place for burning the sacred fire during the performance of the service within the sacred circles of stones. The architecture of the hospital of St Cross and Romsey Abbey church formed the subjects of two other papers. Wednesday morning, long before the appointed hour (half-past eleven), St John’s large room was crowded; every one being anxious to get a good place, in order to hear the very popular and pleasing lecturer, Professor Willis. descant upon the architectural history of the cathedral. He repudiated the idea of any of the Saxon foundation of Ethelwold remaining, and attributes the earliest portion to the time of Walkelyn, the Norman bishop appointed by William the Conqueror. Now, continued he, we know for certain that the centre tower of the building fell not long after the interment of William Rufus in the choir of the cathedral, in consequence, as it was then believed, of this king’s wickedness, and his having died without receiving the last rites of the church. Walkelyn died before William, so he could not have rebuilt the tower; but as he left money for repairing the church, it was most likely done out of his funds. The tower-piers of the present edifice are the largest in England—a great deal too much so for architectural elegance, and for the weight they were required to carry; therefore I think they were erected by a people labouring under a panic; a people determined to erect an edifice not likely to fall for a long time. These piers are as much too large as the others had been too small; and it was from the faults thus committed on both sides that the mediæval architects learned those true and beautiful proportions which were now so admired by all who viewed them with any interest. The plan of the crypt showed that Walkelyn’s choir was the same size as the present. From examinations that had been made under the auspices of members of the association, a bed of concrete had been found, which proved that it had been originally

intended to have towers at the west front, making the nave fifty feet longer than at present. In 1302, according to a manuscript in Queen's College, Oxford, Bishop Luez built the aisles and vaulting outside the Lady Chapel. In 1370, Bishop Edington left a sum of money for the completion of the nave. In 1357, William of Wykeham was appointed architect by that bishop. The professor then read a long extract from William of Wykeham's will, showing what he had done, and what he wished to be done with the money he left for beautifying the church. When this admirable lecture was concluded, the professor said he would be happy to explain, to as many as would honour him with their company in the cathedral at four o'clock, the various peculiarities and parts of that splendid building. Mr C. R. Cockerell read an elaborate paper on St Mary's College, Winchester, and New College, Oxford, wherein he highly eulogised the great talent displayed by William of Wykeham in the architectural beauty of these two colleges, of which he was at once the founder and architect. Early in the afternoon, almost all the members (and our party amongst the number) visited St Mary's College. This was very appropriate, as all its beauties had just been pointed out by the able lecturer, who accompanied us here also. It is a noble pile, and the chapel a perfect bijou in architecture: its groined ceiling in wood is considered the most elegant specimen of its day. The east window is very curious; in its gorgeous stained glass is portrayed the genealogy of our Saviour. Jesse is laid across the very centre of the bottom, 'the root'; three small kneeling figures near his head are known to be the likenesses of the surveyor, carpenter, and glazier of this noble edifice. The library of the college is situated in the area of the cloister; until 1629, it was a chantry or chapel for the dead. It now contains some very curious books. One I was much entertained with, entitled, 'A Briefe and True Report of the New-Found Land of Virginia; of the Commodities, and of the Nature and Manners of the Natural Inhabitants, discovered by the English Colony there seated by Sir Richard Greinville, Knight, in the year 1583.' The engravings are very strange. This book was printed at poor Sir Walter Raleigh's expense. On the principal desk lay a large book, wherein were inscribed the names of all the benefactors of the college, and a list of their gifts: some were not very costly. The school-room is modern in comparison with the rest of the college, only dating from 1687. It is a noble apartment: at the east end the laws to be observed by the students are inscribed in Latin on a tablet, and upon a corresponding one at the west end are the following devices and inscriptions:—

Aut Disce.	A mitre and crozier.	{ The expected reward of learning.
Aut Discedo.	{ An inkhorn, a case of mathematical instruments, and a sword.	{ The emblems of those who depart and choose a civil or military life.
Manet sors Terribis, opidi.	{ A scourge.	{ The lot of those who will qualify themselves for neither.

The Latin implies, 'Either learn or depart; a third chance remains, to be beaten.' The moveable desks, which shut up, called *scabs*, form, when raised, a sort of screen from the noise of the adjoining student. William of Wykeham endowed this college for a warden, ten fellows, three chaplains, three clerks, a master, an usher, seventy poor scholars, and sixteen choristers. After more than four centuries, it still flourishes in all its original importance. I must not forget the refectory and buttery hatch in the centre of the former is a large hearth, the roof immediately over it being higher than the rest; the sides are perforated, to discharge the smoke. A large mahogany box with a ponderous padlock daily receives the fragments of the dinner, which are immediately doled out to a certain number of poor women, with the addition of some good beer. This beverage, the bread, butter, and cheese, are dis-

persed from the buttery hatch, which is separated by a screen from the dining-room: the allowance is most liberal.

At the time of our visit, the boys happened to be cricketing in their playground, from which the spot on a neighbouring hill was pointed out to us where the celebrated song of *Duke Domus* was composed. The boy author who thus tried to solace his grief at being refused permission to go home at Christmas, died of the disappointment. At the commencement of every vacation, his song still reverberates through the school-room, as all the boys sing it, accompanied by a full band. From William of Wykeham's college we adjourned to the cathedral to hear Professor Willis's peripatetic lecture. He moved from the lady chapel to the transept, and from thence to the choir, aisle, and nave, explaining as he went the different alterations. In the evening we attended a brilliant soirée, kindly given by the dean to all the members of the association, as well as to the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood. The noble apartments of the deanery were well lighted, and the refreshments most *recherché*. Amongst the company, which amounted to four hundred, were such a host of distinguished men as could rarely be seen collected together. The drawing-rooms were once the great hall of the priory which was attached to the cathedral. There is a floor now placed between them and the roof, which forms a commodious suite of bedrooms. We went up stairs to see the fine arches, which doubtless were originally filled with stained glass. Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, owing to the accumulation of papers, two supplementary meetings were held in the county courts, formerly the hall of the castle of Winchester. The historical and mediæval section took place under the presidency of Mr Hallam, who, in his brief opening address, remarked, that although there are some defects belonging to the English historical school, yet its distinctive character is remarkable accuracy, arising from the patient and business habits of the people, which produce a more just appreciation of evidence than is usual among our continental neighbours. Mr Smirke read a most interesting paper on the building in which the meetings were then convened, and upon its noble ornament, King Arthur's Round Table, which is placed on the wall of the Nisi Prius Court, just over the judge's seat.

Mr Kemble read a paper on Saxon surnames, and showed, from an extensive and interesting series of examples, how the names of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were derived from their rank, pursuits, and occupations, and their qualities of mind or body. Next, Mr Hudson Turner read a paper on the ancient customs and usages of St Giles Fair, near Winchester, and then the meeting dispersed, in order to visit the abbey church of Romsey. The section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities, held at the same time as the preceding, was presided over by the well-known Egyptian traveller, Mr Hamilton. The dean of Hereford gave a detailed account of researches made under his superintendence at the ancient Roman station at Kenchester, near Hereford. He described the numerous traces of buildings, mosaic and other pavements, of which he exhibited drawings. He connected the introduction of Christianity into this kingdom with Caractacus, who, he said, was a prisoner in Rome at the same time with St Paul, and whose daughter Claudia is mentioned by that apostle in his second epistle to Timothy, chap. iv. 21. She was the wife of Pudens, also spoken of there. Short papers were then read by Mr Blossam on Roman burial-places, and by Lord Alwyn Compton (son to the noble president) on encaustic tiles. Mr W. H. Thoms read a most curious essay on coronals or roses as badges of honour, and on the golden rose annually blessed by the pope. Mr Thoms thought that kings bestowing coronals of roses on those whom they delighted to honour, was only a regal copy of the custom which prevailed at Rome. He gave a long list of those upon whom the pope was pleased to bestow this mark of consideration; amongst

the number, Henry VIII. received it from Julius II. in 1510; Philip and Mary from Pope Julius III.; and the king of the Belgians this year from the present pope. As soon as the sections were over, we drove to Romsey abbey church, eleven miles from Winchester. *En route* we passed through several pretty villages, the cottages of the labourers being everywhere decked in flowers.

Of the abbey founded at Romsey in the reign of Edward the elder, not a trace remains. The church is of the same class as that at St Cross, and displays an instructive mixture of the peculiarities and style of various successive periods. The Rev. J. L. Petit and Mr Cockerell explained the plan of the edifice. In all the excursions two or three gentlemen, learned in architectural lore, invariably acted as cicerones to as many different parties. In the external wall of the south transept is a curious sculptured figure of Christ on the cross, about five and a half feet high, with a hand from the clouds above pointing to it; and near it is evidence, that to one of the masons who repaired the wall, 'reading and writing did not come by nature,' the word *who* being built into it, turned upside down, evidently part of a tombstone. I felt a peculiar interest in this church, as our Princess Matilda, daughter to Malcolm III., was educated here by the Benedictine nuns, who were then in possession of the abbey. The Hon. Gerard Noel, the vicar, is now restoring it to its ancient splendour, and has contributed himself nearly two thousand pounds. Mr Albert Way collected seventy pounds by begging from every one on this occasion for the same purpose. Lord Northampton took drawings of the most curious arches, and asked questions which elicited much information: his lordship always looked as if he were engaged just upon a matter or subject chosen by himself. This evening a public dinner took place at the St John's Rooms, which was attended by 170 members of the association.

Friday morning, at half-past nine, we all left Winchester by railway, some for Porchester Castle, others for Southampton, Netley Abbey, or Beaulieu Abbey. Our party went to Southampton, and from thence crossed over the river to Netley Abbey. Little now remains but the east window and southern transept to tell of the glories of its once magnificent church. The kitchen, chapter, and refectory, may still be distinctly traced, but in complete ruin. It was once beautifully mantled o'er with ivy; but although the removal of this covering has detracted from the beauty of the ruin, yet one must rejoice, as it induces decay. Several trees have sprung up amongst these mouldering walls, adding much to the beauty of the place. After satisfying our curiosity, we set off for Porchester Castle, distant about thirteen miles. On the way, we passed some fine old seats and pretty village churches. Porchester Castle is one of the most interesting ruins in England; it was the *Portus Magnus* of the Romans, under whose walls their galleys lay for 400 years. It was also the chief fort of Britain, and the origin of the dockyard at Portsmouth. The walls of the *enceinte* are perfect, and built on Roman foundations; the Norman keep is likewise nearly so; and there are considerable remains of buildings of the fifteenth century. French prisoners, to the number of about 8000, were confined here during the revolutionary war. After the fall of the French West India possessions, the garrisons of St Vincent and other islands, chiefly emancipated negroes, were imprisoned here, and, sorrowful to relate, many hundreds died from cold during the ensuing severe winter. The floors which were temporarily laid for the prisoners are now pulled up; but the large holes into which they were fastened remain open, and the spots are well marked where the chimney once smoked. Awful scenes took place here during the residence of the French, as they took advantage of the slightest reticence to attack the sentinels, in the hope of escaping. The church in the quadrangle is a fine Norman structure, originally cruciform, but the south transept is destroyed. The west front is very rich,

and has undergone less alteration than any similar structure in England of the same date. It was the church of the priory founded by King Henry I. within the walls of the castle, and removed twenty years after to Southwick, distant three miles. We all enjoyed our trip very much, and returned by railway from Fareham to Winchester, where it was necessary to despatch dinner quickly, in order to get to the St John's Rooms in time to hear the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne's paper⁴ On the Architecture and Peculiarities of the Fortress and Church at Porchester, which he illustrated by elaborate drawings of all the Roman stations round the coast. John Gough Nichols, editor and proprietor of the Gentleman's Magazine, read a curious paper, developing the secret history of a passage in the lives of Margaret, Duchess-dowager of Savoy, regent of the Netherlands, daughter to the Emperor Maximilian, and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Two of the lady's letters proved they had been contracted whilst he was under promise to marry another: and the sequel of the story is still more extraordinary; for notwithstanding this double nuptial engagement, the duke actually married a third lady, Mary, sister to Henry VIII., and dowager-queen of France.

Saturday morning, again at the County Courts. Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart. read a manuscript account of the magnificence and various pageants which took place at the marriage of the Duke of Burgundy with the Princess Margaret, sister to Edward IV., king of England. Mr Hawkins (British Museum) delivered an instructive address upon the 'Ancient Mint and Exchange of Winchester.' All our mints are taken from the Greek, particularly from Macedon; during the sway of the Romans in Britain, their money circulated here; after their departure, it became very spurious. King Athelstan was the first sovereign who cared to have a pure or good coinage. The Saxons had the name of their king on one side of their money, and that of the moneyer on the other. Winchester was of so much importance formerly, that, whilst there were eight moneyers appointed for London, there were six for that city. The coinage became so much adulterated in Henry II.'s time, that he issued a command that all the moneyers should assemble in Winchester, and be there tried for their evil-doings; three men alone were found to have acted honestly, and, to the honour of Winchester, they were her sons. They attained great esteem, whilst all the rest were condemned either to lose an eye or an ear as a punishment for their malpractices: 1248 appears to be the latest date of the money coined at Winchester. After leaving the court-house, we visited the subterranean passage which has been recently opened: it appears to have commenced near the north-west end of the County Hall; and, descending into the earth in an eastern direction, branches off into two distinct passages, one running into the town, the other most probably terminating without the outer wall. It was the private entrance into the castle either from the town or country, when siege or other circumstances rendered necessary a secure and secret admission into this stronghold of arbitrary power. It is a lofty and ample passage, built solidly of stone, with the remains of flights of stone steps, affording easy egress and ingress. The gentleman to whom it belongs kindly had it illuminated.

At two o'clock we again assembled, having had only one hour's respite, when several papers on churches were read, one particularly good, by A. J. Beresford Hope, Esq. M.P., on the priory church at Christchurch, Hants.⁵ The last paper I shall notice at this sitting was one which brought out a great number of curious customs which obtained formerly in England. It was entitled 'The Ancient Parliament at Acton Burnell,' in Shropshire, and was by Mr Hartshorne. This little village, picturesquely placed near the Stratton Hills in Shropshire, and contiguous to a Roman road, is remarkable in its history, as possessing buildings that illustrate the ecclesiastical and domestic architec-

ture of the time of Edward I., and for having been the spot where a parliament had been assembled in the thirteenth year of his reign, that has given rise to a discussion on the constitutional formation of our early national conventions that still admits of consideration.' Henry III. gave it to Robert Burnell, the clerk of Edward, his eldest son, in 1265. Nicholas Burnell, the descendant of this Robert, was the cause of a very curious heraldic dispute in the Court of Chivalry with Robert de Morley, on account of the arms that Nicholas bore in right of certain lands of the barony of Burnell, bestowed on him by his mother. De Morley and Burnell became both arrayed in the same arms at the siege of Calais in 1346, the latter challenged the arms as belonging to the Burnells only, having at the time under his command a hundred men, on whose banners they were displayed. The dispute was referred to the Court of Chivalry, held on the sands before Bohun, Earl of Northampton, high constable of England. It lasted several days, finally terminating by the king himself requesting Lord Burnell to permit Robert de Morley to bear the arms in dispute for his life only, which Nicholas assented to. The judgment on this question was given in the church, and immediately proclaimed by a herald throughout the whole army.

The dean gave us all much pleasure this evening, by permitting the cathedral to be opened for one hour, from eight until nine o'clock, and a few lights to be placed in it. The effect was truly beautiful; the lofty arches, with the 'long drawn aisles' dimly seen through the obscure light, with the pealing tones of the organ, reminded me so strongly of the great days of the Roman church, that I almost fancied I heard the deep voices of the monks chanting their midnight mass. From the cathedral we adjourned to St John's Rooms, and were much edified by Dr Whewell's paper on the distinction of styles in architecture in general, and their names. It was read by Mr Petit, as the writer had taken his departure. Several other interesting matters were brought before the meeting; and at nearly twelve o'clock, we all separated rather tired.

Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, the gorgeous cathedral was filled to overflowing, and the service was, as is usual here, admirably performed. The voices of the choristers in chanting were very fine, and, with the reading of the dean, the whole was a treat which I shall not soon forget.

Monday, at noon, the indefatigable marquis again took the chair. The room was crowded; the chief business being to pass votes of thanks to different societies and individuals who had aided the association, and to fix the next place of meeting. The number of subscribing members was mentioned by Mr Albert Way as amounting to 700. Lord Northampton then drew attention to the causes of the division in the association, read part of his correspondence with Lord Albert Conyngham, and descanted on the terms proposed to the other party. Then came a discussion on the next place of assemblage; when York was finally fixed on; after which, various complimentings took place. The dean of Winchester was most happy, both in his address to the president and members of the body. The Marquis of Northampton, having agreed to take the chair for the ensuing year until the general meeting, when he hoped they would have some person connected with the locality to take the office, and under whom he should be proud to act as vice-president, dissolved the meeting amidst general cheers.

Thus ended this pleasant meeting, and with a most delightful week I have passed for a long time; and although, my dear * * *, I trust have sorely tried your patience; yet, as it has afforded me so much pleasure, I could not refrain from imparting a share of it to you. By four o'clock, Winchester was again left to its former dulness, and we set off for Salisbury, the cathedral of which town has been frequently paired with that of Winchester. The former being airy, light, and graceful, has been compared to the lady; while the

latter, ponderous, majestic, and massive, has been called the gentleman. I must now bid you adieu, hoping that, although you may not be entertained by this long epistle, yet that you may have learned something by it. And remain yours, &c.

PHYSIOLOGY OF GENIUS.

It is noticed by a writer who was present at a meeting of the British Association, that one feature was nearly universal among the philosophers there assembled; namely, a certain expansion of the head, which habit teaches us to connect on all occasions with superior intellect. This is an observation which we have often made at the meetings of learned societies; and we have further remarked, that the fact is more frequently to be noticed among men of science—as naturalists, experimental chemists, &c.—than among purely literary men. Whatever may be said of the internal capacity, the thickness of skull is, we apprehend, no mark of mind either way. That of Buchanan is said to have been as thin as paper. On the other hand, the braincase of Porson, the first Greek scholar of modern times, was discovered to be exceedingly thick. Gall, on being required to reconcile Porson's tenacious memory with so thick a receptacle for it, is said to have replied—'I have nothing to do with how the ideas got into such a skull; but once in, I will defy them ever to get out again.'

If there be any feature in which genius always shows itself, it is the eye, which has been aptly called the index of the soul. 'We have seen,' says Mr Jerdan, 'every other part of the human face divine without indications of the spirit within—the mouth which spoke not of the talent possessed, and the brow that indicated no powers of the capacious mind—but we never knew a superior nature which the eye did not proclaim.' The Greeks and all the Oriental nations regarded the brightness of the eye as a supernatural sign. The emerald eyes of their gods shone with mysterious splendour through the gloom of the Adytum. Availing themselves of this prevalent belief, impostors have sought to deceive men by an assumed lustre of countenance. Dr Leyden tells us that Ibn Makna, the founder of the Maknayan sect, hid himself from the public gaze, and covered his features with a veil; asserting that no eye could endure the glory of his countenance. To support this deception, he prepared some burning mirrors, placing them in such a situation that the rays fell upon the faces of those who approached him. Having taken these precautions, he uncovered his face, and directing his votaries to draw nigh, the foremost were struck by the burning rays, and retired exclaiming, 'We cannot look upon him, but he gazes upon us.' Many tender and beautiful things have been said of eyes; yet how inferior to the sweet things uttered by themselves! A full eye seems to have been esteemed the most expressive. Such was the eye that enchained the soul of Pericles. The American writer Halliburton declares he would not give a piece of tobacco for the nose, except to tell when a dinner is good; nor a farthing for the mouth, except as a kennel for the tongue; but the eye—'study that,' says he, 'and you will read any man's heart as plain as a book.'

Galileo's eyes were remarkably penetrating; so were those of Linnaeus, which were hazel, and possessed that exquisite power of vision which naturalists are generally noted for. Alexander Wilson's eyes were quick, sharp, and intelligent, especially when he was engaged in conversation. This ornithologist visited, when in New York, the celebrated Thomas Paine, author of the 'Rights of Man,' and describes him as possessing a Bardolph kind of face; 'but the penetration and intelligence of his eye bespoke the man of genius and of the world.' Shelley's eyes were noted for their beauty. Otway had a thoughtful, speaking eye. Sir Humphrey Davy had 'a glowing eye, the finest and brightest,' says Lockhart, 'that ever I saw.' Colley Cibber's eyes were small, but all vivacity and sparkle. When reciting any great deed, Sir Walter Scott's eyes, and his whole countenance, would kindle with a congenial expression. A native of Weimar, describing Goethe's eyes, 'his eyes were like two lights.' Hazlitt had an expressive eye. Coleridge's greenish-gray eyes were very quick, yet steady and penetrating. Audubon, speaking of Bewick, says he had 'a large head, with fine sparkling eyes, placed farther apart than those of any other man that I have ever seen.' To draw a phrenological inference from this observation, it may be concluded that Bewick possessed, in a

most wonderful degree, the organ of form, which is indicated by the breadth between the eyes, or, which is the same thing, by the breadth of the bridge of the nose. The same peculiarity is observable in a celebrated living author, Mr Thomas Carlyle, whose eyes are placed at an unusual distance apart, and their spiritual intensity of expression is extraordinary, being only equalled in this respect by those of Leigh Hunt, which are singularly fine and expressive, tinged with a watchfulness and melancholy which persecution has put into them, but without dimming the cheerfulness with which the heart and mind ever light them up.

Many authors have been remarkable for excessive mildness of countenance. This was the case with Milton. In some very touching and affectionate verses, Spenser has recorded the gentle benignity of Sir Philip Sidney's countenance, which formed the correct index of his temper. His voice was so sweet and agreeable, that by one of his contemporaries he is styled nectar-tongued Sidney. The countenance of Kirke White was rendered particularly interesting by an air of great humility and diffidence.

Byron says nothing is so characteristic of good birth as the smallness of the hands. We believe, however, that small hands are not nearly so common among noblemen, especially those who are addicted to active field-sports, as among authors, whose fists are rarely employed in any other work but holding the pen, and therefore do not attain to a large and muscular development. Miss Costello, describing Jasmin, the poetical harper, not only notices his 'black sparkling eyes, of intense expression,' but 'his handsome hands.' Mozart, though not vain of having written the 'Requiem,' was rather conceited about the proportion of his hands and feet.

Ugo Foscolo has left us a circumstantial and rather flattering description of himself, written in Italian, from which the following is translated:—

A furrowed brow, intent and deep sunk eyes,
Fair hair, Jean cheeks, are mine, and aspect bold;
The proud quick lip, where seldom smiles arise;
Bent head and fine-formed neck; breast rough and cold,
Limbs well composed; simple in dress, yet choicer;
Swift or to grove, sat, think, or thoughts unfold;
Temperate, firm, kind, unused to flattering lies;
Adverse to the world, adverse to me of old.
Ofttimes alone and mournful. Evermore
Most pensive—all unmoved by hope or fear;
By shame made timid, and by anger brave—
My subtle reason speaks; but ah! I rave;
'Twixt vice and virtue, hardly know to steer;
Death may for me have fame and rest in store.

RETENTIVE MEMORIES.

Magliabecchi, the founder of the great library at Florence (himself no author, but the collector of many), had so wonderful a memory, that Gibbon styled him 'la memoire personnalisee'—memory personified. At one period of his life, Seneca could repeat two thousand words precisely as they had been pronounced. Gassendi had acquired by heart six thousand Latin verses, and the whole of Lucretius's poem, *De Rerum Natura*. In order to give his memory sufficient exercise, he was in the habit of daily reciting six hundred verses from different languages. Saunderson, another mathematician, was able to repeat all Horace's odes, and a great part of other Latin authors. La Crosse, after listening to twelve verses in as many languages, could not only repeat them in the order in which he had heard them, but could also transpose them. Pope had an excellent memory, and many persons have amused themselves by looking through his writings, and pointing out how often he had brought it into play. He was able to turn with great readiness to the precise place in a book where he had seen any passage that had struck him. John Leyden had a very peculiar faculty for getting things by rote, and he could repeat correctly any long dry document, such as a deed or act of parliament, after having heard it read; but if he wanted any single paragraph, he was obliged to begin at the commencement, and proceed with his recital until he came to what he required. There was a French novelist who, being like our Richardson, a printer, composed a volume in types, and thus the book was printed without having been written. Bishop Warburton had a prodigious memory, which he taxed to an extraordinary degree. His 'Divine Legation' would lead one to suppose that he had indistiguibly collected and noted down the innumerable facts and quota-

tions there introduced; but the fact is, that his only notebook was an old almanac, in which, he occasionally jotted down a thought. Scalliger obtained so perfect an acquaintance with one Latin book, that he offered to repeat any passage with a dagger at his breast, to be used against him in case of a failure of memory.

THE ADVENT OF TRUTH.

A TIME there is, though-fog its dawn may be,
And shadows thick are brooding on the main,
When, like the sun upspringing from the sea,
Truth shall arise, with Freedom in its train;

And Light upon its forehead, as a star
Upon the brow of heaven, to shed its rays
Among all people, wheresoe'er they are,
And shower upon them calm and happy days.

As sunshine comes with healing on its wing,
After long nights of sorrow and unrest,
Solace and peace, and sympathy to bring
To the grieved spirit and unquiet breast.

No more shall then be heard the slave's deep groan,
Nor man man's inhumanity deplore;
All strife shall cease, and war shall be unknown,
And the world's golden age return once more.

And nations now that, with Oppression's hand,
Are to the dust of earth with sorrow bowed,
Shall then erect, in fearless vigour, stand,
And with recovered freedom shout aloud.

Along with Truth, Wisdom, her sister-twin,
Shall come—they two are never far apart—
At their approach, to some lone cavern Sin
Shall cowering flee, as stricken to the heart.

Right shall then temper Justice, as 'tis meet
It should, and Justice give to Right its own;
Might shall its sword throw underneath its feet,
And Tyranny, unkinged, fall off its throne.

Then let us live in hope, and still prepare
Us and our children for the end, that they
Instruct may those who after them shall heir,
To watch and wait the coming of that day.

—Poems by William Anderson. 1845.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN BAMBOO.

The *guadua*, or South American bamboo, abounds in many of the tropical parts of that continent, forming rather large groves along the banks of the rivers. This is a gigantic species of cane, growing to the height of ninety feet, and frequently even more, with a beautiful feathery appearance. The upper part bends gracefully downward, and is covered with long slender branches, which spring from the joints, and bear very small light leaves. This cane is extremely useful for the purpose of building houses and bridges, as well as for fencing plantations, and surrounding the corrals or cattle pens, as it resists the weather for many years. The thickest parts serve for beams, posts, and rafters. They are also formed into broad planks, by being split open longitudinally with an axe, and spread out, by cutting through the alternate joints at sufficient distances to allow of their hanging together. In this state they answer very well for roofing and for flooring the upper storey, which is that which is generally inhabited in the marshy districts. The *guadua* also serves for making bedsteads, tables, and benches, which are both light and neat. The walls of the houses are made of the small branches, tied closely together, fastened with thin thongs of raw hide, and plastered over with clay. The thickest canes, being frequently eight or nine inches in diameter, are made into buckets, by cutting off joints for that purpose. Small barrels are also made in the same way. The *guadua* is also in great demand for building bridges across the narrow rivers in the plains.—*W. Widdell.*

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VISIT TO THE ABERDEEN SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

ONE morning lately I found myself crossing the Firth of Forth on a journey northwards, which had for some time hung on my mind as a thing which must be sooner or later accomplished. It was a self-imposed mission to Aberdeen, for the purpose of making myself acquainted with a class of humble institutions possessed by that city. To undertake a journey of a hundred miles, in the raw weather of October, merely to see two or three charity schools, may appear somewhat Quixotic. But nothing which is really useful is altogether ridiculous. The schools to be examined, though obscurely nestling in the heart of a distant northern town, had been more than once spoken of in the interesting reports of the Inspector of Scottish Prisons, as not only meritorious in themselves, but likely to prove extensively useful, if made as generally known as they deserved to be. Behold me, then, on this expedition. Crossing the Firths of Forth and Tay, I had afterwards a long and not very agreeable ride; but the pleasure of a couple of days' loitering amidst the hospitalities of old Bon-Accord, were more than a compensation for all deficiencies in the journey—a couple of rainy days included.

Before saying a single word on the objects of my inquiry, I may allude to what is doubtless a very observable and lamentable feature in all our large towns—the number of poor ragged children, apparently homeless and parentless wanderers, who, like troops of wild animals, roam about our streets, begging for morsels of food, or whining for the more acceptable donation of a halfpenny from the better-dressed passengers. Against these urelms the police wage a constant but ineffectual war. Committing no precise statutory offence, the law has a difficulty in dealing with them very severely. When brought before a magistrate accused of begging, the ready reply is, 'that they did it because they had nothing to eat.' Pursuing the inquiry, it is probably discovered that their parents are in the most abject state of poverty, or perhaps so lost to all sense of decency, that, whatever be their means, they think it no disgrace to send out their children daily to pick up a precarious subsistence in the streets. Perplexed, and in some degree distressed with these revelations, the magistrate dismisses the complaint. The police, aware of what is next to ensue, still watch the progress of the culprits. It requires little foresight on their part to discover that children of eight or nine years of age, sent out day after day to beg their bread, will acquire habits of restless idleness, which will unfit them for steady industry; and that by nothing short of a miracle can they avoid becoming habitual and reputed thieves. Reaching this stage in their miserable career, they fall within the legitimate scope of the statutes made and

provided for the punishment of crime, and now the magistracy are able to see their line of duty more clearly before them. Hitherto, the culprits may be said to have been below the law: now, they have grown up to it. The law has been waiting patiently for the event, and it has at length arrived. Appearing on a charge of theft, they are sent to prison, where, so far as relates to personal comfort, they are infinitely better off than in their own miserable dwellings. Although for a time they have lost their liberty, they are not exposed to the pangs of hunger. The term of imprisonment expires before they have thoroughly imbibed the lessons of industry, morality, and religion inculcated; and when dismissed, they very naturally resort to their former practices, with the knowledge that the jail is not the terrible place it has been represented to be. Undeterred from crime by confinement, they are often found inmates of the same prison two or three times in the course of a year. All is of no use. They are, according to police notions, incorrigible. Admonitions from judges on the bench, admonitions from teachers and preachers in prison, threats of transportation, and, it may be, the gallows, go pretty much for nothing. Advancing from smaller to greater crimes, they usually finish as shop or housebreakers; and, coming before the higher tribunals, they are sent to close their miserable existence in the hulks or penal colonies.

That such is the ordinary rise, progress, and termination of the career of those numerous juvenile vagrants whose presence afflicts society, is too notorious to require any verification. Where the poor-law chances to be administered in a benign and comprehensive spirit, the spectacle of infant mendicants and thieves is less flagrant than in those places where its efficacy is little better than a sham; but as a general fact, the thing is incontestable. I know of no town, at least in the northern part of the United Kingdom, in which the condition of the poor and their offspring has not, up till the present moment, been a scandal to a Christian community.

This great and growing evil has not been unnoticed by the more philanthropic portion of society. Private benevolence, stepping forward where public duty had been remiss, has done much to lessen the amount of juvenile pauperism, as is testified by the variety of hospitals, houses of refuge, and such-like institutions. Nevertheless, all helps put together, leave not a little to be done. Beggar children are still seen in the streets, and until that social malady disappears, crime, as a matter of course, must continue to flourish. The reader will now be prepared for understanding the full value of the institutions which fell under my observation in Aberdeen. They are schools got up for the express purpose of extinguishing juvenile mendicancy; and they have done it.

Towards the end of the year 1841, it became a matter of painful remark in Aberdeen, that, notwithstanding all that was done by the ordinary means for suppressing mendicancy, there were still two hundred and eighty children under fourteen years of age known to maintain themselves by begging, having no other visible means of subsistence; and that seventy-seven children, of whom only about one-half could either read or write, were, within the preceding twelve months, inmates of the prisons. In other words, there were, out of the mass, seventy-seven children already advanced to the criminal stage, the others making a daily progress towards it. The announcement of these startling facts roused inquiry, and led to a subscription for the purpose of establishing a school of industry, in which pauper boys, from eight to fourteen years of age, might receive daily shelter, food, work, and education. The school was opened on the 1st of October 1841, the pupils consisting partly of homeless boys from the house of refuge, and partly of boys who were gathered from the lowest haunts in the town. From the amount of funds subscribed at the time not exceeding £100, the committee felt it necessary to limit the number of admissions to sixty. The primary claim to admission was destitution, and that claim, once established, entitled the boy to attend the school, and to receive food and education in return for the profits of his labour. During the first six months, 106 boys were admitted, and the average daily attendance was 37. Afterwards, the average increased to from 40 to 50. The removal of so many boys from the streets not only occasioned a perceptible diminution in the swarms of street beggars, but the superintendent of police reported that, subsequent to the opening of the school, a considerable decrease in juvenile delinquencies had taken place. This was corroborated by the Inspector of Prisons, who, in his seventh report to parliament, observes that 'during the half year ending 20th May 1841, 30 boys under fourteen years of age were committed to prison in Aberdeen; but that during the half year ending 20th May 1842, the number was only six.' This marked success led to the establishment, in 1843, of a similar school for girls; which proved equally efficacious. The apparatus for extirpating juvenile mendicancy and crime, however, was not yet complete. Children who, from bad character, or some other cause, could not be received into either of the schools, remained unprovided for; while many parents, who made profits by their children begging, withdrew them, and the streets continued to be infested by the worst description of juvenile mendicants, almost all of them being known to the police as common thieves. It was evident that an additional institution was desirable, and that it should be conducted on the broadest principle of admission. A school of industry on a new plan, supplementary to the others, was accordingly resolved on.

This school, quite novel, I believe, in Britain, was opened on the 19th of May in the present year. On that day the authorities, taking advantage of powers in the local police act, issued instructions to seize and bring to this new school of industry every boy and girl found begging. Upwards of seventy children were brought in. Instead of being treated as criminals, they were washed, fed, given some little instruction, and when dismissed in the evening, were informed that they might or might not return next day, but that it was resolved that street-begging should no longer be tolerated. Nearly all came back voluntarily; and so on from day to day has the school ever since been in operation, the average attendance being about fifty. The expectations of the benevolent founders of the institution were to the utmost extent realised. Not a begging or vagrandering child was to be seen in the streets, nor, as far as general observation goes, has there been till the present day. I was grieved to learn that great financial difficulties were experienced in establishing this interesting school. Sceptical of its suc-

cess or utility, the public did not readily contribute funds for its support, and the whole money in hand when it was begun amounted to no more than £4. Some aid, however, was obtained from the police authorities: they pay a male and female police officer, who act as teachers; and the institution was fortunate in obtaining the gratuitous use of a vacant soup kitchen and its appendages, which answer as cooking and school-rooms. From this localisation, it is known as the soup-kitchen school.

On the day after my arrival, I made a round of visits to these different schools, commencing with the school of industry for boys, to which I have first alluded. Occupying a species of garret in an old building near the house of refuge, it owes nothing to exterior or internal decoration; but with that I was the better pleased. The too common practice of lodging subject pauper children in fine houses, is in my opinion fraught with the worst consequences. In this garret, which was large, clean, and airy, I found nearly fifty little boys, of the ordinary ragged class whom one is accustomed to see roaming about the streets. They were seated around the place, at a proper distance from each other, in perfect silence, under the eye of a superintendent; and were occupied, some in teasing hair for mattresses, some in picking oakum, and others in making nets. To relieve the irksomeness of the employment, they occasionally sing in full chorus; and to give me a specimen of their powers in this respect, they all struck up a hymn, in a style at least equal to what is usually heard in country pariah churches. Next, a bundle of copy-books was laid before me; and a few, who seemed to be a kind of novices, not yet fully trained, gave me a specimen of their reading powers. Beneath, was a room fitted up with benches, which answers as school and eating-room; and here, on my second visit, I saw the whole at dinner, each with a hunch of bread and tin of barley broth before him—the food being supplied from the adjoining house of refuge.

The discipline of the school is a happy blending of instruction with exercise and industrial training. The pupils meet at seven o'clock in the morning; first, they receive religious instruction suited to their capacities, after which their attention is directed to the elements of geography, and the more striking facts of natural history, till nine o'clock. On two mornings of each week, an hour is devoted to instruction in vocal music. From nine to ten they get breakfast, which consists of porridge and milk. At ten they return to school, and are employed at different kinds of work till two in the afternoon. From two to three they dine, usually on broth, beef, and bread; occasionally on potatoes, soup, &c. From three to four they either work within doors, or, if the weather permit, are employed in the gardens partly in recreation. From four to seven they are instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. At seven they get supper, same as breakfast; and are dismissed to their homes for the night at eight o'clock. A half holiday is allowed on Saturday after dinner, and on other days the half of each meal hour is allowed for recreation; and occasionally, when other arrangements allow, and the conduct of the scholars appears to deserve it, an hour or two is devoted to out-of-door exercise. On Sunday morning, the scholars assemble at half-past eight o'clock, get breakfast at nine, attend public worship in the house of refuge during the forenoon, and after dinner return home, to enable them, if so disposed, to attend church with their relations. At five o'clock they meet again in school, and are catechised; get supper at seven; and are dismissed as on other days.

The labour to which the scholars are put, such as teasing hair and net-making, is of a light nature, requiring no great exertion, and does not seem by any means irksome. At net-making several boys have acquired great expertness, and can easily earn a penny an hour. If a sufficiency of this kind of employment could be procured, the school would soon be self-sup-

porting. Unfortunately, this is not the case; and, as a general average, the amount of each boy's earnings is at present about 28s. per annum; such, however, being exclusive of the profits of a garden, which, if taken into account, would make the yearly earnings nearly 30s. This sum is inadequate for the support of the institution, which, therefore, on its present footing, requires public assistance. During the past year the expenditure was L.809, and the earnings L.95; the sum actually required for the maintenance of the establishment being thus L.214.

On the whole, the spectacle of this little colony of workers was satisfactory. A peculiar feature, remarked by every visitor of the school, is the order and quiet contentment manifested by the boys, and the interest with which they seem to pursue their several occupations. Acquiring habits of industry, they are gradually prepared for employment in the factories, to which, when the proper time arrives, they have little difficulty in gaining admission. And such we might naturally expect to be a result of the training here acquired. There is evidently a virtue in labour, which cannot be secured by mere theoretic teaching; and I only lamented, on leaving the institution, that means are not formed for considerably extending the field of its operations.

The next school to which I was introduced was the female school of industry, situated in a more open part of the town, and in a house of more extensive accommodations. This institution, which I visited several times, is conducted under the auspices of a body of ladies, and superintended by a resident female teacher and assistant. The pupils, about fifty in number, are gathered from the humblest homes in the city. The routine of labour is more various, and perhaps more practically useful, than that of the boys. Besides being taught to sew, they assist in cooking and other household operations, and therefore may be said to be in a course of preparation for entering domestic service. Neat, clean, and orderly in appearance, and under moral and religious instruction, I should expect that the aim of the founders of the institution would be fully realised. The produce of the sewing done in the school helps to meet the current expenditure. After the instructions and labours of the day, the pupils are dismissed to their respective residences for the night. On Sunday they attend church in a body, dressed in garments which remain with, and belong to the institution. At this, as well as the other schools which I visited, the principal reading-books appeared to be favourite numbers of the work edited and published by my brother and myself under the title of 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts.' Stitched in strong brown paper, they were described as forming an exceedingly acceptable species of class-books, and I was satisfied, by cross-questioning the pupils, that they really comprehended and took an interest in what they read.

The last of my visits to the female school of industry was in the evening on the occasion of the inmates being treated to tea and some musical entertainments by the lady patronesses, as a reward for good conduct; and it was gladdening to see the pleasure which universally beamed in their rosy countenances. It has been on divers occasions observed of this institution, that the plan of dismissing the children every evening, and sending them home to the wretched, if not polluting homes of their parents, must be calculated to root out any beneficial impressions made on their minds during the day; but while there may be some truth in remarks of this kind, it admits of the most convincing evidence that, as a general principle, home lodgment is attended with the best effects. Domestic affections continue in activity; the child is delighted to return home at night, and to repeat the lessons and rules of conduct learned at school; and frequent instances have been known of a decided improvement in the character of the parent through the humble efficacy of the child. Each little girl may be considered a species of missionary

of civilisation, reaching and influencing the most miserable hovels. I was informed that it is a matter for observation, that the houses of the parents of these children were in general much more cleanly than others of a similar class. Such are some of the practical benefits of this well-directed institution.

The school next in order to which my attention was directed, was that under the charge of the police in the soup kitchen. Here, as I said before, compulsion was the primary agent of attendance; the streets being daily swept of every begging child, each of whom, on being caught, was forthwith marched off to school. Such, it appears, were the attractions of warmth and daily food, that in a short space of time attendance became not only voluntary, but as regular as at any of the other schools in town. I found forty-six children, of an age varying from seven or eight to twelve or thirteen years, divided into two separate classes—the boys under a male, and the girls under a female instructor. Seated in an orderly manner on benches, the boys were picking oakum, and the girls were in the course of receiving lessons in sewing. The plainest elements of reading and writing, with religious knowledge and singing, are the sum of the general education. They are received at eight o'clock in the morning, and dismissed at half-past seven in the evening; having, during the day, in the intervals of labour, instruction, and exercise, received breakfast, dinner, and supper—the food, which is cooked in the premises, being of the same plain kind as is dispensed at the house of refuge. The children in this school had a much less tidy appearance than those in either of the other schools I visited; yet there seemed nothing like discontent. All were cheerful at their allotted tasks, and on the teacher raising the note, they set off in a hymn with becoming spirit. One could not contemplate the scene presented by the well-filled apartment without emotion. Nearly fifty human beings rescued from a life of mendicancy and crime—the town rid of a perplexing nuisance—private and public property spared—and the duties of courts of justice reduced almost to a sinecure!

Considering the manifest advantages of this very interesting school, it is a subject of regret that it continues to experience financial difficulties which threaten to bring it to a close. The loan of the soup kitchen being only during pleasure, and likely to be withdrawn in the course of the approaching winter, and there being no funds wherewith to hire any other apartments, the school is not expected to maintain its footing many weeks longer. This is a result, however, which, it is to be trusted, the Aberdonians will not suffer to come to pass. Yet on private benevolence neither this nor the other schools ought to be thrown. If it be the duty of the state to pay for the punishment of crime, should it not with equal reason pay for its prevention? To my mind, there would be nothing more absurd in leaving courts of justice and prisons to be supported by voluntary contributions of shillings and half-crowns, than in the present practice, here and elsewhere, of leaving the prevention of crime to private caprice and benevolence. It is only, indeed, a public board, drawing its revenue alike from all, and armed with legal powers, that can conduct these crime-preventive institutions without risk of social injury. It must not be forgotten,

* In a note which I have since received from Mr Robert Barclay, superintendent of police in Aberdeen, after alluding to the diminution of begging and stealing by the establishment of the boys' and girls' school of industry, he observes that, in consequence of the opening and continuance of the soup-kitchen school, 'there are now no begging children in the town, though there may be in the outskirts, and when any are found, they are taken to the school. Complaints of thefts by children are now seldom made, while at one time the complaints were numerous. Formerly, numbers of children (as many as ten at a time) were brought to the police-office; now, few are ever brought. I think the schools have tended greatly to diminish juvenile vagrancy and delinquency. Several of the children from the soup-kitchen school—and these of the worst character—have got into employment, and are working steadily.'

that, productive as these schools are of good, unless great caution be exercised, they may silently weaken the motives to industry, and providence among the working-classes, and thereby impair the general framework of society. Parents who have brought children into existence, whom, from their own idleness, drunkenness, or improvidence, they are unable to maintain, and whom they cast as a burden on others, ought themselves, in law and reason, to be placed in a state of discipline and restraint, so that the evil may at least be stopped. By means of the recently-established poor-law, the double object of training neglected and destitute children aright, and of putting their parents under control, I should hope will be satisfactorily attained.

Before quitting Aberdeen I visited some other schools—one an evening school for girls employed in the different factories, and doing, I was told, much good; but these do not come within the scope of the present paper. My object has been to spread the knowledge of a class of humble industrial schools, which, within the sphere of their operation, have been of incalculable service. They have in a great measure, at an insignificant cost, rid a large town of the elements out of which its prisons have hitherto been filled, transforming a wicked and miserable horde of beings into useful members of society.

W. C.

ZOOLOGY OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

It is common to make claims for poetry beyond its more obvious qualities of fancy and eloquence; but when was there ever an error or a delusion corrected by a poet? Even Shakespeare only puts into more engaging terms the common notions of mankind in his own and preceding ages. Not one new philosophical idea proceeds from him; nor does he correct any prevailing form of belief which reigned in his time. It is the object of a little volume which has been lately published, to show how much of error runs through the works of our chief poets, even with regard to the familiar animals.* The fact is, they take popular views of such subjects, and never seek to be more correct than the simple swains whom they praise so much. Much more apt are they to stamp a superstition about animals with classical authority, than to attempt either to inculcate humane views respecting them, or to impart fresh and more valuable knowledge.

The popular, and consequently poetical ideas about animals, are usually of a very capricious nature. One animal is a favourite without any real merit; another is an object of dislike, although no charge can be brought against it. For example, the Robin-redbreast enjoys universal regard, apparently for no other reason but that he approaches our houses when pinched by cold and hunger. Thus esteemed, he has become the subject of superstitious legends. One is expressed in Webster's wild play of the *White Devil*—

'Call for the redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.'

'And in the ballad of the *Children in the Wood*—

'No burial these pretty babes
From any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.'

which stanza, Addison thinks, must have saved thousands of redbreasts from destruction. The Irish, again, tell that the Robin acquired his scarlet gorget from hovering near our Saviour at the time of his crucifixion, the few drops of blood which fell upon him being allowed to remain as a record of his fidelity. The actual character of the redbreast is certainly very opposite to the popular ideas; for he is a solitary and selfish bird, who

fights with, and never rests till he destroys or beats off, any one of his own species who dares to intrude upon what he considers as his own domain. On the other hand, the toad, which modern naturalists affirm to be a harmless animal, is an object of disgust and horror, merely on account of its ugly exterior, and is persecuted and killed wherever it appears.

The little volume before us will help to introduce more just feelings respecting animals, and for this reason we should rejoice to see it extensively circulated. The author has been extremely industrious, both in collecting allusions to animals from the poets, and corrections upon these from the writings of the naturalists. The whole is presented in a simple and unpretending style. We shall briefly run over a few of the more conspicuous articles.

The ant is no longer to be reputed as the pattern of industry, which it has been rendered by popular error. It neither stores grain pickles, nor bites off their ends to prevent them from germinating. It is a carnivorous animal, living upon small insects and the juices of aphides, which it extracts at pleasure; and, in reality, putting over the winter-time by falling then into a state of torpidity. The stories about its carrying grain, have arisen entirely from its being often seen bearing about its larvæ, which require to be removed to greater or less elevations, according to the state of the atmosphere. See what a goodly pile of verse is thus at once overthrown like a castle of cards—

'The sage industrious ant, the wisest insect,
And best economist of all the field :
For when as yet the favourable sun
Gives to the genial earth the enlivening ray,
— All her subterraneous avenues,
And storm-proof cells, with management most meet,
And unexampled housewifery, she frames;
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burden immense ! brings home the cumbrous corn :
Then, many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home :
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips,
With subtle tooth, the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to daylight vegetate its way.'

SMART. *On the Omniscience of God.*

Milton speaks of the *honeyed*, and Shakespeare of the *waxen* thigh of the bee; but the fact is, that the bee only packs up the pollen of flowers upon its thighs, and from this makes neither honey nor wax, but what is called bee-bread, with which to feed the community of the hive. It is another prevalent error among the poets and the common people, that the working-bee is the female—

'The female bee that feeds her husband drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored.'

Par. Lost, b. vii. 488.

In reality, the working-bees are neuters in sex, and the queen is the only true female, wife, or mother of the hive.

'Mr Rogers, in his elegant poem, supposes the bee to be conducted to the hive by retracing the scents of the various flowers which it had visited—

"Hark ! the bee winds her small but sullen horn,
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn ;
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis morn, 'tis night ; that eye, so finely wrought,
Beyond the reach of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind,
Its orb so full, its vision so confined !
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?
Who bids her soul with comelous triumph swell ?
With conscious truth retrace the many clue
Of varied scents, that charmed her as she flew ?
Hail, memory, hail ! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of being's glorious chain."

Pleasures of Memory, Part 1.

'This idea, however, is more poetical than accurate, bees flying straight to their hives from great distances. The poet might have employed, with as much effect, the

* Zoology of the English Poets, corrected by the Writings of Modern Naturalists. By R. H. Newell, B.D., Rector of Little Horstead, Herts. London : Longman and Co. 1845.

real fact of bees distinguishing their own hive out of numbers near them, when conducted to the spot by instinct. This recognition of home seems clearly the result of memory.*

We may pass over the death-watch, as the public has been made generally aware of the simple and harmless character of that insect. Of the gad-fly, we are only tempted to remark that Thomson, who had good opportunities of observing nature, describes it as coming in swarms, which it never does, but in single examples. Shakspeare calls on the fairies to light their tapers at the fiery glowworm's eyes. The light of the glowworm, in reality, resides at the tail of the insect. The same writer says—

'The glowworm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.'

Wrong again. It is the female, not the male, which displays this light. The substance called gossamer, which usually spreads over the fields in October, has been for ages the subject of popular and poetical error, being supposed to be dew condensed.

'More subtle web Arachne cannot spin;
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see,
Of scorched dew, do not in the ayre more lightly flee.'

SPENSER.

The gossamer is, in reality, composed of the inconceivably minute threads of a field spider, not above the size of a small pin's head. According to M. Bechstein, a German naturalist, 'These spiders first appear in the beginning of October, in woods, gardens, and meadows, where their eggs are hatched in safety; thence they spread themselves over whole districts, and during the rest of October, and till the middle of November, may be found in dry fields throughout Europe. In the beginning of October, when but few are hatched, some single threads of their webs, extending from twig to twig, are seen only in the sunshine. About the middle of the month their threads are more perceptible; and toward the end, if a person stand in such a position as to see the sunbeams play on the slender threads, hedges, meadows, corn-fields, stubble land, and even whole districts, appear covered with a sort of fine white gauze. The gossamer spider does not weave a web, but only extends its threads from one place to another: these are so delicate, that a single thread cannot be seen unless the sun shines upon it. One of them, to be visible at other times, must be composed of at least six common threads twisted together. In serene, calm days, these spiders work with great diligence, especially after the disappearance of the morning fogs: between twelve and two, however, their industry excites the greatest admiration. A person with a pretty quick eye, or by the help of a glass, may sometimes perceive among the barley stubble such a multitude of these insects extending their threads, that the fields appear as if covered with a swarm of gnats.'

Many will be surprised, as we have been, to learn that the splendours of the peacock do not reside in his tail, but in feathers extending along the back. The real tail is a range of short, brown, stiff feathers, which serves as a fulcrum to prop up the train. 'When the train is up, nothing appears of the bird before but its head and neck; but this would not be the case were those long feathers fixed only in the rump, as may be seen by the turkey-cock when he is in a strutting attitude.'

The pelican, as is well known, has long enjoyed pre-eminence as an image of parental tenderness, being supposed to bleed herself for the support of her newlings.

'To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repeat them with my blood.'

SHAKESPEARE. *Hamlet*.

The animal would probably be astonished to learn that it had acquired such a repute amongst mankind,

as the idea has no other foundation than this, that she fills a neck-pouch which she has with fish, and thence supplies the cravings of her young prey.

Two fallacies are in vogue respecting the chameleon—that it lives upon air, and changes colour according to that of the surrounding objects. Both of these notions have made extensive settlements in our literature. The chameleon, in fact, lives upon flies, which it catches by means of a quick darting tongue; and its colour is habitually green, but subject to changes, through the action of temperature and the state of the animal's feelings—the skin being so thin, that, on any quickening of the circulation under the influence of passion, the blood shines through it.

Mr Newell, we think, does not give us a complete view of the errors regarding the salamander. He speaks merely of its being supposed capable of resisting fire, according to the lines of Cowley—

'I would not, salamander-like,
In scorching heat always desire to live;
But, like a martyr, pass to heaven through fire.'

And suggests, as a cause for this, that the cold glutinous fluid secreted on the skin of the animal, may have been found to cause the fire to destroy it less instantaneously than other animals of the same size. The popular delusion goes further, and supposes that, when any fire is kept alive for seven years, a salamander is produced in it. A curious memorial of the notion is presented in the seaport of Leith, near Edinburgh, where a street skirting certain glass-works bears the name of Salamander Street, with obvious reference to the perennial fires sustained in those works. The salamander is only a simple reptile, allied to the newt kind, and prevalent in Germany, Italy, and France.

We conclude with Mr Newell's notice of the lion. 'The disposition attributed to this animal, of making nothing its prey which appears dead, is entirely imaginary, or arises from accidental circumstances.

"And I no less her anger dread
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce lion doth embrace
His breathless corpse, and licks his face;
Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries."—WALLER. *Song*.

"Under which bush's shade,
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'twas
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead."*

SHAKESPEARE. *As You Like It*, Act iv. sc. 3.

"So when the generous lion has in sight
His equal match, he rouses for the fight;
But when his foe lies prostrate on the plain,
He sheaths his paws, uncurls his angry mane;
He licks with the bloodless honour of the day,
Walks over, and disdains the inglorious prey."

DRYDEN. *Lion and Panther*, Part 2.

'Unlike some carnivorous animals, which appear to derive a gratification from the destruction of animal life, beyond the mere administering to the cravings of appetite, the lion, when once satiated, ceases to be an enemy. Hence, very different accounts are given by travellers of the generosity or cruelty of its nature, which result, in all probability, from the difference in time and circumstances, or degree of hunger, which the individual experienced when the observations were made upon it. There are certainly many instances of a traveller having met with a lion in the forest during the day—

"Who glared upon him, and went surly by,
Without annoying him."

But when urged by want, this tremendous animal is as fearless as he is powerful; though, in a state of confinement, or when not exposed to the extremity of hunger, he generally exhibits tokens of a more tender

* Shakspeare has boldly availed himself of poetical license, by transporting the lion from his native Africa to the Forest of Arden.

feeling than is usually to be met with in the tiger, and most of the felinae.*

The supposed generosity of the lion has been sometimes explained as resulting from its treachery and indolence. It seldom makes an open attack, but, like the rest of the feline genus, lies in ambush till it can conveniently spring upon its prey. Happy for those animals which are objects of its destruction were its noble and generous nature, that has so often fired the imagination of poets, realised; and that its royal paw disdained to stain itself in the blood of any sleeping creature. The lion is, in fact, one of the most indolent of all beasts of prey, and never gives himself the trouble of pursuit, unless hard pressed with hunger.†

Again let us express our favouring wishes for the circulation of this pleasantly instructive little book. We cordially recommend it to our readers.

DUTCH ANNA.

It was shortly after the outbreak of the French Revolution that the humble heroine of this story made her appearance in my native village. Dutch Anna (for so she was called by the country people) was, as the name implies, a native of Holland; and at that time she might be about twenty-five years of age. She was of the middle size, stoutly and firmly built, with a round, good-humoured face, dark hair, clear, honest-looking hazel eyes, and a mouth which, though wide, was expressive of decision and firmness. Her dress, which never varied in style, consisted of a coloured petticoat of a thick woollen material, a short bed-gown of striped cotton, confined round the waist by the strings of a snow-white apron, a close-fitting, modest cap, underneath the plaited border of which appeared her glossy hair, neatly braided over her low, broad forehead; add to this a pair of well-knit stockings, which the shortness of her petticoats afforded ample opportunity of admiring, with heavy wooden shoes, and you have a complete picture of Dutch Anna's costume. At the time I speak of, the prejudice entertained by the mass of the people against foreigners was much greater than in the present day, when the means of communication between different countries are so much improved, and the general diffusion of knowledge has shown the unreasonableness of regarding with distrust and contempt those of our fellow-creatures who have been born in a different climate, and trained in different customs to our own. It may therefore be readily imagined that Anna was for a time regarded with suspicion and jealousy, for the very reason which ought to have commanded the sympathy and goodwill of her neighbours—that she was a stranger in the land.* Her mode of life perhaps increased the prejudice against her. Respecting the reason of her voluntary exile, she preserved a studied silence; though I afterwards learned that the persecution she endured from her own family on the subject of religion was the principal cause. Our village adjoined a populous manufacturing district, and Anna, having been accustomed to such occupation, soon obtained employment. Being a person of a peculiarly reserved and serious turn of mind, she could not endure the thought of living in lodgings; and as she was not able to furnish or pay the rent of a cottage, she hired for a trifling sum an old lonely barn belonging to my father, who was a small farmer, and, with the labour of her own hands, managed to put it into a habitable condition. The furniture of this rude dwelling was simple enough, consisting of a bed of clean straw, a round deal

table, and two three-legged stools. The whitewashed walls were ornamented with coloured prints on Scripture subjects, framed and glazed; and a small looking-glass, placed in a position to secure the best light afforded by the little window, completed the decorations. Various were the conjectures formed by the villagers respecting this inoffensive though singular woman; and many were the stories circulated, all tending to keep alive the prejudice her eccentricities were calculated to excite.

A casual circumstance, which led to my becoming obliged to Anna, at length enabled me to overcome the suspicion and dislike with which our neighbour was regarded. Our acquaintance speedily ripened into friendship; for with the reaction natural to the generous, I felt as though I could never sufficiently compensate for my former injustice towards her. Often in an evening I would put on my bonnet, and, taking my work with me, go to spend a leisure hour with Dutch Anna; and on these occasions she generally entertained me with descriptions of her own country, and of the customs and manners of its inhabitants; or with striking anecdotes and incidents which had come under her own personal observation; never failing to draw some useful moral or illustrate some important truth from what she related. She could read well, and write a little—rare accomplishments in those days for one in her situation in life. Her powers of observation were extremely acute, and her memory retentive; but what struck me as her most remarkable characteristics, were her sincere and unaffected piety, her undeviating truthfulness, and her extraordinary decision and fearlessness. When I have said, on bidding her good-night, 'Anna, are you not afraid to be left alone here during the night, with no one within call?' she has replied, 'Afraid, Miss Mary! no; how can I feel afraid, knowing myself under the protection of One as great and powerful as He is wise and good? I am never alone, for God is ever present with me.' After Anna had resided some years in this country, during which time she had, by her constant good conduct, gained the esteem of all who knew her, and, by her good nature and willingness to oblige, won the kindly feeling of even the most prejudiced, she became anxious to pay a visit to her native land; and as the accommodations for travelling at that period, besides being few, were costly, she obtained letters of recommendation from her employers and other gentlemen in the place to friends residing in different towns on her route, and set out, intending to perform the greater part of her land journey on foot. At the end of several months she returned, and quietly resumed her former mode of life. Not till nearly a year after this period did she relate to me an adventure which had occurred to her on her journey homewards, and which I shall now transcribe:—

It was at the close of an autumn day that Anna, who had been walking since early morning with scarcely an interval of rest, found herself, in spite of her great capability of enduring fatigue, somewhat foot-sore and weary on arriving at the town of —. As she passed along the streets, she observed an unusual degree of bustle and excitement; and, on inquiring the cause, found that a large detachment of soldiers, on their way to the continent, had arrived in the town that afternoon, and that some difficulty was experienced in finding them accommodation. This was not very agreeable news for Anna, tired as she was; however, she pursued her way to the house of the clergyman, where she had, in passing that way before, been hospitably entertained, hoping that there she might be

* *Cuvier*, vol. ii. p. 432.

† *Wood*, *Zoography*, p. 203.

able to procure a lodging, however humble. But in this she was disappointed; for though the good clergyman and his wife received her kindly, they could not offer her shelter for the night, as they had already more guests than they could conveniently accommodate. Anna would have been contented and thankful for a bed of straw by the kitchen fire; but even this they could not give, as the lower apartments were wanted by those who had been obliged to give up their beds.

At length, after some hesitation, the clergyman said, 'I know but of one place where you could at this time find a lodging. You appear to be a woman of good courage, and if you dare venture, you may occupy a room in that house you see from this window. It is uninhabited, and has been so for some years, as it has the reputation of being haunted.' Anna looked in the direction indicated, and saw through the deepening twilight a large two-storied house, built of a dull red brick, with stone copings, standing at some distance from the high road. The house itself occupied a considerable extent of ground, being beautifully situated, with fronts to the south and west. The principal entrance was by folding-doors, half of which were glass; and the house was sheltered on the north and east by a grove of trees, whose branches, now but thinly covered with leaves, waved mournfully to and fro in the night wind. 'The last proprietor of that place,' continued the clergyman, 'was a vicious and depraved man, whose very existence was a curse to the neighbourhood in which he dwelt. At an early age he came into possession of a large property, which he spent in the gratification of every base and lawless passion. His life, as far as I can learn, was one unmixt course of cruelty, lust, and impiety, unredeemed by one noble aspiration, one generous, unselfish action. He died suddenly, in the prime of life, in the midst of one of his riotous midnight orgies, and the house has ever since been deserted. It is said, and believed by our good townsmen, that there he still holds his revels, with fiends for his companions; and many affirm that they have heard the sound of their unearthly merriment, mingled with shrieks and wailings, borne upon the night breeze; whilst the few who have ventured within its walls, tell of shapes seen, and sounds heard, which would cause the stoutest heart to quail. For myself, I am no great believer in the supernatural, and have no doubt that imagination, united to the loneliness of the spot, and the strange freaks the wind plays through a large uninhabited house, have originated reports which we are sure would lose nothing in the recital; so if you are inclined to make the trial, I will see that what is necessary is provided, and I think I may venture to promise you an undisturbed night's rest.'

Anna, as I have before said, was remarkable for her fearlessness; so she thanked the gentleman for his proposal, saying, that she had not the least fear of spirits, good or bad; that the former, if indeed they were ever visible to mortal eyes, could be but messengers of mercy; and for the latter, she could not conceive that a Being infinite in goodness would ever permit them to revisit this earth for the sole purpose of terrifying and tormenting innocent individuals like herself; that she far more dreaded evil men than evil spirits; and that as, from the estimation in which the place was held, she should feel herself secure from them, she would thankfully accept his offer. As soon, therefore, as the necessary preparations were made, and Anna had partaken of the good substantial fare set before her, she begged to be allowed to retire to rest, as she was fatigued with her day's journey, and wished to set out again early the next morning. Her request was immediately complied with; the good clergyman himself insisting upon seeing her safely to her destination; when, having ascertained that proper provision had been made for her comfort, and told her that refresh-

ment should be provided for her early next morning at his house, he bade her good night, and left her to repose. As soon as he was gone, Anna proceeded to take a more particular survey of her apartment. It was a large, but not very lofty room, panelled with oak, and having two windows looking across a wide lawn to the main road. The bright fire in the ample fireplace illuminated the richly-carved cornice, with its grotesque heads and fanciful scroll-work. It had evidently been a dining-room, for some of the heavy furniture, in the fashion of the period in which it had been last inhabited, still remained. There were the massive table and the old-fashioned high-backed chairs, with covers of what had once been bright embroidery, doubtless the work of many a fair hand; but what attracted her attention most, was a picture over the chimney-piece. It was painted on the wooden panel; perhaps the reason it had never been removed, though evidently the work of no mean artist. It represented a scene of wild revelry. At the head of a table, covered with a profusion of fruits, with glasses and decanters of various elegant forms, stood a young man; high above his head he held a goblet filled to the brim with wine; excitement flashed from his bright blue eyes, and flushed the rounded cheek; light-brown hair, untouched by powder, curled round the low narrow forehead; whilst the small sensual mouth expressed all the worst passions of our nature. Around the table sat his admiring parasites; young beauty and hoary age, the strength of manhood and the earliest youth, were there, alike debased by the evidences of lawless passion. With what a master-hand had the painter seized upon the individual expression of each! There the glutton, and here the sot; now the eye fell on the mean pander or the roystering boon companion; now on the wit, looking with a roguish leer upon his fair neighbour, or the miserable wretch maudlin in his cups; and again on the knave profiting by the recklessness of those around him. The bright blaze of the fire lit up the different countenances with a vivid and life-like expression; and as Anna gazed, fascinated and spell-bound, her thoughts naturally reverted to what she had heard of the life and character of the last owner of the place. Was that youthful figure, so evidently the master of the revel, a portrait of the unhappy man himself who had thus unconsciously left behind him not only a memorial, but a warning. How often had the now silent halls echoed to the brawls of the drunkard, the song of the wanton, the jest of the profane, the laugh of the scorner! It was here, perhaps in this very room, that the dread hand of death had struck him; here he had been suddenly called to account for property misused, a life mispent. Grieved by these reflections, she turned from the picture, and taking her Bible from her bundle, she drew aside the tarnished curtains, and seated herself at one of the windows. The moon had by this time risen, and was shedding her soft light on the peaceful landscape without. The beauty of the scene soothed her excited feelings; and as she read, her mind resumed its accustomed serenity. Closing her book, she prepared to retire to rest, first examining the doors, of which there were two: the one by which she had entered, opening into the front hall, she found to be without a lock, or indeed any fastening at all; the other, leading in an opposite direction, she was unable to open. As, however, she was quite free from apprehension, she felt no uneasiness from this circumstance; and, commending herself to the care of her heavenly Father, she composed herself to rest, and soon fell soundly asleep.

How long she had slept she could not tell, when she was awoken by what seemed to her the confused sounds of song and merriment. So deep had been her sleep, that it was some time before she could rouse herself to a recollection of her situation. When, however, she had done so, she raised herself in bed, and listened; all was silent, save that the night, having become rather gusty, the wind at intervals swept moaningly round

the deserted mansion. The fire was almost out, but the candle in the lantern which stood by her bedside shed a feeble light upon the oaken floor; and the moon, though occasionally overcast, was still high in the heavens. Readily concluding the disturbance to have been wholly imaginary, the result of the impression made by her waking thoughts upon her sleeping fancies, Anna composed herself again to sleep; but scarcely had she lain down, when the same sounds, low at first, but gradually becoming louder and more distinct, broke in upon the silence. The noise appeared to her to proceed from a distant part of the house, and came with a kind of muffled sound, as though doors of some thickness intervened. Peals of laughter, bursts of applause, snatches of song, crashing of glass, mingled in wild confusion. Higher and higher grew the mirth, louder and louder swelled the tumult, until, when the uproar appeared to have reached its height, there was a pause—a silence as profound as it was sudden and appalling. Then there rang through the wide deserted halls and chambers a shrill, despairing shriek, whilst far and near, above, below, around, rose mocking and insulting laughter. Dauntless as Anna was, and firm as was her reliance on the protection of Heaven, it would perhaps be too much to say that she felt no quickening of the pulse, no flutterings and throbbings of the heart as she listened. But surprise, and a strong desire to penetrate the mystery, greatly preponderated over any feelings of alarm, and her first impulse was immediately to endeavour to find her way to the scene of the disturbance. But a moment's consideration showed her how foolish and imprudent this would be, totally unacquainted as she was with the house, and with no better light than the feeble glimmer of her lantern. If it was the work of designing persons, such a step would be but to expose herself to danger, whilst, if the effect of supernatural agency, she could neither learn what they wished to conceal, nor shun what they chose to reveal. She therefore decided upon passively awaiting the result of her adventure. As these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, the noise subsided, the laughter became fainter and fainter; until at length it died away, seemingly lost in the distance, and silence once more reigned around. After the lapse of a short interval, this was again broken by a noise resembling the rattling and clanking of a chain dragged heavily along, which seemed to approach by slow degrees towards her apartment, and as gradually receded, then again approached, and again receded; and so on several times, but each time coming nearer than before; until at length it paused beside that door of her room which Anna had been unable to open. Cautiously raising her head from the pillow, Anna endeavoured, with fixed and strained look, to pierce the darkness in which that part of the room was enveloped; but though she could not distinguish anything, and though no sound was made, she became, with a thrill more nearly approaching terror than she had before experienced, instinctively conscious that she was no longer alone. Resolutely determined, however, not to yield to feelings of alarm, Anna said, in a firm, unfaltering voice, 'Whoever or whatever you are that thus disturb my repose and intrude upon my privacy, show yourself, and name your errand, if you want anything from me; if not, be gone, for your attempts to terrify me are vain. I fear you not.' The only answer returned was a low laugh; and where the moonlight streamed in through the partly-drawn window-curtain, there stood a frightfully grotesque figure. Its body, as well as Anna could distinguish, resembled that of a beast, but the head, face, and shoulders, were those of a human being; the former being decorated with a horn over each shaggy eyebrow. It stood upon all fours, but the front legs were longer than those behind, and terminated in claws like a bird. Round its neck an iron chain was hung, which, as it now slowly advanced, sometimes in the light, and sometimes in the shade, it rattled menacingly. The sight of this creature, far from increasing Anna's alarm, considerably diminished it, and she lay perfectly quiet,

steadily watching its movements, until it came within arm's length of her, when, suddenly springing forward, she seized hold of it with a firm grasp, exclaiming, 'This is no spirit, for here is flesh and bone like myself.' Apparently, the ghost being composed of too solid materials to melt in air, had no other resource than to oppose strength to strength, for it struggled vigorously, and with some difficulty succeeded in freeing itself from Anna's hold. No sooner was it at liberty, than it made for the door with as much speed as its various encumbrances would allow; and Anna, now completely roused, and forgetting all prudential considerations in the excitement of the moment, hastily put on a few articles of clothing, and, throwing her cloak around her, seized her lantern and followed. The ghost had, however, gained so much in advance of her, that it was with some difficulty she could decide which way to turn, but, guided by the clanking of the chain, she went boldly along a wide stone passage, and through several rooms, opening one out of another, until just as she was again within sight, and almost within reach of the object of her pursuit, it suddenly disappeared; and Anna, in her eagerness, springing quickly forward, was herself the next moment precipitated through an opening in the floor, in her fall breaking her lantern. Fortunately she alighted on a heap of straw, or the consequences might have been fatal. As it was, though bruised and stunned by her sudden descent, she did not entirely lose consciousness, but was sensible of a confused murmur of voices near her; and as her perceptions became clearer, she was aware that the tones, though low, were earnest and angry, and that she herself was the subject of conversation. 'I tell you it is the only thing to be done; so what's the use of talking about it, you fool; were the first words she distinguished. 'But,' interrupted another voice, evidently a woman's, 'would it not be better to wait and see?' 'Death and fury, wait and see what?' fiercely exclaimed the first speaker. 'If she's dead, it'll do her no harm; and if she isn't, the sooner a stopper's put in her mouth the better.' Completely roused from her stupor by the danger with which she was threatened, Anna opened her eyes, and perceived that she was in a large vaulted cellar, at one end of which was a small heated furnace. Scattered about the floor, and on rudely-constructed work-benches, as though the persons using them had hastily abandoned their employment, were many curious-looking tools and machines, together with heaps of metal of different sizes, and in different stages of manufacture, from the merely moulded shape to the finished shilling or guinea. Some half-dozen or eight men and women were grouped together, amongst whom she recognised the ghost, not quite divested of his masquerade dress. In a single glance Anna perceived all this, and it needed no conjuror to tell her that she had fallen into the hands of a gang of coiners.

Fully sensible of the peril of her situation, her extraordinary courage did not forsake her; for Anna, though somewhat peculiar in her religious opinions, was perfectly sincere, and even at this awful moment felt unshaken confidence in the protecting care of Providence. Though a foreigner, she possessed great command of the English language, and her style, notwithstanding its singularity and quaintness, was well calculated to overawe the rude and lawless band into whose hands she had fallen. With a calm and steady gaze she met the eye of the ruffian, who brandished his weapon before her, and said—'I pray you, do not commit this great wickedness, nor shed the blood of a helpless woman, who has never injured you.' 'Oh, come,' interrupted the man in a surly tone, 'let's have none of that gammon, for it'll be of no use. If folks will meddle in other folks' concerns, they must take the consequences; we're not such fools as to put the rope round our own necks, I can tell you.' 'Nay, but hear what I have to say,' repeated Anna, eluding the man's grasp as he endeavoured to seize hold of her; 'my coming here was no fault of my own, and I promise not to betray you.' 'Oh ay, a likely tale,' said the man with a brutal laugh.

'We're all for ourselves in this world, and no mistake; so we shall just put you where you can tell no tales, old girl.' 'Stop; hear what she has to say: you shall; you must,' cried a young woman who started up from a table at the farther end of the cellar, at which she had been seated, with her face buried in her hands, during the foregoing colloquy. 'I tell you, Jack,' she continued, advancing into the midst of the group, and laying her hand on the man's arm, 'you shan't touch that woman: you wont; I know you wont. Bad enough you are—we all are, God knows—but there's no blood upon our hands yet; and,' added she, lowering her voice, 'blood will speak, you know—remember.' The man's countenance fell as the girl uttered the last words; he relaxed his hold of the knife; and Anna, taking advantage of his indecision, and the relenting expression she thought she read in the dark faces round her, related her simple story, dwelling particularly upon the danger the coiners would incur were she missing, and their security in case she was allowed to proceed on her journey, after seeing her friend the clergyman. Taking courage from the attention of her hearers, she even ventured to remonstrate with them upon their dangerous mode of life, and intreated them to abandon it, and seek their subsistence honestly.

There was a pause of some minutes after Anna ceased speaking, during which the coiners exchanged with each other looks of mingled admiration and astonishment. At length one of them, who appeared to take the lead, addressing his companions, said, 'The woman has spoken well, and there is reason in what she says. It is true enough that murder will out; and though she is a stranger, she was known to come here. Her disappearance might excite suspicion, suspicion would lead to inquiries, inquiries to search, and then all would be up with us; besides, a few weeks will see us clear of this place, if we have luck, and I think we may trust her so long.' Then turning to Anna, he continued, 'You have a spirit of your own, and I like you the better, and would trust you the sooner for it; none but fools rely on the word of a coward, but one who dares speak the honest truth, without fear or favour, when in peril of life, is not likely to break faith, I think; so you shall go free, on condition that you take a solemn oath not to reveal to any one the events of this night until six months have passed; by that time we shall have quitted not only this neighbourhood, but the country, and,' he added with a laugh, 'the ghost that has kept all the men in — quaking after dark, like a pack of frightened children, will be laid for ever. Have I said well, my comrades?' There was a general murmur of assent, and the man continued, 'Recollect, then, that if you break your oath, your life will be the forfeit: we have means to ascertain and punish treachery; and should you attempt foul play, you can no more escape our vengeance than here in this lonely place you can resist our power. Will you swear, by all you hold most dear and sacred, to keep our secret inviolable for the time agreed?' To this proposition Anna, as will be readily believed, joyfully assented, and being conducted by her strange acquaintances back to her sleeping apartment, she most gladly, when morning dawned, bade adieu to the scene of her singular and alarming adventure. On arriving at the clergyman's house, she was not sorry to find but few of the family stirring, as she naturally wished to avoid much questioning. In answer to the inquiries which were made as to how she had passed the night, she said that she had been much annoyed and disturbed; and though she avoided entering into particulars, she strongly advised that no one should be permitted to try a similar experiment, assuring them that she believed few could pass through what she had done without sustaining severe, if not permanent injury from it. Having thus, as far as lay in her power, acquitted her conscience, she pursued her journey. In a few days she arrived at home; but it was not until several months over the time specified had elapsed, that she related the adventure to me, in order to show how

little dependence is to be placed on the stories told of ghosts and haunted houses. As Dutch Anna said, 'Evil men have generally more to do with such stories than evil spirits, and, after all, it is possible to give a certain gentleman and his agents more than their due.'

THE ENGLISH HOUSEWIFE IN 1645.

Two hundred years ago, Mr Gervase Markham was the leading authority to the stock-rearers, farmers, and housewives of England. He was the Liebig, the Stephens, and Meg Dods of his time, instructing in every matter appertaining to country life, from the management of a farm to the baking of a pudding-pie. He was the author of at least a dozen treatises; each of which ran through several editions; but from the enumeration of these we are sure the reader will gladly excuse us when he learns that the following quotation is merely the title of a single publication:—'The English Housewife, containing the inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a compleat woman; as her skill in physick, surgery, cookery, extraction of oyles, banquetting stuffe, ordering of great feasts, preserving of all sorts of wines, concealed secrets, distillations, perfumes, ordering of wooll, hemp, flax, making cloth, and dyeing, the knowledge of dayries, office of malting, of oates, their excellent uses in a family, and of all other things belonging to a household. A work generally approved, and made most profitable and necessary for all men, and the generall good of this nation.' Notwithstanding his elaborate titles, and the prefatory assurance that his path was 'both more easie, more certaine, and more safe than any, nay, by much lesse difficulte and dangerous to walke in,' Mr Markham is now all but unknown, his quaint and homely directions having long since been rendered obsolete by the progress of the arts, which require a very different sort of guide for their practical development. It may, however, afford our fair readers some amusement, as well as points for comparison, to transcribe a few of these maxims and recipes, which were as 'golden rules' to their great-grand-mothers.

Perhaps the standard of excellence with which Mr Markham sets out is rather too high, and may make the housewife of the present day despair of the possibility of ever attaining to such perfection. There is nothing, however, without an endeavour; an honest, cordial determination to do the best one can; and with this preliminary, we have little doubt of her becoming such a paragon as is delineated in the following quotation:—'Next unto sanctity and holiness of life, it is meet that our English housewife be a woman of great modesty and temperance, as well inwardly as outwardly; inwardly, as in her behaviour and carriage towards her husband, wherein she shall shun all violence of rage, passion, and humour, coveting less to direct than to be directed, appearing ever unto him pleasant, amiable, and delightful; and, though occasion of mishaps, or the misgovernment of his will, may induce her to contrary thoughts, yet virtuously to suppress them, and with a mild sufferance rather to call him home from his error, than with the strength of anger to abate the least spark of his evil, calling into her mind that evil and uncomely language is deformed, though uttered even to servants; but most monstrous and ugly, when it appears before the presence of a husband. Outwardly, as in her apparel and diet, both which she shall proportion according to the competency of her husband's estate and calling, making her circle rather strait than large; for it is a rule, if we extend to the uttermost, we take away increase; if we go a hair's-breadth beyond, we enter into consumption; but if we preserve any part, we build strong forts against the adversaries of fortune, provided that such preservation be honest and conscionable; for as lavish prodigality is brutish, so miserably covetousness is vile. Let, therefore, the housewife's garments be comely and

* We give the text entire, but modernise the orthography.

strong, made as well to preserve the health as adorn the person altogether without toyish garnishes, or the gloss of light colours, and as far from the vanity of new and fantastic fashions, as near to the comely imitation of modest matrons. Let her diet be wholesome and cleanly, prepared at due hours, and cooked with care and diligence; let it be rather to satisfy nature than our affections, and apter to kill hunger than revive new appetites; let it proceed more from the provision of her own yard, than the furniture of the markets; and let it be rather esteemed for the familiar acquaintance she hath with it, than for the strangeness and rarity it bringeth from other countries.

Above all this, she is to be of 'chaste thought, stout courage, patient, untired, watchful, diligent, witty, pleasant, constant in friendship, full of good neighbourhood, wise in discourse, but not frequent therein; sharp and quick of speech, but not bitter or talkative; secret in her affairs, comfortable in her counsels, and generally skilful in the worthy knowledges which do belong to her vocation.' These 'knowledges,' according to Mr Markham, are skill in household physic, in cookery, in the arrangement of feasts, in distillations and wines, in dressing of wool, in dyeing, spinning, dairy-work, malting, brewing, and baking; and having so decided, he proceeds to indite for her behoof the necessary information. Of his medicinal receipts, we can say little by way of recommendation. They bear the unmistakeable impress of the ignorance and empiricism of the time, as one or two examples will amply testify; and yet it must be remembered that, until a very recent period, a country family, in cases of emergency, had no better guide to follow. To remove deafness, we are directed 'to take a gray ool with a white belly, and put her into a sweet earthen pot quick, and stop the pot very close with an earthen cover, or some such hard substance; then dig a deep hole in a horse dunghill, and set it therein, and cover it with the dung; and so let it remain a fortnight, and then take it out, and clear out the oil which will come of it, and drop it into the imperfect ear, or both, if both be imperfect.' To promote a luxuriant growth of hair, as the puffing quacks of the present day would say, Mr Markham orders his patient to 'take southernwood, and burn it to ashes, and mix it with common oil, then anoint the bald place therewith morning and evening, and it will breed hair exceedingly.' For the quinsy, 'give the party to drink the herb *mouse-eare*, steeped in ale or beer, and look where you see a swine rub himself, and there, upon the same place, rub a sleight stone, and then with it sleight all the swelling, and it will cure it.' One recipe more, as, if effectual, we lay our toothached readers under a world of obligation for promulgating so humane and simple a remedy. If teeth give pain, draw them; the drawing can be done as gently as you could pick a pin out of a pincushion. 'Take some of the green of the elder tree, or the apples of oak trees, and with either of these rub the teeth and gums, and it will loosen them so as you may take them out.' Enough, however, of honest Gervase's physic, and now for his cuisine.

Of the outward and active 'knowledges' which belong to the English housewife, Mr Markham holds 'the first and most principal to be a perfect knowledge and skill in cookery'; and further, plainly tells the ladies of his time, and we believe the ladies of all future times, that if ignorant in this respect, they can only perform one-half of their marriage vow, 'for though they may love and obey, yet they cannot cherish, serve, and keep their husbands with that true duty which is ever expected.' We shall not follow our author over the hundreds of curious receipts which he gives for the kitchen; nevertheless thus much may be noticed, that he orders everything in true old English abundance, and so sauced and garnished, that the stomachs of our ancestors must have been of sterner stuff than ours, if they could endure under such an amount of duty as he chalks out for their performance. However, as to the get-up of the feast, 'she must be cleanly both in body and

garments, she must have a quick eye, a curious nose, a perfect taste, and ready ear; she must not be butter-fingered, sweet-toothed, nor faint-hearted, for the first will let everything fall, the second will consume what it should increase, and the last will lose time with too much niceness.' With such qualifications, she is to enter upon the business of the kitchen, which, being accomplished according to the satisfaction of Mr Markham, she will find her course of instruction only half gone through; 'for what ails it our good housewife to be never so skilful in the parts of cookery, if she want skill to marshal the dishes, and set every one in his due place, giving precedence according to fashion and custom? It is like to a fencer leading a band of men in a rout, who knows the use of the weapon, but not how to put men in order.'

So much for the *modus operandi*, now for the result; and here we must observe, that if the following list constitute only a 'humble feast,' then we should have been quite willing any day to put up with the crumbs which fell from the great man's table. 'Now for a more humble feast, or an ordinary proportion which any good man may keep in his family for the entertainment of his true and worthy friends, it must hold limitation with his provision, and the season of the year; for summer affords what winter wants, and winter is master of that which summer can but with difficulty have. It is good, then, for him that intends to feast, to set down the full number of his full dishes, that is, dishes of meat that are of substance, and not empty, or for show; and of these, sixteen is a good proportion for one course unto one mess; as thus, for example: first, a shield of brawn, with mustard; secondly, a boiled capon; thirdly, a boiled piece of beef; fourthly, a chine of beef roasted; fifthly, a neat's tongue roasted; sixthly, a pig roasted; seventhly, chewets baked; eighthly, a goose roasted; ninthly, a swan roasted; tenthly, a turkey roasted; the eleventh, a haunch of venison roasted; the twelfth, a pasty of venison; the thirteenth, a kid with a pudding in the belly; the fourteenth, an olive pie; the fifteenth, a couple of capons; the sixteenth, a custard or doucets. Now, to these full dishes may be added in salads, fricassees, *quelque choses*, and devised paste, as many dishes more, which make the full service no less than two-and-thirty dishes, which is as much as can conveniently stand on one table, and in one mess; and after this manner you may proportion both your second and third course, holding fulness in one-half of the dishes, and show in the other, which will be both frugal in the spender, contentment to the guest, and much pleasure and delight to the beholders.'

Passing over the chapters on distillation, perfumes, wines, the dressing and dyeing of wool, &c. we come to that on the preparation of flax, spinning, and bleaching. Spinning, which occupied so much of the time of our great-grandmothers, is thus ordered; the quotation giving insight into customs of which not a vestige, we believe, is to be found in England:—'After your teare is thus dressed, you shall spin it either upon wheel or rock; but the wheel is the swifter way, and the rock maketh the finer thread; you shall draw your thread according to the nature of the teare, and as long as it is even, it cannot be too small; but if it be uneven, it will never make a durable cloth. Now, forasmuch as every housewife is not able to spin her own teare in her own house, you shall make choice of the best spinners you can hear of, and to them put forth your teare to spin, weighing it before it go, and weighing it after it is spun and dry, allowing weight for weight, or an ounce and a half for waste at the most: as for the prices for spinning, they are according to the natures of the country, the fineness of the teare, and the dearthness of provisions; some spinning by the pound, some by the lay, and some by the day, as the bargain shall be made.' Equally amusing is much matter which might be extracted in reference to dairy work, malting, brewing, baking, but these our space compels us to avoid. There is one subject, however, which we cannot pass over, as

at once curious and instructive; it is a panegyric on oatmeal and haggis, and that, be it observed, by a thorough Englishman.

It is too much the custom for Southerners of a certain stamp to turn up their noses at oatmeal, and for ladies of the same class even to drop hints respecting 'pigment' when the very name is mentioned. These 'double-distilled humanities,' as Carlyle would call them, somehow or other always associate oatmeal with Scotland and the Scotch, 'as if, forsooth, the 'fine old English gentry,' from whom they boast to be descended, had not been as much in love with 'the wale of food' as the veriest Scotchman. If they doubt us, let them listen to good old Saxon Markham. 'First, for the small dust, or meal oatmeal, it is that with which all pottage is made and thickened, whether they be meat-pottage, milk-pottage, or any thick or else thin gruel whatsoever, of whose goodness and wholesomeness it is needless to speak, in that it is frequent with every experience; also with this small meal oatmeal is made in divers countries six several kinds of very good and wholesome bread, every one finer than other, as your anacks, ianacks, and such-like. Also there is made of it both thick and thin oaten cakes, which are very pleasant in taste, and much esteemed; but if it be mixed with fine wheat meal, then it maketh a most delicate and dainty oat-cake, either thick or thin, such as no prince in the world but may have them served to his table; also this small oatmeal, mixed with blood, and the liver of either sheep, calf, or swine, maketh that pudding which is called the *haggis*, or *haggus*, of whose goodness it is in vain to boast, because there is hardly to be found a man that doth not affect them. And lastly, from this small oatmeal, by oft steeping it in water and cleansing it, and then boiling it to a thick and stiff jelly, is made that excellent dish of meat which is so esteemed of in the west parts of this kingdom, which they call wash-brew, and in Cheshire and Lancashire they call it flannery or flummary, the wholesomeness and rare goodness, nay, the very physic helps thereof, being such and so many, that I myself have heard a very reverend and worthy renowned physician speak more in the commendations of that meat than of any other food whatsoever; and certain it is that you shall not hear of any that ever did surfeit of this wash-brew or flummary; and yet I have seen them of very dainty and sickly stomachs which have eaten great quantities thereof, beyond the proportion of ordinary meats. Now for the manner of eating this meat, it is of diverse diversely used; for some eat it with honey, which is reputed the best sauce; some with wine, either sack, claret, or white; some with strong beer or strong ale; and some with milk, as your ability or the accommodations of the place will administer. Now there is derived from this wash-brew another coarser meat, which is, as it were, the dregs or grosser substance of the wash-brew, which is called *bird-brew*, which is a well-filling and sufficient meat, fit for servants and men of labour; of the commendations whereof I will not much stand, in that it is a meat of harder digestion, and fit indeed but for strong able stomachs, and such whose toil and much sweat both liberally spendeth evil humours, and also preserveth men from the offence of fullness and surfeits.

'Now for the bigger kind of oatmeal, which is called grits, or corn oatmeal, it is of no less use than the former, nor are there fewer meats compounded thereof; for first, of these grits are made all sorts of puddings, *or potts* (as the west country terms them), whether they be black, as those which are made of the blood of beasts, swine, sheep, geese, red or fallow deer, or the like, mixed with whole grits, suet, and wholesome herbs; or else white, as when the grits are mixed with good cream, eggs, bread-crumbs, suet, currants, and other wholesome spices. Also of these grits are made the Good-Friday pudding, which is mixed with eggs, milk, suet,

pennyroyal, and boiled first in a linen bag, and then stripped and buttered with sweet butter. Again, if you roast a goose, and stop her belly with whole grits beaten together with eggs, and after mixed with the gravy, there cannot be a more better or pleasanter sauce; nay, if a man be at sea in any long travel, he cannot eat a more wholesome and pleasant meat than these whole grits boiled in water till they burst, and then mixed with butter, and so eaten with spoons, which, although seamen call simply by the name of loblolly, yet there is not any meat, how significant soever the name be, that is more toothsome or wholesome. And to conclude, there is no way or purpose whatsoever to which a man can use or employ rice, but with the same seasoning and order you may employ the whole grits of oatmeal, and have full as good and wholesome meat, and as well tasted; so that I may well knit up this chapter with this approbation of oatmeal, that, the little charge and great benefit considered, it is the very crown of the housewife's garland, and doth more grace her table and her knowledge than all grains whatsoever! Neither, indeed, can any family or household be well and thriftily maintained where this is either scant or wanting. And thus much touching the nature, worth, virtues, and great necessity of oats and oatmeal.'

So much for our first dip into old Markham, whose quaint but sensible treatise on 'husbandrie' may some day furnish us with matter for another article.

CIVILISATION IN MADAGASCAR.

THERE is no event more interesting in the history of a nation, than that of its first acquaintance with, and progress in, civilisation—from the dawn of moral perception to the full comprehension of moral dignity. In some instances, as at Hawaii, the progression is silent but sure, until the new customs are perfectly domiciliated among the people; while in others, after a favourable movement, retrogression takes place, and the good is lost in original darkness. The events which have transpired in Madagascar within the past twenty years, present themselves in painful illustration of the latter position.

This island, situated, as is generally known, off the south-east coast of Africa, is nearly as large as France, but contains not more than five millions of inhabitants. It was discovered in 1506, twenty years after their first view of the Cape of Good Hope, by the Portuguese, who attempted to establish a mission among the people; but after some time, judging them to be inconvertible, it was abandoned. Towards the year 1640, the minister Richelieu planted a colony on the island, which subsisted, with varying fortune, for more than a century, during which time the Dominicans, after various unsuccessful missions, also abandoned the attempt to convert the natives. From this period it was held impossible to civilise the Madagassians, and when, in later years, some Englishmen endeavoured to gain a footing in the country, with a view to the instruction of the natives, they were met everywhere by the outcry of, 'Useless trouble—they are brute beasts, with whom nothing can be done.' A little acquaintance, however, with this nation, will show how far the appellation and caution were applicable.

Until the commencement of the present century, numerous tribes, as diverse in origin as in colour—from the olive to the black—divided the inland among them. One of these, the most important of the inland tribes, the *Qvaha*, governed by an able and daring chief, obtained a marked superiority over the others; and under Radama, son of this chief, became a powerful government, to whose domination nearly the whole of the island submitted. It was in Tananarivo, a city of about 30,000 souls, and capital of the kingdom, that the labours of the first English visitors were principally carried on.

* 'Parritch, thou wale of Scotia's food.'—Burns.

* Tananarivo, or thousand cities.

Radama, the first who took the title of king, mounted the throne at the age of eighteen: he was endowed with rare intelligence, wit, and sensibility, and possessed an insatiable desire for instruction. A favourable trait of his childhood has been recorded. His mother, whom he tenderly loved, was one day driven from the palace by her husband in a fit of ill-humour, greatly to the grief of her little son. The next morning, profiting by the temporary absence of his father, he caught a young chicken and tied it by the leg to some portion of the furniture of the apartment. 'What is that?' asked the chief, hearing the cries of the captive bird on his entrance. 'Nothing,' answered Radama, 'but a little chicken crying after its mother.' His father understood his meaning, and said nothing; but the same day the discarded wife was restored to her former position. In the midst of one of the most licentious people in the world, the young prince exhibited a remarkable purity of morals and self-command, characterised by lofty views. His father, however, could not comprehend how a young man devoid of passions could be capable of reigning: his old age was fast approaching; and not knowing to whom he should leave the reins of the government he had founded, he offered great rewards to those of his officers who might succeed in leading the prince into libertinism. Radama's better feeling resisted for some time; but once having yielded, his errors became terrible, and his premature end but too well proved the fatal success of his perfidious counsellors.

One of his first acts on mounting the throne after the death of his father, was to place himself in communication with the English governor of the island of Mauritius, where he sent his two younger brothers to be educated. From the correspondence which ensued, Sir Robert Farquhar, then governor, took advantage of the generous disposition of the youthful monarch to urge the abolition of the slave trade, which was not only a part of the domestic policy of the country, but formed a great export trade, carried on with European and American merchants, creating everywhere mistrust and terror, with their attendant evils. Mr James Hastie, the deputy employed to represent the question to Radama, found in him a remarkable union of the infantile simplicity observed among savages, with an extraordinary intelligence and desire for civilisation. He would burst into fits of laughter while standing before a clock sent to him as a present, dance round it every time it struck, and at the same time enter with sagacity and generous philanthropy into the views of the English governor. A great *khabar* or assembly was convoked, to explain the object to the people; and after a stormy discussion, the recommendation was adopted, and a convention signed, by which the king agreed on his part to abolish entirely the slave trade throughout his dominions, while, on the other hand, Sir Robert Farquhar advanced a sum of money and various munitions of war. A proclamation was then issued, which, leaving domestic bondage untouched, interdicted the export of slaves, under penalty of slavery, and threatening with death whoever should speak ill of the measure.

This treaty was unfortunately broken, during the temporary absence of the governor, by the French and English merchants, who deluded Radama, though with great difficulty, into a compliance with their representations. On Sir Robert's return some time afterwards, he was deeply grieved at the breach of faith countenanced by the vice-governor, and set himself immediately to remedy the evil. 'Do you not know,' replied Radama to the request for a renewal of the treaty, 'that my subjects will not comprehend the reason for a second change? *Falae* as an *Englishman* is become a proverb among us!' The deputy on this occasion was accompanied by a missionary, who had been invited by the king to take up his residence at the capital; and on their declaration that no persons would settle there as teachers during the continuance of the slave trade, the traffic was again abolished; the king stipulating that

twenty young Madagascans should be educated by the English, one-half of the number in Mauritius, and the other in England.

The first school was opened at Tananarivo in 1820, under the sanction of the king, but at first met with great opposition: and as the natives could not comprehend how thoughts could be expressed by writing, they accused the teacher of sorcery. The school, however, prospered under the protection of the monarch; a few children attended; and at the end of the first year a public examination was announced. This was attended by several old men, among whom was a judge who had been extremely violent in his opposition. He beckoned one of the youngest scholars with slate and pencil to approach, and whispered a few words into his ear. 'It is not true that writing can supply the place of speech.' The child immediately wrote the phrase, while the old man shook his head incredulously over the strange characters. Another scholar was then called from the end of the room; and on the slate being placed in his hands, he read the words without hesitation. 'Oh! *solombava tokoa*,' exclaimed the opponents with one voice—'Oh! substitute for the tongue'—by which appellation writing has ever since been known in the country. The next trial was in arithmetic, a science in which the natives had been accustomed to reckon by the aid of stones of various sizes; a process that rendered the simplest calculation extremely laborious. The same old judge had prepared a question. 'Now,' said he to the children, 'if I send a hundred sheep to Tamatave, and sell sixty at four dollars each, twenty at three dollars, and twenty at two dollars, how much ought my slave to bring back to me?' Scarcely had he finished, than an intelligent little girl answered, '340 dollars.' 'Yes, yes, 340, 340,' cried out all the little voices. The aged examiners agreed that the case was astonishing, and the cause of the schools was gained.

Still, it was not without a struggle that popular favour was secured. The natives' distrust of Europeans made them suspicious; parents could not divest themselves of the belief that secret mischief was intended by the schools, and that some day all the children would be bound and led away into slavery. Two other teachers, however, arrived; and on their application for permission to build another school, the king answered, 'Radama says—My friends, live long, and in peace. If my subjects can build such a house, it shall be built. Thus says your good friend.—(Signed) Radama.' Soon after this the prejudices of the people gave way, and in three years from the commencement, there were more than a thousand scholars in fourteen schools, directed by the English teachers and the most intelligent of the pupils. The king became more and more interested in them, and issued frequent proclamations respecting them to his subjects, some sentences from which will exemplify his feelings. 'In future, those only who know how to read and write shall be advanced to any place; or, 'The young people who have left school ought carefully to occupy themselves with what they have learned; for if they neglect and forget, the king will cause them to return to school; and again, 'The king again invites his people to send their children to the schools, where they will acquire only good principles. There they learn to read and write, and may then confide their affairs to paper; so that in future all cheating will be impossible, and there will be neither quarrels nor disputes in families.' While smiling at this innocent illusion of the king of the Madagascans, it may be remembered that he is not the only one whose expectations of the benefits of education have been equally illusory; the quotations, however, show a decided tendency in the right direction. By his orders all the schools of Tananarivo were united in one central establishment, where the masters, who were afterwards sent to found schools in the villages, were instructed. So rapidly did education make its way, that, in 1828 there were in the kingdom ninety schools, attended by not less than four thousand children. The examinations took place annu-

ally in March, and were presided over by the king in person, who on these occasions showed great favour to the teachers, and enlarged the facilities for the advancement of education. On the publication of the Bible in the Madagassian language, he took every opportunity of exposing the false pretensions of the native priests, who complained that the spread of education diverted their revenues. On one occasion, when a man was running frantically about the streets with an image in his hand, declaring to the superstitious bystanders that he was under the influence of the god, and could not stand still, Radama went up to him, and taking the little statue into his own hand, overwhelmed the pretender with ridicule, by showing that it did not affect his movements. His wishes for improvement extended to the mechanical arts as well as to letters; and when some artisans were sent out to him from England, he received them with the greatest joy.

The Madagassians are in general very hospitable, kind, and obliging, and seem to regard selfishness with great aversion: the little tales related by the parents to their children generally contain some ugly feature of selfishness as a moral. They have also a great love for their country, and if about to leave it for any length of time, they take away with them, like the Poles, a small quantity of the soil on which they were born in their bosoms, and frequently look at it with melancholy. The sound of the *valiha*, a species of monotonous guitar, their favourite instrument, produces at such times the same effect upon them as the *ranz des vaches* upon the Swiss soldiers when at a distance from their native country. On the other hand, they are as vindictive, deceitful, and apathetic as the most savage nations. The crime of infanticide, which was common among them, was abolished, though not without great opposition, by a royal edict, which also established new regulations respecting baptism and marriage; and it was found that there was less difficulty in deciding on these points, than on the orthography to be adopted in Madagassian writing. This was at last regulated by a law which enacted that every one should make use of the English consonants, but that the vowels should be French, in order, said the king, 'that an *a* may be always *a*, and not sometimes an *o* or an *e*.'

It must not be supposed that all these changes were equally well received: in barbarous, as in civilised communities, it is not always safe to brave the popular prejudices. Radama, however, did not content himself with making laws; he watched over their execution. Often, like the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, he left his palace disguised, and walked about the city in the evenings to hear what his people said of him. He particularly insisted that hospitality should be exercised with liberality and cheerfulness, and frequently visited families incognito to test their conduct in this respect, and the next day rewarded or reproved them according to the manner in which he had been entertained. Commerce received from him due encouragement.

This monarch, possessed of such remarkable endowments, superior to all his people, who had so nobly invited and cherished the civilisation of Europe, died, in 1828, at the early age of thirty-six, a victim to the excesses into which he had been tempted. What Madagascar lost in him, may be best judged of by the lamentable occurrences which followed his decease. One of his queens, Ranavalona, having assumed the reins of government, gradually revoked all the laws of her predecessor. The slave trade was again legalised; infanticide permitted; the schools were shut up, and the teachers banished; the possessors of books were forced to give them up, under penalty of death; hundreds of families were reduced to slavery for their adherence to the new opinions; while many were publicly executed, victims of the queen's hatred of civilisation.

Some few escaped to the mountains, where they lead a harassed and wandering life. In them, however, may possibly be preserved the germ of the future regeneration of the island. Ranavalona, however, is still on the

throne, firm in her determination to exclude foreigners, of whatever nation, from every part of her kingdom. It is therefore impossible to predict the time when the improvements, so happily commenced, may again take root, and permanently flourish among this interesting people.

THE PAINTER'S GRAVE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

[From the Art-Union.]

THE island of Bute is at the 'opening out' of the Firth of Clyde; and although neither so wild nor so grand in character as Arran or others of its majestic neighbours, it is still abundantly rich in the picturesque. The northern portions are as barren and rocky as those whose delight is in 'rough scenery' can desire; but the southern sides are fertile—have been cultivated with care and considerable taste—and in any other locality 'Mount Blair' would be elevated from its rank as a 'hill' to the dignity of a 'mountain.' The air is deliciously soft and mild, differing essentially from the sharp atmosphere which pierces 'the Sassanach' with cruel keenness—no matter how well shielded he may be—while wandering along beautiful glens, or by the sides of cloud-wreathed mountains 'farther north.'

Rothsay, the capital of this charming island, lies in a lovely bay. On one side are the Kyles of Bute, on the other the dark and rugged peaks of Arran are seen towering over the green and fertile hills. Roads diverge in various directions, vying with each other in interest; but our favourite walk winds by the water's edge towards Ascog—a place of silent and quiet beauty, somewhat more than two miles from Rothsay. The road is overhung by a line of rock, in some parts bare and rugged, and in others thickly covered with trees, shrubs, and wild flowers, here tangled together in the wildest luxuriance, and a few yards beyond formed into natural parterres. At intervals the scenery is tamed by elegant and well-built villas and cottages, of greater or less pretension—some exceedingly *ornée*, others of a more retiring character, nestling against the rich and sheltering hill; while on the opposite side the waters of the all-beautiful Clyde rush boldly around the masses of rock, which Time, the disturber, has hurled from the heights above. The climate is so genial, that shrubs and plants grow in Bute that are quite unknown in any other part of Scotland, except in greenhouses: here they flourish in full health and vigour along the winding paths that lead to the hill-top.

But there is at Ascog one object, of simple yet deep interest, which it will be well to visit, to learn a lesson and to offer a tribute—a lesson on the uncertainty of all earthly hopes, and a tribute to the memory of one whose career, uncertain and varied as it was, deserves to be recorded with sympathy and respect.

On a point of rock jutting out into the water, a Kirk has been erected in connexion with the Free Church of Scotland. The spot is exceedingly picturesque; and the church, destitute of everything like ornament, or even design, is rendered interesting to the stranger from the dignified solitude of its situation. The Scottish churches present such unpromising exteriors, that it is well continually to call to mind the holy purposes which 'beautify within;' but, plain as the little church of Ascog is, there are few who would not look at it twice, so as to be able to recall to memory a place hallowed by deep and earnest prayer, standing like a sentinel on the firm-set rock. It is intended that a burial-ground shall surround this place of worship: at present the graveyard has but one occupant: on the western side, against the outer wall, and looking seaward, a stone tablet has been erected, bearing the words, 'MONTAGUE STANLEY:' this is enclosed within an iron railing, marking off the lonely grave.

'And who was Montague Stanley?' He is well remembered in Edinburgh—well remembered in the best

meaning of the word. There are many who, when they hear the name, will remember a fine young man, distinguished, but a very few years ago, as an actor of the most gentlemanly and prepossessing appearance, valuable to the manager of the Edinburgh theatre in various ways, for he possessed much dramatic taste, and his conduct and character were alike respected. He was the personification of enjoyment, standing well with the world, and the world with him; united to a worthy love—worthy of all the affection he bestowed. Let no one sneer at this, from an idea that the wear and tear of theatrical life leave no quiet spot wherein the best and purest affections of our natures may be cherished; let no one believe there are human creatures set apart, by profession, from high and holy feelings; let them rather seek to discover the golden links which, however concealed by circumstances, bind us firmly—in the midst of needed labour to which we are called—to what is right and true.

Mr and Mrs Stanley found that constant exertion not only in, but out of their profession, was necessary to meet the claims of a young family. Mr Stanley never suffered his wife to appear in public after her marriage; but she was considered a successful teacher of the graceful art in which she excelled, and had dancing classes at her own house; while her husband occupied the hours between rehearsal and performance by teaching elocution and drawing. Drawing had long been the delight of his leisure moments. The handsome Montague Stanley rapidly gained a local celebrity, and his landscapes became annually exhibited in Edinburgh. His fame was at its zenith, when, urged by conscientious scruples which for some time had disturbed his tranquillity, he withdrew from the stage, and applied himself altogether to teaching and painting. His family increased rapidly, and his labours were redoubled; his friends told him, as friends generally do, that he 'worked too hard;' that he must 'take care of himself,' and 'abridge his hours of toil;' that it was a pity he left the stage; that he could return to it, and labour less; that it was a certain income, while teaching and the sale of pictures depended upon the taste or caprice of others. But he was not one to do what he considered wrong, because it militated against his interests. He had learned to believe that his former profession was at war with his duties as a Christian, and he turned from it, not when his fame was diminishing, or his manly beauty was on the wane, but when both were in their zenith. Thus he proved the strength and truth of his moral character: and the Scotch are a people ever ready to appreciate both. He had abundance of occupation; but his health rapidly declined, and those who loved him best began to fear that his days were numbered.* Early in the past year he went to the Isle of Bute, where the mild and genial air is highly recommended in cases of pulmonary disease; but the complaint, the pestilence of the British isles, had seized upon him with its most tenacious grasp; and, after much suffering, he found a grave in the place where he had hoped to have been restored to health and strength. The love and tenderness of his wife and children were with him through all his exertions; but it needs strong faith to look from a dying bed into the faces of tender children, and know that they are left to struggle through the waters of life with slender help; it needs strong faith to do this, and yet say, 'All is peace.' After her husband's death, Mrs Stanley collected and sent on to Edinburgh the pictures and sketches that were the memorials of his genius, hoping to realise something by their disposal; but, most unfortunately, the carriage by which they were to be conveyed from Glasgow to Edinburgh took fire, and the

paintings were either destroyed, or so injured as to be unfit for sale.

Those who know the painter's widow speak in terms of admiration and respect of her amiable qualities and numerous accomplishments; and she is now anxious to establish a school in the island, where she continues to reside. Nothing can be more thrilling than the contrast between the early and the latter days of Montague Stanley: the glittering lights, the loud applause, the admiration that never fails, to attend upon personal grace and beauty, either in man or woman—all that excites the passions or fevers the imagination—were present with him in his youth; and these, as he grew older, were exchanged for the intense and lonely labour of the studio. Instead of the stirring sounds of clapping hands, he had the smiles of his children and the quiet affection of his wife: his fine taste and tender nature appreciated these blessings; but they were to give way in their turn to the certainty that he should never aid them to battle with the strife of life, and that his future must very soon deepen into eternity. On his deathbed, we have heard, he desired to be buried in the churchyard of Ascog—within sound of the waters of the Clyde. And a fitting spot it is for a painter's grave—so solitary and sublime in its simplicity. You can hear the preacher's voice and the deep chant of the sacred psalm from within, while the waves ripple beneath, and the shadow of the sea-bird's wing passes as transiently as the sigh of childhood over the raised sod. And as you gaze thereon, the fever of life's anxieties becomes subdued; the deceptive veil is lifted, even as the mist rises from yonder mountain; and the reality of revealed truth becomes more and more distinct. The imagination takes a higher and a loftier range: in proportion as it is elevated, it is purified, and the beauty of the material becomes blended with that of the eternal world.

Feelings such as these crowded upon us as we contemplated the simple tablet which bore only the painter's name; and so softly did their footsteps fall, that we fancied we were alone, until some little children, dressed in the deepest mourning, arrested our attention by a few words whispered to each other, while they looked earnestly at us. Another glance, and we saw they were accompanied by their mother—one little creature, not able to walk without the assistance of its parent's hand, looked lovingly and smilingly into her sad face: her gaze was fixed upon the tablet.

There is something sad beyond all description in seeing children dressed in deep mourning: it contrasts awfully with their young fair faces; it tells far too plainly of their early acquaintance with the most bitter trial incidental to humanity, and that they have already learnt a bitter lesson as to the uncertainty of life; but to see so many, little more than infants, accompanied by one parent, crowding round the grave of the other, was yet more full of sorrow. We could no longer remain, or intrude upon a scene so sacred in its nature. We quitted it, with the conviction that the grave could not be called 'solitary,' while those the painter dearly loved bedewed it with their tears!

PARAGRAPHS WITH TAIL-PIECES.

ESQUIRES.

Real Esquires are of seven sorts.—1. Esquires of the king's body, whose number is limited to four. 2. The eldest sons of knights and their eldest sons born during their lifetimes. It would seem that, in the days of ancient warfare, the knight often took his eldest son into the wars, for the purpose of giving him a practical military education, employing him meanwhile to be his Esquire. 3. The eldest sons of the younger sons of peers of the realm. 4. Such as the king invests with the collar of SS, including the kings of arms, heralds, &c. The dignity of Esquire was conferred by Henry IV. and his successors, the investiture of the collar, and the gift of a silver pair of spurs. Gower the poet was such an Esquire by creation. 5. Esquires to the Knights of the Bath for life, and their eldest sons. 6. Sheriffs for counties for life. Coroners and justices of the peace,

* Mrs Hall has not mentioned, probably from not being aware of the fact, that Mr Montague Stanley, while residing in Edinburgh, on several occasions, and at the risk of his own life, saved persons from drowning—services in the cause of humanity which more than once were alluded to in becoming terms in the papers of the day. It is not improbable that these efforts had an injurious effect on a frame never robust.—*Edn.*

and gentlemen of the royal household, while they continue in their offices. 7. Barristers-at-law, doctors of divinity, law, and medicine, mayors of towns, and some others, are said to be of secular dignity, but not actual Esquires. Supposing this enumeration to comprise all who are entitled to Esquireship, it will be evident that thousands of persons styled Esquires are not so in reality. It is a prevailing error that persons possessed of £300 a-year in land are Esquires; but an estate of £50,000 would not confer the dignity. Nothing but one or other of the conditions above-mentioned is sufficient.—*Curiosities of Heraldry*. [If such be the limited number of real Esquires, how many mock ones there now are! Almost everybody above the grade of the mechanic and inferior tradesman is now styled Esquire. It is not uncommon, for instance, to see such an announcement as James Paterson, Esq., grocer; which, upon the above showing, is nothing less than a contradiction in terms. The prevalent custom is the more indefensible, in as far as the deserted term 'Mr' is one of high respect, implying as it does Magister or Master, the possessor of command and dignity. And it is a term, moreover, by which some of the greatest of modern Britons have been familiarly recognised, as Mr Pitt, Mr Canning, &c. Why should there not be an *Anti-use-of-the-term-esquire* Association, by way of putting down this wide-spread and still spreading absurdity?]

FIRST RAILWAYS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Everything about the growth, development, and administration of our modern railroads is on so gigantic a scale, that one contemplates, almost with incredulity, the principal points or stages of their advance, from their rude prototype, the tramways, which appear to have first been laid down in the collieries about the middle of the 17th century, to the perfect construction of iron ways on our greatest lines in 1845. From the 'Life of the Lord Keeper North,' Haydn gives the following notice of these trains, under the date of 1676, by the learned narrator (Charles II.'s chancellor):—'The manner of the carriage is by laying rails of timber from the colliery to the river, exactly straight and parallel, and bulky carts are made with four rollers fitting these rails, whereby the carriage is so easy, that one horse will draw down four or five chaldrons of coal, and is an immense benefit to the coal merchants.' The colliery trains were made of iron, at Whitehaven, in 1738; but the first considerable iron railroad was laid down at Colebrook Dale in 1787. Canal and mining companies occasionally laid down metal trains to connect their smaller branches with their larger works. The first iron railroad to which the formal sanction of parliament was given, by an act passed in 1801, was the Surrey iron railway (by horses), from the Thames at Wandsworth to Croydon. This part of the recapitulation should probably close with the Liverpool and Manchester railway (by engines), as the first of those larger and more costly enterprises which are at present the admiration not only of this country, but of Europe.—*Newspaper paragraph*. [Scotland possesses a railway of old date, which is connected with history in an unexpected way. It was laid down by the York Buildings Company in 1738, after they had purchased the forfeited estates of the Winton family in East Lothian: being designed to connect the coal-pits near Tantallon with the seaport of Cockenzie. When a romantically-imagined stranger goes to visit the field of Preston, where, just about a century ago, the Highland army of Prince Charles Edward overthrew the royal troops under General Cope, he is apt to be much grieved at seeing the ground crossed by a thing so mechanical as a railroad, which he of course thinks a base intrusion upon a spot which should be consecrated to historical recollection. But the fact is, that this mechanical object was established on the spot before romance had anything to do with it; and Cope's half-dozen cannon actually stood upon this way when the wild Camerons of the brave Lochiel sprang upon and took them, immediately after the first fire. While this railway may be regarded as having a right to be where it is, and even as an interesting memorial of one of the principal events of the battle, it must be owned that within the last few months the scene has been considerably changed by the laying down of a new line, namely, the North British, which forms a deep trench skirting the whole field of

action. Amongst other violences done by this railway to the original character of the ground, is the cutting through of the avenue of Bankton House, the now dismantled mansion of Colonel Gardiner. Verily, it must be admitted, railways are no respecters of the sentimental.]

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR SMALL PROVINCIAL TOWNS.

The inhabitants of Taunton are displaying no little spirit and judgment in carrying out their determination to improve their town, and thereby render it more attractive to strangers, as well as more pleasant and healthy to themselves. A public meeting is about to be convened for the purpose of electing a committee of taste, and of devising means to carry into execution those improvements which may be considered desirable. Many excellent suggestions have already been made; among them we may mention the removal of the almshouses in Magdalene Lane, and building in their stead a number of elegant and uniform cottages—the purchasing ground for public walks—the erection of a suitable building for public concerts, lectures, &c. A prospectus for the erection of public baths has also just been issued. It is proposed to raise a capital of £1000, in shares of £10 each; £500 to be appropriated to the building, and the remainder to furniture and incidentals. These and other improvements will not only raise Taunton in the scale of places of resort, especially during the winter months, but will confer a permanent benefit upon her denizens.—*The Builder*. [It is curious to observe the dozy indifferent state into which country towns allow themselves to fall, when there is no external impulse to keep them awake. We do not know Taunton, but we have no doubt that, till lately, it resembled many small towns which we do know, and which have not yet plucked up any similar spirit. A town is, in fact, very much like the human individual, liable to be languid and careless, or active and smart, just as it may be affected by fortune. Long chilled by the breath of poverty, it at length gets into that state of inaction in which we sometimes feel ourselves when, being under-clothed, we dread to move, lest we expose ourselves to fresh inroads of the cold. We then see it becoming negligent as to the state of its highways and byways, and extremely contemptuous of everything that may be said by strangers with respect to the improvements of other towns; the real fact being, that it has no objection to improvement, but only dreads the expense. At length rises some stirring citizen—perhaps a retired stranger with some superfluous time and waste energy, or possibly a native of an abnormal degree of public spirit—who goes bustling about with a subscription paper to get the streets newly paved, and a few decorations effected; and, to the surprise of all, contrives to make everything neat as a new pin in a couple of years; so that strangers could hardly know it to be the same place. Such has been the history of a series of improvements formerly noticed by us (*Journal*, No. 3, new series) at taking place at St Andrews, where the prime agent was an energetic gentleman (Major Playfair) filling the office of provost. And such improvements, by the force of the St Andrews example, are now being effected in the less wealthy and populous town of Peebles. Having lately an opportunity of reviewing the proceedings at the former town, we were delighted, as well as surprised, at the change which had taken place. From being a dull, dispirited, looking town, full of deformities, and with a pavement which it was a penance to walk upon, it has become smart, cheerful, well-paved, and, apparently, half renewed; for, it must be observed, the bustling attendant on public renovations has acted as a stimulus to private enterprise, and a vast number of persons have rebuilt, repaired, or freshened up their houses, in order to fulfil and support the general design. Considering that little more than a thousand pounds were required for the public portion of these improvements, and that one person was the sole primary agent by which the money was collected and the end attained, we would say that nothing but ignorance of such an example could excuse similar country towns from similar transformations. There is not, we seriously believe, any such town, however defective in public funds, we begone in general, sunk and lost in mud and disrepair, but might

have itself scrubbed and brushed up, so as to look almost spick-and-span new, if there were in it but so much as one active and judicious citizen—and where was there ever any town so small but had its clever fellow, as well as its parson and its crier? Only let the said genius have some magnanimity to bear the sneers and cavils of the mean and invidious, with a determination, *courage qui coûte*, that the object shall be effected, and ten to one the thing is done even in less time, and with less difficulty, than he himself could have expected.]

THE DYING FLOWER;

BEING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PASSINGER AND A FADING VIOLET.

[The following is extracted from 'German Anthology; a series of Translations from the most popular of the German Poets, by James Clarfuss Mangan. 2 vols. Dublin: Curry and Co. 1845.' We have perused this collection with much pleasure and advantage. The pieces are so various, and from such a variety of sources, as to leave hardly any author or style of verse of our German neighbours unrepresented; and the style of translation is free, bold, and energetic, at the same time that special character is well preserved. In short, it is such a collection as could only be expected from a man of original genius, deeply imbued with the spirit of the literature which he endeavours to make his own.]

PASSINGER.

Droop not, poor flower!—there's hope for thee:
The spring again will breathe and burn,
And glory robe the kingly tree,
Whose life is in the sun's return;
And once again its buds will chime
Their peal of joy from viewless bells,
Though all the long dark winter-time
They mourned within their dreary cells.

FLOWER.

Alas! no kingly tree am I,
No marvel of a thousand years:—
I cannot dream a winter by,
And wake with song when spring appears.
At best my life is kin to death;
My little all of being flows
From summer's kiss, from summer's breath,
And sleeps in summer's grave of snows.

PASSINGER.

Yet grieve not! summer may depart,
And beauty seek a brighter home,
But thou, thou bearest in thy heart
The germ of many a life to come.
Mayest lightly reek of autumn-storms;
Whate'er thine individual doom,
Thine essence, blent with other forms,
Will still shine out in radiant bloom!

FLOWER.

Yes!—moons will wane, and silver skies
Breathe blessing forth for flower and tree;
I know that while the unit dies,
The myriad live immortally:
But shall my soul survive in them?
Shall I be all I was before?
Vain dream! I wither, soul and stem;
I die, and know my place no more!

The sun may lavish life on them;
His light, in summer morns and eves,
May colour every dewy gem
That sparkles on their tender leaves;
But this will not avail the dead:
The glory of his wondrous face
Who now rains lustre on my head,
Can only mock my burial-place!

And so to me, fond foolish one,
To tempt an all-consuming ray!
To think a flower could love a sun,
Nor feel her soul dissolve away!
Oh, could I be what once I was,
How should I shun his fatal beam!
Wrapt in myself, my life should pass
But as a still, dark, painless dream!

But, vainly in my bitterness
I speak the language of despair:
In life, in death, I still must bless
The sun, the light, the cradling air!
Mine early love to them I gave,
And, now that yon bright orb on high
Illumines but a wider grave,
For them I break my final sigh!

How often soared my soul aloft
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,
When zephyr came and kissed with soft,
Sweet incense-breath my blushing cheek!
When beauteous bees and butterflies
Flew round me in the summer-beam,
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes
Bent o'er me like a dawning dream!

Ah, yes! I know myself a birth
Of that All-wise, All-mighty Love,
Which made the flower to bloom on earth,
And sun and stars to burn above;
And if, like them, I fade and fall,
If I but share the common doom,
Let no lament of mine bewail
My dark descent to Hades' gloom!

Farewell, thou lamp of this green globe!
Thy light is on—my dying face;
Thy glory tints my faded robe,
And clasps me in—a death-embrace!
Farewell, thou balsam-dropping spring!
Farewell, ye skies that beam and weep!
Unhoping and un murmuring,
I bow my head and sink to sleep!

GREAT EVENTS FROM TRIFLING CAUSES.

We hear sometimes of great events being produced by trifling, and, one would think, inadequate causes. Within these few years, in this country, the inadvertence of slightly misplacing a single figure on a scrap of paper occasioned to one person, who was ill able to afford it, the loss of a thousand pounds, and to another the punishment of seven years' transportation. Two builders in Glasgow, carrying on business in company, discounted a bill for £120 with a bank of that city. The slip on which the discount was marked, attached to the bill, was handed by the accountant's clerk to the teller. This charge, deducted from the bill, showed a balance of £117, 14s. 4d. to be paid to the person who presented the bill acting for the company. On the slip, however, it was ascertained afterwards by enquiring circumstances, though the slip itself was lost, that the 1 of the shillings being rather near the 7 of the pounds, the teller had mistaken the sum for £1171, 4s. 4d., and gave away above £1000 more than he should have done; though, what is strange, the proper sum was entered in his own cash-book. The deficiency was of course immediately discovered, but neither the teller himself, nor any others in the bank, could at that time trace out how the error had been committed. The teller had, indeed, to give up his place, and his cautioners to make up the deficiency. He was still retained, however, in another department of the same bank; but he removed afterwards to an Edinburgh bank connected with that in Glasgow. Three years had now elapsed since this transaction had taken place, when the secretary of the bank discovered the real cause by comparing the amount of the deficiency with the supposition of the above error; but this did not enable the bank to bring home the charge to the person who received the money. The builders at length becoming bankrupt, and their books getting into the hands of the trustee for their creditors, the sum was found marked with pencil at the end of their cash-book. But the thing was made still more clear by the partner who managed their money matters having told the story to another person, who it appears did not keep it a secret. This partner, being apprehended, and tried before the circuit Court of Justiciary at Glasgow, the above evidence, both direct and circumstantial, sufficed to convict him, and he was sentenced to seven years' transportation.

CREATING A WANT.

The Rev. Dr Trench, the last archbishop of Tuam, though a wealthy man, was extremely simple and temperate in his mode of living—a plain joint of meat supplied his dinner. Whenever he saw one of his children about to try a new dish, not tasted perhaps at any time before, he always said, with a smile, 'Now, you are going to create a want.'

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TO WANT AND TO HAVE.

In a late lecture to the farmers on scientific agriculture, it was pointed out that, when a hill-side is left undrained, its dampness forms an attraction to clouds to come and discharge themselves on that hill; so that what least needs moisture, and is most apt to be injured by it, is the most apt to have it; while land where care has been taken to do away with humidity, is likely to remain exempt from all such additions of that evil. This natural fact serves to recall certain reflections which we often have occasion to make upon human affairs.

Things somehow seem so constituted, as to be always unfavourable to the person who *wants*, whether it be in natural endowment or in worldly wealth.

When a boy is put to school, if he be of ordinary, or say below ordinary talent, it might be presumed that he had the greater need of assistance from the teacher. But does he get such extra assistance? Assuredly not. The master proceeds as well as he can with the bright and the tolerably bright, who would do passing well without him. The dull he leaves to form a residuum of repose at the bottom of the class, to the mortification of anxious parents and the dismay of hopeful grandfathers. Thus, because the poor fellows have been treated ungenerously by nature, they must be treated ungenerously by man too. Because they want, they remain unsatisfied. Requiring a push, for that very reason they do not get it. Being helpless, they must remain without help. It seems the very contrary of what is called for in the case, by common sense; for better, one would say, leave the clever and inherently active to their own energies, and bring on the laggards, so as to induce a kind of equality between the two sets. But the ways of the world are different, and it would be more than is to be expected of mortal pedagogue, to suppose that he was to give up the feeding of those who take their meat kindly, and appear to thrive upon it, and devote himself to a struggle with the intellectual languor of the dunces.

Who, again, is the favourite at the bar for employment before railway committees? It is not any of the great horde of young men who go about endeavouring to look smart, knowing, and engaged, but who in reality have nearly the whole of their time upon their hands. No; it is the man who is known to be utterly oppressed with the amount of his business, so as to have hardly the least chance of being able to spare five minutes for the case when it comes on. Agents have more hope from the moments of this man than from the days and weeks of those who have no business. The disqualification of the young man is, that he is without that which he desires to have. It is an insuperable ground of suspicion against him, that he has time to execute what he undertakes. For why has he time? Were he highly fitted for his employment, he would get employment;

he would then have no time. Thus things seem to go with him in a vicious circle. Because he wants business, he does not get it. Because he does not get it, he wants it. The wonder is, how any one in such circumstances ever gets business. Perhaps it happens thus. If he be a clever person, little casual matters in the course of time come his way, and break the spell. By using these advantages well, he ultimately surmounts the difficulty.

It has ever been observed, that the destruction of the poor is their poverty. Because they are penniless, they get no pennies, or only pennies. Because, from their narrow means, they would require to obtain everything cheap, they are just for that reason obliged to buy everything dear. If they require a loan, probably they have to pay three times the interest upon it which is demanded from persons in better circumstances. Fortune, perhaps, makes them an offer once in a lifetime; but often, from their want of funds, they have to forego it, and it is snapped up by their wealthy neighbour, who so little needs it, that he is hardly sensible of its making any increase to his means. The man who *has* thrives, indeed, just because he has. He has money—men become his creditors without fear. He has money—the customer is sure he can afford to keep the largest stock and the best article, and sell at the smallest profit. It is not only that himself works; the money works too. It is like having so many more hands. Here, as in the case of the barrister, the first steps are the great difficulty. It generally requires excessive self-denial and dexterity to make the first accumulations; and it is usually long before they are made. But with the smallest advantage of this kind in one's favour, the next steps are always easier, until at length the money seems to make itself.

If increase of means be the more difficult in proportion to the smallness of means, it is easy to see how inequality in this respect must always tend to exaggerate itself. In a country where fortunes, from whatever cause, are unusually various, and men are all free to advance their individual interests, the house of Hlave must enjoy an uncommon degree of advantage over the rest of the community. The members of that family, having the disposition of all things in their favour, will continually tend to become richer in proportion to their neighbours. It will show itself in the contrast between the master and his thousands of workers, in the power of the wholesale trader over retailers, in the voracity of the blood-sucking private-bill discounter, and of banks generally, over men of little capital. Even in literature it will make its appearance; and the man of intellect will be the working slave of the brute-force Capital, personified in the Bookseller. It may not make any man absolutely worse off than he would have been otherwise; but the multitude will feel relatively worse; because they have a more painful subject of invidiousness and

jealousy set up before them, and are less able, by any personal merits or exertions of their own, to escape from the *Want* to the *Have* party. There will always, indeed, be a possibility of passing into the domains of *Have*; because there is no amount of self-denial which men will not be found capable of exemplifying, and natural and acquired talents, with a little good fortune, will always be performing wonders. But the difficulty will be great for the mass to make any such transitions. Nor does it appear that there is any natural check to this progress, besides the limitation imposed upon the power of obtaining suitable hired assistance in the higher departments of business, and the conclusion which death and the failure of natural power put to all great mercantile, as well as heroic conquests. In a system of independent individual exertion, such a progress must go on—as long as human nature can endure it. But it were a libel on Providence to suppose that such a plan is that designed to form the perfection of human society. It will have its era, and then pass away.

We have, meanwhile, this consolation under a system which obviously produces vast evils, that it is an active system. It evokes human powers, and strains them to the uttermost. There is no dallying or languor in this form of the human problem. Work is done—physical difficulties are smoothed down—the field is prepared for whatever better system is in store. Let us, then, make the best, as individuals, of a plan which we evidently cannot, as individuals, control. Wealth is power—let the power be used for good ends. Social influence involves a responsibility towards moral objects; let it be so used accordingly. Let due encouragement be given to the civilising influences which, notwithstanding all drawbacks, real and apparent, are constantly at work amongst us. Thus we may hope that, as the spirit of chivalry brightens the memory of the age of rude baronial power, so shall there be a glory on the page which commemorates even this mechanical and money-making era—the glory of an enlarged humanity working towards noble issues, even in the midst of what we might sometimes think a more sordid kind of selfishness than any which has ever before become conspicuous upon earth.

THE OLD BACHELOR IN THE OLD SCOTTISH VILLAGE.*

This is the title of a little volume, half descriptive, half fictitious, by a gentleman who is known in literary circles in our northern land as a successful writer of verses. The tales, by which a large portion of the volume is filled, are, in general, not characteristic; but the chapters devoted to simple village scenes, life, and character, must strike every one qualified to judge, as in many parts faithfully reflective of the subject. And yet Mr Aird is not the best qualified kind of person for such homely painting. He is too fine and poetical, too much given to effusions of pathetic sentiment. Often we find his villagers expressing feelings of deep affection in the various relations of life: an entire mistake, as we apprehend it; for in all our experience of Scottish life, we never yet knew an instance of such feelings being expressed in words. The Scotsman never tells his child or his parents, or his brothers or sisters, that he has any regard for them—not even in the most exigent circumstances: he leaves his acts to speak for him.

The book appears as written by one who returns from fortune-seeking, in middle life, unmarried, to spend the remainder of his days in his native village. The pic-

ture of his home and little library, and the sketches of his simple neighbours, are interesting, and often a strain of beautiful moralising is indulged in. It appears to us that the following bit of painting is perfect:—"The most uncomfortable weather on earth is the breaking up of a snow-storm at a lonely farm-house in the country, on a cold and clayey bottom. The sickly feeling of reading a book by the fire in the forenoon could still be endured, were there a book to read; but there is not a fresh page in the house. Out, then, you must sally; but what to do? The hills are cheerlessly spotted; the unmelted snow is still lying up the furrows with indentations, like the backbone of a rod herring; a cold blashy rain is driven from the spongy west by a wind that would certainly blow you away, did not your feet stick fast in the mud, as you wade along the sludgy road. Determined to have some exercise, you set your face winkingly against the storm, and make for the black Scotch firs on the hill-side. Finding no shelter, you return to the farm soaked to the skin, and the leather of your shoes like boiled tripe. Hearing the fanners at work in the barn, you make for the stir; and winking against the stour as you bolt in, step up to the ankles in chaff, which sticks to you like a bur. The dusty atmosphere clings lovingly to you, and in a trice you are cased in drab. The luxury of clean dry clothes is now fairly earned: the change is truly an enjoyment, and doubly so in helping you to loiter away an hour. But would, would the evening were come! Such were the leading features of a late visit I paid to a farming acquaintance some three miles off from our village. I don't like such visits at all now. I confess myself afraid of unused bed-rooms, glazed curtains, and cold sheets. Ah! I fear I am getting old."

Equally perfect in description and in feeling is an account of the wild fruit put by October in the attainment of a Caledonian youth. "In quantity and in quality there is always a natural correspondence between the wild and home fruit of the season: so the wild, like the home, is very abundant this year upon the whole. Haws, however, are rather scanty. Indeed the hawthorn is a capricious and delicate plant in this respect, and seldom yields a very good crop. Even in seasons when the flower (chivalrously called "Ladies' Meat") covers the long line of hedges as with a snowy sheet, and delights every nose of sensibility in the parish, we are by no means sure of a harvest of haws entirely correspondent; as the blossom, with the first set of the fruit, is exceedingly tender. Well do the boys know the fat ones. Hips (called in some parts of Scotland *jupies*) are a fair yield this harvest, whether smooth or hairy, hard or buttery. That all-devouring gourmand, the school-boy, who crams every crudity into his maw, from the sour mouth-screwing crab up (though down in literal position) to the Swedish turnip, sweetened by the frost, riots in the luxury of the hip, caring not how much the downy seeds may canker and chap the wicks of his mouth, and render his nails an annoyance in scratching his neck. See the little urchin alight watching the exit of the "lang" cart from the *gryssel*: then jumping in from behind, he takes his seat on the cross-bench, or ventures to stand erect by the help of the pitchfork, his black, dirt-battered little feet overcrept by earwigs, beetles, and long-legged spinners, the living and hither-and-thither-running residuum of the last cartload of peas; till, when the half-cleared field is reached, Klibbertigibbet, who ought all the while to be "gathering," boits through a slap in the hedge, and is down upon the buttery hips in the Whitelee bras. Our hedgerows, sandy banks, and wild stony places, are quite black with brambles this autumn. Clean them from the worms of the thousand-and-one flies that feed on them, and they are capital for jelly and jam; and for painting children's faces, as we see every day in the by-lanes around our village. The bramble, is called in Roxburghshire (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) "Ladies' Garters." There, however, the land being mostly a stiff clay, it thrives poorly. It loves a sharp sandy soil, and espe-

* By Thomas Aird. Small octavo. Edinburgh: Myles Macphail. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

cially those rough stony knowes in the middle of fields, where also in the warm still sunny days of harvest you startle the whirring partridge, and see her feathers where she has been fluttering in the stour, and where you hear the whins, with their opening capsules, crackling on the sun-dried braes. Blackberries were abundant this year, and ripe in the beginning of July. The barberry bears a fair crop. In my boyish days this bush was called gule-tree; and we made yellow ink of it, to give a variety of flourish to our valentines to the little ~~asses~~—from whom we got pins in return to be played for at tee-totum. Ill fares the poor gean-tree by the roadside, torn down and dismantled in all its branches by the village urchins, bent at once on provender and "papes." Scarcely ever does its fruit see the first blush of red. A guinea for a ripe black gean within three miles of a country school! The juniper is a scarce bush; but it has plenty of fruit this year—green, red, and black—on the different exposures of its close-matted evergreen branches. In my days of childhood, I had a sort of religious regard for the juniper, from the "coals of juniper" mentioned in Scripture along with "sharp arrows of the mighty;" and also from the circumstance that I had never seen the berries till they were brought me by my granny, who plucked them on a remote hill-side, as she came from a Cameronian sacrament. So far as eating was concerned, their resinous tang of fir helped my veneration, and I never got beyond chewing one or two. I am compelled to add, however, that my reverence for the holy berries was considerably abated when I found out that the sly old wife had popped a dozen or two of them into her own whisky bottle, to give it the flavour of gin. Crabs are not so plentiful as might have been expected; and (as Johnson said of Churchill) their spontaneous abundance being their only virtue, they are below notice this season. But look at the seed of the ash—how thick! The light green bunches of it, relieved against the somewhat darker verdure of the leaf, make it well seen, and the whole thing has a very rich effect. The pods of the pea-tree (*laburnum*) hang from every branch in clusters. When ripe, the peas are glossy black as jet, and are much sought after by bits of country lasses for making necklaces of beads—for the little monkeys have early notions of finery. They are unsafe to be meddled with, however, as they are very poisonous. It is worthy of remark that, come good year or bad year, the pea-tree never fails to have loads of depending flowers as thick as swarms of bees a-skepping; and the fruit is always equally abundant. Of all plants, and shrubs, and trees in garden and field, and on the mountain sides, none is to be compared in this respect with the prolific pea-tree. It is one of nature's richest gifts to adorn our hedgerows. The wood, I may add, is extremely beautiful, and that the turner knows right well.

The rowan-tree, the beauty of the hills and the terror of witches, is red all over with berries this autumn. May she ever see her fair blushing face in the sleeping crystal of the mountain pool! Her berries are also for trade. The boor-tree, famous for bullet-guns, bored with a red-hot old spindle, and tow-charged, in the days of boyhood, is also very rich this autumn with her small black-purple berries. "Miss Jeanie" would not take the "Laird o' Cockpen" when she was making the "elder-flower wine;" let him try her again in this the time of the elder-berry vintage: she is herself elder now, and has had time to think better of his offer; not to say that a sip of the richer berry may have softened her heart. Never had the "buck" such a "summer high in bliss" as this year among the homed flowers of the lime. The autumn of its fruit is not less exuberant. The ground where it grows is quite littered with the small round seed. The broom is all over black with its thin pods. Plantagenet, more swain-like than king-like, has coined his glory of summer bullion into a bushel of peas. Mushrooms, in their fairy rings in the rich old unploughed pastures, are a fair crop this season. By the way, when does the mush-

room come first? Tom Campbell, in his "Rainbow," says—

"The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When, glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs."

Now, the lark ceases to sing early in July; and I rather think, Thomas, the mushroom is rarely seen till August; what say you? But I refer the matter to William Wordsworth, that master magnet of poetical accuracy. Meanwhile, having thrown Thomas this metaphorical nut to crack, I go on to the literal nuts; and I beg to say that their white young clusters are almost the loveliest fruit that grows in glen or shaw. Now, however, they are glossy brown, and lots of them. So mask yourself, gentle swain, in the most tattered gear you can muster (buckskin breeches, if you have them), as recommended in the said William Wordsworth's poem of "Nutting," and bag and crook in hand, sally forth with your lady-love, bedizened like Otway's witch in the "Orphan," and Pan speed you! And if any lurker, on the spy system, among the bushes, hear you drawing a smile from the hazels among which you are in praise of your sweetheart's eyes, why, he can only take you at worst for King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. So still speed you! Sloes, being harsh and salivating in their sourness, are almost always plentiful; for Dame Nature is a queer old economist, giving us fine things sparingly, but lots of the coarse. But ah! Flibbertigibbet aforesaid delights in the sloe. No matter how deceptively that blue-purple down, or rather film, of seeming ripeness veils the sullen green of harsh immaturity; it's all one to "Ill Tam." Away he goes with his pocketful, whooping through the dry stubble fields to the village cow-herd boy on the common, who, smitten with the eager hope of company in his cheerless waiting on, perks up his head out of his dirty-brown mauld from beyond the boiling heap of divots; starts up with an answering holla; and comes running over the bent to meet his welcome crony, the rush cap on his head nodding like a mandarin's, and his doggie, with its ears laid back in the wind, gambolling on before. Straightway the fire of whins and dry barren thistles is set a-going, and sends up what Æschylus calls "its beard of flame," better seen by its wavering smoke-topped flicker than by its gleams of colour, deadened in the daylight; and the roast of sputtering sloes, with an eke of beans and potatoes, which providence little Patie has in store, is more to our genial worships, sitting on their hunkers, and nuzzling and fingering among the ashes, than Ossian's Feast of Shells. And thus they feast till the day begins to decline. And then they run to the distant road to ask the passing traveller what o'clock it is; and, in the fearless necessities of rude nature, the question is popped whether the passer-by be a charioted buck of seven seals, or a trudging hind who hangs out a crooked sixpence, a simple spotted shell, or a bit of polished parrot-coal, by an affectionate twine of his grandmother's hair.

'Then come the hoar mornings of November frost, and the sloes begin to crack, and are really not so bad; and "Ill Tam" has another day at Eildon hills. He finishes the ploy by tearing and wearing his corduroys, up trees and down "slidders," a very reasonable tatter; and thus the light of knowledge is let in by many and wide holes upon his mother at night, that her son "has been out;" and her patience being worn out as well as his breeks, a good sound thrashing winds up the day to Thomas. Anything like a full crop of acorns is a very rare harvest indeed. This year, however, they are "plenty as blackberries;" and now that the air is beginning to smell of winter, they are popping down upon your head, wherever you go; clean, glossy, and slightly ripened in their brown and white. They must have been better to eat in the Golden Age than now, or the stomachs of our simple ones must have been more easily pleased than those of their degenerate and

luxurious sons; for, hang me from an oak branch if I could eat an acorn, so harsh and stringently tasteful of the tannin, even to see the lion lie down with the lamb. So my age of gold is not likely to get beyond pinchbeck. But swine can eat acorns, though old bachelors are not so innocent; and therefore I advise all my country friends, after the wants of the nurseryman are served, to turn the snouts of their pigs among the mast, or have it gathered by the bairnies and flung into the trough. The porkers grunt almost graciously over it, and it helps to give that fine flavour to the flesh which touches the tongue so readily in the wild-boar ham.

We must not part with Mr Aird till we have remonstrated against a certain leaning to the past, which appears to us to be not the true feeling of its kind, for it is needlessly insulting to the present. He sees only mischief threatened by the efforts now making to educate the masses, and seriously expresses his willingness to give up all modern popular literature for the filth which filled the pedlar's basket thirty years ago. This is only maudlin sentimentalism, not manly feeling. It is putting rational choice between good and evil at scorn, and playing into the hands of those who hate the public good for reasons which they think important to their own interests. We believe that men, in writing in this manner, do not exercise judgment at all; they are only indulging in caprices and fancies. We greatly prefer to see a man writing with his head clear, and his heart open, and as if he felt every word he put down to be upon oath. It is by such earnest men that the world is to be made better, not by sickly indulgers in whimsy and paradox.

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER—A TALE.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA SARGEANT.

Act well thy part—there the true honour lies.—POPE.

'I WISH, papa, you would teach me to be a painter,' was the exclamation of a fair-haired child, over whose brow eleven summers had scarcely passed, as she sat earnestly watching a stern middle-aged man, who was giving the last touches to the head of a Madonna. 'Pshaw,' pettishly returned the artist; 'go play with your doll, and don't talk about things you can't understand.' 'But I should like to learn, papa,' the child resumed: 'I think it would be so pretty to be; and, besides, it would get us some more money, and then we could have a large house and servants, such as we used to have, and that would make you happy again, would it not, papa?' 'You are a good girl, Amy, to wish to see me happy,' the father rejoined, somewhat softened by the artless affection of his little daughter; 'but women are never painters, that is, they are never great painters.' The child made no further comment, but still retained her seat, until her father's task was accomplished.

The chamber in which this brief dialogue took place was a meanly-furnished apartment in a small house situated in the suburbs of Manchester. The appearance of the artist was that of a disappointed man, who certainly doggedly with adversity rather than sternly the torrent with fortitude. Habitual discontent was stamped on his countenance, but ever and anon a glance of fierceness shot from his full dark eyes, as the thought of the position to which his talents ought to have raised him would flit across his brain. A greater contrast could scarcely be conceived than existed between the father and child: the latter added to the charms of that early period of life a face and form of exquisite beauty. Her dazzling complexion, rich auburn hair, and graceful attitudes, accorded ill with the rusty black frock which was the mourning habit for her maternal parent,

and the expression of her features was that of natural joyousness, tempered, but not wholly suppressed, by thoughtfulness beyond her years.

Leonard Beaufort had once been, as was implied by his daughter, in a different station to that he now occupied. He was by birth and education a gentleman; but partly owing to his own mismanagement and extravagance, and partly from misfortunes altogether unavoidable (though he chose to attribute his reverses wholly to the latter cause), he found himself suddenly plunged from competence into utter destitution. He had hitherto practised painting as an amateur, but now he was forced to embrace it as the only means afforded him of supporting his family, which at that time consisted of a wife and two children. He was not without some share of talent; but unhappily for those who depended on his exertions, he was too indolent to make much progress in an art which requires the exercise of perseverance, no less than the possession of genius; and after struggling for more than three years with the bitterest poverty, his wife and youngest child fell victims to their change of circumstances. Little Amy was thus left motherless, and would have been friendless, but for the care of a neighbour, who, pitying her forlorn condition, watched over her with almost maternal regard. Mrs Lyddiard was the widow of a merchant's clerk, who had no other provision than that which was afforded her by her own labours in a little school; but from these humble means she was enabled, by prudent management, to give her only child Herbert (a boy about three years the senior of Amy) a tolerable education, which would fit him to undertake a similar situation to that which his father had filled.

Towards this amiable woman and her son, the warm affections which had been pent up in the young heart of our little heroine, since the death of her mother and infant brother, now gushed forth in copious streams; for, though she loved her father with a tenderness scarcely to be expected, and certainly unmerited by one who manifested such indifference in return, she dared not express her feelings in words or caresses. Beaufort would usually devote a few of the morning hours to his profession, and then, growing weary, throw aside his pencil in disgust, and either wander about the neighbourhood in moody silence, or spend the rest of the day in the society of a few dissolute persons of education, with whom he had become acquainted since his residence in Manchester. The indolence of the parent had, however, the effect of awakening the latent energies of the daughter's mind; and young as she was at the time we introduce her to our readers, her thoughts were engaged upon a scheme which, if successful, would, she deemed, reinstate them in competence. This was for her to become possessed of a knowledge of her father's art (secretly, since he had given a check to her plan), and she believed she could accomplish it by watching his progress, and practising during his long absences from home. As Mrs Lyddiard warmly approved of the proposition, it was immediately put into execution; and Herbert, who was also made a confidant, volunteered to purchase her colours and brushes; for she dared not make use of her father's, for fear of discovery.

The performances of the young artist for the first twelve months, as might be expected, did not rise above mediocrity; but by increased perseverance and a determination to excel, she rapidly improved. The disposal of a few of her pictures furnished her with the means to procure materials for others; but she still studiously concealed her knowledge from her father, intending to

do so till her skill approximated in some degree to his.

Eight years thus glided away, and the beautiful and artless child had now become an elegant and lovely young woman. Her nineteenth birthday was approaching, and she determined to prepare a specimen of her abilities to be displayed on that occasion. She selected Lear and Cordelia for her subject, thinking it would tacitly express the affection which had instigated her desire to acquire a knowledge of her father's profession. She completed her task, and the Lyddiards were lavish in their praises of the performance. Herbert declared it to be quite equal to any her father had done, and his approbation, it must be acknowledged, was highly valued by the fair artist. On the evening before the eagerly-anticipated day, Beaufort came home at an unusually early hour, and, what was of rare occurrence, in excellent spirits.

'I've sold that piece from Shakspeare I finished last week to a gentleman who is going abroad,' he said, addressing his daughter with unshaken confidence and kindness; for it was not often that he deigned to make her acquainted with anything connected with his profession.

'What, the Prospero and Miranda I admired so much, papa?' Amy asked.

'Yes; and he wants another to pair it done within a fortnight, so I must rise early and labour hard, for the days are short; but I was better remunerated than commonly, which makes it worth my while to put myself to a little inconvenience.'

'You will like to have your coffee at six to-morrow morning then?' Amy observed.

'Yes, child, not a moment later.'

The coffee was prepared to the minute, and, contrary to the expectation of the daughter, her father was up to partake of it; for it was not an uncommon case for him to talk of executing a painting in a hurry, and then be more than usually dilatory in its performance. In this instance, however, he seemed in earnest, for, after having hastily swallowed his breakfast, he sat down to sketch out the piece. Amy silently withdrew from the room, not daring at present to broach the subject which was uppermost in her thoughts, and employed herself with her domestic duties till the time when she deemed he would require her assistance in mixing his colours, which was her usual task.

'It won't do; the design is bad,' the artist petulantly exclaimed as his daughter re-entered the apartment, and he angrily dashed his pencil to the ground.

'What won't do, dear papa?' Amy gently inquired.

'I've spent the whole night deciding on a subject, and now that I have sketched it, see that it's not suitable,' he pettishly made answer.

'What is it, papa?'

'Coriolanus and his mother.'

'Well, in my opinion, that would be very appropriate. As the other was a father and daughter, here is a mother and son; but if you don't like it, what think you of Lear and Cordelia?' Amy's voice faltered, and she dared not raise her eyes from the sketch which she affected to be examining.

'I'm not in a mood for painting to-day: I'll try to-morrow.'

'But your time, you said, was short?' Amy ventured to interpose.

'Well, if I can't get it done, he must go without it,' was his irritable reply. 'I'm not going to be tied down to the easel, whether disposed or not, for such a paltry sum.'

'I thought you told me that this gentleman would remunerate you handsomely?'

'Handsomely!' the artist scornfully repeated; 'it's better than I am usually paid, but not a fiftieth part of what I ought to receive. See how some men, not possessed of half my talent, succeed! but they have the patronage of the great to aid them.'

'And perhaps brighter days may yet dawn on you, dear father!' pleaded the daughter.

'Never!' and Beaufort rose in haste to attire himself for departure.

'Papa,' cried Amy, gently catching his arm, 'will you just stay for a few minutes; I have something to say to you; and a deep flush of crimson suffused her cheek as she spoke. Beaufort turned hesitatingly. 'It is my birthday,' she pursued—'I am this day nineteen.'

'That is no subject for rejoicing, girl,' he doggedly observed.

'I have been looking forward to this period with intense anxiety, meaning then to make you acquainted with a subject which has long engrossed my thoughts,' she timidly said.

'No foolish love affair, I hope?' Beaufort almost fiercely demanded, looking sternly in his daughter's agitated and flushed countenance as he uttered the words. 'Perhaps,' he sarcastically continued, without giving her time to reply—'perhaps you deem yourself marriageable at the matron-like age of nineteen, and have selected some country boor for my son-in-law?'

This speech was directed at Herbert Lyddiard, and Amy felt it; but her thoughts were at this moment occupied by another subject of absorbing interest. 'No,' she returned with modest dignity; 'I have at present no desire to alter my condition, but I have for years been intent upon bettering yours. I may be presumptuous in supposing it possible that any effort of mine could do so; but I was resolved to make the trial, and this shall speak for me.' As she concluded, she drew from a closet the picture she had so anxiously prepared, and displayed it to her parent's astonished gaze. Beaufort could not speak, but stood for some minutes immovable, with his eyes fixed on the piece, as if doubting the reality of what he beheld.

'Amy,' he exclaimed, 'is it possible that this is your performance?'

'It is, father.'

'And you have had no teacher?'

'Yes, you have been my teacher. For eight long years I have been your pupil—a silent but a most attentive pupil. I owe all my knowledge to you.'

'It is admirable,' he murmured, 'and the very thing I want; as like my execution as if I myself had done it.'

'Do you say so, my father?' Amy exultingly exclaimed. 'Do you say so? That is praise beyond what I have ever dared to hope for; and, for the first time in her life, she threw herself into her parent's embrace.

Beaufort re-examined the work. 'Did you intend it to pair my Prospero and Miranda?' he asked.

'I did, though not with the idea of its ever being sold as such. I greatly admired your father and daughter, and thought I would attempt a similar piece. I thought, too—she stopped for a moment, then blushing added—'I thought it an appropriate offering from one who desires to be a Cordelia to you.'

The sale of his daughter's picture was a fresh era in the life of the artist, as it was the means of introducing him to several persons of rank and influence, who were at the time visitors at the house of the purchaser. Though Amy's picture was more highly finished than her father's, no one guessed that the Lear and Cordelia, and the Prospero and Miranda, were not done by the same hand. Amy had caught her father's bold style, but added to it a delicate softness, which he, from impatience, not want of ability, usually omitted. The calls upon her time were now incessant; for Beaufort grew more indolent than ever when he found that she cheerfully took so large a portion of his labour off his hands. He would frequently sketch an outline, and then leave it for her to finish, without regarding the intrusion she was by these means making on his daughter's health. Meanwhile he spent the profits of her labours in luxuries in which she shared not; still allowing her the miserable pittance which barely kept want from their dwelling, and would not permit of her making, either in her home or her person, an appearance above the humbler class of mechanics.

'We will bid a joyful adieu to this hateful town, and settle again in London,' the artist exclaimed, as, late one evening, he entered his house in an excited state, after a visit to one of his new patrons.

'Are you in earnest, papa?' Amy asked, whilst the colour forsook her cheek.

'In earnest, girl?' he repeated, 'to be sure I am. I think I have droned here long enough, and it is time that some change took place for the better. The purchaser of my last picture is a young baronet who has just come into possession of a princely fortune, and, by a little flattery, I have so far got myself into his good graces, that he has promised to provide money to enable me to make a suitable appearance in town: he says, too, that amongst his acquaintances alone he can procure me sufficient employment, which shall be liberally remunerated. 'Tis true,' Beaufort laughingly added, 'he has no more taste for paintings than his valet, and perhaps not so much; but that matters not: he thinks that he has, and it is not my place to undeceive him; for, as he is rich and influential, he may be a valuable friend to us.'

Amy listened without making any reply.

'You are silent, girl?' her father resumed. 'I thought you would be delighted with the intelligence. Will you not be glad to exchange this miserable hovel for a handsomely-furnished house? And you shall have masters to instruct you in dancing, singing, and music; for I expect that you will now have an opportunity of getting settled in the rank of life in which you were born.'

Still Amy replied not.

'Well, you are the strangest girl I ever met with,' Beaufort pursued, in tones indicative of rising wrath. 'But I see how it is. I have suspected as much for some time. You would rather marry a beggarly clerk. I can tell you, however, that Herbert Lyddiard is no husband for you, and I positively forbid you to hold any further intercourse with him or his mother.'

'Oh, father,' cried Amy in the agony of her feelings, now finding utterance, 'can you require me to be so base as thus to treat a friend who has been to me like a mother?'

'I have no personal objection to the woman, nor to her son either, had I not reason to believe that he aspires to an alliance with you,' he rejoined; adding—'Now hear what I say, girl; I start for London tomorrow, and shall send for you in a few days, during which time I shall get a house prepared for your reception. Here are the means to provide suitable ~~board~~ for the position we shall resume in society; and I expect that you hold yourself in readiness to depart at an hour's warning.'

Amy dared not oppose her father's commands, and took the offered purse in silence.

As might be expected, the knowledge of Miss Beaufort's intended departure drew from Herbert Lyddiard a full confession of his long-cherished love; and Amy could not deny that it was reciprocal, though she thought it right to make known to him the cruel prohibition her father had enjoined. The mother strove to console the young couple, by representing that it was probable that some change might take place which would induce Mr Beaufort to withdraw his opposition to their union, and counselled Amy for the present to yield implicit obedience to her father's commands. 'You are yet very young, my dear children,' she said, 'and that directing Providence which has hitherto smiled upon your early attachment, will not, I trust, see fit to sever you.'

The dreaded summons came within a week, Beaufort not thinking it safe for her to remain longer than necessity obliged in the neighbourhood of her humble lover's residence. He received her in an elegant house in the vicinity of Portman Square, which in this brief time he had handsomely furnished and provided with servants. Amy entered it with a sickening heart; and, as he led her from room to room, demanding her approbation, she felt more disposed to weep than to rejoice.

'Amy,' he said, when they were quite alone in the room designed for his studio, 'you are to reign mistress here; but be careful never to drop a hint regarding the humble manner in which you have lived for so many years: no one must surmise that we have been in poverty, or our ruin is certain. I intend giving an entertainment to my friends a few nights hence, and then I shall introduce you to society; meantime I expect that you will provide yourself with elegant and appropriate attire for the occasion; for on you much of my success may depend.'

'On me!' Amy exclaimed in astonishment; then recollecting herself, she added, 'If you mean on my exertions, father, you may still depend upon them.'

'No, I do not mean your exertions, though at present I must avail myself of your assistance; but I mean by the manner in which you receive my friends. Amy,' he continued, looking steadily in his daughter's face, 'you are possessed of uncommon beauty; you are doubtless aware of it. Herbert Lyddiard has not failed, I daresay, to tell you so. A beautiful young woman is at all times a powerful attraction, and to me it is everything, to extend the circle of my acquaintances.'

Amy's cheek, which had been flushed by the former part of this speech, turned deadly pale at its conclusion. How could she, who had all her life been shut out from society, entertain her father's male guests—she, a retiring and almost ignorant girl, without one female friend or adviser! She did not speak; but Beaufort saw that powerful feelings were agitating her breast, and strove to laugh away what he termed her foolish fears.

'A few evenings will dispel all your *mauvaise honte*,' he gaily said. 'I will hear of no silly objections; and, thrusting a purse of gold into her hand, he left the room.'

Amy could scarcely realise the truth of the position in which she stood. The events of the last few days seemed like a dream; but if so, it was a dream from which she would have been glad to have awakened, and to have found herself in her former humble home. She could not but fear that all her father possessed was held upon a very uncertain tenure, and what was worse, that it was obtained by dishonourable means. This idea was strengthened when the gala evening arrived, and our heroine was introduced to her father's principal patron, a vain and weak-minded man, who listened to his host's extravagant adulation with evident complacency, though to every one else it was palpably insincere. Beaufort insisted on his visiting his studio, to give his opinion of the grouping of a historical piece he had sketched out for Amy to fill up. The baronet, thus flattered, suggested some alterations which would have made it absolutely ridiculous; and the artist would actually have complied, had not his daughter, who had been requested to be present, interposed; and her guest gallantly acquiesced in her judgment.

From this period a new trial awaited the unhappy girl, for Sir Philip Rushwood now became her professed admirer. Beaufort had planned this since the moment of his first introduction to the young man, though he had warily concealed his wishes from Amy. He had contrived to display, as if by accident, a miniature portrait he had once taken of his daughter; and as he pretended unwillingness to make known the name of the original, the curiosity of the baronet was naturally excited. On finding that the beautiful young woman he so much admired was the artist's daughter, he became anxious to see her; but her father was determined that a meeting should not take place until Amy was in a situation to set off her natural charms, and was removed from her humble lover. Little suspecting the scheme which had been laid, she met Sir Philip with feelings of gratitude; but they were exchanged for sentiments bordering on disgust when he became a suitor for her hand. There was nothing vicious about this young man: he was the dupe, not the deceiver; but to a mind like Amy's, filled too as it was

with the image of Herbert Lyddiard, his attentions were intolerable. The open encouragement he now received from the father, however, emboldened him to persevere, and he professed to look upon her marked disapproval as nothing but maidenly diffidence, and proceeded to address her as though a positive engagement existed between them.

Amy now spent her days either at the easel, or in receiving instructions from the masters her father hired, and her evenings in entertaining his guests. He appeared not to have an idea that prudence required that some matronly lady should become the chaperon of his isolated child, much less that her heart could yearn for feminine society. To one who was naturally so sensitive and timid, the task was exquisitely painful; yet she dared not murmur or a volley of abuse would have been the result. Nine months thus passed away in splendid misery, during which period Beaufort had often indirectly expressed his wishes that his daughter would accept the overtures of the baronet; but on the morning of her twentieth birthday, he called her into his studio, saying that he had a matter of importance to consult with her upon. Poor Amy guessed too well the subject he was about to introduce; but she was appalled when, in a few hurried words, and with a voice almost choked by agitation, he told her that it depended on her decision, respecting the acceptance of Sir Philip Rushwood's suit, whether he was to give her away at the altar as a bride, or be himself dragged to a prison.

'But why, father, should there be so dreadful an alternative?' she eagerly asked.

'Because I have nothing but what I owe to him. On his credit this house has been furnished, and his tradespeople have supplied our table. Your very apparel has been purchased from sums of money I have from time to time borrowed from him—for I have not yet met with the increased sale and handsome remuneration for my pictures I was led to expect. Indeed many of those you supposed to be ordered, were pledged for a tenth part of their value. If, however, you become his wife,' he proceeded, 'we shall never want; for his fortune is immense, and he is easily persuaded to part with it; but if you refuse, his vanity, which is his ruling passion, will be so deeply wounded, that he will withdraw his assistance from me, and our ruin is inevitable. I have amused him with hopes of success and assurances that you will smile on him at last, in spite of your girlish coquetry, till he is incensed at the delay; and he last night told me that he would be put off no longer, but have a positive answer from your own lips this very evening.' Amy pressed her hands upon her burning brow in unutterable anguish. 'Yes,' her father resumed, 'this very evening you must set your seal to our destiny. It remains for you either to open a brilliant career before me, or to shut me up in a prison in disgrace. I ask you not to give me an answer. Your bane and antidote are both before you; but remember that on the decision of your lips to-night our mutual welfare depends.'

As Beaufort concluded, he rose from his seat and hurriedly left the room, whilst poor Amy remained panic-struck, and scarcely comprehending the extent of her wretchedness. Her energies were, however, aroused, and directed into a fresh channel; when, a few minutes after her father's departure, a servant placed a note in her hand, bearing the well-known characters of Herbert Lyddiard, which she said had been delivered at the door by a meanly-dressed young man. She almost flew to her chamber to peruse the contents, which, though written by Herbert, were dictated by his mother. She stated that her son, having lost his situation in Manchester by the death of his employer, had been induced to remove to London, with the hope of obtaining a more lucrative one in that city; but, being disappointed in his expectations, that they were consequently reduced to the greatest distress. Her health, she concluded, had suffered so severely from intense anxiety and privations, that, believing herself

to be dying, she solicited, as a last request, one brief visit from her beloved young friend.

Amy Beaufort possessed a mind which never sunk under difficulties whilst there was any active duties to perform, and in less than half an hour she was in a hackney-coach on her way to Mrs Lyddiard's residence, bearing with her, besides a few articles of nourishment for the invalid, a large packet containing some of the early efforts of her pencil, which she, with prompt thoughtfulness, imagined might be disposed of, if only for a trifle, to aid her unfortunate friends in their present exigence. She had a few guineas left from her father's last gift; but she now shrunk from using them even for so sacred a purpose. The coach stopped at the door of a large but mean-looking house in a narrow crowded street, and her inquiry if Mrs Lyddiard lived there, was answered in the affirmative by a ragged boy, who asked if he should carry her parcel. Amy followed him, not without some apprehension, up three flights of dark steep stairs; but her fears were relieved when her gentle tap at the door to which her guide pointed, was answered by the well-known voice of her early friend.

The meeting was affecting in the extreme; but Amy did not find the invalid reduced quite so low as her imagination had pictured. Though a few months only had elapsed since they parted, each had a long tale of trials to tell, and that Amy had to relate was rendered doubly distressing by the confession she was forced to make of a parent's delinquency. At length she spoke of the decision which was expected from her that night.

'And how do you intend to act?' asked her companion in breathless anxiety. 'I feel that I dare not offer you counsel. I am too deeply interested; for it would be draining the last drop of earthly bliss from my cup to see you wedded to any other than to my son.'

'I never will, Mrs Lyddiard,' cried Amy energetically, rising at the same time from her kneeling position beside the bed of the invalid. 'I feel myself justified in making this resolution. I have been an unwilling, nay, I may say an unconscious agent in a scheme of dishonour; but I should be culpable if, by any act of mine, I furthered it, even though the motive should be to save a parent from disgrace and a prison. Still, my father claims my dutiful regard, and so long as my personal exertions and self-denial can afford him aid, I will never desert him.'

'You have spoken nobly, my dear Amy,' Mrs Lyddiard exclaimed, her eyes brightening, and her pale cheek flushing with pleasure. 'Your own upright heart is your best adviser, and Heaven will aid your filial piety.'

As our heroine, prudently wished to avoid a meeting with her lover, she left the house earlier than she otherwise would have done, and returned home to prepare her mind for the trial which awaited her. She resolved to decline the baronet's suit respectfully, yet firmly, alluding with gratitude to the services he had rendered her father; and she hoped much, notwithstanding the anger he had evinced, from the natural mildness of his character. She had not, however, been long in her chamber, when she, to her surprise, received another summons from her father, who she had imagined to be from home. The dark frown which clouded his brow too surely indicated the state of his feelings. 'You may spare yourself the trouble of refusing Sir Philip Rushwood, Miss Beaufort,' he sneeringly remarked, as she tremblingly took a seat by his side; 'you will not have the opportunity of displaying your triumph.'

'What do you mean, papa?' Amy interrogated, wholly at a loss to understand the import of his words.

'Oh, you are in utter ignorance that your vagabond suitor, Lyddiard, left a billet for you this morning,' he resumed in the same sarcastic strain; 'and you are quite unconscious that you were carried in a coach to his residence; but the tyrant-god of jealousy watched you,

and you have converted a friend into a foe. It is I, however,' he fiercely added, 'who must suffer the penalty of your disobedience and duplicity, and either die in a prison, or become an exile from my country. I prefer the latter, and must leave you to reap the fruits of your own self-will.'

'Oh, my father!' Amy almost wildly exclaimed, throwing herself at his feet, 'had you given me time I should have explained everything to you connected with my visit to Mrs Lyddiard; but I intreat you not to add to the dishonour you are already involved in by flight. Surely the debts you have contracted are not to so large an amount but they may be liquidated in time by our mutual exertions. Let us descend to the sphere from which we have so lately risen, if by that means we can honourably overcome our difficulties.'

'Talk not to me in this manner,' Beaufort angrily interposed; 'I will not brook the disgrace your obstinacy has brought upon me; and you have yourself alone to blame that you are not the mistress of a princely fortune. Go to your beggarly lover, if he will receive you when penniless and homeless—the tie between us is broken.' And with these words he rose to quit the room.

'Do not leave me, father!' Amy shrieked forth, clinging around him to prevent his departure. 'I will share a prison with you, if such be the dreadful alternative. I will labour for your support; but do not—do not leave me.'

Beaufort shook her from him with a violence which threw her to the ground. 'Go, wretched girl!' he vociferated as he descended the stairs, 'you have been my ruin.' It was the last words he addressed to her—they met no more.

Scarcely allowing herself to believe that her father would not repent of his determination to leave the country, Amy awaited with intense anxiety the event of the evening. The shades of twilight fell, but he appeared not. The guests he had invited arrived; still he did not return. She was obliged to send an apology for her absence; for she was really ill, and felt unequal to the trial of meeting the baronet in her present agitated state of mind.

The morning brought a confirmation of her worst fears. A rumour of Beaufort's sudden flight had gone abroad, owing to his absence from his guests; and the consequence was, that creditors poured in from all quarters. Amy met the emergency with a presence of mind she was herself surprised at. Her first care was to save all the effects sold, that the debts might be liquidated as far as possible; but now, to her unspeakable concern, she discovered that her father had carried off the principal part of the plate and small valuables. She next met her late suitor, Sir Philip Rushwood, and after soliciting an account of the sums due to him by her parent, declared her intention of refunding them from the labours of her own hands. 'I may perhaps make trial of your patience by some delay, Sir Philip,' she said; 'but so far as my receipts will allow, no one shall be the loser from having placed confidence in my unhappy father. Had I accepted your addresses, you would have had reason to despise me; but I am not so base as to form a union in which my heart has no share.'

The baronet was astonished. He had hitherto formed a mean opinion of the female character, having been incessantly beset by manœuvring mammas with marriageable daughters ever since he became possessor of his fortune. His desire to win the beautiful young artist, who never appeared so lovely as at this moment, increased; but he felt that he dared not urge his suit after this declaration.

Amy now sought the home of her early friend; and, deserted by her only natural protector, thought herself justified in consenting to become the wife of Herbert Lyddiard when circumstances would admit of the union taking place. She employed herself indefatigably at the easel; and Sir Philip Rushwood having with some difficulty discovered the mart at which her pictures

were exposed for sale, bought them up (though with the strictest secrecy) as fast as she produced them, paying considerably more than the price she hoped to obtain for them. Herbert was at this period so fortunate as to obtain a situation, which, though not very lucrative, yet afforded him the means of providing the family with a more comfortable home; and as Mrs Lyddiard's health rapidly amended with her improved circumstances, no further obstacle opposed the marriage of the young couple. Amy's only anxiety now arose from the uncertainty of her father's fate; for she could gain no further intelligence of him than that he had fled the kingdom, having obtained a passport under a feigned name.

The ready and profitable sale of her paintings enabled our heroine to set aside sums for the liquidation of her father's debts earlier than she expected. Herbert volunteered to become the bearer of her first payment to Sir Philip Rushwood; and as his manners and appearance were those of a gentleman, he was shown by the footman into the dining-parlour, to wait a few minutes till his master was at liberty. The young man started on entering the apartment, for he, to his astonishment, perceived it to be hung around with the pictures Amy had executed since her residence with them. He was examining them more minutely, that he might be certain he was not mistaken, when the baronet appeared.

'You are admiring those paintings, sir,' the latter observed. Herbert bowed assent. 'They were executed by a lady who is no less distinguished for her virtues than for her beauty and talent,' he added, his features glowing with animation. 'And should you become a purchaser, you will confer an obligation on me.'

'Happily for me, sir, I possess the fair artist herself,' his visitor smilingly interposed.

Sir Philip drew back in amazement, and Herbert proceeded to explain the object of his mission.

'I cannot take the money, Mr Lyddiard,' the baronet returned with evident emotion. 'The loss of a few hundreds is of no real importance to me; and do you think that I could suffer that noble young woman to toil incessantly to pay the debt of an unprincipled parent? No, I am not so mercenary. Miss Beaufort refused me as a husband, but she must allow me the pleasure of becoming her friend. You need not be jealous, sir, of the title I am solicitous to assume, for it was for your sake that she rejected me; but whether as a maiden or wife, I shall deem myself happy in being permitted to serve her.'

'I am most grateful for your kindness, Sir Philip,' Herbert returned; 'but I cannot avail myself of it with respect to the money. Mrs Lyddiard is, I know, too desirous to rescue, as far as possible, her unhappy father's character from disgrace, to suffer a debt of his to remain uncanceled.'

Thus urged, the baronet reluctantly took the sum; determining, however, to return it through some medium which would not compromise the independence, or hurt the feelings, of the person he was so anxious to serve; and he had soon an opportunity of proving the sincerity of his professions, by using his interest in procuring Herbert an appointment far superior to that he at present filled.

It was nearly three years subsequent to the period at which Beaufort quitted England, that his daughter received the sad intelligence of his death. He had been a miserable wanderer on the continent for that space of time, and he breathed his last in a lazaretto at Naples. It was not till he lay upon his dying bed that he could summon courage to address his deserted child. When all earthly hope was over, and the awful realities of a future state presented themselves to his appalled vision, he thought of the misery he had caused one who had ever been an affectionate and devoted daughter to him; and as this epistle expressed the deepest penitence for the errors of his mispent life, Amy clung to the hope that it was sincere.

Thus Leonard Beaufort, with genius which would have done honour to his profession, died a miserable outcast, through its misuse; whilst his noble-minded daughter, by industry, integrity, and perseverance, rose by slow but sure degrees to competence, and enjoys that peace known only to those who pursue a virtuous course.

SNATCHINGS IN A LIBRARY.

It is with a glad feeling of escape that day after day we close the door on the din of the streets, and, mounting the broad stairs which lead to the upper floors, find ourselves in grateful silence, surrounded by the now familiar array of books; more familiar than when, erewhile, we discoursed concerning them,* yet not less welcome, less venerated. In our first acquaintance there was a sense of mysterious awe—a dim anticipation of the unknown. We were like Columbus standing on the island shore, gazing with earnest hopes towards the uncertain west: but now we have crossed the intervening ocean, planted our foot on the mighty continent beyond, coasted some of its islets, and, with glimpses of lofty mountains and tall promontories, have returned, if not deeply laden with solid treasures, at least with the certainty that treasures exist, that our freight may always equal our courage and diligence.

Sometimes there is nothing but the title to commemorate; at others, a quaint paragraph, an incidental opinion, a bygone superstition, may be pleasurably transcribed, and set up to twinkle again for a brief space before the eyes of men. One who has recorded the titles of manuscripts, gives us the concluding words of a 'Cronycle,' whose date is 1460:—'And after that thre bred a raven at Charyng Crosse at London. And neuer was seen noon brede there before. And after that came a gret delthe of pestilence, that lasted iij yer. And peple dyed myhtely in every place, man, woman, and chyld. On whos soulys God have mercy. Amen.' An instance of the popular method of educing cause from effect, not confined to those times. Latimer observed, in one of his sermons, that the people of Kent attributed the appearance of the Godwin Sands to the building of Tenterden steeple. When the new style was introduced in this country in the last century, 'the mob pursued the minister in his carriage, clamouring for the ten days by which, as they supposed, their lives had been shortened; and the illness and death of the astronomer Bradley, who had assisted the government with his advice, were attributed to a judgment from Heaven.'—The fear of change, and the inclination to regard it as of evil tendency, is not a modern feeling; for in another of these old manuscripts, we read a poem entitled 'Now-a-dayes,' in which the writer, though earlier than the great accelerator of innovation—printing—laments,

'We Englesshemen beholde
our auncient customs holde
more precious than golde
be clene cast away:
And other now be fownd,
the which ye may vnderstand
that causethe all your land
so grotly to decay.'

Endless were the task to search through the authors reposing there in legions, and yet it is one we commence without wearying anticipations of the completion. Might we not hope to reap a rich harvest of motives—to discover the causes of the writers' patient labour—the secret spring that urged them on? Yet fear we that human passion and weakness would hold a prominent

place in the catalogue. Some have written for vain-glory; some from prejudice; some from envy, hatred, and malice; many from integrity of heart, earnest for the truth. What a mountain of smouldering opinion must have been developed with the invention of printing! 'Along with the great change which called upon men to read and judge for themselves, came the great discovery which made it possible that they should do so was enjoined. The age in which religious principle declared the Bible to be every man's book, was the age in which natural intention placed it within every man's reach.'* How truly the new power was appreciated, may be seen in the countless host of works that started into existence during the controversies of the early reformers. But leaving these for a future notice, we may dwell on the sincerity and zeal characteristic of the primeval printers. The issuing of a book was an event not to be regarded merely in the prospect of profit; they seemed reluctant to part with their editions, and wrote phrases so full of hope and thankfulness on the introductory leaves, that we admire them as much for their earnestness as their quaintness. One of them tells us on his title-page, that

'He who reads a booke rashly, at random doth runne;
He goes on his errande, yet leaues it undone.'

And we may judge of Caxton's reverence for the art to which he consecrated his life, from the language of his prefaces or commentaries. In the 'Prologue' to the edition of Chaucer in 1475, he says, 'Gret thankes, lawde, and honour ought to be gyven and tute to the clerkes, poetes, and historiographis that have wroten many noble booke of wysedom;' and goes on to tell that he accomplished his labour 'by thayde of Almighty God, whom I humbly beseeche to gyue me grace and ayde to accompysshe and accompysshe, to his lawde, honour, and glorye, and that alle ye that shal in this booke rede, or here, will of your charyte, among your dedes of mercy, remembre the sowle of the sayde Geoffrey Chaucer, first auctour and maker of this booke; and also that alle ye that shal see and rede therein, may so take and understonde the good and vertuous tales, that it may so prouffyte unto the helthe of our sowles, that after this short and transitory lyf, we may come to everlastyng lyf in heuen. Amen.' What would be thought of such a preface now-a-days, when so many books are issued merely 'at the request of friends?' That this was not a solitary instance of old Caxton's reverent earnestness, is shown in all his works: his 'Book for Travellers' begins—

FRENCH.

'Ou nous du par,
Et du filz,
Et du saint esperite,
Veul ammauer,
Et offe a lor vng livre.'

ENGLISH.

'In the name of the fadre,
And of the soone,
And of the holy ghost,
I wyl begynne
And ordeyne this booke.'

One of the books printed by him was the 'Mirrour of the Worlde,' in looking over which we are struck by the curious titles of some of the chapters; among them are, 'Wherefor God made the world round'—'For to know how the wyndes growe'—'Wherefore men see no starres by daylight'—'Why men see not the sonne by night.' These quotations show the unsettled form of spelling of that day, for in some cases the spelling of the same word is seen to vary.

We may trace this same pious tone of feeling in the works of Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's assistant and successor. At the end of 'The Chastysing of Goddes Children,' printed by him in 1493, are the lines—

'Infynyte laud, with thankynges many folde,
I yelde to God, me securing with his grace,
This booke to fynyshe which that ye beholde,
Scale of perfection calde in enery place:
Whereof the auctour Walter Hilton was,
And Wynkyn de Worde this hath sett in print,
And William Caxton's hows so fylle the case,
God rest his soule.'

* Alluding to a former paper nearly similar to the present, and by the same writer—entitled 'A Library—Old Books'—which appeared in No. 49, new series (Dec. 7, 1844).

* Vaughan. As a Great Cities.

And again we read at the end of a translation of *Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum*—

'And also of your charyte call to remembrance
The soule of William Caxton, first printer of this booke'—

which lines conclude with a notice of early paper-making, thus:—

'And John Tate the yonger, joy mote he broke,
which late hadde in Englonde make the paper thynne,
That now in our Englishe this boke is printed inn.'

In 1521, Wynkyn printed a collection of Christmas carols, one of which relates to the preparation of a feast; and 'a caroll' enters 'bringyng in the bores heed,' singing—

'The bores heed in hande bringe I.
With garlans gay and rosemary,
I pray you all synge merely.'

Was this jingle ringing in Scott's memory when he wrote, in the introduction to the sixth canto of *Marmion*,

'Then the grim boar's head frowned on high,
Crosted with bays and rosemary?'

The almost universal credulity of that day was taken advantage of by the retailers of prophecies and predictions, who flattered the popular prejudices to their own profit; but we find occasionally that the seers could be humorous as well as mysterious. Another of Wynkyn's books begins—

'A ffery prognosticacyon,
For the yere of Chryste's incarnacyon,
A thousand fyve hundredth forty and four.

This to prognosticate I may be bolde,
That whan the newe yere is come, gone is the olde.'

The early printers did not content themselves with the simple insertion of 'errata' for the correction of errors; they generally prefaced it with a humble apology to the reader; but in some instances the apology alone appeared, and the reader was left to detect the faults for himself. To a metrical version of some of the books of Scripture, printed in 1560, is appended—

'Such faults as you herein shall find,
I pray you be content;
And do the same with will and mynd,
That was then our intent.
The printers were outlandish men,
The faults they be the more,
Which are escaped now and then,
But herof are no store.'

The vision of *Pierce or Peter Plowman* has been frequently alluded to, that but few persons can be unacquainted with the existence of this ancient poem. It was 'first imprinted by Robert Crowley, dwelling in Ely, rentes in Holburne, anno Domini 1550.' The printer appears to have devoted much pains to his work, as he tells his readers. 'Being desyerous to know the name of the authure of this most worthy worke (gentle reader), and the tyme of the writyng of the same, I did not onely gather together such aunciente copies as I could come by, but also consult such men as I know to be more exercised in the studie of antiquities, tifen. I myself have ben. And by some of them. I have learned that the autour was named. Roberte Langelande, a Shropshire man, born in Cleybirie,* about viii myles from Maluerne hilles. . . . We may justly conject, therefore, that it was first written about two hundred yeres paste, in the tyme of kynge Edward the thyrd. In whose tyme if pleased God to open the eyes of many to se hys truth, geuing them boldnes of herte to open their mouthes and cry oute agaynste the worckes of darcknes, as did John Wicklese, who also in those dayes translated the holye bible into the Englishe tonge; and this writer who, in reportyng certain visions and dreames, that he fayned himself to have dreamed, doeth most christianlye enstrucke the weake, and sharply rebuke the obstinate blinde. There

is no maner of vice, that reigneth in any estate of men, which this wyrtter hath not godly, learnedlye, and wittily rebuked. He wrote altogether in meter (metro), but not after the maner of our rimers that write nowe adayes (for his verses ende not alike), but the nature of his meter is to have three wordes at the leaste in every verse, which beginne with some one letter. As for example, the first two verses of the boke renne upon S, as thus:—

In a somer season what sette was the sunne,
I shope me into shrobbes, as I a shepe were.

The next runneth upon H, as thus:—

In habite as an hermite unholy of werkes, &c.

This thing noted, the meter shall be very pleasaunt to read; the English is according to the time it was written in, and the sense somewhat darcke, but not so harde but that it may be understande of suche as will not stick to breake the shell of the nutte for the kernelles sake.—Owen Rogers, who lived 'near unto great Saint Bartholomew's gate, at the sign of the Spread Eagle,' printed a prose edition of this work about 1561, which ends with the lines—

'God saue the king, and speede the plough,
And send the prelate care inough,
Inough, inough, inough.'

It would be curious to search for the methods adopted to inform the community of the publication of new editions before the introduction of newspapers: we see, indeed, advertisements stitched in at the end of books; these, however, would be rarely seen except by the actual purchaser. At the end of a work called the 'Philosopher's Game,' printed in 1563, we find the publisher anticipating the rhyming advertiser of later days in the lines—

'All things belonging to this game,
for reason you may bye,
At the booke shop vnder Bochurch,
in Chepeyde redilye.'

And in looking through some of those old catalogues, we meet with many quaint and characteristic titles. 'The ~~new~~ state of matrimonye, wherein housebandes and wyues maye lerne to kepe house together wyth loue'—1552; 'A detection of heresie, or why hereticke' hee brent'—1565; and 'The storie of the parson of Kalenbrowe, who,' a commentator informs us, 'pretended to fly, to get off his bad wine in a hot day.'

A book printed in Latin and English, at Oxford, in 1589, contains a quiz on the unfortunate result of the attempted invasion of England by Spain—

'A Skeletonical salutation,
Or condigne gratulation,
And just vexation,
Of the Spanish nation,
That in a bravado,
Spent many a crusado,
In setting forth the Armado,
England to envado.'

A grave character pervades most of the early works on divinity; and the writers appear to have been extremely zealous in their labours, and desirous that they should not fall of due effect. One who wrote in 1493, finishes his volume by saying—

'In heuen shall dwelle alle cristen men,
That knowe and kepe Goddes byddynges ten.'

Others tell us that their books were written 'to the praise of God and profite of all good christian readers. Sometimes we have 'A most fruitfull and necessary boke, therwyth to enearne all symple and ignorant folkes agaynst the raveninge volues and false prophetes'; or, 'Very necessary and profitable for yonge gentilmen and gentilwomen abiding in court, palaice, or place.'

The Abbé Barthélemy, in his *Voyage du Jeune Anacharsis*, makes a Greek philosopher say, in speaking of the prevalent desire for praising everything, that he had a book entitled *Eloge du Sel*; or 'Praise of Salt,' in which all the riches of imagination are exhausted to

exaggerate the services which it renders to mortals: but without resorting to imaginary titles, we may find such works in the reality. Valerianus wrote a praise of beards; the celebrated Heinsius found a theme in donkeys; and Erasmus wrote a panegyric on folly while travelling in a post-chaise. Bishop Wilkins observes, in his 'Philosophical Language,' published in 1668, that many persons may consider his inquiries concerning the letters of the alphabet as 'too minute and trivial for any prudent man to bestow his serious thoughts and time about,' and cites names of 'most eminent persons, in several ages, who were men of business,' and 'have not disdained to bestow their pains about the first elements of speech.

'Julius Cæsar is said to have written a book *De Analogia*; and the emperor, Charles the Great, to have made a grammar of his vulgar tongue. So did St Basil for the Greek, and St Austin for the Latin; both being extant in their works.'

'Besides divers of great reputation, both ancient and modern, who have written whole books on purpose concerning the just number of the letters in the alphabet, others have applied their disquisitions to some particular letters. Messala Corvinus, a great man, and a famous orator amongst the Romans, writ a book concerning the letter S. Adamantius Martyr was the author of another book concerning the letters V and B. Our learned Gataker has published a book concerning diphthongs. And Jovianus Pontanus, esteemed a learned man, hath two books *De Aspiratione*, or the letter H. M^r Franklyn hath published a particular discourse concerning accents; and Erycius Puteanus hath written a book purposely—*De Inter Punctione*—Of the True Way of Pointing Clauses and Sentences.'

The quotation of these instances, Wilkins thinks, 'may be a sufficient vindication against any prejudices' to which he had referred; and speaking of the difference between the 'writing and pronouncing of words,' he remarks, that 'it should seem very reasonable that men should either speak as they write, or write as they speak. What is said of our English tongue is proportionably true of most other languages; that if ten scribes (not acquainted with the particular speech) should set themselves to write according to pronunciation, not any two of them would agree in the same way of spelling.'

'Tis related of Chilperick, king of France, that he did, for the compendiousness of writing, add to the French alphabet five letters, enjoining, by a strict and solemn edict, the reception and use of them through his dominions; and that in all schools youths should be instituted in the use of them: and yet, notwithstanding his authority in imposing of them, they were presently after his death laid aside and disused.' And 'tis said that the Arabic hath above a thousand several names for a sword, and 500 for a lion, and 200 for a serpent, and fourscore for honey.'

'Though the Hebrew tongue be the most ancient, yet Rabbi Judah Chinn of Fex, in Afric, who lived A.D. 1040, was the first that reduced it to the art of grammar. And though there were both Greek and Latin grammarians much more ancient, yet there were none in either till a long time after those languages flourished; which is the true reason of all those anomalies in grammar—because the art was suited to language, and not language to the art. Plato is said to be the first that considered grammar; Aristotle the first that, by writing, did reduce it into an art; and Epicurus the first that publicly taught it among the Greeks.'

'And for the Latin, Crates Mallotes, ambassador to the Roman senate from King Attalus, between the second and third Punic war, presently after the death of Ennius, B.C. 583, was the first that brought in the art of grammar amongst the Romans, saith Suetonius.'

We could go on thus collecting facts and illustrations between floor and ceiling, through many pleasant and unheeded hours; but narrow limits check too wide a range. One secret, however, have we learned in our slender researches—that much of that which daily

makes its appearance trumpet-mouthed as *new*, lies snugly ensigned in the pages of some author whose brain conceived and fingers moved long centuries ago—

'For ought of old feldis, as clarks say,
Commyth new corne, from verp, yere,
And out of old bokis, in good with,
Commeth all the new scienc that men lere.'

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MEANINGLESS TITLES TO RAILWAYS.

THE names given to many of the railways, either in progress or completed, are so utterly devoid of meaning, that the public, and especially foreigners, will require a sort of education before they shall be able to understand with what places they communicate. An individual wishing to travel from London to Edinburgh, can get no information as to his route from the indices of the railway guides. It is in vain to look under the head of 'London' or of 'Edinburgh;' for anything the index tells, there might be no line between the two capitals; not till he has stated his case to some more knowing friend, does he discover that he will have to go first by the 'Great North of England' to Newcastle, and be steamed by the 'North British,' or the 'Caledonian,' *via* Berwick or Carlisle. The mere points of the compass mentioned in so many of the titles, convey but scanty information; for although most people know the position of Bristol, of Dover, and of Southampton, yet it is only by undergoing a sort of training that a passenger understands that he must place himself on the 'Great Western,' the 'South Eastern,' or on the 'South Western,' to get to those respective places. To render this sort of perplexity worse, there are two 'Eastern Counties,' one of which leads to Colchester, and the other to Cambridge and Ely; and who can tell, from its title, where the 'Direct Northern' is to end? How far short of John o' Groats, it is impossible to say.

Then there are the various 'junctions,' between which few can distinguish except commercial travellers, and even they by dint of much practice only. Besides the 'Grand Junction' (Lancaster, Liverpool, and London), there are some having the name of one place attached, and yet more but a good topographical scholar can know what other places they unite; such as the 'Brandsley Junction' (Gateshead, Shields, and London), the 'Clydesdale Junction,' and 'Trout Valley Junction.' That confusion may be a little more complete, the same vague signification is conveyed by a different word, and the result is, the 'Grand Union'—the grandeur of which appears to arise from uniting the two not very important places of Nottingham and Lynn; and the 'North Union,' Preston to Liverpool, Manchester, or to Wigan. But the most inextricable botheration is that caused by the number of railways whose uninventive sponsors have borrowed the term 'Midland.' In a share list before us, we find no fewer than eight lines, in the titles of which this word occurs; namely—The Midland Counties; Great Western Midland, (Irish); Extension Midland, (to Sligo); Scottish Midland; Somersetshire Midland; South Midland; North Midland; and Welsh Midland.

Some of these schemes are only in progress, and it would be well if the projectors would ease the public of the mental labour they are imposing, by changing some of the titles. The first railways had plain and understandable names, and it is a sad pity that their successors have not followed their good example. The 'Manchester and Liverpool,' the 'London and Brighton,' the 'Edinburgh and Glasgow,' tell at once what they are for, and where their termini are situated. There surely can be no insuperable objections to this excellent mode of naming railways being still followed.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

An ancient fiction is maintained at the head of the literary advertisements with remarkable pertinacity. Six months, or perhaps more, after a book has first seen the light, we still find the bookseller announcing it as 'published this day.' The book published this day is regularly recommended in a pithy sentence from the Edinburgh Review, which has perhaps issued no number for nearly three months. Or it is represented as published this day, in the midst of the period during which every one is aware that no books are ever ventured into the market. It does not seem ever to occur to the persons concerned in preparing these advertisements, that they are uttering a deliberate and misleading falsehood, in announcing as a new publication one which has been in the world for several months. Yet such is really the case. We would wish to see the trade of literature superior to all such despicable tricks, which we verily believe must do more harm, by degrading an honourable calling, and introducing a doubt about the honesty of all literary announcements, than they ever could do good, even supposing them in any tolerable degree successful, which we believe they cannot be, as all roguery is only met by additional vigilance on the part of those against whom it is aimed.

PASSAGE OF THE FIRTH OF FORTH FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In a recent more than usually complete edition of the works of Alexander Wilson, the author of 'Watty and Meg,'* is a journal of the poet's wanderings as a pedlar throughout Scotland in the year 1789. The notices which he gives of the ferries across the Firth of Forth are curious, as a contrast with present arrangements. 'At Bruntisland,' he says, 'there is a passage-boat every day, save Sunday, and even then, if encouragement offers.' The passenger pays sixpence. Kinghorn was, however, the most frequented passage on the Firth. 'In a large boat, the passenger pays sixpence; in a pinnace, which is most convenient in a smooth sea, tenpence. The inhabitants are almost all boatmen, and their whole commerce being with strangers, whom perhaps they may never see again, makes them avaricious, and always on the catch. If a stranger come to town at night, intending to go over next morning, he is taken into a lodging. One boatman comes in, sits down, promises to call you in the morning, assists you to circulate the liquor, and, after a great deal of loquacity, departs. In a little while another enters, and informs you that the fellow who has just now left you goes not away at all; but that he goes, and for a glass of gin he will awake you, and take you along with him. Willing to be up in time, you generously treat him. According to promise, you are awakened in the morning, and assured that you have time enough to take breakfast, in the middle of which, hoarse roarings alarm you that the boat is just going off. You start up, call for your bill—the landlord appears, charges you like a nobleman—there is no time for scrupling—you are hurried away by the boatmen on the one hand, and gently plundered by the landlord on the other, who pockets his money and bids you haste, lest you lose your passage. Perhaps, after all, when you get on board, you are detained an hour or more by the sailors waiting for more passengers. In comparing this system of things with the frequent passage of elegant steamers at certain hours, and in definite times, now established—with, moreover, low-water piers for embarking and debarking—we are hardly able to believe that we live in the same country described by the Paisley poet.

ACTION OF SUGAR UPON THE TEETH.

It has long been a matter of common belief that sugar, comfits, and other sweetmeats are injurious to the teeth, causing their premature decay, and its infallible attendant, toothache. We were not aware, however, that

the subject had been taken up by the chemist—to whose province it more immediately belongs—till glancing over the proceedings of the French societies, when we found that M. Larrey, from certain researches, had arrived at the following conclusions:—1. Refined cane, or beet-root sugar, is prejudicial to the teeth more from its direct contact, than from the evolution of gaseous matter during digestion. 2. If a tooth be allowed to macerate in a saturated solution of sugar, it is so decomposed as to acquire almost a gelatinous character, whilst the enamel becomes opaque and spongy, and crumbles down under the slightest pressure. Sugar ought not, therefore, to enter into the composition of tooth-powder. 3. The erosion of the teeth by this substance does not depend on an acid, for none is present in sugar, but on the tendency which this organic principle has to enter into combination with the calcareous base of the tooth. 4. If the enamel be less attacked than the osseous part of the tooth, the reason is, that it contains fluoride of calcium, a body which resists chemical agency even more than the sulphate of lime.

Commenting on these conclusions, the editor of the Medical Gazette remarks, that the greater resistance of the enamel is probably owing to its hardness and close texture, and not to the presence of fluoride of calcium, of which it contains only the slightest trace. He farther adds, that it would be interesting to know 'whether these chemical results are borne out by observations made among those who are in the habit of taking large quantities of molasses and saccharine substances.' Independent of the popular opinion to which we have alluded—and which, by the way, like all other current opinions, is likely to have some foundation in reality—we believe that the experiments of M. Larrey are corroborated not only by what is observed in Europe, but by what takes place more notoriously among the coloured population of the West India islands.

EUSTACE THE NEGRO.

THE following is the simple and true history* of an old negro slave, whose self-devotion, intelligence, and noble spirit are worthy of a higher commemoration. Toussaint L'Ouverture, by his stern heroism, excited the interest and warm sympathy of thousands of Europeans, despite his colour. Eustace, whose whole life was passed in doing good, is surely a noble instance that the spirit of patience, gratitude, and benevolence, may exist and bear fruit in the bosom of a poor black slave, as in that of his nobler and more refined master.

Eustace was born in 1773, on the estate of M. Belin de Villeneuve, one of the proprietors in the northern part of St Domingo. From his very infancy he sought the company of the whites as much as lay in the poor negro's power: not through servility, but in the hope of improving his mind. This disposition won his master's notice, and induced him to place Eustace immediately under the white overseers attached to his sugar plantation. He there conducted himself in a manner so irreproachable, that he never incurred the slightest punishment even from these hard taskmasters; and, while his gentleness appeased his white masters, he acquired over his negro brethren the influence of a superior mind, though he never showed it by haughtiness.

It was during a voyage made by M. Belin to Europe, that the first symptoms of the revolution broke out at St Domingo. Eustace was then about twenty. Then commenced his life of self-devotion, the characteristics of which are summed up in these words of a phrenologist, who, without knowing him, thus defined the disposition of Eustace, after examining his head: 'Wisdom and courage devoted to the service of goodness and benevolence.' This is an undoubted fact, however the disputers of the science of phrenology may esteem it.

The revolted negroes did not conceal from Eustace their projects; and, by timely information, he contrived

* Hume's son, Belfast.

* Translated from 'Le Caméléon,' a French periodical.

to save the lives of more than four hundred whites. But he did no more; he felt for the injuries of his brethren, and never betrayed them, confining himself to the preservation of those whose lives would otherwise have been sacrificed. Soon after, the tumults in the north of the island were almost entirely calmed, and M. Belin returned to St Domingo. His faithful slave, who in the interim had served as many masters as there were unfortunate whites to succour, returned gladly to his service. But the proclamation of Santhonnax and Polverel, the emissaries of the French Convention, soon kindled the revolt afresh, and the memorable burning of Cass took place. Seeing that his master was no longer safe in the plantation, Eustace concealed him in the depth of a thick wood, and daily brought him subsistence for some time. M. Belin was chief magistrate of Limbé; as such, he was required by the commissaries of the Convention to furnish General Lasalle, who had reached Cass with his wife, with a carriage and horses for his journey. For M. Belin to quit his retreat was certain death; but the attentions of his faithful slave preserved him. Eustace sought Polverel and Santhonnax, told them his master had fled he knew not whither, but he himself was ready to fulfil the duty required. By this means he turned away the attention of the commissaries from his master, and he then conducted General Lasalle and his wife on their hazardous journey. Returning to Limbé, he met an entire family flying from the burning of Cass—father, mother, and three young children. Eustace received them in the carriage, and saved all.

At last an opportunity offered for his master's safe retreat from the dangers which surrounded him. An American vessel anchored at Limbé: Eustace went to the captain, made arrangements for the passage of M. Belin, and agreed that he should be conveyed on board by night. But this was not all. M. Belin was in a state of the most complete destitution. Eustace went to the negroes of the sugar plantation, and, by his eloquence, induced them to supply their former master with sufficient to preserve him from absolute want. When M. Belin earnestly expressed his gratitude, Eustace only requested, as a return, that he might be permitted to follow and serve him. Two days had scarcely passed before the American ship was taken by three English privateers. Eustace and his master were now prisoners; but the negro did not lose courage. He was an excellent cook, and by his culinary talents won the good graces of the captors, who were not insensible to the good things of this life. Eustace, who ministered so successfully to their gastronomic appetites, was allowed to go at liberty over the ship. He used his freedom to work the deliverance of his master. One day, when the captors had indulged in wine more than usual, Eustace, armed with a sabre, the American captain and M. Belin equally protected, came down upon them. One of the Englishmen rose, but Eustace bound his arms, and the others, struck with terror, begged their lives. Meanwhile the other prisoners fell upon the English sailors, and disarmed them after a short contest. The American captain conducted in safety to Baltimore his own recovered vessel and the three prizes.

At Baltimore, M. Belin and his preserver found numbers of the unfortunate inhabitants of St Domingo, who, formerly opulent, had taken refuge there in the deepest poverty, and were preserved from starvation only by the generosity of the inhabitants. Their necessities furnished the industrious activity of Eustace with an idea which he, with great exertions, carried out. He established a sort of commercial store, the profits of which he devoted to the succour of the most needy of these unfortunate planters, whose former habits of wealthy idleness but ill-fitted them for industrious exertion. The poor negro slave was now become their chief comfort and dependence.

Towards the commencement of 1794, St Domingo again became apparently tranquil. The Spaniards occu-

pied Fort Dauphin: the English established themselves at St Nicholas, Port-au-Prince, and elsewhere in the west of the island. Nearly a hundred of the old inhabitants quitted their place of exile, and freighted a vessel to convey them to Fort Dauphin. M. Belin and Eustace were among the number. Secretly had the exiles disembarked, when they heard that an army of 20,000 men, led by the negro Jean François, had encamped not far from the town. Fort Dauphin then contained a population of about 600 whites, who might have resisted; but the Spanish commanders of the garrison refused them arms. An assault took place. M. Belin, separated by chance from his master, sought safety to the protection of a Spanish captain whom he knew. Eustace sought him in vain for a long time; but still, not giving up all hope, he saved from pillage everything belonging to his master. To insure their preservation, he went to the wife of Jean François, to whom he was known, and put under her protection money and jewellery belonging to M. Belin, saying they had been left to himself as a legacy. At Fort Espagnol he at last learned the safety of his master, who was about to embark for the English settlement at St Nicholas. Eustace at once resolved to join him; but he had first to obtain from the wife of Jean François the property of M. Belin. This he did, though not without considerable suspicion and difficulty.

The arrival of Eustace at St Nicholas was celebrated like a festival. M. Belin had spread the report of all he owed to his devoted slave, and Eustace was welcomed with a generous homage due to his character, and escorted through the town. M. Belin remained but a short time at St Nicholas: he went to Port-au-Prince, and was there appointed by the governor-general president of the privy council. Eustace now exerted himself to obtain for his master an establishment equal to his new dignity. M. Belin, accustomed to opulence, never imagined that the honourable competence which he enjoyed was the fruit of the daily labour of Eustace. The rich are easily pardoned by the world for the coldness of their gratitude; and when M. Belin, some time after, gave Eustace his freedom, he was considered, in the ideas of the colonists, to have acquitted himself towards his slave. But this liberty was to Eustace a mere formality, which changed neither his conduct nor his devotion. One day, when M. Belin, whose sight failed him, regretted having not taught Eustace to read in his childhood, as in that case he might have become a source of amusement as reader, without saying anything to his master, the faithful negro applied to a school teacher; and, that his daily work might not suffer through his new studies, he used to take his lessons at daybreak. Three or four months after, he came to M. Belin—his countenance radiant with pleasure—with a newspaper in his hand, which he read aloud exceedingly well. From that time he became secretary to his master.

When Toussaint L'Ouverture, now supreme governor of St Domingo, recalled the ancient proprietors to their estates, and guaranteed their safety, M. Belin was among those who confided in these promises. He was put in possession of his sugar plantation, and lived there in peace until the expedition of General Leclerc destroyed all the good work of Toussaint L'Ouverture, and consummated the ruin of the colony. Eustace once more, and for the last time, saved the life of his beloved master; but M. Belin, who had become quite blind, died soon after in his arms. Eustace found his sole consolation in doing at Cass as he had done at Baltimore. M. Belin had left him all his property which was preserved from this last wreck of fortune, and Eustace devoted it to the succour of the unfortunate. After this last revolution, inconceivable misery was felt in the island; and there was Eustace found, always doing good. Some he supplied with money from the small store left him by M. Belin, to others he distributed clothes, linen, and furniture; he put orphan children out to nurse at his own expense; he assisted poor soldiers whose pay was in arrear from the disastrous state of the country; and,

when there was no more left for him to do, he offered himself as attendant on General Rochambeau, accompanied him to England, and from thence to France.

The useful and benevolent career of Eustace the negro terminated but with his death. He arrived at Paris in 1812, and from that time he suffered not a day to pass without exercising his charitable disposition, as far as lay in his humble power. For example, he heard that a poor widow, with four young children, was reduced to cut grass for cattle to procure a subsistence. Eustace sought her out, clothed herself and children, supplied the eldest of them, supplying him with necessary tools, so that the boy became the prop and support of the family. Another time, knowing that his master was unable to assist a poor relation whom he had long lost sight of, Eustace secretly devoted all his gains to the support of the sick and feeble man for more than a year, leaving him to suppose that their benefits flowed from the general. The secret was not discovered until the sick man, now cured, came to thank his relative for his supposed generous assistance.

The French Academy granted to this benevolent man, in 1832, the prize of virtue founded by Monthyon. This little history shows how well it was merited. Eustace died on the 15th March 1833, aged sixty-two. If virtue were honoured equally with fame and genius, this poor negro would have been considered worthy of a noble monument.

THE LEECH.

This animal has had a reputation from the earliest periods of medical science. Even from the time of Homer, the appellation of leech was given to the practitioners of the art of surgery. It is amongst the lowest classes of the animal chain of being; is literally a worm; and yet it has been sought after and valued in all ages. There are about thirteen or fourteen species of the leech, some of which are found in most parts of the world; but the medicinal species is the best known, and abounds in various parts of Europe—as Russia, Hungary, Spain, Portugal—in the marshy plains of Egypt, and in various parts of Asia. It belongs to the class *annelides*, or ringed worms, its body being composed of a series of rings or circular muscles, by the successive contractions of which it moves along, either in the water or upon the surface of leaves, reeds, or other solid bodies. The tail extremity is in the form of a cup or sucker, by which it adheres firmly to flat substances, on the same principle as a boy's leather sucker adheres to and lifts up a stone. The mouth is also in the form of a sucker, and is, moreover, furnished with three cartilaginous teeth, placed so as to form with each other a triangle. These teeth are very curious bodies. When examined, and felt with the point of the finger, they seem soft and blunt; but the animal, when about to pierce the skin, seems to have the power of erecting them into firm, sharp-edged lancets, which saw through the integuments in a single instant, and almost without inflicting any pain. Having made the puncture, the blood is extracted by a process of suction, and is passed through the œsophagus into the stomach, or rather stomachs, of the animal, which consist of a series of communicating cells, that occupy the greater part of the interior of its body. The leech having thus gorged itself to the utmost, if undisturbed, remains in a half-torpid condition till it has digested its gory meal, and not unfrequently dies of the surfeit. If it survives, it will have increased very greatly in size. Considering the myriads of these animals that exist congregated together in their native pools, it must only be on rare occasions that each individual of the group can get an opportunity of fastening on any of the larger animals, and thus obtaining a meal; in fact, such an occurrence may not happen in months, or even in a lifetime. It is said that they attack smaller animals, such as frogs and other reptiles, crabs, worms; and that they

will even prey on each other; though they suck the blood of living animals only. But even supposing that they have no access to blood, nature has endowed them with other resources. They can live for months and years on what appears pure water alone. This forms the singular circumstance in the diet of these animals. They delight to gorge themselves with a full meal of blood, even to a surfeit, and yet with plain water they live, grow, and seem to have the greatest enjoyment of existence. It would appear as if their three lancet-formed teeth, and their carnivorous appetites, were bestowed more for the benefit of man than for themselves, and that in their system of dietetics water is the rule, and blood the exception.

In a domestic state, leeches are frequently kept for years in a glass jar, without other food than clear river water; a change of which is necessary every few days. On this they thrive, and gradually increase in bulk. Occasionally, too, they change their skins, which come off in successive rings from their body. Now, as water is an inorganic substance, and, besides, does not contain all the elements of the animal tissues, we must suppose that, mingled with the clearest river water, there is always a sufficient quantity of vegetable infusion and minute animalcules, or other animal juices, to afford them a sufficiency of nourishment.

The medicinal leech is a native of many parts of Britain, but is now become very rare. It still is seen among the lakes of Westmoreland; but even, on the authority of Wordsworth's Leech-Gatherer, they are fast disappearing—

‘Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.’

During the continental war, the British supply was completely exhausted, and a single leech not unfrequently sold for two shillings and sixpence, and even five shillings. Since the peace, the supply has been abundant from France and Spain. France is supplied chiefly from Strasburg, whence they are imported from Hungary, Turkey, Wallachia, and Russia, and kept in ponds. They are carried into France on spring wagons, and are contained in moistened bags, each bag containing one hundred and twenty leeches. Previous to 1834, upwards of forty-six millions of leeches were imported into France annually; at present, the numbers have decreased to seventeen millions. They are imported into London and Leith by sea, packed in little bags, which are occasionally moistened with water during the short voyage. In general, they arrive fresh and healthy; but they are not unfrequently liable to disease, which destroys great numbers. There are three sorts or sizes; the largest and middle sorts being reckoned the best. A large leech is calculated to abstract half an ounce of blood, besides the quantity which flows from the wound afterwards. The smaller sizes are comparatively inefficient.

The test of a good leech is, that it should, when squeezed in the palm of the hand, contract into a firm ball, and not remain elongated and flabby. After having been used once, and gorged with blood, they are never so lively as before: for the most part they are dull, and will not readily bite. A leech suspected to contain blood may also be tested by applying to its mouth a little salt, when the contained blood will in a few seconds be ejected. This is one plan of making leeches disgorge their full of blood. If, when taken off, their mouth be placed in a little salt, they immediately sicken, and discharge the contents of their stomach. Another plan is to seize them by the obtuse end, and strip them firmly but slowly through the fingers. Others, again, place them in tepid water, and allow them to make the best of their luxurious meal; but in such cases the usual fate of gluttons and epicures sooner or later cuts them off.

A common animal in the pools of this country is the horse-leech. It nearly resembles the other, but is of a more uniform black colour, and not so decidedly marked

with greenish streaks on the back as the medicinal species. The horse-leech has no great inclination to fasten on the human skin; but when it does so, it takes it ill, just like the other, and no more. There is a popular, but unfounded belief that, if a leech of this description do fasten on the skin, it will continue to suck and discharge the blood till every drop in the body is exhausted. Hence they are the dread of every school-boy who happens to wade with naked legs into their domains.

The leech, like many other animals, appears to have a very nice sensibility in regard to atmospheric changes, and especially in what regards the electric modifications of the air. Before storms, or any sudden change in the atmosphere, the leech is seen in great activity, and darting up to the surface of the water in its jar. These animals too, at certain times, are found to move out of the water, and to remain for considerable periods clustered on the dry upper sides of their jar; while on other occasions they will remain for days immersed in the water near the bottom. They produce small eggs, which form into cocoons from which in due time the living young make their appearance.

The art of cupping, now generally practised, has greatly superseded the use of leeches. This art is an imitation of the natural process of the leech. It gives little pain, and is more speedily accomplished, but is not in all respects equally efficacious.

SHARK ADVENTURE.

Sailors, as is well known, bear a most deadly enmity towards the race of sharks. Hannibal's hostility to the Romans can give but a faint idea of the hostile feelings of sailors towards this monster of the deep. They will do almost anything towards capturing one; at any hour of the day or night, even when it is their watch below, they would willingly mount on deck to assist in the capture, or to witness its sufferings when on board. This feeling may arise from the frequent instances of sailors being deprived of their limbs, and often their lives, by sharks, and the superstitious feelings which exist among them that, if any one of their number dies on board, a shark is sure to know it, and will follow the ship until the body is thrown overboard, when it will immediately devour it. They regard, therefore, the capturing of a shark as an act of retributive justice; for though, as they are ready to admit, the poor victim that falls into their hands may have done nothing worthy of death, yet they look upon him as the representative of his race, and bestow their revenge accordingly.

The shark is very stealthy in his movements; he may be close about the ship without being perceived. Though more frequently his approach is seen by the dorsal fin appearing a few inches above the water, but seldom any other part of the body is seen. My gentleman is no sooner seen, than the news fly fore and aft the ship that John is in the neighbourhood (John being a name generally applied to a shark). The fishing gear is immediately got ready, and which consists of a hook about eighteen inches long, made of bar iron the thickness of one's little finger; to the hook is attached a chain, and to the chain one of the stoutest spare ropes on board. The bait generally used is a piece of salt pork, four or five pounds in weight; this apparatus is thrown over the stern, and the bait kept about fifty yards from the ship. Now, though the shark is such an acknowledged gourmand, yet he does not always allow his voracity to get the better of his judgment; for when he first spies the alluring bait, he does not rashly snap at it, but swims around and beneath, and examines it attentively. Very frequently he makes off without attempting a bite; at other times he succeeds in nibbling the bait by degrees entirely away; and as frequently tears the whole piece off the hook; so that it is no easy matter to capture a shark. It has been for days in a ship followed by them, and every effort made to catch one, but in vain.

On one occasion we were followed by a shark to whom we had thrown an invitation, and which he was not long in accepting; for in the course of a few minutes he darted towards it, plunged upon his back, and the next instant was seen turning and lashing his tail in a most furious manner. We saw he had taken the hook, and was so far secured; but still he was but half caught, as the

sequel will prove. All the spare hands were called to lay on the shark line, in order to haul him on deck. We soon got him alongside; but on account of his violent plunging, found it impossible to get him on board, unless he was allowed to exhaust some of his immense strength. To assist this, our mate proposed harpooning him; and in the absence of a proper instrument, took the boat-hook, to which he attached a line, and after a few attempts, succeeded in fastening it in the fore part of the back, then singular to relate, my gentleman, by a violent tug, snapped the rope, and made himself off with the boat-hook sticking like a flag-staff erect in his back. He remained in sight for some time, evidently very uneasy; but whether he succeeded in disengaging himself from this disagreeable appendage, I know not. *—Anecdotes of a Voyage from Liverpool to the Brazils, by She before the Mast.*

MINERAL WATERS IN FRANCE.

By a statistical return, which has been published by the Mining Department at Paris, it appears there are 864 mineral springs throughout the kingdom that are open to visitors, besides many other private ones. In the vicinity of the Pyrenees, the mountains in the centre of France, the Vosges, the north-western districts, the Alps, Jura, and Corsica, the Ardennes, Hainault, and different other parts, there are 474 warm mineral springs; 218 cold, but ferruginous properties; 172 ditto, strongly impregnated with iron—making a total of 864. In the vicinity of the Pyrenees, the mineral springs are the richest, particularly the warm. The department of the Upper Pyrenees has some of the finest establishments; two at Barège, and at Contreterres, fourteen at Bagnes de Bigorre, and three others in the vicinity. These, the same as nearly all the others, were first opened by the Romans. The waters of St. Christan, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, are so abundant that they work not only the wheels of the different iron factories, but are employed in the irrigation of the country, in consequence of their high temperature, and the saline qualities they possess, so much so, that, if there were not the restrictions imposed by government, an immense quantity of salt might be extracted annually. The springs of the department of Allier, of which there are twenty, run through granite rock and porphyry, and are strongly impregnated with mineral. In the department of the Puy-de-Dôme, there are about ninety mineral springs. In the Cantal, the Vosges, the Bouches-du-Rhône, Aix, Lyons, &c. the springs are warm, passing through extensive coal beds, strongly impregnated with iron, copper, and lead, and also a saline quality. The generality of the mineral waters in France are of a ferruginous nature; some, however, are strongly saline. The government has appointed a commission of the most scientific men to analyse the different springs throughout the kingdom, so as to see if they cannot be made useful to the commercial industry of the country. The profits arising from these mineral waters, and bathing, are annually upwards of £500,000, and likely to increase.

THE DRESS OF AUTHORS.

Anthony Magliabechi, who passed all his time among his books, had a gold cloak, which served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night; he had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, on which he generally remained fixed, in the midst of a heap of volumes and papers, until he was overpowered with sleep. Emerson the mathematician made one hat last him the greater part of his lifetime, the rim gradually lessening bit by bit, till little remained except the crown. Another 'shocking bad hat,' which belonged to a celebrated geologist of the present day, is honoured with a place among the curious relics of costume in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, to which valuable collection it was presented by some waggonish university youths. In the 'History of Holy Ghost Chapel, Basingstoke' (1819), p. 51, it is stated that the Rev. Samuel Loggson, a great student of antiquities, 'used to wear two old shirts at once, saying that they were warmer than new ones.' Dr Paris, in his 'Life of Sir Humphry Davy,' tells us that this great philosopher was, in the busiest period of his career, so sparing of time, that he would not afford a moment to divesting himself of his dirty linen, but would slip clean linen over it. This practice he would continue, until as many as even six shirts were on his back at a time. When at length he had found leisure to extricate himself from all except the one that was clean, his bulk was so visibly and suddenly reduced, that his friends, not knowing the cause, would re-

mark that he was getting thinner with alarming rapidity. But their fears of his being in a consumption would shortly be removed, when shirt over shirt began to accumulate again. He was then like a plump caterpillar, existing under several skins. In later days, Davy became more attentive to the toilet; in fact, the thinking and busy philosopher merged into a frivolous fop, cultivating curls, and wearing pleated waistcoats of patchwork pattern. Sherry was somewhat of an exquisite. He loved showy colours in dress, delighted in trinkets and perfumes, designed patterns for snuff-boxes, played music, sang, and painted flowers. He had, however, a great antipathy to card-playing and dancing; yet he says that ecstatic, rough, unsophisticated dancing is one of the most natural expressions of delight, for it commences with jumping for joy; but when it is done according to rule, it is, in his opinion, merely *cum ratione insanire*. Benjamin Stillingfleet generally wore a full dress suit of cloth of the same uniform colour, with blue worsted stockings. In this dress he used frequently to attend Mrs Montague's literary evening parties, and as his conversation was very interesting, the ladies used to say, 'We can do nothing without the blue stockings;' hence arose the appellation of *bas blue*, or blue stockings, to literary ladies. Mœzai, the French historian, was so extremely susceptible of cold, that immediately on the setting in of winter, he provided himself with twelve pairs of stockings, all of which he sometimes wore at once. In the morning he always consulted his barometer, and, according to the greater or less degree of cold, put on so many more or fewer pairs of stockings.—In reference to the general scantiness of literary costume, a recent writer has justly remarked, that to laugh—as has been the custom since the days of Juvenal—at the loutish manners, threadbare cloak, and clouted shoe of the mere man of letters, is a stale and heartless joke, for the poorest, threadbare, ungainly scholar (if he be indeed a scholar), is a gentleman in his feelings.

INFLUENCE OF AN ECLIPSE ON INSECTS.

Signor Villa of Milan thus describes the influence of the solar eclipse of July 1842 upon the manners of different insects, which he observed during its continuance:—The insects in general were very restless, moved their feelers strongly here and there, and hid themselves. Some genera disappeared before the darkness came on, others flew about till its commencement. Most of them again appeared about half an hour after the obscuration had passed away. It is curious that though the day-insects thus sought to conceal themselves as they do on the approach of night, yet none of the nocturnal species made their appearance.

MINING UNDER THE OCEAN.

The most extraordinary of the Cornish tin mines—says Mr Watson in his 'Glance at Cornish Mining'—was the 'Wherry,' established upon a shoal, near Penzance, about 720 feet from the beach at high water. The rock was covered about ten months in the twelve, and the depth of water on it at spring-tides nineteen feet; and in winter the sea burst over the rock in such a manner as to render useless all attempts to carry on mining operations. In the early part of the last century, attempts were made to work it, but abandoned as hopeless. Notwithstanding all the difficulties, however, a poor miner named Thomas Curtis, in 1740, had the boldness to renew the attempt, and, after innumerable difficulties, succeeded in forming a water-tight case, as an upper part of the shaft, against which the sea broke, while a communication with the shore was established by means of a wooden-frame bridge, as the work could only be prosecuted when the rock appeared above water. Three summers were consumed in sinking the pump shaft; and the use of machinery becoming practicable, the water-tight case was carried up a sufficient height above the reach of the highest spring-tides. To support this boarded turret from the violence of the surge, eight stout bars of iron were applied in an inclined direction to the sides. A platform of boards was then lashed round the top of the turret, supported by four poles, which were firmly connected with the iron rods. Upon this platform was fixed a winch for four men. The water, notwithstanding, forced its way through the shaft during the winter months, and it was not till April that work could be resumed. In the autumn of 1791, the depth of the pump shaft and of the workings was twenty-nine feet, the breadth eighteen feet. Twelve men were employed in pumping out the water for two hours, and then working on

the rock six more. Thirty sacks of tin stuff were taken on an average every tide; and ten men, in the space of six months, working about a tenth of that time, broke L.600 worth. After a time, a steam-engine was erected on the green on shore, and hanging rods from it carried along the wooden bridge to the mine, and in this manner tin to the value of L.70,000 was raised from it. While the work was in full operation, an American vessel broke from its anchorage in Gwavas Lakes, and striking against the stage, demolished the machinery; thus putting an end to this ingenious and extraordinary undertaking.

THE SNOW-STORM.

[From *Scenes in My Native Land*, by Mrs L. M. Sigourney.
Boston. 1845.]

How quietly the snow comes down,
When all are fast asleep,
And plays a thousand fairy pranks
O'er vale and mountain steep.
How cunningly it finds its way
To every cranny small,
And creeps through even the slightest chink
In window or in wall.

To every noteless hill it brings
A fuller, purer crest
Than the rich crimine robe that decks
The haughtiest monarch's breast.
To every reaching spray it gives
Whatever its hand can hold—
A beauteous thing the snow is
To all, both young and old.

The waking day, through curtaining haze,
Looks forth, with sore surprise,
To view what changes have been wrought
Since last she shut her eyes;
And a pleasant thing it is to see
The cottage children peep
From out the drift, that to their caves
Prolongs its rampart deep.

The patient farmer searches
His buried lambs to find,
And dig his silly poultry out,
Who clamour in the wind:
How sturdily he cuts his way,
Through wild blasts beat him back,
And enters for his waiting herd
Who shiver round the stack.

Right welcome are those feathery flakes
To the ruddy wroth's eye
As down the long smooth hill they coast,
With shout and revelry;
Or when the moonlight, clear and gold,
Calls out their throng to play—
Oh! a merry gift the snow is
For a Christmas holiday.

The city miss, who, wrapt in fur,
Is lifted to the sleigh,
And borne so daintily to school
Along the crowded way,
Feels not within her pallid cheek
The rich blood mantling warm,
Like her who, laughing, shakes the snow
From powdered tress and form.

A tasteful hand the snow hath—
For on the storied pane
I saw its Alpine landscapes traced
With arch and sculptured fane,
Where high o'er hoary-headed cliffs
The dizzy Shimplon wound,
And old cathedrals reared their towers
With Gothic tracery bound.

I think it hath a tender heart,
For I marked it while it crept
To spread a sheltering mantle where
The infant blossom slept.
It doth to Earth a deed of love—
Though in a wintry way;
And her turf-gown will be greener
For the snow that's fallen to-day.

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LIFE IN A SCOTTISH COUNTRY MANSION.

THERE is perhaps no portion of the British islands more favoured in all the most agreeable attributes than Perthshire. Connecting towards the south with the low country, in whose fertility it there participates, it extends towards the north and west into the bosom of the Grampian range, where it presents such an assemblage of hill and vale, lake and river, as is rarely paralleled. The county is rich in a resident proprietary, including several of our wealthiest nobles and a vast number of gentlemen, and the effect which these produce upon the interests of the district is very manifest. It is not so much that the expenditure of income on the ground where it is realised does service, as that the constant presence of a set of landlords completes the range of requisites for conducting rural business, and keeps the country in heart.

I had, a few months ago, the pleasure of paying a brief visit to a gentleman in the upper part of this county; on which occasion it struck me that, what with the natural beauty of the place, the character of the people, and the mode of life of my entertainers, I saw so much that was peculiar, that it might be worth while to jot down a few particulars on the subject. Is it possible, I have since asked, that the multitudes who never saw Perthshire, and the still larger multitudes who know nothing by personal observation of the life of a country gentleman, might have any gratification in perusing these jottings? By no means impossible, I have decided: so let me try. Enough may be said to convey an individual picture to the mind, without necessarily giving offence to delicacy.

The mansion of my host is a castellated building, for the most part of old date, placed at once beautifully and comfortably on a south-looking slope, whence it commands an extensive vale, bounded by lofty mountains. Woods clothe the cliffy hill-sides on each hand; a mountain stream hops and skips shiningly through a chasm on the left. Nothing meets the view but natural objects, interspersed with pleasant mansions and granges. Towns, ports, manufactories, are all remote. And here I cannot but remark the superiority of such a situation over one of the ordinary English mansions placed in a flat, with its artificial, unvarying lake, its canal-like river, and its woods, which, though beautiful, can only be seen by little at a time. There is not only genuine natural beauty in all the aspects of this Perthshire mansion, with a liability to continual variation from season and from weather, but, though the elevation is only a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, a range of thirty miles is commanded. An Englishman who has only seen the level portions of his own country, can have no idea of what it is to reside in one of highly varied surface like Perthshire.

My host presents, in this mansion, a style of life suitable to his fortune, which is handsome, but still moderate. Attached to country life, he resides chiefly at his seat, and only now and then visits the capital for a short time. There is, however, no such thing as solitude in such a rural life, for a country mansion is a kind of town rather than a single house; comprising, as it does, wings for servants, stables and their adjuncts, residences for a gardener, a gamekeeper, and so forth, not to speak of a village near by. There is, in such a place, a population of not much under sixty persons, even when no company is present; but when there are visitors, this number will sometimes be nearer to a hundred.

Having arrived at my friend's house after dark, I saw nothing of it beyond a handsome entrance-hall, hung with stags' horns, old arms, and other curiosities, and a comfortable parlour, where the family was assembled—until next morning, when, awaking early, and looking out, my eyes were saluted by a magnificent range of semi-Highland scenery, seen under the favourable auspices of a delicious June morning. The hour for breakfast being half-past nine, I walked out to enjoy the beauties of the scene and of the hour. An old man—a member of a corps of superannuated adherents, which I heard the family afterwards speak of as the Veteran Battalion—was quietly, and in a most leisurely way obliterating the marks made in the gravel-walk by my vehicle the preceding evening, as if it had been a work of a very solemn and important kind. An image of gentle duty it was, most refreshing to my hurry-scurry city mind, and preparative of all that I afterwards found in connexion with this scene of rural comfort. Taking a survey of the house, I now found it to be an irregular but picturesque structure, comprising a tall tower of the sixteenth century, with grated windows near the bottom; an addition in the taste of the seventeenth century, with pepper-box turrets at the angles; and, finally, certain modern additions, comprising a dining-room, a conservatory entering from the same, and divers other ornaments—to quote a term of old Scotch title-deeds. On the lowest corbel-stone in the first building, my eye readily detected the date 1591—a time when fortification was still necessary for the security of a Scottish household. The second building spoke its time by presenting, triangle-wise, on the pediments of the windows, the letters S. P. T. and D. E. C., which I knew to be the initials (including S. for Sir, and D. for Dame) of the first baronet of the family and his lady, who had flourished in the reign of Charles II. My superficial glance discovered nothing further remarkable about the building, besides its abundance of tall chimneys and lead-covered minarets, the latter of which bore each its weathercock, so that there was a superabun-

dance of the means of meteorological observation, sufficient to have served a colony of retired admirals. On one side, the mansion was approached by a winding avenue of pines and other evergreens, mixed with tall old sycamores, thickly covered with comfortable ivy. On the other was a beautiful little domain devoted to floriculture, where circular patches of dahlias, and lozenge-shaped borders of heart's-ease and calceolarias, and numberless other favourites of the modern garden, showed that the elegant tastes of the day had made their way to this northern solitude. Passing through this lovely area by a slight wire gate, I found my way to a terrace walk which passed through the wood along the side of the hill, and there regaled myself with the many variations of view which the occasional openings amongst the trees afforded, seeing on one hand hills from which I knew Edinburgh was visible, and on the other mountain peaks which probably looked far into Lochaber and Morven. Tufts of primroses bursting forth from the bank, a hen turkey peeping out from her wild nest among the bushes, fantastic fungi springing from old tree roots, a strangled shrew mouse on the walk, bees humming along from one wild-flower to another, pigeons to-whooping from the tree tops, lesser birds twittering on every spray, the smoke of the village curling up through the calm sunny air at a little distance—such were the objects and sounds presented to me. From the close murky atmosphere of a city, with all the vexing duties of such a scene, what a change was here! Oh Nature, thought I, thou art, after all, the true physician for thy children! Thy breath, thy voice, thy placid face, how truly medicative they are to those worn out with the artificialities of the social world! And, viewing this beautiful scene as the property of my friend, I could not but see some natural basis for that prejudice which exists in favour of land as property. Thus to possess a portion of the geographical surface, with all its ordinary accompaniments, was, I could well see, something more calculated to attract the regard and respect of mankind, than merely to have a certain number of figures attached to one's name in the stock-book of a joint-stock bank, or be one of a firm understood to realise large returns in a dingy counting-room in a dingy alley in 'the city.' The common feelings of man's bosom are at the bottom of the earth-hunger which Scott spoke of as his predominant passion, and of which every man is more or less sensible. No wonder, as the laird of Abbotsford used to say, that Scotsmen, in particular, no sooner get their heads above water, than they make for land!

Returning at the breakfast hour, I found the family just taking their seats, little ceremony being used at the morning meal. To persons quite unaccustomed with country-mansion life, it may be worth while to mention, that besides the usual breakfast apparatus, was a small heap of letters just disengaged from the post-bag. A copy of the *Morning Herald* and *Edinburgh Courant*, with two or three periodical works, had been drawn from the same receptacle, and were lying at the command of the party in general. When my host had cast one glance along the leading articles of the London journal, and seen that there was no news, and each person had just peeped into their several letters, breakfast was applied to with cordial appetite, and, servants not being retained at this meal, all presently was quiet and abandon. Startled out of the languor of an overworked system, I was surprised to find myself devour a turkey's egg and a slice of broiled salmon, without the slightest symptom of difficulty, though a slice or two of dry toast would have been excess two days before. When the meal drew towards a close, we began to discuss plans for the day, and it was soon settled that I should join a walking party at two o'clock. Till then, however, there was an interval of a few hours, and it was agreed that these should be spent by me in looking over the various objects within doors, under the care of the eldest young

lady, who happened, for her sins, to have been found the best cicerone in the family.

The xi-door ramble was an interesting one. It is now proper to mention that, from the giving of the family baronetcy by king James II., during his brief and clouded reign, the family had been zealous and unswerving friends of the house of Stuart, down to the comparatively recent period when such feelings had ceased to have any distinctly recognisable object. Concerned they had been in both the 'risings,' and once they had lost their lands; but by purchase, and the relenting mercy of later sovereigns, both these and the forfeited title had been regained. The house, therefore, contains many objects interestingly connected with those events and characters that form almost the only relief from the commonplace of our last-century history. In the best bed-room of the middle-aged part of the house, had the elder chevalier spent a night during his residence in Scotland in 1715; his mild and gentlemanly, but feeble countenance, shone from the walls, with his pale gentle wife, Clementina, *for vis a vis*. The furniture of that time had been lost in the evil days of the family; but they had since happened to become possessed of the little camp-bed used by Prince Charles in his campaign, and this was now erected in the room once graced as the lodging of his father. In the same apartment they now keep a collection of vestimentary curiosities—high-heeled spangle-decked shoes of the beauties of a century ago, a coat in which the late knight had paid his court to Louis XVI. at Versailles, just before the Revolution, a pair of beautiful green silk stockings, danced with by a grand-aunt of the present baronet at the wedding of her younger sister, by way of carrying off the joke which lay against her for being left unwedded on that occasion—and many other trifles with a history.

From hence I passed to the drawing-room, which contains the principal family portraits, besides other objects of an interesting kind. Here I saw the poor gentleman of the '45, dressed in a Highland dress, as he had appeared at Culloden, but now under hiding, and in fear of being taken prisoner by the red-coats. It is understood that the picture was designed to represent a particular event in his skulking days, when, a party of the royal troops being near, he was induced, by some unaccountable impulse of his mind, to go off in a different route, by which he had escaped being captured. A party of soldiers is represented as passing off in the back-ground, and the unfortunate cavalier is obeying the guidance of an angel who is addressing him. Reader, laugh not at such things—they show, though in a quaint way, the deep feelings which have resided in honourable bosoms. Near this portrait is one of Hamilton of Bangour, the gay poet of the Jacobite cause, writing at a table, the sheet below his hand containing the following inscription:—

'Hail, Wallace! generous chief! who, singly brave,
When all were trembling round, aspired to save:
Hail, Bruce! intrepid king! beset with foes,
Who, from defeat, to fame and empire rose:
Hail, Stuart! much suffering youth!—Yes, I foresee
Imperial crowns and certain palms for thee;
The land thy fathers ruled has oft been viewed,
Enthralled unbroke, and vanquished unsubdued:
Scotia, for genius famed and gallant deed,
Has yet her bards to sing, her chiefs to lead—
Yes, freedom shall be hers, her kings shall reign,
For, know, Culloden was not lost in vain.

Written at Rouen, in France, in the third year of our exile, 1740.

Besides a couple of pictures representing the prince and his brother Henry (afterwards Cardinal York), painted when they were youths, and sent as a present to the great-grandfather of my host, there was seen, over a deeply-moulded doorway, a bust of the former personage, done also in early life, but probably after the rebellion. The countenance is one of extraordinary elegance and vivacity, set upon a beautiful neck, and adorned with the graceful flowing hair of the period. In looking at it, one is not at a loss to account for the singular fascination which Charles Edward exercised over his adherents,

and particularly those of the fair sex. There is one melancholy legend of the family connected with Charles's expedition. A younger son of the then baronet, being in the prince's army at Preston, mounted on an uncommonly spirited black horse, outrode all his associates in pursuit of the craven dragoons. At length, two miles from the field of battle, a party of them, observing that only one cavalier pursued, turned and fired at him. He fell dead on the spot, and was buried beneath an elm tree near the mansion of St Clement's Wells. The family tell, as a curious anecdote, that one of the servants, being in Perth some months after at a fair, saw and recognised the horse which poor Mr David had ridden—bought and brought it home, where it was kept ever after in honourable case in a park. When nearly forty years had passed, the boy who in time became Sir Walter Scott, spent some weeks with a relative at St Clement's Wells, and heard the story from the old people living thereabouts. The child used to wander down to the still distinguishable grave, and pull the wild-flowers growing upon it. He also obtained, and took care of, till mature years, a clasp which had formed part of the young Jacobite's dress. The conclusion is, that, thirty years after, he introduced the incident of the young man's death in his novel of Waverley, though substituting for the real person one of a totally different character. More than this—and it was something from a nick-nack collector—he gave up to the family the little clasp which he had got fifty years before at St Clement's Wells; and this clasp, now doubly curious, they continue to possess.

I had the curiosity to inquire how the family now regards the struggles of their ancestors in behalf of the elder branch of the royal family, and found that, though loyal subjects to the reigning monarch, they, all feel a pride in their name having been ranked with the enemies of the first Georges. They know that their grandfather, who was out with Charles Edward, was as honourable a man as ever breathed; and they had always been taught to believe that he was but a fair specimen of man. Braving so much for their opinions, however mistaken these opinions might be—suffering so much for the cause of their own affections, such men could not but be worthy of honour.

At the appointed hour, after a slight lunch, I joined a party, chiefly composed of ladies, who had agreed to take a walk. Brought up in the country in a manner partaking much of old fashions, these ladies had acquired a power of locomotion which would have caused others of their own rank in different circumstances to stare. It was nothing unusual for them, between breakfast and dinner, to cross the mountains into the neighbouring vale, and return—a journey involving some considerable 'gradients,' and not less than eight miles in extent. On the present occasion we took a shorter perambulation. Passing up a little glen behind the house, we kept for some time close to the banks of a 'burn,' or rivulet, which there descends from the mountains—one of those tumbling, sparkling, brawling streams which remind one of a roistering witty fellow, who never can be quiet three minutes at a time, and are general favourites, although no one can say that they ever do any good. In a more southern domain, this rill would have been arranged into a series of waterfalls, and embowered in plantations, with nice gravel-walks. Far dearer to me the natural pebbled channel, and the green sod banks, pranked with wild-flowers of every hue. At the head of this glen we climbed the hill, and soon began to descend along a wide, similar character, but wider, and full of little farms, most of them nearly altogether pastoral. It was interesting to observe, wherever we went, the peasantry making their simple obeisances to the ladies—an old fashion much in decay in some districts, but here kept up in all its pristine vigour, very much in consequence of the popular, obliging manners of my host and his family. Not a cow-boy but tugged his cap, or the front of his sun-bleached hair; not a girl but dropped her timid curtsy. I be-

came convinced that it is a mistake to suppose the ancient manners much changed in rural Scotland; at least, the fact is only true under great limitations. There was as much homely kindness between these ladies and the tenantry, as ever there could have been between the two classes. Whatever house we entered, the inquiries were mutual and affectionate. Here and there a rheumatism of the goodwife, or a late visit of measles to the children, was fully entered upon and discussed. At one place there was no end to the joking about a headache the goodman had complained of for two days, after the last rent-day entertainment at the castle. Sheer good social feeling seemed to have obliterated all the usual repelling effects of diverse rank and condition; and the perfect ease on both sides admitted of no suspicion of insincerity on either. After a delightful ramble of five or six miles, we arrived at the castle, just in time for dinner.

Two or three neighbours graced this meal with their presence, but only added to the hilarity of the party, without altering its character. In due time we adjourned to the drawing-room, where the chill of the evening had made a fire acceptable even at that season. Gathering round a circular table, we enjoyed tea in a manner which puts to shame the tame and comfortless fashion of bringing it in upon salvers. The conversation, which was general from the first, turned very appropriately, considering the old-world character of the house, upon the superstitious notions which yet linger in such retired parts of the country. And when we, by and by, turned to form a semicircle in front of the fire, I was surprised to find how fresh these still are in the minds of the people. I doubt, indeed, if our company did not comprise two or three persons who adhered to ultra-natural views of our world, although no one decidedly made the admission. The fact is, almost every family of any distinction in that part of the country is understood to have some ghostly circumstance connected with it. It is almost as necessary for aristocratic distinction as to have a coat of armorial. In one, for instance, a peculiar-looking sparrow always makes its appearance on the window-soles of the family mansion when any one is about to die. I apprehend it is a passerine new to naturalists, for it is said to appear as if it wore a coat of black velvet. One of the ladies present had been living at the mansion when this odd bird one day made its appearance; and, certainly, news immediately came of the death of the head of the house at Edinburgh. Over one family in the neighbourhood there hung an ancient prophecy, that no third generation in lifical succession should ever inherit the estates: another, whose ancestor had been concerned in the massacre of Glencoe, was doomed, in consequence of the curse of a bereaved Highland widow, never to see a generation pass without a bloody deed falling in the hands of some member of the house. There is a dreary fascination in some of these curious tales. I could not help feeling interested in one relative to a nymphet in a distant part of the country, round which a white lady was said to go moping and moaning on Christmas night, when any important member of the family was to die during the ensuing year. The enlightened part of mankind have long condemned all notions of this kind as gross superstition; but no one can deny that there is something romantic in them, forming a not unpleasant offset to the rigid scientific accuracy and mechanical commonplaces of our age. I thought proper, nevertheless, to show the great liability to fallacy about all such stories, by narrating one which I had heard related when attending a recent meeting of the British Association. In the town of Lancaster, not above fifteen years ago, a quiet tradesman's family were sitting at tea one evening, when their parlour-door was suddenly burst open, and a black human head rolled along the floor up to their very feet! In an instant they had all burst away from the room, frenzied with fear and horror. On venturing back half an hour after, they found everything as they had left it, and no ap-

pearance of anything unusual. Next day, however, it was published throughout the town that this family had been visited by a ghastly supernatural spectacle, which had given them a dreadful fright; and from that day to the present, no explanation of the occurrence has ever reached the honest Lancastrians. But is it, therefore, to be considered as inexplicable? By no means. The present Professor A— perfectly knows how it was that the frightful spectacle was presented. He was then a student of surgery, residing in the house of the tradesman in question. Having attended a poor negro servant on his deathbed in the town hospital, he had cut off the head of the deceased, in order to make some investigations of the nature of the fatal disease. Carrying the dismal object home in a handkerchief, he happened to make a slip in going down the steep descent which led to the door of his lodging. Before he could recover himself, the head escaped from the handkerchief, and rolled down the slope. The outer door being open, and the parlour-door directly opposite, the head burst through the latter, and rolling along the floor, only stopped at the feet of the astonished tea-party. When the young anatomist reached the place, he found the room empty, and lost no time in removing the head; the reality of which he did not afterwards think himself bound to affirm, as it might have led to an unpleasant responsibility. And thus has a capital accredited apparition story taken root in the good town of Lancaster! At the conclusion of my anecdote, several expressed their belief that the majority of such tales would be found to have a similar foundation, if any foundation for them there were; but I could see that two or three of the ladies did not at all approve of that pestilent way which some people have of explaining away all wonderful things by a reference to familiar causes.

The two or three subsequent days gave me an opportunity of forming a kind of general estimate of the pleasures and advantages of country-gentlefolks' life. It boasts of much greater social conveniences than could be expected in such a remote situation, and of course has its drawbacks. First, the post brings every day the news of the busy world, and that excellent and infallible person, 'the carrier,' supplies from the county town all desirable luxuries, as well as necessities, not omitting a selection of the publications of the day from a book-club. Then, as to society, the neighbourhood—by which is meant a district extending ten miles in each direction—supplies an abundance of families of equal rank and harmonious manners, who both pay morning and afternoon visits, and occasionally spend a few days with each other in an easy and familiar way. The latter autumn and early winter are the seasons when these visits chiefly take place. In latter winter, or spring, a visit of a few weeks to the capital keeps up a connexion with the gay world, and with friends who usually reside there. The summer, spent of course at home, never fails to bring dropping tourists and other visitors from a distance, to vary the circle of familiar faces and the ordinary routine of conversation. Thus there is no want of society, in the moderate extent in which it is proper to indulge in it. Some country families, however, require much more of this gratification than others, feeling quite miserable when they have not a house full of company. It becomes with such persons a chief consideration how to provide for having a new set of visitors as another takes its departure. But all such cases must be understood as exceptions from the common strain of country life. In general, much of the time of a resident country family of moderate fortune, where neither fox-hounds nor racers absorb (as they always do) exclusive attention, is employed in a routine of duties almost as fixed as those of any member of the community. The gentleman himself has what is called county business to attend to. He takes a share in the management of the roads, and in the business of the justice-of-peace court. Improvements in agriculture, and in the management of farming business, demand his encouragement and patronage. The ladies are equally concerned in pro-

tecting schools, and keeping up various little schemes of a benevolent nature for the benefit of the poor. Never wanting some interesting occupation, the country gentleman and his family appear to realise as much happiness as we see anywhere falling to the lot of humanity. Of drawbacks, the chief, I would say, is the want of that stimulating, mind-advancing excitement which is to be obtained only amidst great numbers of our fellow-creatures, and which, accordingly, renders cities everywhere the great centres of civilisation. Hence truly arises that particular strain of opinion and sentiment which marks country gentlemen generally, and causes them too often to appear as the drag upon the social engine. This, however, is a matter which does not so much concern them, as it does the rest of the community.

Having duly exhausted the period which I had assigned as the utmost to which my visit should extend, namely, the Rest day, the Dressed day, and the Pressed day, I took my leave of this hospitable mansion, full of the frank but graceful kindness of its inmates, and plunged back again into the smoke, clangor, and toil, of lofty Edinburgh.

TRANSCRIBERS.

THE copiers of manuscripts, who hold now the humblest rank in literature, were, before the invention of printing, of the utmost importance. Amongst the Hebrews, transcribing the holy Scriptures was deemed a profession of the highest honour, and the responsible office of commenting on difficult passages was sometimes joined with it. This of course required a great amount of learning, and it is inferred, from a passage in the Septuagint, that a residence separate from the rest of the people was allotted to the ancient scribes. According to Dr South, a Jewish scribe was a church officer, skilful to copy, and conversant with the law, to interpret or explain it. The civil scribes were lawyers or notaries.

Wherever literature existed, copyists of course abounded; and even at the dawn of Grecian letters, three sorts of transcribers plied their pens. Some who had distinguished skill in writing, were called Chrusographoi, or Caligraphers; others made it their business to take down discourses and addresses by means of abbreviated characters, similar to what is now called short-hand. Such persons were much in request, as almost all instruction was delivered orally, and to them we are indebted for many valuable passages from ancient authors, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. They were known as Semeiographoi and Tachygraphoi. A third sort of transcribers cultivated the fine arts, for their business was to figure ornamental letters in blanks left for that purpose by the Caligraphers. Among the later Greeks, transcribers received the Roman appellation of notarii. Alexandria was the principal resort of the copyists in the later periods of Grecian literature. In the same edifice with the celebrated library, were extensive offices completely fitted up for the business of transcribing books. Here the Caligraphers were very numerous, even until the irruption of the Arabs in 640. Indeed so proficient were the Greeks always considered in this art, that wherever it was practised, they would be found plying their profession; and amongst the Romans, most of the copyists' names which have been preserved are Greek. These, it seems, kept in Rome regular establishments of journeymen, who were chiefly slaves; and when a number of copies from one work were required, one sat in the middle of the room and dictated to the rest. When a book was specially ordered, the rate of remuneration was so much per hundred lines; but the librarii (as the proprietors of these offices were called) also copied good works on speculation, and were in fact amongst the earliest regu-

lar booksellers.* The art of forming books, that is, of collecting and fastening the leaves into a volume, was, according to Photius, invented by a certain Phillatius, to whom the Athenians erected a statue in consequence of his invention. To perform this operation, the master copyists employed apprentices, or those as yet but little skilled in penmanship, and called them 'glutinatores.'

The manuscripts sold by the librarii were, as might be expected, often incorrect. Cicero knew not to whom to apply to purchase correct copies of certain works which his brother Quintus had commissioned him to procure; and his own compositions were, he complained, generally ill copied. In Strabo's time, the manuscripts, sold at Rome and Alexandria were full of mistakes.

Instead of trusting to the librarii, every wealthy and enlightened Roman gentleman educated his most intelligent slaves for transcribers; and these, in consequence, became of infinitely greater value to their owners than their fellows. Persons who wished to acquire a character for science, kept them in their establishments, however little there may have been for them to do. It was found an excellent speculation to instruct slaves in writing; for some masters condescended to allow their slaves to copy for others, and pocketed their earnings. In any case, the condition of the transcribers was infinitely better than that of other bondsmen, on account of their extreme value; and sometimes they were enfranchised. We learn from Cicero's letters to Pliny the younger, that when a valued copyist fell ill, nothing was spared to restore him to health. He even travelled at his master's expense; and Pliny sent one of his freed men, who was subject to repeated attacks of indigestion, first into Egypt, and then to the south of Europe.

After the fall of Rome, nearly all the copying, not only of ancient classical works, but of the holy Scriptures, which was done at all, was performed in monasteries. In every monastery there was a room built and specially set apart for writing, which was called the Scriptorium. Ducange tells us, in his glossary, that it was consecrated by certain Latin words, the meaning of which was—'Lord! wilt thou deign to bless this scriptorium of thy servants, and all that dwell therein, that whatever of the divine Scriptures will have been by them read or written, they may receive with understanding, and bring the same to good effect.'

The rules regarding the Scriptorium were very strict. That perfect silence might be secured, no person besides the copyists was allowed to enter the apartment on any pretence whatever, except the abbot, the prior, the sub-prior, and the librarian. It was the duty of the last to point out what was to be transcribed, and to furnish the necessary stationery; and the monks were strictly forbidden to copy anything but what was prescribed. Few employments were considered so pious as to copy the Scriptures. 'The books which we copy,' say the statutes of Guy, the second prior of the Chartreux, 'are so many heralds of the truth. We hope that Heaven will recompense us, by causing them to banish error from the minds of men, and confirm them in the Catholic faith.' This employment was even deemed an instrument of salvation, as may be gleaned from a monkish legend, related by Theodoric, abbot of Ouche. 'A certain friar lived in a monastery, and was guilty of many infractions of the rules of the order: but he was a clever and industrious scribe, and voluntarily copied a large volume of the divine law. One night he dreamt he was dead, and that his soul was at the judgment-seat. The accusing angels brought a vast number of evil deeds against him; but his good angel, seeing the book he had copied, counted its contents letter by letter, and it was decreed that each letter should atone for one sin. A balance was struck, and there was exactly one letter in his favour. The judgment was, that his soul should return to his body, and that time should be given him to repent of his former transgressions. On awaken-

ing, he determined to reform, and to lead an exemplary life. From that time his labours in the Scriptorium were more persevering than ever.' The monks so employed were specially called 'clerks,' whence is derived the modern use of the word in that sense. The division of labour was carried to a high point in the Scriptorium. The preparation of ink, of pens, the ruling of guiding lines and of columns in red ink, were each performed by a separate person, who did nothing else. When the stationery was thus prepared, one corrected what another had copied; a third inserted ornaments above, below, and in the midst of the columns; a fourth drew the initial letters and more elaborate ornaments; another collated the pages; and a sixth boarded them; for they were placed between small wooden planks.

Not only in monasteries, but in nunneries, was copying carried on. At the end of the fifth century, St Cesarius having established a nunnery at Arles, certain regular hours for copying holy books were prescribed to certain of the nuns. But even then women copyists were no novelties, for it appears, by a Latin inscription published by Gruter, that in 231, when Origen undertook to revise the Old Testament, St Ambrose sent him certain deacons and virgins skilled in caligraphy as amanuenses.

That the Scriptorium should be of a comfortable temperature in winter, it was placed near the calefactory or furnace for communicating warmth to the rest of the edifice. This we learn from an anecdote of the ninth century, which is worth transcribing, for the purpose of exhibiting a little monastic life in a more familiar aspect than that in which it is usually regarded. The story is told by Ekkehard, the historian of the monastery of St Gall. According to his narrative, there were in the house, sometime towards the latter end of the ninth century, three monks—Notker, a mild, amiable, and patient brother; Tutilo, a person the very opposite, robust and strong, with such limbs 'as Fabius teaches us to choose for a wrestler'; and the third, Ratpert, a schoolmaster in the schools attached to the monastery. These were fast friends, and all members of the chapter, or senate of the monastery: as such, they were liable to misrepresentation to the superior by the other monks; amongst whom the most active in detraction was Sindolf, who, from the office of refectorarius (caterer or house-steward), had been promoted to be clerk of the works (*decanus operarium*). It was the custom of Notker, Tutilo, and Ratpert, says the historian, to meet, by permission of the prior, in the Scriptorium, 'at the night in the interval before lauds, and to discourse together on such Scriptural subjects as were most suited to such an hour. Sindolf, knowing the time and the fact of these conversations, went out one night, and came privily to the glass window against which Tutilo was sitting, and, applying his ear to it, listened to catch something which he might carry in a perverted form to the bishop. Tutilo, who had become aware of it, and who was a sturdy man, with full confidence in the strength of his arms, spoke to his companions in Latin, that Sindolf, who did not understand that language, might not know what he said. "There he is," said he, "and he has put his ear to the window; but do you, Notker, who are timorous, go out into the church; and you, my Ratpert, catch up the whip of the brethren which hangs in the calefactory, and run out; for when I know that you have got near to him, I will open the window as suddenly as possible, catch him by the hair, drag in his head, and hold it tight; but do you, my friend, be strong and of a good courage, and lay the whip on him with all your might, and take vengeance on him."

Ratpert, who was always most alert in matters of discipline, went softly, and catching up the whip, ran quickly out, and came down with all his might like a hail-storm on the back of Sindolf, whose head was dragged in at the window. He, however, struggling with his arms and legs, contrived to get and keep hold of the whip; on which Ratpert, catching up a stick which he saw at hand, laid on him most lustily. When he found it vain

* See our article on 'The Trade,' Vol. III. (new series), p. 141.

to beg for mercy, "I must," said he, "cry out;" and he roared vociferously. Part of the monks, astounded at hearing such a voice at such an unwonted time, came running with lights, and asking what was the matter. Tutilo kept crying out that he had caught the devil, and begging them to bring a light, that he might more clearly see whose shape he had assumed; and turning the head of his reluctant prisoner to and fro, that the spectators might the better judge, he asked with affected ignorance whether it could be Sindolf? All declaring that it certainly was, and begging that he would let him go, he released him, saying, "Wretch that I am, that I should have laid hands on the intimate and confidant of the bishop!" Ratpert, however, having stepped aside on the coming up of the monks, privately withdrew, and the sufferer could not find out who had beaten him.* We perceive, from this amusing passage, that the rules prescribed for the conduct of the scribes in the Scriptorium were either broken during 'play hours,' or much relaxed.

Before quitting the monkish transcribers, it may be useful to mention that ornaments and illuminations in manuscripts were but little used till the sixth century. Ornamental letters employed for the titles, the principal divisions, and initial letters of chapters, were of the most fantastic and grotesque forms. Sometimes they occupied the entire page. They represented not only men with the most monstrous deformities, but animals, plants, and fruits. To such an excess had this arrived in the fifteenth century, that, in the words of a contemporary, 'writers are no longer writers, but painters.' These ornaments increased the price of books immensely, without enhancing their intrinsic worth.

The commencement of the university system drew transcribers forth from the monastic Scriptoria, and attracted an immense number of clerks (most of them literally 'in orders') to Paris. When Faust took his printed Bibles to that city in 1463, there were 6000 persons who subsisted by copying and illuminating manuscripts;† but they were notorious for the clerical errors they allowed to escape. The condition in which manuscripts were turned out of their hands, is quaintly described by Petrarch, the immortal sonneteer (1304-1374). 'How will it be possible,' he asks, 'to remedy the evils brought upon us by copyists whose ignorance and indolence destroy all our race? They prevent many a work of genius from seeing the day, which would perhaps gain immortality. This is a just punishment of the present age of idleness, when people are less curious about books than expensive dishes, and prefer having good cooks to clever copyists. Any one who can paint on parchment, and hold a pen, passes for a good transcriber, though he may have neither skill nor knowledge. I do not complain of their orthography: it would be useless; for that has been past amendment for a long while. We must be thankful, I suppose, that they will copy, however badly, whatever is given them. Such of their patrons even as are sensible of their misdeeds, still will have books, because a book is a book, whether correct or not. Do you think that if Cicero, Livy, and other ancient authors—above all, Pliny—were to rise from the dead and read their own works, that they would understand them? Would they not, think you, at each page, at each word, declare that these were no composition of theirs, but the writing of some barbarian? The evil is, that there are no laws to govern copyists; they are submitted to no examination. Locksmiths, farmers, weavers, and other labourers, are obliged to conform to certain rules; but none exist for copyists. Wanton destroyers are obliged to pay damages; and surely copyists ought to be made to pay handsomely for all the books they have spoiled.'

So cautious was Petrarch to whom he trusted his writings, that, referring to his treatise on Solitude, he writes to Boccaccio—'It appears incredible that a book which took only a few months to compose, I cannot get satisfactorily copied in the space of many years.' In corroboration of Petrarch's complaint, a French writer remarks, 'The mistakes of copyists are like the posterity of Abraham, numberless. To count them, would be as difficult as to numerate the stars or the sands of the sea.' This is, readily comprehended when we consider the number of transcribers through whose hands the classics passed before they even reached the Italian poet's time. First there were the Greek penmen, of whom Cicero complained, then came the monks, and lastly the Parisian professional and public copyists, who excited Petrarch's ire. Each transcriber of each age copied the errors of his predecessor, besides making mistakes of his own; and when we add to these the more recent ignorance of commentators, as displayed in their so-called 'restorations' of texts, alterations, and additions, it is so far from surprising that we occasionally meet with passages in ancient authors which are totally incomprehensible, that the only wonder is, how we get at the sense so well as we do.

Errors of transcription, sometimes trivial, sometimes gross, have produced amusing results. It was, for example, hotly argued by the learned at one time that Aristotle was a Jew, from the misplacing of a comma in George of Trébison's version of the works of Josephus. The vitiated passage stood thus: *Atque, ille inquit, Aristoteles Judæus erat*—[And, he says, Aristotle was a Jew]: the correct version being, *Atque ille, inquit Aristoteles, Judæus erat*—[And he, says Aristotle, was Judæus.] The ancient Martyrology of St Jerome sets down, for the 16th February, A.D. 309, eleven martyrs who perished with St Pamphylus. After the words, *Juliani cum Ægyptiis V*, he added *mil.*, an abbreviation of *militibus*: the whole signifying—'Julian, with five Ægyptian soldiers.' The copyists, supposing *mil.* to mean *millibus*, wrote, *Juliani cum aliis quinque millibus*; that is, 'Julian, with five thousand others!' and this was copied into all the martyrologies as subject for additional execration of the great Christian persecutors Diocletian and Maximian. Instances like these may be multiplied to infinity.

On the other hand, the correctness of religious works was regarded as of the utmost importance, and transcribers were in the habit of placing a note at the commencement or end of their manuscripts, in which they recommended future copyists to collate their work carefully with the original. Such advertisements occasionally took the form of imprecations against those who falsified the text. Such an imprecation will be found in the 18th and 19th verses of the last chapter of the Revelation of St John.

Still, errors occurred even in copies of holy writ; but a summary remedy for them astonished the Parisians in 1463. John Faust made his appearance with printed Bibles, and the copyists were gradually, as a body, superseded. With the invention of printing, indeed, the history of the scribes almost ceases in Europe. In the East, however, the profession is still much employed and followed.

At Grand Cairo, which is the metropolis of Arabic literature, copyists abound, because printing is discountenanced by the singular religious scruples of all strict Mussulmen. The respect they feel not only towards the Koran, but to the names of the Deity and of the prophet, wherever they are inscribed, carries them to the length of guarding the words from coming in contact with anything unclean. Mr Lane once asked a Caïren tobacco-pipe maker why he did not stamp the bowl with his name like other manufacturers: his answer was, 'God forbid! My name is Ahmmed (one of the names of the prophet): would you have me put it in the fire?' This strange veneration is the chief reason why the Mosaic object to printing. They have scarcely a book that does not contain the name of God;

* From 'The Dark Ages,' a most interesting work, by the Rev. E. R. Maitland, librarian to his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

† See further on this subject, Journal, new series, vol. III., p. 149.

it being a rule among them to commence every work with the words, 'In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful,' add to begin the preface or introduction by praising the Deity, and blessing the prophet; and they fear some impurity might be contracted by the ink that is applied to the names, in the process of printing, or by the paper to be impressed. They fear also that their books, becoming very cheap by being printed, would fall into the hands of infidels, and are much shocked at the idea of using a brush composed of the unclean hogs' hair (which was at first done in Cairo) to apply the ink to the word of God. Hence books have hitherto been printed in Egypt only by order of the government; but two or three persons have lately applied for and received permission to make use of the government press. Mr Lane was acquainted with a bookseller who has long been desirous of printing some books which he feels sure would bring him considerable profit, but cannot overcome his scruples as to the lawfulness of doing so. All Arabic books, therefore, are the work of copyists; most of whom are Copts, descended from the ancient inhabitants of Egypt. Books are not bound, but about twenty leaves are doubled in half, and placed one within the other, like our parcels of writing paper. These *livraisons*, called *karras*, are kept in regular order in a case, instead of being bound. The charge for copying a *karras* of twenty pages, quarto size, with about twenty-five lines to a page, in an ordinary hand, is about three piasters (or a little more than sevenpence of our money), but more if in an elegant hand, and about double the sum if with the vowel points.* What is said of Arabic applies to the literature of all the countries which lie between Egypt, Arabia, &c. and China. None of it is printed, the whole being executed by transcribers.

On the other hand, in China, the birthplace of printing, all books are printed; but copying is a part of the process. The author's manuscript is first transcribed by a professional copyist whose work is printed, or, to use a printer's term, 'set off,' upon a block of wood, and all his lines are exactly preserved and cut in relief by a wood-engraver. From the block the printing is effected in a way which has already been described in this Journal.† But copyists are not wholly employed in this manner. The Chinese attach a high importance to calligraphy, and large ornamental inscriptions or labels are frequently exchanged as remembrances amongst friends, or are used, as pictures are with us, for the purposes of taste and decoration. In producing such pieces of penmanship, professional copyists find profitable employment, as well as in the notes and letters which this ceremonious people exchange with each other. They are generally copied on beautifully illuminated coloured paper, known as 'flowered leaves.' Those who, to neatness of writing, add a fertility of invention in contriving grotesque or elegant ornaments, are very handsomely paid. Indeed there is no country on earth where copyists are so liberally remunerated as in China. Compared with the profits of the same class in our own quarter of the globe, their condition is princelike.

The printing-press has indeed left us, in this quarter of the globe, but little occasion for their assistance. Except in the law, copyists are very seldom employed. In England, deeds are engrossed, and briefs are copied, by persons who, retaining the name given to the ancient Roman copyists, are designated *law-stationers*. Their mode of charging is so much per seventy-two words, which is called a folio. But in Scotland, these, the latest representatives of an old and important profession, are generally dispensed with; for nearly all law proceedings are printed.

Scarcely any class of authors—except dramatists—require their manuscripts to be re-written before they reach the compositors; who possess such great facilities of deciphering the irregular hieroglyphics which

some *littérateurs* are pleased to call their 'handwriting,' that they manage to print correctly from 'copy' of which few else could make out a line.

Plays are generally acted before they are printed, and are consequently copied;—first entire for the prompter, and next in 'parts' for the various actors. That each may know when he has to speak, the last few words of the speeches spoken with and to him are also written out for him to learn. These catch-sentences are called 'cues,' and give a strangely incoherent reading of the play. For instance, that portion of Macduff's part in the tragedy of Macbeth, which occurs in the celebrated scene between him, Malcolm, and Rosse, is written by the copyist thus—

Enter Rosse.
Macduff. See, who comes here?
 Yet I know him not.
M. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
 Sir, amen.
M. Stands Scotland where it did?
 Dying, ere they sicken.
M. O! relation
Too nice, and yet too true:

and so forth. Dramatic copyists are chiefly supernumerary actors, and get about five shillings per act for their labour.

A few persons are occasionally occupied in copying petitions to parliament and to the different boards of revenue; but there is not enough of such work to employ any single person wholly, and it is usually performed by lawyers or law-stationers' clerks during their over-hours. In fact, copying may be looked upon like distaff spinning and hand-loom weaving—as amongst the almost extinct professions.

THE CHEAP SHOP.

A FEW miles from London, sufficiently removed to escape from its smoke and din, yet affording many characteristic tokens of its vicinity to the modern Babylon, is situated what was, some twenty years ago, a little hamlet, by no means one of the least pleasant that clustered round the mammoth city.

The restless genius of improvement, ever so busy in London, had here exerted but little influence: a stranger would scarcely have believed that the city, the towers and steeples of which were visible in the distance, was so near. The small casements, the prominent beams, the red bricks, and the quaint overhanging style and general irregularity of most of the houses, proclaimed their antiquity; and though these features added to the picturesqueness and interest of the locality, yet they excited some surprise, as existing in the vicinity of so much grandeur and opulence. More especially was this contrast apparent in the appearance of the shops, and the manners and habits of the shopkeepers. Unlike their flaunting fellows of the metropolis, the shops were small, and but ill fitted up—the wares in the windows were displayed to anything but the best advantage—the tinkling shop-bell, in the most primitive simplicity, announced the entrance of a customer—and many of them boasted no better illumination at night than that afforded by a flickering and inefficient candle. The shopkeepers, a contented and plodding race, knew little about the tricks and allurements which competition had taught their fellows of the city; and, if they were not realising fortunes, they were doing still better, namely, obtaining an honourable and honest living, without being compelled to sacrifice either bodily health, by undue exertion and anxiety, or principle and honour, by descending to petty and doubtful expedients to push business.

Such was the state of things in the hamlet, when the hasty alteration of two old adjoining houses, and the

* Lane's Modern Egyptians.

† See vol. II. (new series), p. 211.

union of the two into a something which was evidently intended for business; in the centre of the hamlet, set all the inhabitants on the tiptoe of expectation, and excited no little curiosity and alarm among the shopkeeping fraternity as to its meaning and destination. Some imagined that the new premises were, from the costliness of their decorations, intended for a gin palace, for the situation was indeed excellent; others contended it was some capitalist linendraper from town: but the secrecy observed by all parties concerned was so great, that nothing could be ascertained.

The premises, however, were soon completed, and the mystery was at length unfolded by the name and business painted in gay colours on a large board in front; and 'Driver and Co.,' it appeared, was the important firm which had settled down its giant limbs among the pigmies. Their line of business—'general dealers'—was somewhat vague; but it was unmistakably interpreted by the universal character of the articles exhibited in the shop, to which certainly no less comprehensive term could have been adequate. Grocery and hardware, butter and blacking, slops and drugs, anything and everything, were to be obtained at the new shop, and, the premises being extensive, each was arranged according to its peculiar department; and one-half the neighbouring tradesmen beheld with dismay, in the new establishment, a gigantic opponent.

The new shop immediately became, as may well be supposed, quite a feature in the quiet little hamlet; and its splendid glass front and new fittings-up certainly appeared to great advantage, at night especially, when the profusion of gas-lights formed a perfect blaze of light, which threw every other shop in the place far into the shade. The young urchins could scarcely believe that those immeasurable panes of glass were in one piece, and the simple rustics lifted up their eyes in amazement at the 'power of money' it must have cost. Everything was arranged in the windows in the most tempting manner, with price-tickets appended, the figures on which astonished and delighted the marketing folks of the neighbourhood, so much so, that the establishment, soon became known by the name of 'the Cheap Shop.'

Besides these temptations, other demonstrations were made by the new firm, which added not a little to its popularity. The neighbourhood was deluged with cards and handbills; the walls were placarded for miles round; and no expedient of puffing was left unresorted to. The shopmen, who were young and active, seemed always in a bustle; empty casks and boxes, and unopened hales, were always about the door; and a gay light cart was continually to be seen on the roads in the neighbourhood; though there were some in the hamlet ill-natured enough to assert that it was kept for show rather than for use, and was merely a kind of locomotive advertisement. All these things, however, had their use, and served to attract the attention of even the least regardful; and many, who were astonished at the show of business made, were curious to deal at a shop apparently so universally patronised by the neighbourhood.

Many other expedients, and some not a little ingenious and singular, were adopted by the new shop for attaining publicity. Besides the hackneyed pretences of 'selling off,' 'alteration of premises,' 'damaged stock,' &c. which kept the hamlet in a state of continual excitement, one of their manoeuvres was pre-eminently successful, and was so plausible as to conciliate many who had formed an ill opinion of the honesty and honourable intentions of Driver and Co. Bills were posted on all the walls in the neighbourhood, stating that a bank-note had been picked up in the shop, presumed to have been dropped by one of their customers,

and that the owner, by making good his claim, might have it upon application. This was a capital advertisement; the tongues of the simple and unsuspecting were full of the praise of the honest and honourable firm, and many who had hitherto continued their patronage to the old-established shopkeepers, determined they would henceforth support a firm of such integrity and principle. There were certainly some far-seeing people in the hamlet who laughed at the affair with an air of suspicion and incredulity, but the majority scouted such uncharitableness; and the popularity and custom of Driver and Co. visibly increased from week to week. Some were attracted by the extreme civility of the young men, who were so attentive, so anxious to please, and invariably wrapt up the change in paper. Some of the labourers' wives declared they could save a shilling a-week by dealing there, so cheap were the articles. Some were attracted by the splendid appearance of the shop; but perhaps the greater part went at first from curiosity to see the place, and to try the articles that were sold at such marvellously low prices. Certain it is that the new shop was abundantly patronised, and on Saturdays was always crowded till long past midnight.

Things went on in this way for several months, and Driver and Co. were gradually absorbing the custom of the district. Notwithstanding this apparent prosperity, rumours were spread abroad that wholesale dealers were pressing in vain for their money, that the most trivial and unsatisfactory reasons were continually urged for deferring payment, and that the concern must soon come to a stand-still. It was asserted also that the head of the firm (some said that he constituted in himself the entire company) had a large country-house, kept his cab and footman, rejoiced in a large establishment and expensive table; and that his lady showed, by her style of dress, she was determined to be not a whit behind her husband in the liberality of her expenditure. The surrounding tradesmen also declared it was impossible to purchase many of the articles at the price for which they were sold at the new shop; and that either they were never paid for, or else the proprietor would soon be ruined. However this might have been, certain it was that, within a twelvemonth from its opening, a knot of early customers was seen one fine morning vainly striving for admittance: the shop was closed, and for ever. Driver and Co. were in the Gazette, and the stock was shortly afterwards advertised to be sold off for the benefit of the creditors.

Great was the consternation in the hamlet and neighbourhood at this sudden *dénouement*; and the elongated faces of the many commercial-looking men who inquired anxiously in the neighbourhood, indicated how extensively the mischief had operated. Many houses of respectability, it was rumoured, had been deluded by the specious representations of the firm, and had credited them so extensively, that they were unable in turn to meet their engagements; and more than one promising young tradesman, who had liberally advanced goods on the faith of their respectability and good intentions, saw themselves involved in ruin. Disasters also were the results to the little tradesmen in the hamlet. Most of the shopkeepers in the same line of business had been more or less affected, and many, seeing their custom forsaking them, and no other mode of escape from the crushing evil, left the neighbourhood to try their fortunes elsewhere. One poor grocer, who had previously struggled hard to maintain his family of six children in respectability, after some time manfully endeavouring to brave the impending storm, had no other alternative than to tear his heart from all his long-cherished associations, and emigrate to a distant land; and an industrious cheesemonger, who had, previously to the settling down of 'the Cheap Shop,' contrived for many years to support an aged relative, was compelled, owing to the decline of his business, to send her down to her own parish in the country. Independent of the

injury done to the morality of trade in the hamlet and neighbourhood, many a year passed away before the evil was neutralised which was bred and fostered by 'the Cheap Shop.'

SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

Our article, 'Visit to the Aberdeen Schools of Industry,' in the number for November 15, appears to have excited some attention, and we trust may be a means of promoting the establishment of schools of industry for poor children in all large towns, or at least of rousing public attention to the subject. Among the communications which have reached us, is the following:—

'About two years ago I was summoned to appear as a juror in the sheriff's criminal court at ——. On attending at an early hour in the morning, I found that I was one of forty-five persons brought together on the same errand, many from distant parts of the county, and the whole, from the care on their countenances, appeared to feel that the sacrifice they were making to the injunctions of the law was by no means a light one. At length the court met, and was constituted by the chair being taken by a grave-looking judge in a formidable wig. The culprit was brought in and arraigned. He was a little boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, dressed in a pair of tattered corduroy trousers; and his tangled hair, dirty face, and bare feet, told pretty plainly to what class of the population he belonged—one of those poor, wretched, vagrant urchins who haunt area doors in quest of a mouthful of food, and whose whinings for halfpence, as you have observed, are the annoyance of all well-dressed passengers. Well, here was the little fellow caught up at last. When addressed by the judge, he seemed puzzled in making a reply before such an awful assembly, the terrible white wig of the sheriff doubtless contributing materially to his mystification. It was at length gathered from him that he pled "not guilty," and so the case "passed to the knowledge of an assize." With my usual luck I was drawn from the five-and-forty to sit on this important trial by jury, and to it we went. There was something exceedingly droll in the whole affair. The apparatus evoked to try the little vagrant seemed like erecting a steam-engine of five hundred horse power to kill a mouse. On the one side were the judge, prosecutor, solicitors pro and con, sundry subordinate officials, and the jury—a selection of fifteen from five-and-forty men dragged from their daily avocations over a compass of at least thirty miles. On the other was a poor little dirty urchin, so short in stature that his face barely reached the top of the table behind which he was placed; and to have a proper look of him, he was caused to stand upon a chair in front of the court. Crime charged—stealing an old brass candlestick worth sixpence. The theft was proved, as a matter of course; and in a very cool commonplace sort of way the culprit was condemned to six months' imprisonment, the hint being added, that as this was his third offence of the kind, he should on the next occasion be brought before a higher tribunal. The warning was well meant; but as the poor creature could neither read nor write, and had been a neglected child since infancy, it may be doubted if he understood a single word that was addressed to him. After another case of a similar kind, the entire members of the jury were informed they might depart, and the court broke up. The expense to the country and to the individuals employed in these miserable trials, could not, I am told, be estimated at less than one hundred pounds.

'Nine months later, I was summoned as a juror in the supreme criminal court, and there, amidst a much more imposing apparatus of law and lawyers—for one thing, three learned judges on the bench—appeared to undergo his trial the same unfortunate little boy whom I had formerly seen before the sheriff. Working his way up, as it is called, he had passed through all the inferior tribunals, and improving as he proceeded, had committed

a crime which inferred one of the highest statutory penalties. The hint of the sheriff had been made good. He was now before a higher court—the highest he could reach. Again there were all the minutiae of evidence, with harangues from lawyers; and again was the culprit found guilty, and condemned. Again was there an admonition from the presiding judge; again did the court break up; and again did every member of the jury wend his way home, in a state of moody discontent and indignation at having lost so much valuable time, and been put to so much trouble, on so pitiful a business. On this occasion the country could not have incurred a pecuniary obligation of less than three hundred pounds; reckoning all things, perhaps five hundred pounds would be nearer the mark. Five hundred pounds to punish a crime: five pounds rightly laid out at first would most likely have prevented its commission. The probable ruin of a boy, body and soul, is a different question.

'It is of no use mincing the matter. The cumbrous, expensive, and imposing methods adopted for clearing the country of crime in the manner here pointed out, surely fall very far short of what common sense assures us is desirable. Our courts of justice are, of course, well enough in their way; their administration is perhaps all that can be desired; but it is equally evident that they do not reach the seat of the disease which they are designed to remedy. Nor can they, from their constitution, do so. An entirely different enginery requires to be erected for this important end.

'According to all recent experience, there is in every town a certain known number of persons, juvenile and adult, who prey on the public. The superintendents of police, and their assistants, can usually tell, within two or three, how many men, women, and boys, in each large town live by the habitual commission of depredations. They likewise know their haunts, and all their ways. Criminals may be said to form a kind of corporation. They have sprung from the people, but their course of life produces a distinct interest. It is the begging, thieving, and plundering interest. And to watch this interest, and keep it in check, is the business of the police. By the universal vigilance now exercised, the interest has been greatly lowered in tone and in numbers. To appearance, indeed, there is more crime now than formerly; the activity of the constabulary bringing hundreds of cases forward to swell returns which at one time would have been neglected. Crime, though magnified in amount, is really degenerated. Criminals of real consequence belong to the past.

'Leaving all the ordinary means in operation for quelling the thieving confederacies of large towns, and also for reclamation during imprisonment, we would offer a substantial obstacle to any recruitment in the number of depredators. The corps is kept up from beneath. It is like a growing plant. Let us then attack the root, which consists of the half or almost wholly destitute children who are seen roaming like creatures of the wilderness through the busy streets of our towns and cities. In your article on Aberdeen, you have shown how this vagrancy has been humanely considered and treated; why may not the same thing be done elsewhere? Is it creditable, or decent, or safe, or economical, to allow this perpetual growth out of the vagrancy and destitution of children, into the moral disorder and crime of youth and manhood? Nay more—is it just—just to leave a child in a state of constant necessity and temptation, and in nearly as great a degree of ignorance as a brute, and then inflict on him a punishment for an offence of which he cannot be morally conscious?

'Whatever be the degree of blame imputable to society at large for this species of neglect, a still greater blame rests on the heads of the magistrates and judges before whom these juvenile criminals are in the habit of being brought. They have seen the whole thing going on for years, and taken no active means to quell it. They know quite well that, by a very little outlay and atten-

tion at first, not a tenth of the cases which now come before them would ever exist. Were I judge, I should be in some degree ashamed of being constantly occupied in trying and condemning dirty ragged children. When I found myself, year after year, obliged to sit in judgment, along with other aged and grave men, on young creatures utterly abject and ignorant, and found it my duty to put questions of all sorts of mean details, such as, for example, how a tattered shirt worth sevenpence was stolen from a broker's door (shirt held up by an officer of court amidst the suppressed titter of the unprofessional audience), I should feel that I was altogether in a false position; that surely there was something wrong in a function by which I was obliged to drudge through such dirty work. It is at all events certain that no mercantile man has ever to put his hands to such an offensive occupation; nor would he. Every man of the least feeling loathes the idea of sitting as a juror on the heart-sickening scenes of which I speak; and never does a court break up, in which the strangers present do not express their wonder at seeing judges take the matter so coolly. No doubt judges must undertake any kind of trial that comes before them. But, although judges, they do not cease to be men; and I should think that, for their own feelings, if not for the sake of humanity and public decency, they would try to avert the appearance of these shoals of children at their bar.

That the establishment of schools of industry, partly on a compulsory principle, would sweep nearly every juvenile vagrant and thief from the streets, may be now pretty safely admitted; and in the getting up of these valuable institutions, every judge and magistrate is, in my opinion, deeply concerned. Let every man amongst them, then, put himself in possession of the facts necessary for this purpose. Money is less wanted than personal services. We want no fine buildings, fine uniforms, and fine food. A garret for a school, with ragged children for pupils, will answer every reasonable expectation. Again, I say, let the magistracy take a lead in this good work, and I shall have no fears for the result.

Our correspondent, it will be noticed, has spoken somewhat warmly in behalf of the ragged urchins of the streets; but his good intentions will be an apology for any undue fervour. The subject is one of the most important of the day.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH.

EDWARD PELLEW, Viscount Exmouth, the second son of a commander of a post-office packet on the Dover station, was born on the 19th of April 1757. His father died in 1765, leaving six children to the care of a second wife, tenderly provided for. They were, however, educated by their grandfather, and Edward was sent to various grammar-schools, where he learnt to 'construe Virgil,' which was considered at that time an achievement that bespoke a good education. At fourteen he evinced a passion for the sea, and through the interest of Lady Spencer (grandmother to the present lord), was received into the naval service in the year 1770. He entered on board the *Juno*, Captain Stott, which was commissioned for the Falkland Islands. On the homeward voyage he exhibited a degree of firmness and generosity which always in after-life honourably distinguished him. He had formed a strong friendship for a fellow-midshipman named Cole. This young gentleman had displeased his captain, who had the cruelty to put him on shore at Marseilles; and Pellew, feeling very strongly the injustice of this act, insisted upon bearing his friend company. They were accordingly both turned out of the ship, and left penniless on a foreign shore. Lord Hugh Seymour and the late Captain Keppel, who were

then lieutenants under Stott, befriended them, and the former furnished them with enough of cash to pay their way back to England. On their return, the harsh captain so far repented of his conduct as to give both the lads certificates of good behaviour and abilities; and Pellew was received into the *Blonde*.

Captain Pownoll, who commanded the *Blonde*, soon estimated Pellew's worth above that of his other midshipmen. Active beyond his companions, Mr Pellew did the ship's duty with a smartness which none of them could equal; and as every one takes pleasure where he excels, he had soon become a thorough seaman. At the same time the buoyancy of youth, and a naturally playful disposition, led him continually into feats of more than common daring. In the spring of 1775, General Burgoyne took his passage to America in the *Blonde*, and when he came alongside, the yards were manned to receive him. Looking up, he was surprised to see a midshipman on the yard-arm standing on his head. Captain Pownoll, who was at his side, quieted his apprehensions, by assuring him that it was only one of the usual frolics of young Pellew, and that the general might make himself quite at ease for his safety, for that, if he should fall, he would only go under the ship's bottom and come up on the other side. What on this occasion was probably spoken but in jest, was afterwards more than realised; for he actually sprang from the fore-yard of the *Blonde* while she was going fast through the water, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. Pownoll reproached him for his rashness; but the captain shed tears when he spoke of it to the officers, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow. These two feats foreshadowed, as it were, the future adventures of young Pellew; but as he grew older, a greater degree of prudence and foresight tempered that ardent and impulsive activity which originated some of his most extraordinary achievements.

The *Blonde* formed part of the force against the Americans during their war of independence, and her destination was Canada. To forward the operations of the land forces, it was found necessary to have a flotilla on Lake Champlain; but of course it had to be built. A lieutenant, a senior midshipman, and sixty sailors, were detached from the *Blonde*. Pellew also volunteered for this service; and fortunately, as the event proved, was added to the party. The first thing to be done on the borders of the lake was simply to—build a little fleet; and this was actually accomplished under the superintendence of Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Schanck, an officer of great mechanical ingenuity. The timbers or skeletons of the largest of these impromptu vessels were 'laid down' in Quebec. They were then taken to pieces, and conveyed in parts to the lake, where the ships were completely equipped. The progress of the work was like magic. Trees growing in the forest in the morning, would form part of a ship before night. In this manner a ship of 300 tons, called the *Inflexible*, with two schooners, and twenty-six other vessels and boats, were, in an incredibly short time, launched on the lake. The *Blonde* party manned one of the schooners, called the *Carleton*. In the first action with the enemy, both Pellew's superior officers were killed, and he took the command, and performed two of his most daring feats. In attempting to go about, being close to the shore covered with the enemy's marksmen, the *Carleton* hung in stay, and Pellew, not regarding the danger of making himself so conspicuous a mark, sprang out on the bowsprit to push the jib over. Some of the gun-boats now took her in tow; but

so thick and heavy was the enemy's fire, that the tow-rope was cut with a shot. Pellew ordered some one to go and secure it; but seeing all hesitate—for indeed it looked like a death-service—he ran forward and did it himself. His conduct was so highly approved, that when it was detailed at head-quarters, Lord Sandwich, first lord of the Admiralty, sent him a voluntary letter, promising him a lieutenant's commission.

Pellew and his little party were afterwards selected to accompany the army overland to the Hudson river. Here the enemy was completely successful, and, amongst other things, captured a boat filled with provisions upon which the forces were mainly to depend. The loss was most disastrous, and appeared irreparable; but Pellew, at the head of his little band, made a successful attack, and recaptured the vessel. She was carried by boarding, and taken in tow by our sailors; the tow-rope was twice shot away, and twice replaced by Pellew swimming with it on board under the enemy's fire. The commander-in-chief of the land forces (General Burgoyne) wrote to him, returning his own sincere thanks and that of the whole army 'for the important service rendered them.' So high an opinion had the general of his young auxiliary's judgment, that when it was deemed necessary to capitulate, he admitted him into his council of war. Finally, he was selected to return to England with despatches—about as high a compliment as it was possible to pay an officer at that time only twenty. He came home in a transport, which was attacked by a hostile privateer. Pellew, though only a passenger, insisted on taking the command and fighting the ship. This he did with such success, that he beat off the privateer.

Immediately after Pellew's arrival home, he received a lieutenant's commission, and was appointed to a guard-ship. In 1780, we find him first lieutenant of the *Albion*, under his old friend Captain Pownoll. In an action with the French frigate *Stanislaus*, on the 15th June, this officer was killed, and the command of the *Apollo* having devolved on Pellew, he drove the enemy, dismasted and beaten, on shore. For this exploit he obtained a step of rank, and was made commander of the *Hazard* war-sloop. In the *Pelican*, his next ship, he defeated several French privateers in so gallant a style, that he was made a post-captain.*

In 1783, soon after this promotion, peace was proclaimed, and Captain Pellew married Susanna, second daughter of J. Frowd, Esq. of Knoyle, Wiltshire, with whom he appears to have enjoyed three successive years of uninterrupted domestic happiness. In 1786 he was called from his wife and his home to commission the *Winchelsea* for the Newfoundland station, and on board this ship performed several acts of daring intrepidity. It was his boast that he would never order a common seaman to do what he was not ready to set about himself. Some of his orders were indeed so perilous of execution, that his smartest hands hesitated to obey them. When he saw this, he invariably did what was required himself. Some of these exploits were of too technical a nature to be understood by the general

reader; but one anecdote, related by an officer of the *Winchelsea*, everybody will understand. 'We had light winds and fine weather after making the coast of Portugal. One remarkably fine day, when the ship was stealing through the water under the influence of a gentle breeze, the people were all below at their dinners, and scarcely a person left on deck but officers, of whom the captain was one. Two little ship-boys had been induced, by the fineness of the weather, to run up from below the moment they had dined, and were at play on the spare anchor to leeward, which overhangs the side of the ship. One of them fell overboard, which was seen from the quarter-deck, and the order was given to luff the ship into the wind. In an instant the officers were over the side; but it was the captain who, grasping a rope firmly with one hand, let him self down to the water's edge, and, catching hold of the poor boy's jacket as he floated past, saved his life in as little time as I have taken to mention it. There was not a rope touched or a sail altered in doing this, and the people below knew not of the accident until they came on deck when their dinner was over.*

Having served three years in the northern seas, Pellew returned; but his visit ashore was cut short by the breaking out of the French war. He was appointed to the *Nymph*, which had been previously captured from the French; and with her he deprived them of another vessel. Having fallen in with the *Cleopatra*, a ship of equal force, he took her after a well-fought action, in which the French showed good training and courage. For this Pellew was, on his return home, knighted.

In 1794 we find Captain Sir Edward Pellew commanding the '*Saucy Arcthusa*' (as Dibdin calls her in one of his most popular songs), as part of a frigate squadron under Sir John Warren. This fleet was so successful, that the Admiralty was induced to increase it, and to divide the command between Warren and Pellew. One of the ships taken, '*La Revolutionnaire*,' was commissioned in the British service by Sir Edward's early associate, the oppressed midshipman Cole. In the *Indefatigable*, into which Pellew removed from the *Arcthusa*, he performed one of his diving feats, which astonished the whole ship's crew. In May 1795, while chasing a vessel near the shores of Cape Finisterre, the *Indefatigable* struck on a rock. The mischief was serious, and it was with great difficulty that the ship was kept afloat. In order to ascertain whether both sides of the ship had been injured, Sir Edward resolved to examine the bottom himself; and to the astonishment and admiration of every witness, he plunged into the water, thoroughly examined both sides, and satisfied himself that the starboard side only had been damaged. This saved much time and expense; for had not Sir Edward hazarded the experiment, the apparatus for heaving down must have been shifted over, at so great a loss of time, that serious damage might have ensued. In this ship, indeed, he performed several heroic acts in the cause of humanity. Once in Portsmouth harbour, where he was instrumental in saving two poor fellows; and again at Spithead, where one of the coxswains of his own ship fell overboard, the captain was instantly in the water, and, caught the man just as he was sinking quite exhausted; life was apparently extinct, but, by the usual means, was happily restored. On the third occasion, the attempt had nearly proved fatal to himself. Two men had been dashed overboard in a very heavy sea; Pellew jumped into a boat, and ordered it to be lowered—in the attempt, the ship happened to make a deep plunge—the boat was stove to pieces, and the captain thrown out much bruised, his nostril split by one of the tackles, and bleeding profusely; but his coolness and self-possession, did not forsake him, and calling for a rope, he saved himself with one of the many which were

* As this term is not very generally understood, some explanation of it may be useful. The term 'captain' means chief or head, and is thus applied to an officer commanding a ship, even though in actual rank he be only a lieutenant or 'commander.' In that case it is merely temporary, or local rank. A post-captain, on the contrary, is permanent rank, for his name is recorded in its proper place on the list of captains, and thus he takes his post or place according to seniority, and will in course of time become an admiral, if he outlive those above him; so that when an officer is placed on the roll of captains, his promotion no longer depends upon favour, but upon death vacancies. He is therefore said to be *posted*.

* The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth. By Edward Oler, Esq. Pp. 67, 68.

thrown to him, and was hauled on board. Another boat was then lowered with better success, and the men, who seem to have supported themselves by the wreck of the first boat, were eventually saved.

But Sir Edward's most extraordinary and celebrated achievement remains to be told. On the 26th January 1796, while the *Indefatigable* was being refitted in Plymouth harbour, he was proceeding in his carriage with Lady Pellew to dine with the Rev. Dr Hawker.* It was blowing a hurricane, and crowds were running towards the sea-shore. Sir Edward soon learnt that the *Dutton*, a large transport, was driven ashore under the citadel, and was beating against the rocks in a tremendous and impassable surf, at a rate which threatened her destruction every minute. She had part of the 2d regiment on board, who had given themselves up for lost. Sir Edward sprang from his carriage, and, 'arrived at the beach,' writes his biographer, 'he saw at once that the loss of nearly all on board, between five and six hundred, was inevitable, without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port to board the wreck—for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted—he exclaimed, "Then I will go myself!" A single rope, by which the officers and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury in the back, which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the mainmast. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he would himself be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on shore; and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers, in the meantime, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the *Indefatigable*. Mr Pellew, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr Thomson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat belonging to a merchant vessel was more fortunate. Mr Edsall, signal midshipman to the port-admiral, and Mr Coghlan, mate of the merchant vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth Pool, and two large boats arrived from the dock-yard, under the directions of Mr Hemmings, the master-attendant,* by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and receive the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order; a task the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were the first landed. One of them was only three

weeks old; and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would intrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore, then the ship's company, and finally, Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to picots. Pellew's principal assistant in this heroic act met his reward. Coghlan was taken, through his influence, into the royal service, and became a post-captain by 1810. Nor was the chief actor in this courageous enterprise forgotten. Praise was lavished on him from every quarter. The corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the town. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate. On the 5th of March following he was created a baronet, as Sir Edward Pellew of Trevery, and received for an honourable augmentation of his arms a civic wreath, a stranded ship for a crest, and the motto, '*Deo adjuvante, Fortuna sequatur*'—(God assisting, success must follow). In writing to a friend on the subject, Pellew said, 'I was laid in bed for a week by getting under the mainmast (which had fallen towards the shore); and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter his majesty's intention to dub me baronet. No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant only three weeks old, than I ever felt in my life; and both were saved. The struggle she had to intrust me with the bantling, was a scene I cannot describe.'

In 1796 the French made their attempt on Ireland, and Sir Edward having been sent in the *Indefatigable* as part of a fleet to oppose them, suffered severely from the gale which nearly destroyed the enemy's ships. On returning home, however, the vessel got severely handled by a French two-decker, the *Droits de l'Homme*; and the storm continuing, she was nearly lost. The years 1797 and 1798 were passed in the blockade of Brest and other Channel services, with great perseverance and so much success, that in the course of 1798 alone Sir Edward's squadron took no fewer than fifteen of the enemy's cruisers. One of the captures was of more than common interest. It was *La Vaillante*, a national corvette, taken by the *Indefatigable* after a chase of twenty-four hours. She was bound to Cayenne with prisoners, amongst whom were twenty-five priests; and, as passengers, the wife and family of an exiled deputy, M. Rovère, who were proceeding to join him, with all they possessed—about £3000. Sir Edward and his officers vied in attention to the poor ecclesiastics, and, on landing them in England, he gave them a supply for their immediate wants; to Madame Rovère he restored the whole of her property, paying out of his own pocket the proportion which was the prize of the crew. Sir Edward was now removed into a larger ship, the '*Impétueux*,' which bore the singular distinction of carrying 78 guns. He was in this ship when the widespread naval mutiny took place, and a part of his crew rose against their officers. On investigation, however, it turned out that not one of the men who had followed him from the *Indefatigable* joined in the mutiny. No better proof could be adduced of the attachment to his person of those who knew him best.

The peace of Amiens placed Pellew on half-pay. He was solicited to become a member of parliament, and at the general election of 1802 he was returned for Barnstaple in Devonshire. The senate soon proved not to his taste, and he took the earliest opportunity to escape from it. The very day that fresh hostilities against France were declared, he solicited employment, and was appointed to the *Tonnant*, an 80-gun ship, in which he cruised with the Channel Fleet. At the general promotion of 1804, Pellew was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral, and intrusted with the post of commander-in-chief of the East Indian seas; whither he proceeded, and remained till 1809. In the spring of 1811, he suc-

* Author of a commentary on the Bible, sermons, and several religious works. He was, for half a century, vicar of the parish of Charles the Martyr, Plymouth.

ceeded to the Mediterranean command, and acquitted himself so well, that at the downfall of Napoleon, occasioned by the Russian campaign, Sir Edward was created, even before his return home, Baron Exmouth of Chanton-teign, a mansion and estate in South Devon he had previously purchased. This was no empty honour; for a pension was added to it.

The return of Napoleon from Egypt soon required a British force in the Mediterranean, and Lord Exmouth having been selected for this service, again performed, with his usual prudence and energy, all the duties which the position of affairs required or admitted. Marseilles had shown some disposition to favour the Bourbons, and Marshal Brune was marching from Toulon upon that city, avowedly to destroy it. Lord Exmouth, on this emergency, took upon himself to embark about 3000 men, part of the garrison of Genoa, with whom he sailed to Marseilles. Forty years before, he had landed at this port a poor penniless boy turned out of his ship—he now entered it a British admiral and peer, and, what was still more gratifying to him, a conqueror and deliverer! The inhabitants, grateful for their preservation, were unceasing in their attentions to the fleet and army, and, as a mark of their sense of his important services to their city, they presented him with a large and beautiful piece of plate executed in Paris, bearing a medallion of the noble admiral, and a view of the port of Marseilles, and the Boyne, his flag-ship, entering it full sail, with this simple and expressive inscription:—"A l'Amiral Lord Exmouth—La Ville de Marseilles reconnoissante."—[To the Admiral Lord Exmouth; the town of Marseilles, grateful.]

The final overthrow of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo secured that peace which has not even yet been broken in Europe; and we now approach Lord Exmouth's most splendid naval achievement, on the coast of Africa.

While the fleet was still assembled in the Mediterranean, the British government thought its presence there would be a good opportunity of putting down the abominable system of piracy carried on by the Barbary states. Lord Exmouth, amongst other duties, went on shore at Algiers to endeavour to extract a pledge from the Dey that slavery should be abolished—a promise which he had already drawn from the Beys of Tunis and Tripoli. But at Algiers both himself and his officers were insulted. This, with several other aggressions, and an obstinate refusal of the demands of the British government, induced the issue of orders for the bombardment of Algiers; the execution of which was confided to Lord Exmouth.

On the 27th August 1816, he led his fleet under the fortifications of Algiers, placing his own ship, the Queen Charlotte, within twenty yards of the mole-head, the most formidable of the enemy's batteries, and when the immense ship had only two feet of water to spare, being within that short distance from the bottom. M. Salamé, his lordship's Arabic interpreter, was sent on shore with certain written demands, and with a message that, unless a satisfactory answer were returned in two hours, that would be deemed a signal for the commencement of hostilities. Salamé waited three, and then put off to the admiral's ship. 'On getting on board,' he remarks, 'I was quite surprised to see how his lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild; but now he seemed to me all-fightful, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage and was set at liberty. With all that, his lordship's answer to me was—"Never mind—we shall see!" and at the same time he turned towards the officers, saying, "Be ready;" whereupon saw every one standing with the match or the string or the lock in his hand, anxiously waiting for the word "Fire." During this time the Queen Charlotte, in a most gallant and astonishing manner, took up a position opposite the head of the mole; and at a few minutes before three,

the Algerines, from the eastern battery, fired the first shot at the Impregnable, which was astern, when Lord Exmouth, having seen only the smoke of the gun, and, before the sound reached him, said with great alacrity, "That will do!—fire, my fine fellows." I am sure that before his lordship had finished these words, our broadside was given with great cheering, which was fired three times within five or six minutes, and at the same instant the other ships did the same.' Of the action, Lord Exmouth gave an account in a letter to one of his brothers. Amongst other things, he relates, 'It was a glorious sight to see the Charlotte take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the mole itself: and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop. We were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire. Everybody behaved nobly. I was but slightly touched in thigh, face, and fingers—my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service.' After the bombardment, which was completely successful, Salamé, on meeting his lordship on the poop of the Queen Charlotte, observed, that 'his voice was quite hoarse; and he had two slight wounds, one on the cheek, and the other on his leg. It was indeed astonishing to see the coat of his lordship, how it was all cut up by the musket-balls and by grape. It was as if a person had taken a pair of scissors and cut it all to pieces.'

The effect of this engagement was, that piracy and slavery were put an end to in that quarter of the world for ever—a result of no small importance. On his return to England, he was created a viscount, with an honourable augmentation to his already so honoured escutcheon, and the word *Algiers* as an additional motto. He received from his own sovereign a gold medal struck for the occasion, and from the kings of Holland, Spain, and Sardinia, the stars of their orders—a sword from the city of London; and, finally—what was likely to please such a man most of all—an unusually large proportion of distinction and promotion acknowledged the merits of the brave men who had served under him. On the death of Admiral Duckworth in 1817, he was appointed to the chief command at Plymouth, where he continued till the 21st February 1821, when he struck his flag, terminated his active service, and retired to the pleasant neighbourhood of Teignmouth. Viscount Exmouth had served his country during the long space of fifty years and three months, and with such indefatigable activity, that out of that time his periods of inactivity only amounted to eight years altogether. In 1822 he obtained the high station of Vice-admiral of England.

His lordship lived on in placid retirement—which was only occasionally broken by attendance on his place in the House of Lords—enjoying to the full the affection of his beloved partner, and the comforts of rest. Bodily infirmities crept upon him, and on the 23d of January 1833 he expired, surrounded by his family, and in full and grateful possession of his faculties. His viscountcy and five of his six children survived him.

Lord Exmouth's life adds another to the many instances we have already adduced, of what may be achieved by a steady and unflinching discharge of professional duties. He began his naval career a poor and almost friendless boy, and ended it holding the highest station but one it is possible for a sailor to fill. His contemporaries spoke of him as the *beau idéal* of a British sailor. He knew and could perform all the duties of a ship, from the furling of a sail in a storm to the manœuvring of a fleet in a battle; and there was nothing he ever attempted that he did not do well. Amidst all the violent and demoralising tendencies of warfare, he never forgot his religious duties. 'Every hour of his life is a sermon,' said an officer who was often with him; 'I have seen him great in battle, but

* Salamé's Expedition to Algiers, p. 39.

never so great as on his deathbed. Full of hope and peace, he advanced with the confidence of a Christian to his last conflict; and when nature was at length exhausted, he closed a life of brilliant and important service with a death more happy, and not less glorious, than if he had fallen in the hour of victory.'

THREE ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

THE French newspapers have recently reported, amongst their accounts of law proceedings, three traits of struggling poverty, so affecting and instructive, that we reproduce them for the edification of our readers.

The first came before the authorities in the shape of a fraud on the revenue, but one attended by circumstances which have softened the hearts of the otherwise rigid and exact functionaries on whom it was perpetrated. It had been remarked at one of the post-offices that a letter, coming from the frontiers of Siberia, and of course entailing heavy postage expenses, arrived regularly every three months in Paris, addressed to a Polish count. A few days after each letter reached its destination, a tall man, with thick black mustaches, and a military bearing, came to claim it. Little difficulty was of course made in giving the missive into his hands, the clerk at the same time informing him of the price of the postage. The Pole, attentively examining the superscription, after shaking his head with emotion, would return it, saying that the letter bore his name, but was not intended for him. The same circumstance, repeated at stated intervals for several years running, awakened curiosity. The opening of the letters after the time appointed by the rules of the post-office, afforded no elucidation to this mystery, for the contents were in blank paper. Some indiscretion at length revealed the secret; and it turned out that the Polish count was one of a family who took an active part in the revolution of Poland, and, after the events of 1831, was, together with his father, his three brothers, and two uncles, condemned to banishment in Siberia. He alone escaped, and found an asylum in France; but, reduced to the utmost straits, unable to pay postage from so great a distance, and longing to receive tidings of his relations, they agreed upon the following plan, which they carried on with success for several years. On the cover of the letter, each word in the address was written by the different members of his family; thus the unfortunate Pole, from his exact knowledge of the handwriting of each, obtained, by mere examination of the outside, certitude of the existence of his captive relations, and of their continuing together on the same spot. On hearing this pitiable statement, the functionaries overlooked the fraud on the revenue in the affection which prompted it, and the ingenuity which contrived the scheme.

The second incident is of a more tragic cast, and resembles one of those strange coincidences which are met with in fictions. A young workman of good character supported a sorrowing mother, whose husband had many years previously basely abandoned her to great pecuniary distress. Though generally a sober and industrious person, he was, one Saturday night, enticed by several fellow-artisans to visit a public-house near the Barrier d'Enfer. The wine circulated freely, but after a little indulgence, the young man stopped short, saying that he could not afford to spend any more money away from his mother and his home. Accordingly he left the house, and walked towards his residence, a little confused, it is true, by the quantity of wine he had swallowed. Presently one of the boon companions, an elderly stranger, overtook him, and after commending his forbearance, and expressing much admiration of the sentiments he had uttered, offered to 'treat' him at the first house of entertainment they passed. The youth assented. They entered a wine shop, drank, and in a short time the guest felt his senses gradually overcome. Still, he retained sufficient sense to understand what was going

on, and to feel the hand of his entertainer gliding stealthily into his pocket. Rendered desperate by the dread of losing his week's earnings, he roused himself, called in the police, had the robber arrested, and taken before a commissary or magistrate. The deceitful old man defended himself by saying he merely wished to play a trick upon his young companion, and in proof of his respectability, produced his passport. The magistrate examined it, and reading it aloud, pronounced the name of 'Jaques Antoine.' The accuser, rubbing his eyes, and looking at the defendant attentively, called out, after a pause, in a tone of agony, 'Mon Dieu! c'est mon pere!' and, overcome by emotion, fell back in a swoon. At first, dissipation, altered attire, and the time which had elapsed since they had met, had effectually disguised the father from the son; but when the name was mentioned, recognition ensued. By the law of France, the accusation of a child cannot be taken against a parent, and the defendant was about to be dismissed, when he was confronted by other accusers whom he had defrauded, and was committed for trial upon bygone charges of felony. The son returned, and told the sad tale to his mother; and has, it is hoped, been taught a lesson of the necessity for temperance which he will profit by. The father will, it is to be feared, end his days an outcast from society.

The third little romance, perhaps the most affecting of all, is derived from the *Gazette de Tribunaux*. One day in October, a widow, who keeps a book-stall near the bridge of St Michael, was accosted by an old man, who seemed borne down with hunger and wretchedness. From under a worn and tattered coat he drew forth a thick volume, which was torn, and bore other marks of long use. He offered it for sale, owning that its intrinsic worth was little, 'though,' he continued, 'it is and always has been valuable to me, and I shall part with it most unwillingly; but I have not the courage to allow myself to die of hunger while I have even this treasured relic to sell. Give me for it anything you please.' The stall-keeper examined the book, and found it to be the first edition of the 'History of Astronomy amongst all Nations,' by Bailly, but in so bad a condition, that it was scarcely worth buying at all: but, out of compassion, the benevolent woman bought it for a franc. The old man immediately entered a baker's shop, brought out a loaf, and, sitting down beside the river, ate it greedily, and in solitude. It happened that a canon of Notre Dame, who is an indefatigable collector of old books, had witnessed the whole proceeding; and when the old man had left the stall, he took up the book. On examining the back of the title-page, he found the following lines traced with a firm hand with ink, which had now faded to the colour of rust:—'My young friend, I am condemned to die: at this hour to-morrow I shall be no more. I leave you friendless in the world—in a time of dreadful trouble; and that is one of my bitterest griefs. I had promised to be a father to you; God wills that my promise shall not be performed. Take this volume as the pledge of my earnest love, and keep it in memory of me.—BAILLY.*' This, then, was a presentation copy sent fifty years ago from the unfortunate author, on the eve of his execution—to the distressed individual who had but now sold it to keep himself from starving. The canon, throwing down two francs to the good stall-keeper for her bargain, hastened to the old man, who still sat eating his cheerless crust. From him he learned that he was the natural son of a person of high rank, and had, after the death of his parents, been committed to Bailly's care, whose adopted child and

* John Sylvanus Bailly was born in 1736; and, besides being an astronomer, was a poet of considerable fame. On presenting the above work to the French Academy in 1784, he was admitted one of its members, and at the Revolution was made president of the first National Assembly. Afterwards he became mayor of Paris; but his humane conduct in repressing tumult, and the honest sympathy he evinced towards the royal family, made him so unpopular, that he was obliged to resign his office. In 1793 he was denounced by the anarchists of the day, and guillotined.

pupil he became up to the day before his execution, when the above inscription was written, and the book sent. The worn old man has since laboured in the capacity of instructor of children; but having been attacked by illness, and compelled to resign his duties, he gradually sank to such a state of destitution, that he was driven to turn the last gift of his friend and benefactor into bread. The priest took the old man to his home, fed and comforted him, till he was enabled to procure him admission into an asylum specially instituted for receiving respectable persons fallen into decay—the hospital of Larochefoucauld. There he now remains, to end his days in peace.

Column for Young People.

THE LAKE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

A GENTLE shower had moderated the heat of a glowing summer day, and had cooled and refreshed the green face of nature, without throwing a damp on its beauties: it was near sunset when our evening walk brought us to the margin of a little lake. Some of our party had gone on before; and when I arrived, Elizabeth was seated on the trunk of an old fallen tree, busily occupied sketching the scene before us. It was a landscape worthy of Cuyt. The water of the lake was as still and transparent as the blue sky above. On its margin were scattered numerous birches, with their drooping branchlets and honny trunks; the latter reflected like silvery pillars in the deep blue waters. Two cows were standing knee-deep near the rushy shore, and a little ragged herd-boy was leaning over a few piling bars, eagerly watching the fate of his baited hook suspended from a rude fishing-rod. A gleam of the full red sky coming through the distant break between the surrounding hills, lighted up the whole with a glow and softness which mellowed every object into beauty. We paused over the scene for a full quarter of an hour, 'till fancy had her fill,' and then proceeded to find out what could occupy the judgment as well as the imagination. We had not proceeded far, till Henry called our attention to a beautiful wild drake gliding among the rushes, and which at intervals darted out its green neck, and with quick bill picked up some bodies from the surface of the water. Its quick eye discovered our nearer approach, and, darting under water, in a few minutes we saw him rise up far on the other side.

'I should like to know what Mr Wilddrake has been supping on,' said Henry; and we walked up to the place to make a minute examination. We saw some minnows in the water; but they were too deep to be taken in the manner we observed. We searched among the rushes, and could see nothing. At last Anna called our attention to some creatures floating on the surface of the water. We recognised them at once to be several species of shell snails—the *physa*, *planorbis*, and *lymnaea*. These little animals were floating on the water, their shells reversed, and their soft bodies buoyed up by a little globule of air which they retained within the orifice of their breathing apparatus. On touching and alarming any one of them, it was seen instantly to throw off the air globule, and by this means being rendered heavier than the surrounding water, at once sunk to the bottom. We saw dozens of these animals thus floating about, and had no doubt but such had formed the prey of the wild drake.

'Look here,' cries Henry, 'at this large fresh-water mussel among the pebbles, with his shell widely expanded; he no doubt is enjoying the evening sunset too; but let him beware, else he may form a supper to some wild drake also.'

'Is not that the pearl mussel?' observed Elizabeth.

'It is,' I replied; 'and sometimes pearls of a very good size and lustre have been found here, and in several of the rivers of Scotland.'

'What is this?' cries Mary, with her bright eyes ever on the watch; 'I see a mass of little shells as if glued together, all of them apparently empty; and yet the whole is moving along briskly. Here is another, and another: they chase each other, and run about as if they had one common life.'

'I know these,' replied Henry; 'they are caddice-worms, the larvae of the May-fly. The living animal is in the centre: observe his head peeping out; and those empty shells form his house. He glues around his body shells,

pieces of wood, and small pebbles, and thus forms a defence against his enemies.'

'Oh, I see myriads of those empty shells on the beach,' cries Elizabeth—'shells of various kinds. I have picked up at least half-a-dozen different ones; and, let me remember, where was it that you showed us shells of this kind under a very different form?'

'I suppose you allude,' said I, 'to those marl beds which the workmen dug up in the field the other day? You now have an example from what sources it is that such beds of marl are derived. The whole bed of this lake is probably one mass of such shells, which have been accumulating for ages; and were it drained and dug into, it would present the same appearance as the marl beds which we lately inspected. There, you recollect, there were various layers on layers of a soft crumbling limestone, to the depth of eight and ten feet, intermixed with mud, fragments of reeds, wood, and shells of various animals; thus affording, on a small scale, an example of the way in which many of the deepest strata of the earth's surface have been accumulated.'

We now came to a little stream which poured its crystal current into the lake. Farther up the sloping hill-side, from whence it derived its source, it chafed and dashed over and among the rocky fragments opposing its course; but here, like other more noted rivers, it swelled out near its termination into a calm diffused estuary, with many a flower and aquatic plant peeping up amid its shallow waters. We rested here, at the request of Henry, to examine some objects which had arrested his attention. He pointed out to us, on the leaves of some of the aquatic plants, a number of brown, jelly-looking substances, about the size of a pin-head or small pea. On watching them attentively, we clearly perceived motion and life. These little points would in an instant suddenly expand to the size of half an inch, and thrust out little arms on all sides, by which they entangled and caught substances floating by. I at once recognised them to be the *Hydra*, or fresh-water polype; those singular animals which, when first discovered by Trembley, a naturalist of France, made so much noise in the scientific world. 'I am quite pleased that you have made this discovery for us, Henry. These are perhaps the simplest of all organised beings, and their habits and properties afford us a singular insight into the humblest manifestations of life. They are, as you see, composed of a pulpy, grayish jelly. They have few parts: only a body, with a hollow in the centre, corresponding to the stomach of other animals; a mouth leading to this stomach; and, surrounding this opening or mouth, eight filaments or arms, which they spread out all around, and with which they seize hold of their food, which consists of small worms, or pieces of any animal matter. They have no organs of sense, and no sensations but that of touch. They are very retentive of life, and may be cut into various pieces, and every separate piece will in a short time become a perfect polype. Their young are produced by a gem or bud which grows out from the body of the parent, and when it has arrived at a mature state, it drops off to enjoy a separate existence. Not unfrequently before this scion drops off from its parent, another bud is seen to spring out of its own body, and thus two or three generations are seen in progress at one time. They are very voracious and very lively, moving about from leaf to leaf by first pushing forward and attaching the mouth to any object; and then drawing forward the other end, attaching it in the same way, and again pushing forward the head. They will thus travel over a whole plant in the course of an hour or two. You may now take this magnifying lens, make your observations cautiously, and tell us what farther you can discover.'

'I see them distinctly and beautifully now,' whispers Henry. 'Three of them are within view, attached to the mid-rib of this leaf. They appear now somewhat like a clove, or a very little nail or tack standing on its point. How they ply their thin slender arms all around, now lengthening them but into a small hair or thread, and now again contracting them into a thick knob or point! These are in miniature somewhat like the horns of a snail, and as soft and pliant. I declare one has seized upon a small worm—he surrounds its end with the whole of his arms—the worm struggles and wriggles out of his grasp—it is instantly seized in the middle by another polype, doubled up, and a piece of it swallowed—the two ends of the worm dangle out on each side—the first polype seizes one of the ends—they now both tug and fight hard.'

There was here a considerable pause. We were all anxious to have a look, and (as I got the glass in turn. Henry after this resumed his observations and remarks. The worm had nearly disappeared between them. It was originally half an inch in length. They still struggle, and approach nearer and nearer to each other. The doubled-up portion of worm is pulled out of the mouth of the second polype: but it appears macerated—it breaks into two. A third polype now comes in for a fragment—another portion falls into the water—the worm at last disappears, and peace is restored with the satiated appetites of the combatants. We counted hundreds of these polypes. Could they all get worms? And what became of those which did not? We watched long for another worm feast; but saw none. No doubt many other more minute animals are found to feed these hungry creatures. They appear all lively; and assuredly they are all cared for by some means or other.

The sun had now fairly disappeared; light failed us for minute observations; but as we took our way homeward, the greater objects of nature were beautifully and softly depicted before us. The bright green birches now stood before us black masses—the surface of the lake alone sent up a lively gleam—the dusky bat flitted silently overhead; roused to his evening meal of the moths and night-flies that now peopled the air. The cows had strolled homewards, and their distant lowings reached our ears. 'How such a night as this,' says Elizabeth, 'raises our thoughts to the Author of nature! the whole earth, and air, and even waters, teem with life and with enjoyment.'

TASTE FOR SCIENCE.

A mind which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learned the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations: one would think that Shakespeare had such a mind in view, when he describes a contemplative man as finding

*Tonies in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.*

Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand subjects of inquiry are continually arising in his mind, which keeps his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude is excluded from his life; and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom. It is not one of the least advantages of these pursuits, which, however, they possess in common with every class of intellectual pleasures, that they are altogether independent of external circumstances, and are to be enjoyed in every situation in which a man can be placed in life. The highest degrees of worldly prosperity are so far from being incompatible with them, that they supply additional advantages for their pursuit, and that sort of fresh and renewed relish which arises partly from the sense of contrast, partly from experience of the peculiar pre-eminence which they possess over the pleasures of sense, in their capability of unlimited increase and continual repetition, without satiety and distaste. They may be enjoyed, too, in the intervals of the most active business; and the calm and dispassionate interest with which they fill the mind, renders them a most delightful retreat from the agitations and dissensions of the world, and from the conflict of passions, prejudices, and interests, in which the man of business finds himself continually involved.—*Sir John Herschel.*

THE SECRET OF GREAT WORKERS.

Great workers are always frequent and orderly, and being possessed of incessant activity, they never lose a moment. They apply their whole mind to what they are about, and, like the hand of a watch, they never stop, although their equal movements in the same day almost escape observation.

THOUGHT.

Though patrons shun my house and name,
Who tells me I am poor?
Though fashion trumpets not my fame,
And rank goes by my door:
Though ignorance my fortunes mar,
My mind shall never sink,
For nature made me greater far—
She bade me live and think.

The gold that drops from wealthy hands,
Feeds those on whom it falls;
And oft, as hire for base commands,
It feeds while it enthral:
But thought is like the sun and air,
Twin blessings with the shower;
It nurtures millions far and near,
And millions sing its power.

The fool who stalks in titles clad,
By chance or knavery bought,
Who ralls a nod of his weak head
As worth an age of thought;
Could he but use the brain in pie,
And taste its common drink,
The burthen of his prayer would be
For liberty to think.

Oh! poor are they who spend their power
In sensual joys and strife,
I'll think more rapture in an hour
Than they feel through a life.
Sweet Thought's the she whom I adore,
Entwined by many a link;
God! what can I of thee crave more?
Do I not live and think?

—Poems by Alexander Hume. Second Edition: 1845.

PIGEON EXPRESSES.

The system of communication, by means of carrier-pigeons, between London and Paris, is carried on to a very considerable extent, and at a great cost. There are several perfect establishments kept up by parties interested in the quick transmission of intelligence at the ports of Dover and Calais, and at regular distances on the roads of the two countries, whence the birds are exchanged in regular order as they return with their little billet. The interruption occasioned by the hours of night is made up by a man on horseback; who again at daylight, on arriving at a pigeon station, transfers his despatch to the keeper, who has his bird in readiness. The distance by day is accomplished in less than eight hours. It has been found that hawks have proved themselves dangerous enemies even to these quick-flighted birds, and a premium of half-a-crown is paid for every hawk's head produced. The pay of a keeper is £50 a-year; and when this is added to the cost of food and the expense of sending the pigeons on from station to station, to be ready for their flight home, it will appear that the service is attended with considerable outlay. The duty of training young birds, and the management of the old ones, in feeding them at proper times, and in keeping them in the dark till they are thrown up, is very responsible, and almost unceasing. A good bird is not supposed to last more than two years.—*Note-Book of a Naturalist.*

REASON.

Without reason, as on a tempestuous sea, we are the sport of every wind and wave, and know not, till the event hath determined it, how the next billow will dispose of us; whether it will dash us against a rock, or drive us into a quiet harbour.—*Lucas.*

THOUGHTS OF THE MOMENT.

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Bacon.*

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A BALL AT A LUNATIC ASYLUM.

ABOUT two miles south of Edinburgh is situated the picturesque little village of Morningside, under the shadow of Blackford hill, where

'Lord Marmion stayed;
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.'

The known salubrity of this locality, which attracts many invalids to reside in it, induced the projectors of the asylum for lunatics, assisted by government, to erect it on the favoured spot. This institution consists of two edifices; one built some thirty years since, for the reception of invalids of the higher classes, and the other, a more extensive structure, for the reception of pauper patients. Within the asylum, these two establishments are denominated, from their situation, the East and the West departments. The system pursued in both is that of kindness and personal freedom, as far as is consistent with the safety of the inmate; the old method, which included strict discipline and restraint, being entirely abolished. Occupation and amusements take the place of listless and irksome personal bondage, and the results have been extremely beneficial. Among the most extraordinary, is that which allows of as many of the patients as may choose, to assemble every Thursday evening, and indulge in the exhilarating exercise of dancing. Favoured by an invitation, we attended one of these soirées; certainly the most interesting, instructive, but, moreover, saddening, we ever assisted at.

The night was somewhat dark, and as the gates of the asylum closed on us, and we drove along the thickly-hedged avenue which leads to the older mansion, a feeling of sadness and of dread could not be suppressed. The heavy pressure of ideas which are awakened by the sight of an abode of the insane, was not even lessened by the cheering lights which gleamed from the windows, or by the smiling faces which welcomed us on the threshold. Still, at every step, something occurred to dispel sombre thoughts. Habit and past experience induce us to associate with persons who have charge of the insane a certain degree of sternness, or, at the least, decision of manner and character. Indeed these were requisites for carrying out the old system of practice. But the first introduction to the officers of the Morningside establishment, by no means bore out this preconception. The suavity and placid politeness of the chief physician struck us at once as a guarantee of the mode in which the unhappy people under his care are treated. The immense responsibility which rests with him and his equally humane associates, appears to be worn with the lightness of a thorough confidence in the system, and in the orderly and proper behaviour of the inmates. Indeed, so far as we could observe and hear, the house had the appearance of a

well-ordered gentleman's residence. Yet we afterwards learnt that much of it was managed by patients: for instance, the horse which brought, and the man who drove us, were handed over to the care and companionship of an insane groom.

As the soirées are held in the building devoted to the poor classes, we were conducted through the grounds to the more humbly appointed, but much larger structure. The careful unlocking and locking of the doors of each gallery, as we entered and left it, was the only indication of restraint which we met with. This is necessary, to keep the various classes of patients within those parts of the building which are assigned for their residence; 'though,' said our guide, 'we would do without locks if we could.' Ascending a flight of stairs, we saw, by the bustle apparent at the end of a long gallery, that we were approaching the scene of festivity, and presently the opening of folding-doors revealed the strange scene.

Around a large square apartment were ranged two rows of seats. On one side females sat; on the other males. The end seats were occupied by the inmates of the 'East Department,' the musicians occupying benches in the midst. The instruments were a violin, played by a demented dancing-master, and a violoncello, the performer on which was also a patient. After taking the places allotted to us, a survey of the scene imparted a feeling of awe; and now, for the first time, one could appreciate the sentiment which is felt in the East for idiots and madmen.* It was, indeed, an awful sight to look round upon the staring or vacant faces by which we were surrounded. In fact it cost some effort to suppress a rising fear; for, to be enclosed within four walls with from a hundred and fifty to two hundred lunatics, seemed a situation not altogether devoid of peril. Nor was a detailed investigation of the company calculated to lessen the feeling. Though sitting quite close to each other, we could see but few conversing together; each appeared too much occupied with his or her own cogitations, to bestow time or attention on a neighbour. This was explained to us as more or less characteristic of all kinds of derangement. The insane are less communicative than the sane. Monomanias, in particular, have, as might be expected, a tendency to dwell upon the one subject on which they have gone wrong, until moved by some external cause. This was exemplified at the ball; for whenever a dance was announced, abstraction ceased in all capable of partaking of the amusement, and they rose on the instant to choose partners. Some, alas! were incapable

* Mahomedans believe insanity to be rather an inspiration from above, than a misfortune; hence, persons afflicted with it are treated by the poorer classes with a respect almost amounting to reverence.

of being roused; and the most painful contrast to the festivities, was that presented by the few patients who suffered under dementia or Melancholia: they either gazed on vacancy, heeding nothing, and apparently seeing nothing, or sat with their faces buried in their hands, the pictures of despair.

Shortly after we were seated, a programme was placed in our hands, which, as it was printed within the establishment, and by the inmates, may be regarded as a curiosity:—

PROGRAMME OF THE CONCERT AND BALL.

REEL. Song—"Yellow-haired laddie." Song. COUNTRY DANCE—"The Triumph." Song—"Life is like a summer flower." REEL. Comic Song—"Sandy M'Nab." Song—"M'Gregor's Gathering." COUNTRY DANCE—"Petronella." FINALE—"Auld Langsyne."

Presently an attendant announced the reel; and where all had been hitherto quiet, all was now bustle. The men got up with alacrity, and crossing the floor to the women's side, selected their partners. It is remarkable that, although the same persons meet every Thursday throughout the year, few preferences are shown in the selection of partners. It is evidently a matter of indifference to himself with whom each individual dances. The choice is directed to whoever may be disengaged. Thus the rule of non-sympathy and non-communicativeness, which exists in all sorts of insanity, applies not only to those of the same sex, but to individuals of opposite sexes.

The order and precision with which the couples—perhaps to the amount of fifty—arranged themselves, could not have been exceeded in the most fashionable ball-room. In scrutinising their faces, while waiting to commence the dance, we could not detect much that differed from what is seen in ordinary assemblies. On some there sat an expression of pleasurable expectation; others, again, appeared as much abstracted as when seated; and it became a matter of speculation whether they would be roused out of their reverie, so as to begin when the signal for starting was given; but the band struck up an inspiring reel, and at the end of the first eight bars, the whole of the dancers put themselves in motion, with the promptitude and regularity of a regiment of soldiers.

Spectators who, like ourselves, derive their knowledge of insanity from the old and scarcely exploded theories and systems of treatment, would have pronounced this exhibition as fraught with the most mischievous tendencies. Here were at least one hundred unfortunates, of both sexes, dancing with might and main, and undergoing all the unrestrained excitement which the most active of exercises is capable of creating. One would think that such an occupation, instead of having beneficial, would produce the worst effects; but experience has proved the reverse. Most of the dancers are monomaniacs, and to excite to frenzy an individual suffering under that malady, it is necessary to present to him the special object or idea on which he is mad; dancing, not being one of these, proves not only harmless, but, by diverting their thoughts and senses from the exciting cause of their malady, is a relief and a benefit. This in some measure accounts for the curious fact, that the same patients who are often noisy and obstreperous in their ordinary abodes in the asylum, behave with the utmost decorum at the soirees.

When the music ceased, the women retired to their seats alone; they were not, as is usual elsewhere, handed to them by their partners. The men also walked at

once to the places they had before occupied. All was now silent. There was a sudden reaction, and the lull which followed appeared more fraught with danger than the previous excitement: the vulgar notion of violence associated with insanity, is not easily effaced from the spectator's thoughts, and at this sudden change—during the stillness which reigned throughout the apartment—one could scarcely help dreading that some of the maniacs would start up to do something eccentric or desperate. But no approach to an attempt of this kind took place. The excitement they had undergone showed no lasting effect upon them: the stimulant appeared to have acted, as it were, mechanically; for the moment it was withdrawn the patients returned to their ordinary condition. Still, it seems, the meetings are looked forward to with pleasure during the rest of the week. One unhappy inmate is so nearly in a state of dementia, that only two ideas exist within him—the ball on Thursdays, and the chapel on Sundays. Nor are the other patients so inattentive to the proceedings between the dances as they seem. Later in the evening, one of the attendants happened to announce a country dance by mistake. In a minute there was a rustling of programmes, and more than a dozen voices, both male and female, exclaimed, 'No, no; it's a reel—a reel!'

Partners were chosen for the country dance, and the 'Triumph' was struck up with vigour by the violinist. The 'figure' of this dance requires a little more attention than a reel; and the ex-dancing-master eyed the proceedings with critical attention. When a top couple failed to lead off at the proper moment, he gave them the hint; and when everything was going on swimmingly, he seemed to enjoy the pastime as much as if he were capering himself. Of the dancers, it may be said that they performed the figures with, if not so much grace, quite as much correctness, as is seen in more fashionable assemblies. This, in some cases, was evidently the result of habit, for these balls have been continued for more than three years. One or two of the parties, whilst they were not actually dancing, appeared totally unconscious of all that was going on around till the evolutions demanded their assistance, when, at the right moment, they began to dance as if some instinct, apart from the necessary attention, prompted them to do what was required. When a sign of hesitation was shown by one of the dancers, a neighbour, who, until that instant, may have appeared as if plunged in the depths of abstraction, gave him a monitory nudge, and, starting up from his dream, the latter began to join correctly in the evolution. It is evident, therefore, that the abstractions of insanity are more apparent than real; for, in the above instances, the patients, though seemingly so rapt, were manifestly attending not only to their own affairs, but to those of their neighbours. At the prescribed time the music ceased, the dancers resumed their seats, and the almost painful silence recurred.

This was broken by a new subject of attention. One of the attendants prepared to sing the comic song of Sandy M'Nab. Many of the patients laughed at the broader parts of the ditty, many apparently listened without laughing, whilst others laughed without either listening or looking at the singer. When he had finished he was much applauded, as he deserved to be. The songs of a serious cast were very pleasingly sung by another of the attendants, who is gifted with a voice of unusual sweetness. Some expressions of praise were emitted, even in the midst of one of the airs; and

from a female patient near us, who had hitherto appeared pleased and cheerful, several deep sighs escaped. Perhaps the melody brought back broken recollections of happier days. Indeed the most saddening thing of all was, the involuntary but unsatisfied inquiry which arose in the spectators' thoughts on hearing an indication of that kind, as to what was likely to be passing in that diseased and troubled mind.

The figure of 'Petronella' commences with a little waltzing, and in that, more than in any other department of the Terpsichorean art, the eccentricities of the patients were developed. One elderly person, in particular, displayed his agility by the most elaborate contortions and whirls; but what is remarkable, despite their complexity, he managed to bring them in to the time of the music. A tall and handsome young man, on the contrary, performed the figure with a condescending formality which formed a strong contrast to the proceedings of his elder companion. He, we understood, imagines himself to be an injured young nobleman. There are many striking examples of this sort of delusion amongst the inmates of the asylum. One declares herself to be Empress of the World, whilst another is content with the humbler supposition that she is Queen of England. With Petronella the ball closed, for Auld Laugayne was not sung.

In making—before leaving the room—a hasty retrospect of what we had seen, the first reflection which presented itself was, the extraordinary propriety and decorum of the whole proceedings. To say that the assembly was conducted as well as similar parties in ordinary life, would hardly be doing it justice; for, comparing this with other balls—especially those which are prolonged till after supper—we are justified in saying that we perceived fewer and less glaring inconsistencies committed by these unfortunate beings, than we have occasionally witnessed in the same world. This must be attributed mainly to the system of general treatment to which they are subject. They are daily in a state of comparative freedom, consequently the personal liberty enjoyed amidst an assemblage at a soirée is no novelty to them, and they do not abuse it. Yet it is a surprising spectacle. Nearly two hundred human beings, in an unfortunate condition of diseased reason and hardly accountable will, congregated, many of them joining in the dance, without one—even of the most insane—committing one glaring eccentricity! It does not appear that the invited guests are very exclusively selected for their peaceable demeanour; for, on a subsequent visit to the institution, we met with the energetic waltzer in an apartment set aside for the noisy patients. He was on this occasion singing a bass song amidst some half-dozen scarcely less quiet companions.

When the soirée was concluded, most of the assembly moved towards the door quietly. It is true they stood not upon the order of going, but went without regularity. At the door there was for a minute a little crowding. In such a situation elsewhere, an accidental push, or the merest jostle, is apt to rouse in the party inconvenienced a transient anger; but here nothing of the kind occurred. The patients walked to their several galleries and apartments of their own accord, each group guided by an attendant. The poor creatures labouring under dementia and melancholia were obliged to be roused ere they attempted to move; and had not altered their attitudes of wretchedness during the entire evening, and were partially lifted from the seat before they could fully understand what was required of them. Each was led out by an attendant. They were brought upon the festive scene with a hope that it might distract them from their malady. But in the two cases we saw, no such effect was produced.

In a few minutes the room was untenanted, and we

left it with feelings far less sad than those with which we entered it; for we had seen how much can be done under judicious management, if not always to cure, to alleviate the sufferings of the insane.

THE BLIND MAN OF ARGENTEUIL.

A NORMAN TRADITION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

AT Rouen, in the antique-looking library of a vast and gloomy hotel, sat a venerable old man, seemingly engrossed in meditation and study. He was Laurence Bigot of Thibernesnil, king's counsel to the parliament of Normandy, a wise magistrate, and a learned and virtuous man. At five in the morning he was wont to commence his daily employment, and after giving sage and just advice to the parliament, the indefatigable old man would devote himself, as now, to other toils, which seemed to him like amusement, namely, laying the foundation of a rich collection of books and manuscripts, which afterwards became celebrated, and, though now dispersed, is not forgotten. Bigot was employed in examining an ancient manuscript which he had lately obtained. His son, Emerie Bigot, and a young companion, Etienne Pasquier, were reading Horace at another part of the library.

The studies of all three were interrupted by the sudden entrance of a magistrate—at least his costume bespoke him so; but at this moment his extreme paleness, changed features, and humiliated manner, made the lieutenant of Rouen appear like one of the criminals that daily trembled before him; for he was a severe and upright judge.

'I have been failed, I confess it,' cried he to Laurence Bigot. 'I am guilty, but do not condemn me unheard.'

The king's advocate listened calmly, while the young men, with the curiosity of their age, paid eager attention to the lieutenant's recital, which was as follows:—

'A citizen of Lucca, named Zambelli, went on business to England, where he settled. His affairs prospered greatly. At fifty years old, having made his fortune, he felt a desire to end his days at Lucca, near a brother whom he tenderly loved. He wrote to his family, who were delighted at the news. Soon another letter, dated Rouen, announced his arrival there from England, and that he should reach Lucca in about two months. This space of time was requisite for the transaction of his business at Paris, and his journey onward. He was daily expected at Lucca; but two, three, six months passed by, and he arrived not; nor, what was stranger still, did any other letter from him reach his family, whose anxiety was extreme. Cornelius, his brother, went to Paris in search of him. He visited all the houses whither Zambelli's commerce was likely to lead him. Many persons had seen, or believed they had seen Zambelli. An individual bearing that name had claimed the payment due to bonds of a considerable amount: the merchants showed the signature "Zambelli" at the bottom of the receipts. "All these signatures are forged," cried Cornelius. "Describe the person of the forger, so that I may bring him to justice." But it was in vain; for no one could recollect precisely the appearance of a man who had been seen so short a time.

'It was plain that an audacious robbery had been committed—perhaps a murder. Cornelius went from Paris to Rouen, where he visited successively all the hotels in the place. At one of them Zambelli had been seen. He had left it for Paris, accompanied by a valet. This valet had been little noticed, besides, six or eight months had passed since the departure of Zambelli; and how could one domestic excite attention among the numbers who had inhabited this hotel, the most frequented in Rouen?

'It was at this time,' continued the lieutenant of police, 'that Cornelius brought his complaint before me. Like him, I felt assured that a great crime had been committed between Rouen and Paris; but how could it be proved? How could the criminal be discovered? At

last a sudden thought struck me. Six or seven months since, a goldsmith, named Martel, had opened a shop at Rouen, where he was entirely unknown. There was something strange in his manner, and the expression of his face: he said nothing of his parents or family; and those who hazarded questions on the subject, received from him evasive answers, given with ill-disguised embarrassment. Struck with his business being the same as Zambelli's, and acting under an involuntary presentiment, I sent a person, who, under pretence of making purchases, entered into conversation with Martel, in which, as if by chance, he introduced the name of Zambelli. At this name Martel grew pale, and showed signs of inquietude, looking anxiously at his questioner. This strengthened my suspicions: I resolved to satisfy myself; but here, I confess, the excess of my zeal led me into error.

'By my orders a sergeant went to Martel to demand payment of a bond for four hundred crowns, which I had fabricated under a false name. Martel, when he saw the bond, cried out that it was feigned, and refused to pay it. When taken to prison by the sergeant, Martel, following his first impulse, accompanied him with the security of a man who is certain he owes nothing; but soon, stopping suddenly in great agitation, he said, "I am quite easy as to the bond; it is entirely false, and I can prove it. But is there nothing else against me? Have you heard of anything?" The sergeant having feigned astonishment, and protested that he knew nothing, Martel became calm, and followed him with a firmer step to the jail, where his name was registered among the list of prisoners. An hour afterwards, he was brought before me. "It is now no time for pretence," said I in an imperative tone. "Yes, the bond is false; but as you have betrayed fear, I must tell you that there are other things against you. A citizen of Lucca, named Zambelli, is dead, and you are his murderer. Deny it not. I have proofs—certain proofs. But calm your fears: Zambelli was a stranger; no one here cares to avenge his death. With some sacrifices on your part, we can hush up this sad affair; only you must confess all with sincerity—your life is the price of it."

'Petrified by the assurance with which I spoke, and glad to purchase with gold the life which hung on a thread, Martel cried out, "I see—I see it is Heaven's doing, since that which no eye witnessed, save my own, is revealed. I will confess all: let my fortune save my life!" He was about to begin, when the appearance of the notary, whom I had sent for to take down his confession, roused him as out of a dream. He perceived the snare, and when I commanded him to begin, he said firmly, "No, I have nothing to tell; I am innocent."

'All my efforts to induce him to confess were vain. I sent him to prison. But now he protests against his incarceration, declares the falseness of the bond, and accuses publicly the sergeant and myself.

'This is my error. You, my lord, cannot doubt the purity of my motives; but what will the parliament say?—always so severe towards inferior officers. Must the services of thirty years be blotted out, because I was carried away by excess of zeal? My lord advocate, you know all; now judge me as you will.'

'Be encouraged!' said Laurence Bigot. 'The parliament is acquainted with all, and pardons you. The Chamber assembled to-day to judge this matter. I have spoken for you with the warmth of a man who esteems and respects you; but your thirty years of service and integrity have pleaded more eloquently than I could do. The proceedings which Martel dared to commence against you have been stayed for three months: the suit relative to the murder of Zambelli is brought before parliament, and Martel is transferred to the conciergerie. Every search shall be made to discover the body of the murdered man; for though I firmly believe that you have discovered the assassin, yet there are no proofs. For you, lieutenant, though pardoned, you are not guiltless. Listen!' said the old man, turning to his son and to Etienne Pasquier, 'you are both destined to wear

the toga of justice.—you, Emerie, perhaps to succeed me; and you, Etienne Pasquier, probably to distinguish yourself in the judgment-seat at Paris, or some foreign court. Remember that none may do evil that good may come! Above all, a judge should not seek to discover the truth by means of a lie, and do himself what he punishes in others. Such means are unworthy of a magistrate.'

Three weeks from that time there was great excitement in the village of Argenteuil. The inhabitants had suspended their labours, quitted their houses, and gathered together about the door of the Hôtel du Heaume. By their earnest conversation among themselves, and their eager questioning of those who came out of the hotel, it was clear that something unwonted was going forward there. In short, the large room of the hotel was for this day transformed into a justice-chamber, where Laurence Bigot, assisted by the magistrate of Argenteuil, questioned numerous witnesses about the murder of Zambelli.

How many efforts had this zealous judge made since he quitted Rouen on his search for the traces of the crime! He visited many villages, questioned numerous officers of police; but all in vain. When he was about to return, in despair of accomplishing his object, he was informed that, some months before, a corpse had been discovered hid in a vineyard near Argenteuil. Bigot hastened thither, and the state of preservation of the remains enabled him, on viewing the body, to decide clearly that it was that of Zambelli, according as he had been described by Cornelius his brother.

The magistrate began to read the evidence aloud, when he was interrupted by a piercing cry; and a blind man, whom no one had as yet perceived, presented himself before the assembly. It was old Gervais, a wandering beggar, born in the neighbourhood, well known, and much liked. When his way led through Argenteuil, he was always admitted to the hotel, and having arrived that day, he had seated himself, unnoticed, in his usual place in the chimney corner. He had sprung forward with a loud cry when, in listening as the magistrate read, he heard of a corpse being discovered among the vines. But what could a blind man, and one so long absent from Argenteuil, have to communicate? Laurence Bigot regarded with a kind of respect the serene and venerable countenance of the old beggar.

'Unfortunate man,' said he, 'what can you have to tell us?'

But after his first involuntary movement, the blind man appeared embarrassed and undecided. 'Ah, my lord,' said he, 'may I speak without danger of my life?' and he turned his white head on every side with a terrified air.

'Speak freely,' said Bigot; 'fear nothing.' Then the old man related how, many months since, he was leaving Argenteuil on his usual pilgrimage, and had gained the high ground beyond the village, when the violent barking of his dog caused him to listen attentively. A man's voice, feeble and suppliant, was distinctly heard. 'Monster!' it said; 'thy master, thy benefactor—mercy! Must I die so far from my country and my brother! Mercy, mercy!'

Then the blind man heard a fearful cry, like that of a dying man in his last agony, and all was silence. After a time he distinguished the steps of one who seemed staggering under a heavy burden. 'Influenced by a sudden impulse,' said Gervais, 'I went forward, asking what was the matter, and who had been moaning so?'

'Nothing, nothing,' said a voice in an agitated tone; 'only a sick man who is being carried home, and has fainted on the way.' And the voice added, in a lower and menacing tone, 'You may thank God that you are blind, or I would have done the same to you.' I knew then that a horrible crime had been committed, and was seized with terror. All things conspired to overwhelm me with fear; for immediately a

dreadful storm arose, and the loud thunder seemed to pursue the murderer. I thought the world was at an end. Trembling, I continued my journey, resolving never to reveal what I had heard; for the criminal may belong to these parts, and the life of a poor old blind man is at the mercy of every one. But when the judge spoke of a corpse being found so near to the place where I heard the voice, I could not avoid a sudden exclamation. I have now told all; God grant that no evil comes to me from it!"

During this relation Laurence Bigot appeared absorbed in a deep reverie, which lasted long after the blind man ceased to speak. Then addressing Gervais, 'Old man,' said he, 'I wish to ask you a question; reflect well before answering it. Do you remember exactly the voice that you heard that day on the hill, which replied to your questions and threatened you? Do you think that you could recognise it again—recognise it so as not to confound it with any other?'

'Yes, my lord advocate,' cried Gervais immediately: 'yes! even as I should recognise the voice of my mother, if she were living still, poor woman!'

'But,' said the judge, 'have you considered that eight or nine months have passed since then?'

'It seems but a few hours ago,' answered the blind man. 'My terror was so great, that even now I seem always to hear the voice that cried for mercy, and that which spoke to me, and the awful thunder.' And when Bigot still doubted, Gervais, lifting his hands to heaven, said, 'God is good, and forsakes not the poor blind. Since I lost my sight, I can hear wonderfully. Call the people of Argenteuil; they will tell you how they amuse themselves with embarrassing me, and saying, in counterfeited tones, "Who speaks to thee?" Ask them if they have ever succeeded in deceiving me!' The people cried out that all that the blind man said was true; his knowledge of voices was wonderful. Some hours after, Laurence Bigot departed for Rouen, and everything went on as usual in the village of Argenteuil. Bigot conveyed Gervais with him to Rouen.

In the sixteenth century, the great hall of audience of the Norman parliament was renowned for its beauty. The ceiling was of ebony, studded with graceful arabesques in gold, azure, and vermillion. The tapestry worked in fleurs-de-lis, the immense fireplace, the gilded wainscot, the violet-coloured *dais*, and, above all, the immense picture in which were represented Louis XII., the father of his people, and his virtuous minister and friend, the good Cardinal d'Amboise—all united to give the great hall an aspect at once beautiful and imposing. The effect was increased when, on days of judicial solemnity, a hundred and twenty magistrates were seated in judgment there, with their long white beards and scarlet robes, having at their head the presidents, attired in ermine mantles, above whom was a painting depicting the legislator Moses and the four evangelists.

It was in this magnificent hall that the parliament assembled, by a special convocation, on Christmas eve, in the year 16—. But this time they were attired in black robes, and their serious countenances showed they had a rigorous office to perform. This secret meeting of parliament excited great curiosity throughout the whole town. The murder of the merchant of Lucca, the arrest of the presumed criminal, the discovery of the body of his supposed victim, the unhoped-for testimony given by a blind man at Argenteuil, furnished an inexhaustible subject of discussion for the crowd that thronged the avenues of the palace. Every one agreed that the day was come which would liberate a innocent man, or dismiss a murderer to the scaffold.

The parliament, after many long debates, had decided that the blind man of Argenteuil should be heard. Gervais appeared before them. His frank and circumstantial deposition made a deep impression; but some doubt still remained. It was a fearful thing to place a man's life at the mercy of the fugitive reminiscences of a blind man, who could only trust to his hearing. It

seemed almost impossible that Gervais should recognise faithfully a voice which he had heard but once only. The parliament determined to prove him, and to bring before him successively all the prisoners of the conciergerie, Martel among the rest. If, after having heard them speak, the blind man spontaneously, and without once hesitating, should recognise the voice which had struck him so powerfully, this evidence, united to others, should be held conclusive. It was not without design that Christmas eve was chosen for this strange trial, unheard of in the annals of justice. To have brought up the prisoners together on an ordinary day, would have awakened their suspicions, perhaps suggested to them various stratagems, and thus left the success of this novel experiment to chance. On Christmas eve the order excited no surprise, as it was customary on the eve of high festivals to bring all the prisoners of the conciergerie before the parliament, who sometimes, out of respect to the day, liberated those criminals who had been imprisoned for trifling offences.

Above all, as it was necessary to make the blind man understand the almost sacred importance of the judgment with which Heaven had invested him, a solemn oath was administered by the president of the assembly. The old man took the oath in a truthful, earnest manner, which left no doubt of his sincerity, and the trial commenced. Eighteen prisoners were brought up, and answered the questions proposed to them, but the old man never moved; and they, on their part, on perceiving the unknown man, evinced no sign of alarm. At last the nineteenth prisoner was introduced. Who shall paint his horror and stupefaction at the sight of Gervais! His features grew contracted, his hair rose up, and a sudden faintness overpowered him, so that the turnkeys were obliged to lead him to a seat. When he recovered a little, his involuntary and convulsive movements seemed to show the poignant remorse of a guilty and tortured soul, or perhaps the horrible regret of not having committed a second crime, and finished his work.

The presidents and judges anxiously awaited the result. At the first words that Martel uttered, in reply to the president's questions, the blind man, who, ignorant of his presence, had hitherto remained quiet and immovable, suddenly bent forward, listening intently; then shrinking back with horror and fear, cried out, 'It is he!—it is the voice that I heard on the heights of Argenteuil!'

The jailer led away Martel more dead than alive, obeying in this the president's order, who in a loud tone had desired him to bring out another prisoner. But this command was accompanied by a sign which the jailer understood, and some minutes after, he again introduced Martel, who was interrogated under a false name. Fresh questions elicited fresh replies; but the blind man, shaking his head with an air of incredulity, immediately cried out, 'No, no; it is all a feint; that is the voice which conversed with me on the heights of Argenteuil.'

At last the horrible mystery was cleared up. The wretched criminal, trembling, despairing, stammered out a confession, which was now almost needless, since the magistrates were fully convinced of the truth which had been wonderfully elicited by the sole witness who could declare the crime.

But a few hours passed, and Martel lay in a gloomy dungeon of the conciergerie, whilst in a public place, not far from the prison, were made the preparations for execution; for at this period the scaffold followed the sentence so rapidly, that a condemned man never beheld the morrow's sun. The nightfall all was over. The wretched man died penitent, confessing his crime, and denouncing the cupidity and thirst of gold which had led him on to murder.

In fifty years from this period, Laurence Bigot had been long dead. Emerie his son had succeeded him in his office. Etienne Basquier had become a learned and reverend old man, with silver hair. He was then com-

posing his curious and interesting '*Recherches sur la France*,' and there related the almost miraculous discovery of a murderer long since convicted—of which discovery he had in his youth been an eye-witness. It is from his statement that this history is taken.

TRAVELS IN LURISTÁN AND ARABISTÁN.*

LURISTÁN, or the country of the Lurs, embraces the greater portion of the mountainous district of Persia, situated between the Turkish frontier on the west, and Ispahan and Fars on the south and east. Arabistán, or, as it is sometimes called, Khuzistán, is the low-lying country to the south of this mountainous chain. These extensive districts, which are now in many parts little better than a wilderness, are the ancient Elam mentioned in Scripture, and the Elymais of the Greeks. They are covered with the remnants of their former greatness, and the traveller, as he journeys over their desolate plains, comes ever and anon upon the vestiges of cities that were once powerful, now crumbling into the dust. Ahvaz, at one time the capital of the Parthian kings, is nothing more than a confused heap of ruins. Susa, once the rival of Babylon itself in power and splendour, 'hides,' says the Baron de Bode, 'its ancient ruins under thick grass and waving reeds.' The plough is levelling with the soil the only remaining mounds which mark the place of the ancient city of Joudi-Shapur; and the relics of other towns are scattered over the waste, without having left any record behind to bequeath even their names to posterity, or tell the nations to which they belonged, or the time at which they flourished. To this interesting region the attention of the Baron de Bode was accidentally directed in the year 1840, and the following particulars of his journey are selected from the two volumes which he has just published.

At the close of the year above mentioned, the baron set out from Teheran, with the intention of proceeding to the far-famed ruins of Persepolis, which he had long desired to see. On his arrival at Ispahan, circumstances occurred which induced him to extend his journey still further. The governor of that city, with whom he had some previous acquaintance, was, on his arrival, engaged in preparations for a military tour into Luristán and Arabistán, and proposed to the baron, 'being acquainted with his roving propensities,' that he should accompany him. Our author, who had often entertained a wish to penetrate into this country—so little known, and yet so full of interest for its associations with the early history of the world—agreed without difficulty to the proposal. The savage and unruly nature of the tribes which peopled the mountainous portion of the district, had been the means of preventing the access not only of European travellers, but of the native Persians themselves; and it was rare indeed that there was so favourable an opportunity for exploring it as that afforded by the incursion of the governor, with an armed force and all appliances. The baron therefore determined to proceed to Persepolis, and to join the governor afterwards at Shushier, travelling alone through the country of the Bahktiari, so celebrated for its memorials of the expedition of Alexander the Great and his successors, and for its many interesting remnants of antiquity.

At noon, on the 1st of January 1841, he left Ispahan with his attendants, riding post, and directed his course to the south, by the road leading to Shiraz; but as his route has been sufficiently described by many previous travellers, it will not be necessary to dwell upon the incidents narrated by the baron, or upon his descriptions of the scenery. For the same reason it will be needless to accompany him to Persepolis. 'The ground has been often described, and the ruins of that city have been the theme of many a traveller, English, French, and Ger-

man, whose works are so well known as to have familiarised Europe with every conspicuous object of art and antiquity in that remarkable region.

On the 20th of January, the baron arrived at Kazerún—the commencement of the country of Arabistán—and from this point his adventures and descriptions have more novelty. His route lay over a wild district, inhabited by the Mamasi, Khogilú, and Bahktiari mountain tribes. At Kazerún he procured guides, who undertook to deliver him safe and sound into the hands of Jehangir Khan, the chief of the Mamasi. He adopted this plan, of causing himself to be passed like a bale of goods from hand to hand, during the whole of his journey through this rude tract of country, and had every reason to be satisfied with the effect of the precaution, which made the last person who had given a certificate of his being alive responsible for his safety. The residence of the chief to whom he was first consigned, consisted of a square tower constructed of clay, whitewashed externally, furnished with loopholes, and surrounded by the huts of the Mamasi, made of reeds, and by black tents covered with mats. On entering this country, he cautioned his servants to keep a sharp look-out after the baggage, as the natives were known to be notorious thieves. Our traveller was fortunate enough, during his whole sojourn among them, not to lose a single article; but he learned afterwards, from a friend who visited the encampment a few months later, that the Mamasi contrived to steal from under his pillow, when he was asleep, his sword, which they drew cautiously out of its scabbard, leaving the latter behind. Suspecting Jehangir Khan himself of the theft, yet admiring the clever way in which it had been committed, the European next morning handed over the scabbard to his host, observing that his newly-acquired sword probably required one. The Khan took it and thanked him; and no more was said of the matter.

Between this station and Fahliyan, the next, the road lay through the plain of Behram, and by the ruins of the town of Nobendjan, to the valley of Sháh-bevan. While descending into this valley, the traveller's sense of smell was agreeably affected by the perfume of the narcissus, which was spread like a white carpet over the plain for the space of many miles. All the party pushed into this rich parterre up to their horses' girths, to enjoy the fragrance as much as possible. The valley is celebrated by the Persian and Arabian poets as one of the four terrestrial paradises, and is interspersed with cultivated fields, producing cotton, rice, barley, and wheat. The narcissus, however, seems indigenous, and wherever the soil is left fallow, it springs up in rich profusion. Fahliyan is a small town, or rather village, in this valley, consisting of sixty or seventy houses at the utmost; but is enclosed by very extensive walls, now in ruins, which show that formerly it was a place of more importance. It is surrounded by fine palm trees, and has a fort, in ruins, on the summit of a small hill. As a lofty and precipitous mountain rises close behind it, the inhabitants receive only the rays of the morning sun, and are the rest of the day in shade. The baron did not make any stay in this town, but proceeding along the banks of the river Abshur, arrived at another valley, that of Ser-Abi-Siyal, or Black-Water-Head, lying between two parallel chains of hills. Here he was met by, and handed over to the protection of, Khan Ali Khan, the chief of the Rustemi, with whom he alighted to partake of luncheon. This chief handed him over to another, named Allah Kherim Khan, chief of the Bovi, a tribe of the Khogilú, whose head-quarters were at a town or fort called Basht. This place very much resembled the castles of the old feudal barons in Europe. It consisted of the chief's fort, enclosed by high walls, and flanked with turrets. Around this were grouped the habitations of his vassals, who lived under the shadow of his protection, aided him in his predatory incursions (for, like the other chiefs, he was a robber on a large scale), and furnished him with the means of defence or offence, whenever either might be necessary.

* Travels in Luristán and Arabistán, by the Baron C. A. de Bode. 2 vols. London: Madden and Co. 1842.

He found this personage very hospitable and communicative, and was entertained by him with a long account of the implacable feuds by which the mountaineers were divided, and of the intestine wars to which they gave rise. On quitting Basht, where he only stayed one night, he met a migratory horde of Ilyats, another of the numerous tribes who had broken up their encampment in one place, and were travelling with their flocks and herds to other pastures. The sheep and goats went first, led by young shepherds, the flower and strength of the tribe, with their faithful companions, the shaggy dogs, of a breed said to be peculiar to Persia. Next followed the asses, and oxen of a small species, laden with the black canvas and poles of the Ilyat tents, with bags thrown over their backs, filled with various articles for consumption; while some were bestrode by the weaker and more aged portion of the community. The poultry were likewise placed on the backs of the loaded cattle, with a leg or a wing tied to the pack-saddle, spending their time in trying to keep their balance in this awkward position as well as they could. Men, women, and children, followed the caravan on foot, some in groups, and some walking separately, each bearing some kitchen utensil or piece of household furniture. The young lambs and kids that were brought forth on the way were placed in baskets, and carried by some of the men, or stowed away in hamper, with their heads peeping out, and thrown, along with the poultry, across the pack-saddles. Such of the sheep or goats as were lame, or with young, had their separate conductors, who gently encouraged them forward, or stopped and fed them when they appeared fatigued—a trait of the Ilyat life and character which reminded the baron of the passage in Isaiah xl. 11, 'He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.' The women had their spinning utensils on their shoulders. Some were twisting woollen yarn; others were bent forward in a stooping position, with their children astride on their backs, or toiling with their infants (cradles and all) upon their heads or shoulders.

After passing this group, the Baron de Bode continued his course for twenty-seven miles to the next station of Daghubezün. Throughout the whole tract there were no habitations, and at that season of the year (January) no water; though it appears that formerly this was not the case. Along the side of the road he observed the remains of *kanats*, or underground channels; and about seven miles from Daghubezün were the ruins of a caravanserai, and, a little further on, of a village. At this place he passed the night in an old dilapidated caravanserai; his servants barricading it as well as they could, to keep out the predatory mountaineers, who might have paid them an unwelcome visit for the sake of plunder. He escaped, however, from all molestation, the mountaineers having apparently become, if not less addicted to plunder, more cautious as to the manner in which they carried on their depredations since the imprisonment of their great chief, one Veli Khan. This person had once great authority over the tribe of the Mamasi—amounting in all to about 4000 families. He was originally valet to the viceroy of the district of Fars, and organised a band of robbers, at whose head he placed himself, for the purpose of robbing the caravans. 'Each successful attack,' says the Baron de Bode, 'by spreading abroad his reputation, increased the number of his adherents; and the feeble authorities of Fars, unable to restrain his predatory inclination, endeavoured to give another direction to his pursuits, by ministering food to his vanity. A union was concerted between his daughter and one of the sons of the viceroy, Prince Timur Mirza (afterwards well known in the fashionable circles of London). This match did not effect the object intended. Veli Khan remained as unruly as before; erected a fort called Nûrahâd, and continued to exercise his trade of plundering with

greater impunity than ever, especially during the period of misrule and disorder which in the southern provinces of Persia followed the death of the old king. A new governor or viceroy being appointed to the district of Fars, Veli Khan, on the faith of promises held out to him, was induced to go to Shiraz, and aid the governor in the collection of taxes, as tribute from the tribe. Whilst out on an expedition of this kind, the governor, whose name was Muhamed Taghi Khan, when heated one day with wine, made some irreverent observations with respect to the great freebooter's daughter, which so offended her brother (Baghir Khan), who appears to have been next in authority to Veli Khan himself, that he rose suddenly and called upon his followers to avenge the honour of their clan. His call was obeyed: the greater part of the governor's force was put to the sword, and he himself hurried, handcuffed, to Kishit, amid the mountains. On the arrival of this news at Fars, a great force was sent against Veli Khan and his son, who both fled—one to a small village on the Persian Gulf, and the other to the fortresses of Gûli-Ghûlat, built one above the other on a steep rock, with a communication between. Veli Khan, who was fond of the bottle, was making free with some Shiraz wine, the property of an English officer in the shah's service. In the hurry of his escape, and in the state of intoxication he was then in, he made too great an effort to vault into the saddle, and fell over to the other side, when he was immediately picked up and secured by his pursuers.* These two robbers, father and son, have ever since been imprisoned in the citadel of Tahriz; but their popularity in Fars,' says the baron, 'is so great, that their names, deeds, and exploits are perpetuated in songs, and pass from mouth to mouth among the Ilyats.'

These tribes outwardly profess Mahomedanism; but, like the generality of the nomade people of this region, they have a very faint idea of religion, their whole faith consisting in some superstitious rites, and a traditional veneration for their piri, or holy men, to whose shrines they make pilgrimages. Among the offerings which they bring with them on these occasions, are little tin lamps, which they string on ropes over the tombs; or coloured rags, which the women attach to their consecrated trees. The Baron de Bode saw trees of this description, with more rags upon them than leaves. Their chief occupation, when not plundering, consists in tending their flocks of sheep and goats. Their most common food is the acorn, which is first bruised between two stones, and made into flour by being dried in the sun. The women bake cakes of this flour. The paste is likewise eaten raw, and is considered very nourishing.

The principal town of this district is Behbahan, the inhabitants of which are very expert in the preparation and dyeing of woollen cloth. The soil around it is very productive, being watered by several noble streams, such as the Shomai-arab, the Kheirabâh, and the Khurdistan, together with the lesser rivers flowing from the Ardekan mountains. It would become a rich agricultural district if more densely peopled, and, above all, if there were more security and stability in the administration. On the spacious plain surrounding the town, the inhabitants grow corn. Among the fruit trees, the palm takes the precedence; and orange, lemon,

* The reader will see, in the incident connected with the saddle, a newly-discovered beauty in Shakspere, and a happy piece of justice recently done him by one of his commentators. The passage in which the bard speaks

'Of vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other,'

has again and again been alluded to, and quoted with admiration; until the commentator showed that it was without meaning, and should be read 'vaulting ambition that o'erleaps its self, and falls on the other side.' Self is the old word for saddle, derived from the French *selle*. Read with this amendment, the passage, instead of being obscure, becomes instinct with life and meaning, and affords a beautiful simile, complete in all its parts.

and pomegranates are cultivated with success. The whole plain, as well as the valleys in the mountains, present traces of considerable towns. Half way towards the Khurdistān river are ruins, scattered over a large extent of ground, consisting of kiln-burnt bricks, white mortar, and elevated mounds of earth. Sir John Macdonald Kinneir found among them a stone slab with an arrow-headed inscription—a sure sign of remote antiquity. Nearer the water, on both sides of the river, are buildings in a better state of preservation, which appear to be of a more recent date, though still of Sasanian origin, and probably coeval with the stupendous remains of two bridges of which the Arab writers speak in terms of high praise. On the left bank, but further inland, are some Mahomedan tombs, with arched domes over them, and open on every side. This place is considered the true site of the ancient city of Arrejān. Besides the tombs, the ruins consist of stone and brick buildings, scattered over the lofty banks of the river, mostly on the left shore. With the exception of the bridges, there are no remains of large edifices. The houses seem to have possessed but one storey, with vaulted roofs. The river intersecting the town was spanned by two bridges, a short distance from each other; they were of stone and brick, and, to judge from what remains, must have been constructed on a grand scale. Some of the platforms of the piers on which the arches rested are still visible on the right and left banks; but nearly all the rest have been carried away by the force of the current, which is excessively rapid. They are now known by the names of the *Puli Begum* and the *Puli Dokhter*—the bridges of the Lady and of the Damsel.

During the few days that the baron remained in this neighbourhood, he was made acquainted with the existence of some curious sculptures and inscriptions about twenty-six miles to the north-west of Behbahan, among the Behmet mountains. As no European traveller had ever, to his knowledge, advanced so far in that direction, nor even alluded to these sculptures, he became the more anxious to see them. Having been furnished with a guide, and an attendant train mounted on fine Arab mares, he proceeded thither, across a fertile plain, remarking the same luxuriant fields of the narcissus, which has been already noticed, scenting the air for miles around. The first place of any note he reached was Tashūn, where, according to the native tradition, the patriarch Abraham was thrown into a burning furnace by Nimrod, 'the mighty hunter before the Lord.' In the same neighbourhood, within a few miles, is a village called Ur, which, according to the Scripture, was the name of the birthplace of Abraham, in Chaldaea. On his arrival at the valley of Tengi-Saulek, where the remains were, the baron halted for a time, and sent out scouts to examine whether the coast was clear, and also placed videttes, to give warning in case of a surprise. Having ascertained that all was right, he entered the narrow defile, hemmed in between lofty rocks, which overhung the path. As he and his party toiled on by a very steep ascent, among loose stones, they came at times upon an old pavement, the polished stones of which were so slippery, that the horses could with difficulty advance. The path soon widened, and they found themselves in a grove of oak, cypress, and kúhnar trees, surrounded on every side by the ancient monuments, to see which was the object of their visit. The most conspicuous of these was a huge black rock, streaked with yellow veins, between thirty and forty feet in height, and eighty or ninety in circumference, and which stood detached from the rest. It had bas-reliefs and inscriptions on two of its sides. The first represented an altar, surmounted by a conical pile somewhat in the shape of a sugar loaf, round which a fillet was tied in a knot, with the two ends streaming downwards. Close to this altar stood the *mōled*, or high priest, his right arm extended towards the altar, and his left concealed in his bosom. On the right of this principal figure was a group of nine others, which,

with the exception of one nearest the priest, seated on a low stool, were in an erect posture, but so dilapidated, that none of their faces could be distinguished. On the extreme right was a figure on horseback, with a bow and arrow, in the act of attacking a wild beast, which was standing on its hind legs, but which, being much defaced, could not be distinguished sufficiently to determine whether it were a lion, a bear, or a wild boar. Close to this was an inscription of five lines, in a character totally unknown to the baron; and under the altar was another inscription in the same character, and also of five lines. On the second face of the rock were the sculptures of four persons in a row, the principal of the group reclining on a couch with the left arm on a cushion, and holding a circlet in the right hand. The head was ornamented with two clusters of thick hair; but no feature of the face was distinguishable. Two figures were seated at the foot of the couch, each with an arrow-headed spear in the right hand. One of them had a sort of diadem on the head, consisting of six spreading rays, with little globules at the extremity of each ray. There were various other stones, which the baron has minutely described. He does not give any decided opinion on their probable antiquity, but merely observes that their style is totally different from all that he had seen at Persepolis and elsewhere. As he was now in the ancient Elymais of the Greeks, he could not divest himself of the impression that he was standing on the ground once sacred to the goddess Anaitis or Myletta, where the Elamites of old had performed their religious rites and mysteries. On their way out of the valley, they found more of these old sculptures on a stone close to the road, but owing to long exposure to the air and rain, the figures were nearly all effaced.—(To be concluded in a second article.)

THE PERSECUTIONS OF HOSPITALITY.

'The knife of the surgeon,' says Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, 'hurts as much as the sword of an enemy'; and, upon the same principle, the mistaken attentions sometimes showered upon guests by too-hospitable hosts and hostesses, are as inconvenient as intentional hostilities.

An antiquated politeness still lingers amongst many of the more venerable part of the community, which urges them to persecute their guests to eat or drink what they do not choose, or more of what they do choose than is agreeable. Happily the present generation is gradually adopting a new code of etiquette, which rules that true politeness consists in allowing people to act as is most agreeable to themselves. But the daily experience of this common-sense practice only makes the occasional suffering from its opposite the more intense. What is chiefly felt under the pressing system is the impossibility of escaping from, or remonstrating against it; for who could say or do anything in direct rebuke of what so evidently springs, in most instances, from amiable feelings? There is a tradition in Edinburgh of a lady, the wife of a distinguished naval victor of the last war, and a genuine specimen of the old school, who pressed a gentleman one day to such a degree, and thus encroached so far upon his politeness and good nature, that he finally tumbled off his chair in a fit, the consequence of overeating. Things are not generally carried to such an extravagance as this; but they often are bad enough in the case of old-fashioned kindly people, and especially such as have any fears about their style of manners and entertainment. Giving abundantly and urging its acceptance seems to these persons a sufficient offset against all defects, when, in reality, it is only adding another to those traits of inferior breeding which they are concerned about.

Want of consideration respecting variety of tastes is

another great source of this evil. There are some persons so full of a heady egotism, though often of a good-natured kind, that they never imagine but that their own feelings and tastes are a just criterion for those of their fellow-creatures. The things which they prefer they cannot doubt to be those which all other persons most affect. Where they go, and what they do, they think all other people would like to go and to do. This peculiarity is most strongly exhibited in the re-bustuous hospitality of the English country squire. A gentleman who passes his days in a great city is invited to some country house, the owner of which has most of his thoughts absorbed in agricultural improvements. Anxious to do everything possible to amuse his guest, and fancying that rural enthusiasm is common to all men, the host drags his unfortunate visitor into every part of his grounds—up hill and down dale, over fields savouring strongly of guano, and through preserves thickly bristling with brambles and furze. At the same time he volunteers explanations which are unheeded, either because they do not interest, or are quite incomprehensible to the hearer. Although the sufferer heartily wishes himself back in town beside his own fire, yet the enthusiastic amateur of tillage mistakes his commonplace replies and occasional questions—made out of politeness—for manifestations of interest. He presses him, till refusal is impossible, 'to try his hunter,' and sets the poor Cockney off after the hounds like a second Mazeppa; peradventure to be torn to pieces by bushes, certainly to be put in imminent jeopardy. After dinner he insists upon t'other tumbler, although the town-bred man has no stomach for grog, or no head to carry it; and the inflexible country squire—whose general character shows that his heart overflows with human kindness, and that he would not hurt a fly, or see a tenant want a meal if he could help it—imagines that the rites of hospitality have not been duly performed till he has persecuted his friend into a condition from which recovery cannot be expected for a week. This was true of the great majority of country squires who entertained our fathers: now, however, the picture is only a likeness of such of the English squirearchy as are grandfathers. Still a few of these killing-with-kindness hosts are in existence, in spite of the change which good sense has worked in the social mass.

As, however, the dispensation of hospitality chiefly devolves upon the mistress of the house, it is the ladies of the old school whose excess of benevolent intentions leads them most frequently into the error of persecuting whilst attempting to please their guests. I think I see the late much respected Mrs Peppercorn at the head of her table, her own person partly hidden by a huge cod's head and shoulders. The board, like that at the marriage feast of the fair Imogene, 'groans with the weight of the feast.' As a matter of course, the most honoured guest sits at her right hand, and, as a matter of course, he is the most persecuted man at table. The hospitable lady surveys his proceedings out of the corners of her eyes with the most unmitigated perseverance. Alas for him when his plate happens to be empty! 'A little more cod, Sir James?' Sir James bows a negative. 'Oh, don't say no—try a slice of the thick, with a little of the sounds.—No?—What can I tempt you with? My dear (to Mr Peppercorn), send Sir James a fillet of sole.' Sir James would rather not. 'Then some stewed prawns.—Not any?—Oh, just one.—I am sure you can manage one. John (to the servant), bring Sir James a stewed prawn—the largest, John.' Further opposition is useless; and although Sir James never ate a prawn in his life without becoming afflicted with indigestion, yet he thinks the prospect of dyspepsia a far preferable evil to his hostess's persecutions, and partakes of the gigantic shrimp with all the relish of a man eating henbane.

But even this sacrifice only purchases immunity for that particular course. A second attack comes on with the second course: the persecuted guest offers to carve for his hostess, to escape her importunities; but she will

not 'hear of such a thing,' and hands the task over to a poor cousin, who has been seated on her left for the express purpose of assisting her. During this part of the entertainment, a number and variety of dishes are brought under Sir James's notice, which, mixed together even in name, are enough to give him a distaste for all sorts of food; and vain is his attempt to escape in the middle of the meal by declaring that he has dined. This is thought a good reason why the attack should be strengthened, so that no persuasion shall be wanting to induce him to 'enjoy himself'; and in the end he is obliged to appear capricious, and to alter his mind for a minute's peace. Nor is he the only sufferer, for a persecution of the other guests fills up Mrs Peppercorn's leisure moments.

In my boyhood, tea-parties were far more fashionable than the lateness of modern dinner hours renders practicable now. Well do I recollect the formulary by which each guest was persecuted before the operation of the 'second cup,' as Mercutio says, 'When the empty vessels were handed in, the hostess bent over the tea-board, and earnestly intreated her friend to 'take another cup.' Then came, after the refusal—'Now do—let me intreat you, just one more: I fear the tea is not agreeable to you?' 'Quite, thank you.' 'Indeed? then I am sure you can venture on another cup.' Still a refusal. 'Now do:' and then, as a compromise, which it was impossible to reject, came the pressing offer—'half a cup;' the non-acceptance of which was thought to be a piece of great rudeness. Though tea-parties are nearly abolished, the persecutions with which they were accompanied are now, alas, transferred too often to other meals.

It must be owned that this good-hearted vice does not extend to the higher classes, and only lingers amongst the middle and humbler orders of society. Indeed our aristocratic friends have run into an opposite extreme, and inflict a different kind of persecution by deputy. They leave their guests a little too much at the mercy of their domestics. The servant must be asked for what may be desired—and one does not always get it; he either brings something else, or has his attention distracted so as to forget the want altogether. The instant you lay down your knife and fork upon the plate, a dexterous and rapid hand whips it away, as if by magic. This is an abominable sort of persecution to an epicure. Perhaps, by protracting, by a pleasing rest, the pleasure derived from some favourite *bonne bouche*, and whispering to his neighbour how delicious it is, when, on turning his head to resume his gratification, he finds that the tit-bit has vanished, and recovery is impossible.

But these, it must be owned, are petty annoyances compared with the vast reforms which modern usages are slowly, perhaps too slowly—effecting. The abolition of late sittings is one of them. A dinner commencing at six o'clock, will seldom be found protracted till after nine; whereas, by the old rule of hospitality, the host thought it his duty to detain his friends as far into the following morning as possible. To effect this object, he set certain persecutions at work, the most serious of which amounted—if judged of by the statutes at large—to a misadventure. He locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and inflicted upon them a false imprisonment; or, if there were heavy rains abroad, he preferred hiding their hats.

Though such abominations are seldom thought of now, yet a few of the well-meant persecutions I have commented on are occasionally practised even by persons from whom more rational views of hospitality might be expected. Every one should remember, in giving an entertainment, to provide such things as appear, according to his judgment, best calculated to please his friends. There let them be, placed within procurable distance, leaving each guest to ask for what he wishes, and to partake of it in peace. To make a friend happy, it is only necessary to allow him, so far as means are at your command, to follow the bent of his peculiar inclinations. To attempt to constrain him into partaking of your own

methods of enjoying yourself, is the way to render him extremely uncomfortable, and yourself—with every desire to be kind and hospitable—far from agreeable.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NEW 'READING MADE EASY.'

It has been for some time a theory with us, that, from the present progress of things, the world (to some at least) threatens to be made too comfortable. It is becoming dangerously full of nice appliances, tending to make us too much in love with it. Among the last we have seen is a contrivance called the *Patent Reading Easel*, the invention of a Mr Howell, and the object of which is to save us, while reading, the trouble of holding the book, as well as to enable us to have the book in a position which will be more convenient generally. A jointed stalk, fastened at the bottom by a screw to the side of a chair or sofa, sustains a book-desk, furnished in the usual manner, and which, by various arrangements, can be shifted in position to suit convenience; the whole being capable of folding up into the space of about half a cubic foot. It is altogether a curious specimen of that mechanical ingenuity which we only see exemplified in England; and the utility for persons who read much, and more particularly for those in delicate health, seems indubitable.

IMPENDING DESTRUCTION OF A VILLAGE.

The calamities glanced at in a former Occasional Note* from which Great Britain is exempt, occur nowhere so frequently as in Switzerland. This, without doubt, the most picturesque country in Europe, pays dearly for her beauty in the destructive catastrophes to which she is subject; thus bearing out a favourite line by a French poet, signifying that 'the loveliest things have the vilest destinies.' In this beautiful but unfortunate land avalanches of snow, torrents of ice (which glaciers truly are), inundations of rivers, and the fall of huge rocks, sweep away not only the produce, but the inhabitants of valleys, and convert villages and towns into ruins. Not long ago the little town of Pleurs, comprising 2430 inhabitants, was buried under rocky masses suddenly detached from Mount Conto; and Goldau still lies hidden under a portion of Mount Ruisberg. At present, Felsberg, another village, is daily expected to be swallowed up; and its destiny is so certain, that its inhabitants remain in it at the risk of their lives. An appeal in their behalf is going the round of the continental papers, to which we are anxious to give further currency.

The traveller, whilst ascending the Rhine, and whose destination is Coire, the capital of the Grisons, having passed Reichenau (in the castle of which the present king of the French was once an assistant schoolmaster, and where Dr Zschokke presided in the early years of his career), perceives, opposite to Ems, the church steeple of a village, surrounded by meadows, and half-concealed by orchards. This is Felsberg, or the 'Mountain of Rock.' It is situated between the left bank of the river and the southern base of Mount Calanda. The rock, which supplies Felsberg with its name, is about 600 feet in height, and forms the base only of the mountain; for above it the well-wooded brow of the Calanda rises to a further elevation of 8000 feet. At a distance, the situation of this village appears everything that human imagination could desire; but a nearer approach reveals the awful fact, that the place, with all it contains, is in hourly danger of destruction. Already huge blocks of stone, which have rolled violently down from the steep sides of the mountain, are seen close to the houses, under the trees, and in the midst of the fields. Looking upward, an enormous mass, sufficient to entomb a large city, topples over the village, and is so nearly disengaged from the rest of the mountain, that it is by no

means improbable that before these pages meet the public eye, Felsberg will have been crushed under its overwhelming fall!

Various efforts have from time to time been made to postpone the catastrophe; but now competent engineers have decided that further efforts are of no avail. The most threatening part of the mountain has separated itself from the rest, and inclines fearfully forward over Felsberg. The chasm thus formed has been intersected with horizontal props and girders, so that the one side may be made to support the other. But other chasms are constantly opening, in consequence of the incessant disintegration that is going on. The largest of these is already almost a thousand feet deep and ten feet broad. The inhabitants, who for ten years have resisted all sense of fear from the dangers with which they have been threatened, are now at length, by the persuasions of their minister, disposed to remove from the doomed village.

But, alas! now that they are brought to this point, it is found that they have nowhere to go to. The district immediately adjacent offered an asylum; but one spot had no water, whilst another was constantly subject to the inundations of the Rhine. In this dilemma, the people of Felsberg supplicated the neighbouring communities to grant them shelter. Ems was willing to receive them, but on a condition which could not be complied with. Ems is a Catholic city, the people of Felsberg are Protestants, and the former would only shelter them on condition of their becoming Roman Catholics. Coire, where they afterwards applied, was more tolerant; but social and political difficulties, of too complicated a nature to be explained here, prevented that negotiation from succeeding. Finally, however, after numerous discussions, a suitable locality has been found; but the obstacle which prevents the unfortunate people from taking possession of it, is no less formidable than those they were unable to surmount. To obtain the desired spot, and to construct upon it a new village, the Felsbergians require money. They are poor; and if public sympathy does not step in with sufficient force and promptitude to provide the necessary funds, they will be constrained to remain where they are till the rock sink them out of the reach of further help. Should this happen, the affluent throughout all Europe will be forever disgraced. Although in every nation cases of home-distress demand our first attention, yet after those are relieved, surely there will be some to spare to rescue a whole community in a foreign land from destruction. The people of the Grisons have already made noble sacrifices to aid their endangered neighbours, but out of their poverty enough could not be expected to effect the desired object. The government of the district has addressed circular letters to the authorities of the twenty-one cantons, in the hope of moving their pity and obtaining their aid. In Germany, concerts have been given, the proceeds of which have been forwarded to the Felsberg fund; and in Paris a subscription has been opened at the office of the Swiss legation.* Should any of our readers be inclined to swell the subscriptions, we have no doubt that the Swiss agent and consul-general in London will not object to receive them.

THE RAILWAY MANIA.

The history of railways, with steam as a locomotive, supplies some interesting views respecting human nature. The reduction of friction attainable by such a mechanically-arranged ground for carriages, was proved upwards of two centuries ago. Men had it as clearly presented to their eyes, in common wagon railroads, throughout the whole of the last century, and during the first thirty years of this, as it is at the present moment. Here was one great element of the case which ought, one would think, to have been held as settled. Then, as to the possibility of driving a carriage by steam power, which is the other element, it was equally

* *The Weather and Crops*, p. 264.

† See his life, p. 201.

* *Buc de Tivoli*, No. 2.

settled at least fifty-six years ago; for Symington was then driving a steam-carriage every day for a whole summer or more along the roads in the high country forming the upper parts of the counties of Lanark and Dumfries. Trevithick and Vivian exhibited a similar carriage in 1802; and the idea was kept awake by other experimenters down to a recent period. Steam locomotion on this plan—that is, on common roads—was a failure; but this is nothing to the purpose; for the possibility of impelling a carriage by steam was proved, which is all we are concerned about. Here, then, were the two elements of the present railway system set before mankind, in a manner which did not admit of a single well-grounded doubt, many years ago; and yet, as we all know, the knowledge was not taken advantage of. The idea had not entered the public mind, and any one who had expressed a belief that steam locomotion upon railways was practicable, and contained the germ of vast improvements for the world, would have been regarded as a dreamer. Even when the practicability had at length been subjected to full and satisfactory experiment upon the Liverpool and Manchester railway in 1825, the bulk of the public remained in a state of mind which was the same as non-conviction. Three years elapsed before a bill for any longer railway was introduced into parliament. The acts for the Birmingham and Manchester, and the Grand Junction, were only then obtained. So late as 1840, the Great Western and the South-Eastern were only in progress. Great land-proprietors at that time resisted them with the most determined hostility, as a thing half-nuisance half-convenience, designed only for the benefit of the manufacturing interest. All this, we hold, shows that the mind does not instantaneously receive proof as preclusive of further doubt. If the subject be new and startling, and still more so, if any interest or prejudice be disturbed by it, the clearest demonstration on earth is of no avail. At the best, a few persons of unusual liberality will, if strongly pressed, make a few slight admissions. If the evidence show, for instance, a speed of thirty miles an hour, they will admit fifteen—but no more. Another set, more cautious, but still unable altogether to resist the pressure of evidence, will—after taking great care to distinguish themselves from the crazy men who admit fifteen miles—yield a strongly qualified assent to ten. Truth is continually and everywhere made the subject of chaffering admissions of this kind; and the good name of her advocates is often, on a like principle, defended, or their assumed faults extenuated, where only honour ought to be rendered. Finally, what do we see?—an excitement arise on the subject of railways, and hundreds of millions ventured without thought or consideration, where formerly, with equal evidence on the general question before them, the public would not have laid out ten! Reason dead, in the first place, to clear, incontestable proof—afterwards, passion or frenzy doing ten times the work that reason could justify! After all this, is man a rational animal? Is he not rather passion's slave, and, to this day, a child?

FOOD OF THE IRISH POOR.

'I asked one man—a cobbler—who spoke English, to show me into one or two of the cottages near. I entered that of Nelly Gallagher; she pays 30s. rent for one "cow's grass." She was preparing her dinner of potatoes, and—what think you?—sea-weed. They gather, I was told by some twenty of them (and saw them using it), a kind of sea-weed called "dillisk," which they dry, and boil as "kitchen" with their potatoes. It boils down to a kind of gluten with the potatoes, and salt in it, they say, makes the potatoes more palatable. In winter they gather the common sea-weed which grows on the rocks, and which they call "dhoolaman" in Irish; and cutting off the thin leaves at the extremities of the weed, boil these, when they cannot get "dillisk," which is a better kind of sea-weed.—*The Times' Commissioner.* [Sea-weed has vulgarly a bad reputation. Horace speaks of it as if there could be nothing viler. But that

many of the numberless *algæ* are esculent, there cannot be the slightest doubt. This very dillisk or *dulse* has been sold by women in the streets of Edinburgh, as a popular delicacy, 'since beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant'; carageen, or Irish moss, is a delicacy even among the rich; and, as may be seen by referring to an article on the *Algæ* in the present volume, p. 181, many of them are held in equal repute in other countries. Our mentioning these circumstances is not designed to check the feeling of commiseration due to the depressed condition of the unfortunate Irish, but to moderate the assumed importance of dillisk-eating as a proof of it. The 'well-off' have no conception of the ways of the poor, and often that appears an evil to the one party which the other regards as a comfort.]

GILFILLAN'S GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS.*

This is a book which will be extensively reviewed, but little read. It wants applicability to the common mind. The author—a preacher, we understand, amongst the old dissenters of Scotland—has sought to convey his impressions respecting a limited set—his own favourites—of the modern literary men of England. The principal are Goldwin, Hazlitt, Hall, Chalmers, Carlyle, Coleridge, De Quincey, Professor Wilson, Landor, Wordsworth, Shelley. The manner of the work is bold, ardent, and diffuse, like the style of a high-flown pulpit orator: often it enshrines beautiful and generous thoughts; but the judgment of the sober mind at the close is unfavourable, from a lingering sense that such is not the way in which Truth speaks, except when she is sore stung indeed, or, like Brutus, has to veil her dicta under a seeming madness. We shall enable the reader to judge from a few specimens.

Here is one from the article on Ebenezer Elliott. 'We have sometimes wondered that the forge has not sooner sent forth its poetical representative. It is undoubtedly one of the most imaginative of the objects of artificial life, especially when standing solitary, and on the edge of a dark wood. How bow a man of genius describes it:—"As I rode through the Schwarzald, I said to myself, That little fire, which glows across the dark-growing moor, where the sooty smith bends over the anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe, is it a detached separated speck, cut off from the whole universe, or indissolubly united to the whole? Thou fool! that smithy fire was primarily kindled at the sun; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's Deluge; from beyond the dog-star—therein, with iron force, and coal force, and the far stronger force of man, are battles and victories of force brought about. It is a little ganglion or nervous centre in the great system of immensity. Call it, if thou wilt, an unconscious altar, kindled on the bosom of the All, whose iron smoke and influence reach quite through the All—whose dingy priest, not by word, but by brain and sinew, preaches forth the mystery of Force." A smith, surrounded by an atmosphere of sparkles—sending out that thick thunder which Schiller seems to have loved above all other music—presiding at the wild wedlock of iron and flame, and baptising the progeny of the terrible Hymen in the hissing trough—so independent in his lonely stithy—lord of his hammer and his strong right arm—carrying back your imagination to the days when the hammer of Tubal-Cain awoke the virgin echoes of the antediluvian world, and made him a mythic one, by first bending the stiff neck of the iron and the brass—or to the bowels of *Ætna* and *Vulcan*—or to the groves and lucid streams of *Damascus*—or to Spain, and the Ebro, and Andrew Ferrara—while, perhaps, sweeps before the mind's eye a procession of the instruments of death, from the first shapeless mass of iron, fitted to the giant-hand of a son of Cain, down through the Grecian javelin, the Roman spear, the Persian scimitar, the

* A Gallery of Literary Portraits, by George Gilfillan. Taik, Edinburgh. 1845.

Saracen blade, bright and sharp as the crescent-moon, the great two-handed sword of the middle ages, the bayonet, which bored a passage for the armies of Turenne, the pike, the battle-axe, the claymore of Caledonia: thus does imagination pile up a pedestal, on which the smith, and his dusky visage, and his uplifted hammer, and his patient anvil, look absolutely ideal; and the wonder is excited why till of late no "message from the forge" has been conveyed to the ears of men beyond its own incessant and victorious sound. And yet the forge had wrought and raved for ages, and amid all its fiery products, reared no poet till it was said, "Let Ebenezer Elliott be." In answer to all this, it is irresistible to say that the simple reason why the forge has sent forth no great poetical voice to justify this account of its poetical character, is, that the character is wrong—wrong from beginning to end, a mere effusion of conceits; and, there being no cause in operation, there is of course no effect. The very confession of the non-effect is presumption overpowering against the truth of the supposed cause; and the writer should have seen this, and stayed his hand. The fact, in its unpretending simplicity, is, that a man of genius, called Ebenezer Elliott, has happened to be reared as an iron-monger, and wrote poetry because it was in the natural constitution of his mind to do so; or, if external causes operated upon him in stimulating in any degree the native inspiration, they were not of a professional character at all, but rather arose from the political circumstances of his country. There may be nothing here that is striking or exciting; let, then, nothing be said upon the subject. What good is to be got by anything untrue?

The exclusive regard of the author for what is merely impressive in style, and his possession of no true standard whereby to judge of the real merits of the great writers, is shown in numberless places. Of Foster, for example, he says, 'He had as distinct a faculty for seeing everything through his own medium, as any writer of his day. Weq; the medium dim, or partly-coloured, as it sometimes was, or were it vivid and lustrous, it was always his own. Authors, characters, books, the face of nature, were all seen and shown by him in a new, strange, and striking light. "He read the universe, not by sunlight, nor starlight, nor moonlight, but just by the fairy lustre round his own head." His thought had a stamp about it altogether his own. With no air of affected singularity, with no desperate efforts at solving the inscrutable and sounding the fathomless, with little metaphysical verbiage, and with few carefully-wrapped-up commonplaces, his train of thinking ever sought the profound as its natural element. A necessity was laid upon his mind not to think shallowly, or like other men. And even when he did bring up half truths, or whole errors, like sea-weed instead of coral, there was something in its very worthlessness which spoke of the depths, and betrayed the vigour and wind of the diver.' Here the mere peculiarity of Foster, as a medium of thought and expression, is appreciated; not a word of anxiety about the justness or the truth of thought, or the moral result, as apart from that medium. And this preference and this indifference are habitual. Mr Gilfillan is indeed about the most pure worshipper of intellect and intellectual impulse that we have any recollection of.

The book will nevertheless be a favourite with many, though not the many. It is full of rich poetical expression, and presents many masses of magnificent imagery. One description, standing almost solitary in the critical musings, strikes us as eminently fine: it refers to a glen in Perthshire, where Hogg lays the scene of his 'Kilmenny.' 'This ballad,' says Mr Gilfillan, 'we love, like all the world, for its sweetness and spirituality; a sweetness more unearthly, a spirituality more intense, than are to be found anywhere else in the language of men, save (at a vast distance of superiority) in the songs of Ariel in the "Tempest." We love it, too, because we know well, and from infancy have known, the glen up which went alone the maid in the "pride of her purity."

It lies along a deep green valley, sunk in between two high chains of hills—those of Abruichill and Dundurn—lifting their "giant-snooted" crags on the south, and on the north the hills of Crappich and Cluan, piled up like leaning Titans. This valley has evidently been once a part of Loch Earn. It is level, but sprinkled with little wooded eminences, once no doubt islets, and toward its western end rises a remarkable hill, called the hill of St Fillans, strangely contrasting with the black and heathery mountains which tower above it. It is green, round-headed, grassy, like a young Ochil which had been flung down among the gloomy Grampians. At the foot of the northern bulwark of the valley lies Dunira, alluded to in the poem ("It was na to meet wi' Dunira's men"), a place where the utmost refinement of art, in the form of a whitewashed mansion, rich lawns, "shaven by the scythe, and smoothed by the roller," fine shrubbery and elegant garden, is brought into contact, contrast, yet harmony, with the utmost wildness and grandeur of nature—a bare knotted hill, before, and behind it a mountain, wooded almost to the summit, like some awful countenance veiled, but speaking in the tongues of a hundred waterfalls, which you hear, but see not, dashing, leaping, and murmuring down their downright and headlong course till reaching the plain; and, as if in deference to the inmates of the dwelling, they hush their voices, and become "stillest streams watering fairest meadows." To the west of this lovely place lies the blue sheet of Loch Earn, back from which retires Benvoirlich, like a monarch, almost unseen by the lake, yet owns its away.

We have seen this scene from the summit of Dundurn and the side of Melville's monument, which stands upon it: seen it at all hours, in all circumstances, and in all seasons—in the clear morning, while the smoke of a thousand cottages was seen rising through the dewy air, and when the mountains seemed not thoroughly awakened from their night's repose—in the garish noon-day, when the feeling of mystery was removed by the open clearness, but that of majesty in form and outline remained—in the afternoon, with its sunbeams streaking huge shadows, and writing characters of fire upon all the hills—in the golden evening, when the sun was going down over Benmore in blood—in the dim evening, to us dearer still, when a faint rich mist was steeping all the landscape in religious hues—in the waste night, while the moon was rising red in the north-east, like a beacon, or a torch uplifted by some giant hand—under the breezes and bashful green of spring—in the laughing luxuriance of summer—under the yellow shade of autumn—at the close of autumn, when the woods were red and the stubble sovereign of the fields—and again, when hill, valley, and wood were spotted with snow, have seen it in a hush so profound, that you might have imagined nature listening for some mysterious tidings, and hardly dared to breathe—and in the cloudy and dark day, while the thunder was shaking the column, and the lightning painting the landscape. And gazing at it, whether in glimmer or in gloom, have we sometimes fancied that we saw that fearless form "gacing" up through the plains of Dalwhinnie and the fairy plantations of Dunira,

"To pu' the cross-flower round the spring,
The scarlet hyp and the hyndberry,
And the nut that hang frae the hazel tree;
For Kilmenny was pure as pure could be."

And when gloaming especially had poured her dim divine lustre over the dark hills and white castle of Abruichill, and allowed the last lingering ray of sunshine to rest on the crest of Benvoirlich, and hushed the streams of Glenlednick behind, and drawn a dewy veil over the plain of Dalginross before, and softened the call of the Cauldron in the glen below, and suffused over all the landscape of earth and heaven a sense unutterable of peace, and introduced into the scene, as a last glorious touch, the moon, to enhance the sense of solemnity, and to deepen the feeling of repose, have we, reclining on the hill, and seeing the stars coming out

above the silent column, thought of the "eve in a sinless world," when,

"In ecstasy of sweet devotion;
Oh then the glen was all in motion"

and owned the power of the "consecration," and felt the might of the "poet's dream."

There are also many passages of rich and just criticism; as the following on Campbell (written while the poet was yet among the living), which seems to us unsurpassably correct:—"Campbell's great power is enthusiasm—subdued. His tempest moves on gracefully, and as to the sound of music. His muse keeps the step at the same time that she shakes the wilderness. You see him arranging the dishevelled and streaming hair, smoothing the furrowed forehead, compressing the full and thrilling lips of inspiration. He can arrest the fury of his turbulent vein by stretching forth the calm hand of taste, as an escaped lunatic is abated in a moment by the whisper of his keeper, or by his more terrible tap of quiet imperious command. There is a perpetual alternation going on in his mind. He is this moment possessed by his imagination; the next, he masters and tames it, to walk meekly in the harness of his purpose; or, to use his own fine image, while his genius is flaming above, his taste below, "like the dial's silent power,"

Measures inspiration's hour,
And tells its height in heaven.

He is inferior thus to the very first class of poets, whose taste and art are unconscious. His are at once conscious to himself, and visible to others. Their works, like nature's, arrange themselves into elegance and order, amid their impetuous and ecstatic motion; their apparent extravagances obey a law of their own, and create a taste for their appreciation; their hair, shed on the whirlwind, falls abroad, through its own divine instinct, in lines of waving beauty; their flashing eye enriches the day; their wild, uncontrollable step, "brings from the dust the sound of liberty." But if Campbell be too measured, and timid, and self-watchful, to appertain to those demi-urges of poetry, he is far less to be classed with the imitative and the cold—the schools of Boileau and Pope. He not only belongs to no school, but in short deep gushes of genuine genius—in single thoughts, where you do not know whether more to admire the felicity of the conception, or the delicate and tremulous finish of the expression—in drops of spirit-stirring or melting song—and in a general manliness and chastity of manner, Campbell is perhaps the finest artist living. His mind has the refinement of the female intellect, added to the energy of the classic man. His taste is not of the Gothic order, neither is it of the Roman; it is that of a Greek, neither grotesque nor finically fastidious. His imagery is select, not abundant: out of a multitude of figures which throng on his mind, he has the resolution to choose only the one which, by pre-established harmony, seems destined to enshrine the idea. His sentiment is sweet, without being mawkish, and *recherché*, without being affected. Here, indeed, is Campbell's fine distinction. He never becomes metaphysical in discriminating the various shades, nor morbid in painting the darker moods of sentiment. He preserves continually the line of demarcation between sentiment and passion. With the latter, in its turbulence, its selfish engrossment, the unvaried but gorgeous colouring which it flings across all objects—the flames of speech which break out from its white lips, he rarely meddles. But of that quieter and nobler feeling which may be called, from its stillness, its subdued tone, its whispered accents, its shade of pensiveness, the moonshine of the mind, he is pre-eminently the poet. His lines on "Revisiting a Scene in Argyleshire," and those on "Leaving a Scene in Bavaria," are the perfection of this species of poetry. They are meditations, imbued at once with all the tenderness of moonshine, and all the strength of sunshine. Manly is his melancholy, and even his sigh proclaims the breadth and depth of the chest from which it is upheaved.

Mr Gilfillan delights in quaint views of things, but there is often sense in what he pens in that strain; for example, the following from the paper on Charles Lamb:—"It is a singular circumstance, in the present day, that the commercial and the literary character have, in certain instances, been blended, without destroying each other. Literature, in our strange era, has entered the counting-room. Wit, of the rarest grain, has assisted in unpacking bales of goods. Genius, of the true and sovereign seed, has seated itself upon the tall three-legged stool, and worn a quill, instead of laurel, behind its "trembling ears." The genius, thus enthroned, has not, to be sure, been of the most romantic or ethereal order. The idea is ridiculous of a clerk now with fire and fury enditing a mystery, and now taking in a consignment of muslin; dropping the pen, which had been dashing down the terrible syllables of a Walpurgis night, to make out an invoice of yarns. With all reverence for trade, in its various departments, we cannot believe it possible for a Goethe or a Schiller, a Byron or a Shelley, a Coleridge or a Wilson, to have been bred in a warehouse. Had they not been "wild and woodland rovers," known, through broad lands, to "every star and every wind that blows," with foot free to tread, as it listed, the deck or the heather, the soft sod or the incrustated lava, the sand or the snow; and, with faces imbrowned by the sunbeams which had smote them by day, and spiritualised by the starry eyes which had shot down influence upon them by night, they could not have been what, to the honour of their species and the glory of the universe, they have become. Only conceive Goethe, with that lofty forehead and stately form, bending over a ledger; or the wizard Coleridge, with those dreamy eyes, deep in calculation of the price of stocks. And yet Charles Lamb, Coleridge's dear friend, thus spent the greater portion of his life. But then Charles Lamb, though as true a genius as any of those we have named, was a genius of quite a different and inferior order. And we know not how much greater he might have become, had he received a diverse training, and instead of being the slave of a counting-room, had been free of that city, the builder and maker of which is God. There cannot, we think, be a doubt that commonplace duties may be compatible with much devotion to literary pursuits, and to a literary power calculated to be of some importance to mankind, but not with the highest powers and their highest exercise.

We have spoken of Mr Gilfillan with freedom, and feel sure that he will like us the better for it. There is enough of him, after many parings, to make a good writer; but it will be infinite pity if such a mind continues a mere votary of intellectual excitement, and, from want of inner or outer light, fails to get upon some of the great tracks of truth and goodness which lead to the palpable benefit of humanity.

A PLEA FOR VEGETABLE DIET.

MANY speculations have been made regarding the original and natural food of man, and of late a pretty large octavo volume has been published on the subject.* The ingenious author of this volume, himself a vegetable feeder, argues for an exclusive vegetable diet. The structure of the teeth in all the vertebrated animals affords a sure index of their kind of diet. Thus all the flesh-feeders have sharp-pointed teeth, both before and in the back part of the jaw; while the herbivorous orders have the grinders flattened and rounded. In man, the teeth form an uninterrupted series: they are all nearly of equal length, and placed close to each other, and occupy the whole jaw—a character by which man is distinguished from all existing animals. His canine teeth, which have been said to indicate his carnivorous tendency, are less prominent

* Fruits and Farinacea the Proper Food of Man. By John Smith London.

than in animals admitted to be exclusively graminivorous—as the horse, camel, or stag. His bicuspidæ, or first grinders, have two prominences instead of one, as in the carnivora. His grinders bear a close resemblance to those of the monkey tribe, but differ from the rest of the herbivora in the arrangement of the enamel. In the flesh-feeding animals, the inferior molars fall inside the upper, so as to tear the flesh; and the jaws have but one motion upwards and downwards. In man and the herbivora, the upper and lower teeth meet exactly; and the jaw has a rotatory motion, so as to grind the food. On the whole, the digestive organs of man bear a closer similarity to those of the monkey tribe than to any other family; though the teeth of the orang-outang, which lives on fruits and farinaceous mts, have a more carnivorous character than those of the human species. We must also bear in mind that man, even in his rudest state, is a cooking animal, and has various means of preparing his food before he comes to masticate it; and thus the true carnivorous teeth, even supposing that flesh were his natural food, would be to him unnecessary. If we appeal to long experience, however, it appears evident that man may be either a flesh-feeding animal, a vegetable-feeding, or both, as circumstances may happen. There can be no doubt that the great mass of mankind on the earth's surface are, in reality, very nearly exclusively vegetable eaters. Yet there are some tribes, as the Esquimaux, that live entirely on animal food; and many nations of hunters that partake of little else than the flesh of animals killed in the chase. The American travellers, Lewis and Clarke, spent upwards of two years among the natives of the far west; and during the greater part of this period, lived exclusively on animal food, without even salt. They enjoyed excellent health; and on returning to civilised life, they gave up their hunter's fare with some degree of reluctance. Certain carnivorous animals may also, in time, be brought to live on grain; and herbivorous quadrupeds have no objections to eat fish, or even flesh, when they can obtain such fare. Such is the effect of habit on the animal system.

As recent discoveries in chemistry have shown that vegetables contain the same elements as flesh, we need not be surprised that man may live and thrive on a diet almost or altogether vegetable. The same gluten, albumen, fibrin, and oily matters that exist in a beefsteak or mutton-chop, are also found in our esculent vegetables; the difference only amounting to a peculiarity of taste, or a slight diversity in the arrangement of particles. The starch and sugar of the farinacea are soon manufactured by the digestive apparatus into oil, and the albumen into animal muscle. Experience proves that a vegetable diet is lighter, and less liable to bring on diseases, than one in which animal food largely prevails. It is affirmed to be equally nutritious, and equally capable of sustaining the strength even of the hardest labouring men. We have undoubted evidences of this in the robust Irishman, fed on potatoes; and the hardy Scottish peasant, who rarely indulges in a flesh diet. From a very early period, the philosophers of Greece advocated, and even practised, an exclusively vegetable diet, as being more conducive to clearness of intellect and mental activity. The Pythagorean sages inculcated the same; hence the prevalence of the rice diet over the vast and densely-peopled regions of Asia. It is related that Newton, while writing his great work on optics, lived entirely without animal food; while Descartes, Haller, Hufeland, Howard the philanthropist, Byron, Shelley, and a host of other men of genius, were the advocates of a vegetable diet. The tendency of a full diet of animal food to bring on various complaints—such as gout, scurvy, liver disease, and calculous disorders—is not more clearly ascertained than that a contrary regimen of vegetable food is decidedly efficacious in their cure. To children too, a farinaceous, combined with a milk diet, is found by universal experience to be that which is least exciting, and most conducive to their health and full development. It is also affirmed that a

vegetable diet is favourable to longevity. Among the Norwegian, Russian, and Scottish peasantry, who lead a simple life, and live on simple fare, there are more instances of extreme old age than among many other more luxurious nations.

It is worth while to show upon how moderate an allowance of food human life may be comfortably supported. In the year 1840, some experiments were instituted in the Glasgow prison on the diet of a selected number of the inmates. Ten persons were fed for two months on the following fare: to breakfast, each had eight ounces of oatmeal made into porridge, with a pint of butter-milk; to dinner, three pounds boiled potatoes, with salt; to supper, five ounces of oatmeal porridge, with one half-pint of butter-milk. At the end of two months they were all in good health; each person had gained four pounds in weight; and they liked the diet, the cost of which, including cookery, was twopence three farthings per day. Other ten young men were fed for the same period solely on boiled potatoes and salt; each had two pounds for breakfast, three pounds to dinner, and one pound to supper. They gained three and a-half pounds each; and they declared that they preferred this fare to the ordinary diet of the prison. Twenty others were fed on the same allowance of porridge and milk for breakfast and supper as the first ten; but to dinner they had soup, containing two pounds of potatoes to each, and a quarter of a pound of meat. At the end of two months they had lost each in weight one and a quarter pounds; and they all disliked this dinner: the expense of each daily was threepence seven-eighths. Twenty others had the same breakfast and supper, with one pound of potatoes to dinner, and half a pound of meat. They preserved good health, but rather decreased in weight, and preferred the ordinary diet of the prison. The expense was fourpence seven-eighths each. In these cases, perhaps the previous habits and tastes of the prisoners had some influence; yet it appears evident that the six pounds of potatoes daily was a more nutritious diet than the smaller quantities of soup or animal food. If variety of dishes be desired, there is certainly a wider range in the vegetable department even than in the animal. Rice, sago, peas, beans, carrot, turnip, are all at hand to ring the changes upon. An excellent and nourishing soup may be made of a pound of pease-meal, a carrot or two, and a turnip; and jellies and blancmanges, of as beautiful an aspect, and of a much easier digestion, are as prearrable for the dessert as those from animal products.

We have known persons who, from a peculiarity of constitution, or perhaps rather from a vagary of taste, have lived entirely without the use of animal food; and these were certainly not deficient either in physical or mental powers. A writer in the Dublin Journal of Medicine thus gives his own case:—When about four years of age, having been much bantered by some friends for petting lambs and rabbits, and afterwards eating the flesh of such animals, in a fit of childish indignation he declared he would never again eat flesh. This resolution was adhered to; and his parents, who were not very much impressed with the necessity of animal food, and who believed that the whim would soon wear off, did not interfere. For the last twenty-one years he has entirely abstained from eating anything that ever had life, as well as from eggs and cheese; whilst he never partook of even one glass of wine, spirits, or any intoxicating liquor; nor does he make use of tea or coffee. His health has been invariably good; and at school and college he was possessed of more activity and strength than any of his associates of the same age, whilst he exceeded all in endurance. Though sedentary habits must have prevented the full development of his muscular powers, he has on more than one occasion walked sixty English miles in one day, without any other inconvenience than blistered feet. His average weight has continued much the same for the last seven years; but increases half a

stone during summer, and diminishes in the same ratio in winter. To abridge the number of our wants is to increase our happiness and independence; and the writer affirms that he derives as high gratification, or at least as high as he would wish to derive, from satisfying his appetite with fruits and farinacea, as can be afforded by the 'gory banquets' of others; whilst he is at least free from those after-consequences which he hears so often complained of by his friends. Several other similar cases are mentioned by this writer, and among others that of a cousin of his own, who came to reside with him when seven years of age, and who was led, from motives of attachment, to adopt his Pythagorean habits, in which he persevered for above fifteen years, and was at last induced to become carnivorous only by the painful sense of peculiarity which he experienced on mingling with society.

[We would be understood as only sanctioning the principles advocated in this paper to a certain extent. We are of opinion that a larger proportion of vegetable food might advantageously be introduced into the diet of the middle and higher classes in this country; but we have no faith in an exclusively vegetable aliment, which, we understand, often has a detrimental effect on the excretions, rendering them unusually offensive, and also on the intellectual operations, which it tends to weaken. One fact seems to tell strongly against all attempts to make out man naturally a vegetable feeder, that for the first few months of his existence, while nursing, he is exclusively supported by animal food.—Ed.]

CRIME IN NORTH LANCASHIRE.

A report, just published, of the Preston House of Correction for the past year, discloses the pleasing fact, that in North Lancashire, as well as elsewhere, there has lately been a sensible diminution of crime. There has likewise been a change, to a certain extent, in a chief cause of commitment. Some time ago it was poverty; now it is intemperance. It is made apparent that in hard times *distress*, with its accompanying idleness, is a prevailing cause of criminality; whereas in good times, when employment is abundant, and wages high, a principal cause is *drunkenness*. Idleness among the working-classes generally seems to produce wide-spread demoralisation; for, having few amusements of a harmless kind, and little inclination to pass the time in mental improvement, they easily lapse into vices which bring them within the scope of the criminal law. Regular employment, on the other hand, is the safeguard of virtue, and but for the many temptations of the public-house, the working-classes, when occupied in their ordinary labours, would present a model of good behaviour.

Mr Clay, the writer of the report before us, speaks most emphatically on this melancholy subject. 'Persons,' says he, 'who in hard times could resist every temptation arising from poverty, give way before the temptations which return with high wages; and liquor, which the labourer has been trained to regard as his greatest source of enjoyment, leads him into acts which nothing could have driven him to when sober. It will be remembered that the country had suffered more and more from a depression in trade for some years, until, in the winter of 1842-3, that depression was at its lowest point. The following summer, however, brought a beneficial change; and since then, commercial life has been restored to unusual activity. But as some disorders of the body are aggravated by a full habit, so the moral malady of drunkenness has been encouraged by the commercial plethora. The following extracts from my journal illustrate what I am so anxious to impress:—

'1. I. W., aged thirty, committed for one month as drunken and disorderly. His appearance and manner bespeak the comparatively respectable and intelligent mechanic, who, for the first time in his life, has been led by intoxication into further offence. He is one of the numerous class who maintain themselves easily and honestly without devoting any time or thought to religion.

'2. R. R., sentenced to transportation at the last s. s. s. said, "It's all drink from one end to the other. Just before I came here I was earning 40s. a-week (I have got as much as L.4). I have three fine boys of ten, fourteen, and sixteen years old; and a few weeks ago I was as happy a man as there was in England. I was secretary to the Temperance Society at —. I went to buy a book to teach my boys arithmetic; but I never gave them a single lesson; for I

met an acquaintance who persuaded me to have some ginger-beer. They put rum in it, unknown to me, and I became intoxicated. I recovered from this, however; but in a short time afterwards I was waylaid by — and —. They persuaded me to drink with them; and I never stopped until I committed the offence for which I am to be transported."

'3. An old man of sixty-nine, with silvery hair, says, "I have had both my legs broken through intoxication: I once rented a farm with twenty head of cattle and a team of horses. My wife died sixteen years ago, and then I got into low company, and began to drink. I have four good children, who have all turned their backs upon me; but they would very gladly take to me again if I would give up drink."

'4. J. P., aged twenty-four, under sentence for felony; a shoemaker—"I have been ruined by drink: I have been twice imprisoned through it. I was teetotal for twelve months; and after maintaining myself comfortably, I had L.15 in my pocket; but I was tempted to break out, and in less than a month I spent everything—my watch and all my clothes. I have to confess to you—and it staves me in the face still—that I can't be easy till I have told you—that I have often worked on Sunday, and then drunk from Monday until Thursday."

'5. J. W., aged twenty-six, convicted of felony—"If I can only do without drink—and I am sure I can—I shall be a different man. I did try once for thirty-two weeks, and was never so well nor so happy in my life. . . . It is through drink I came here; but if anybody had told me six weeks ago that it was possible I could be sent to prison, nothing could have made me believe it."

'6. A young man, aged twenty-five, committed on a charge of felony arising from intoxication, had been earning 8s. per day for some weeks in Liverpool—"I left that place to come home to be married; but I got on the spree, and lighted on this misfortune. I was once teetotal for three months, and saved L.15 in that time; but before now I have spent as much in one week's drinking."

'7. J. H., committed for felony. One of his children having died, he received L.2, 10s. from the Burial Club. He expended 18s. in clothing for himself and his wife, and the funeral dues and expenses were 14s. 2d. The balance, 17s. 10d., was squandered on liquor, under the influence of which he committed the felony with which he stands charged. His earnings are 18s. per week; he had never been before a magistrate on any former occasion, and bore as good a character as the working-men around him.

'8. J. H., a convict, aged sixty-nine, who has for many years tenanted a small farm of twenty acres, and whose family are only weavers, has been reckoning, while in his cell, that, since his twenty-first year, he has spent in liquor about L.650.

'9. J. M'C., a tailor, thirty-two years old, just able to read—"belongs to no religion," and (happily) is unmarried. When he chooses to work, he can earn 30s. weekly; yet was committed for begging, after having been "on the spree" for three or four days. He admits that, when in work, he spends in drink 12s. or 10s. a-week, and had not saved a sixpence; the "trade" is bound to support him when out of work, &c.

'10. J. P., "Before I married I was an overlooker of power-looms, and earned 30s. a-week regularly for five years together. All that time I never spent less than 20s. a-week in drinking, and treating others to drink. When I married I had not saved a sixpence."

"These extracts," continues the reporter, "give mere examples of the various circumstances connected with the ruinous vice under consideration. Already inclined to it, an otherwise industrious artisan or labourer has additional temptation set before him by the ease with which he can earn the means for his demoralising enjoyment. Another gives way before the wicked determination of his associates to overcome his resolution to refrain. A third is encouraged in his excess by the (to him) highly satisfactory conviction that he may spend the whole of his wages in drink, and then fall back for support upon the funds of his trade. A fourth, coming into possession of what to him is a large sum, intended for a very different purpose, spends great part of it in drink, and turns a season of sorrow into an occasion for vicious dissipation. And—most to be wondered at and lamented—a fifth, as the reward of his activity and exertion in his honest calling, has the cup of poison held out to him by—his employer! by one who, although bound to promote the moral welfare of those who labour for him—and with abundant means of doing so—neverthe-

less panders to their besetting sin, and puts them on the path to shame and punishment. Our social and religious progress will be much quickened when employers become more alive to their responsibilities in relation to the morale of those whose skill and labour they hire. That the practice of excessive drinking diminishes or increases with the fall and rise of employment and wages is, I think, almost demonstrated by the 18th table, which clearly shows that when (in 1842-3) the operative was suffering most severely from want of employment, intoxication, as a cause of crime, was, compared to other causes, less than 17 per cent.; while now that labour and skill are in the greatest demand, and wages are unusually high, the criminality attributable to this debasing propensity has swollen to 41 per cent.!

With regard to the loss entailed on the community from causes of this nature, the reporter enters into the following calculations:—'Four hundred and fifty drunkards were committed to the Preston House of Correction in the last year; each of these, at a low estimate, spends 5s. weekly in liquor. To this add the loss of wages during imprisonment (average of the former 15s., and of the latter six weeks), and the cost of prosecuting 125 felons at L.8 each, and of hearing 325 minor offences at L.1 each. Twenty-five drunkards were transported last year at an expense of between L.70 and L.80 each. Six weeks' maintenance in prison for 450 prisoners (excluding interest of money sunk in buildings, &c.) may be taken at L.1650. The proportion of the annual charge for county and borough police appertaining to these 450 prisoners, may be considered L.2500; and the cost to the Union for destitute families about L.300 or L.400. When all these items are taken into account (and there are more which might be included), the aggregate cost to the community, for one year only, and of those drunkards only who have been brought into prison, will be found to exceed sixteen thousand pounds—a sum four times as great as the last year's cost of maintaining this house of correction. But though we may calculate the money-charge entailed by drinking, we cannot reckon up the whole moral cost of it; the idleness and blasphemy, the fraud and violence, the ruin of family peace, the neglect and corruption and brutalising of children. We are astonished at the apathy with which the people of the East regard the visitations of the plague, while we look with composure on the ravages of this ever-present pestilence at home.'

THE WANT OF SKILFUL AND EARNEST OPERATIVES.

Every architect in practice has cause to complain of the want of skilful and earnest operatives—men who understand the trade they profess to practise, find pleasure in the exercise of it, and are anxious to produce good work. We have before this commented on the decline apparent in many of the constructive arts, and showed that it proceeds from excessive competition, which induces the master to require a certain quantity of work from a man, without reference to its quality. He cannot afford to develop a man's ability, but demands the greatest amount of work in the smallest space of time. 'Superior work won't do; work that will pass is all that he can hope to give;' and the natural result is, that our workmen, as a body, have gradually 'lost their cunning,' and that the majority of operatives now employed are incapable of executing work which is at all out of the common way. Our bricklayers and smiths afford the most striking examples of this decline; the old enthusiasm which still lingers, though feebly, amongst other trades, especially with the masons, seems to have departed from them: they do their work as mere labourers, and have no pride in the result. There are of course many clever exceptions, but we speak of the mass.—*The Builder.*

AIR CHURN.

The bishop of Derry has invented an atmospheric churn. Instead of the present unscientific mode of making butter by churning, his lordship accomplishes this measure by the simpler manner of forcing a full current of atmospheric air through the cream, by means of an exceedingly well-devised forcing-pump. The air passes through a glass tube connected with the air-pump, descending nearly to the bottom of the churn. The churn is of tin, and it fits into another tin cylinder provided with a funnel and stopcock, so as to heat the cream to the necessary temperature. The pump is worked by means of a winch, which is not so laborious as the usual churn. Independently of the happy application of science to this important department of domestic

economy, in a practical point of view it is extremely valuable. The milk is not moved by a dasher, as in the common churn; but the oxygen of the atmosphere is brought into close contact with the cream, so as to effect a full combination of the butyric acid part, and to convert it all into butter. On one occasion the churning was carried on for the space of one hour and forty-five minutes, and eleven gallons of cream produced twenty-six pounds of butter.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream!'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife;

Trust no future, how'er pleasant
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act—act—in the living present;
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

—*Longfellow's Poems.*

THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN THE DIX OF LONDON.

The ceremony went on, the solemn sentences tuned with the music of eternal hopes, fitfully heard through cries of 'chairs to mend' and 'live mackerel.' The awful voice of Death seemed scoffed, derided by the reckless bully Life. The prayer that embalmed poor human dust for the judgment, seemed as measured gibberish that could never have a meaning for those who hurried to and fro, as though immortality dwelt in their sinews. And that staid and serious-looking man, with upturned eyes and sonorous voice, clad in a robe of white, and holding an open book, why, what was he? Surely he was playing some strange part in a piece of business in which business-men could have no interest. The ceremony is not concluded; and now comes an adventurous trader with a dromedary and a monkey on its back, the well-taught pug, with doffed feathered cap, sagaciously soliciting halfpence. And there, opposite the churchyard, the prayer of the priest coming brokenly to his ears, is a tradesman smiling at his counter, ringing the coin, and hardly smutting the Golgotha at his door, asking what article he next shall have the happiness to show. And thus in London highways do Death and Life shoulder each other. And Life heeds not the foul impertinent warning; but, at the worst, thinks Death, when so very near, a nuisance: it is made, by familiarity, a nasty, vulgar, unhealthy thing; it is too close a neighbour to become a solemnity.—*Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.*

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DOES TALENT GO IN THE MALE LINE?

THERE are some notions which, having perhaps been sanctioned by a favourite authority and never afterwards rigidly examined, acquire a popular currency, and may almost be said to rank as axioms. One of these is, that men of talent are always indebted for what gives them distinction to their mothers, either in the way of an inheritance of natural ability, or through the means of unusually good nurture and education. Men, it is supposed, can only be the parents of the ordinary, unless there be a mother of talent, and then it does not matter how stupid the father may be. It is a gallant and courteous idea; and one could almost wish it to be true, seeing that it appears to adjust the balance of power between the sexes. Women are excluded from political and professional situations, although often fitter for them than most men. Here, it might be thought, is a compensation for them. They may not be Gracchi; but they may be the mothers of Gracchi. They may not be Alexanders, or Napoleons, or Wellingtons; but they may be Olympiases, or Letitia Ramolinis, or Countesses of Mornington, to rejoice in the thickening laurels of their sons, as they conquer over the earth. Alas, gentle dames, as Burns waggishly says, 'it gars me greet' to think that you have no such peculiar privilege—for this really seems to be the fact. There are noted instances, it is most true, of great men springing from clever mothers, while their fathers were of ordinary attainments; but this is not decisive of the question. If it be a rule, it should have only such a few exceptions as are expected from all rules—not as many contrary as supporting instances. I fear that it is only the result of a prepossession springing from amiable feelings, and supported by the natural love of paradox. Early dependence upon the mother makes us partial to her in judging us in feeling. Poets, who are only children in breeches, keep up the tendency by their continual ravings to the same purport. Then, when cases do occur, the unexpectedness of great and vigorous qualities from this source—as if it were too much to be looked for from the weaker vessel—completes the delusion, leading us, without more inquiry, to affirm that as invariable which is only occasional.

There is at least ample and ready evidence of men of note having had able fathers, while either nothing has been remembered of their mothers, or it is known that they were not above ordinary. Let us first look at the immediately past age: have we not, in the very highest walk of English political life, the remarkable instance of the two Pitts—so alike in commanding genius, in eloquence, and even in moral qualities, that we cannot doubt the younger to have been a reproduction of the elder. Hester Grenville, the mother of the heaven-born minister, is described as a woman of

merit. A good mother, we doubt not, she was; but Pitt was 'yon gude blood o' auld Boconnock's.' Even his faults tell this. Walpole, too, we may remember, had a son whose talents, if of an essentially different order, were still such as to place him far above the common run of men. Fox also had a minister for his sire, though one who was not a favourite with the public. The passing of an identical talent from Sir William to Sir John Herschel, is another 'modern instance' on which we might expatiate, if the second of the parties were not yet, to the gratification of his countrymen, in the land of the living.

Looking across the Channel, our attention is quickly arrested by the instance of the Mirabeaus, father and son; the first an esteemed writer on financial and political subjects, the second the hero of the Revolution. Necker, too, gives us De Staël. A different and inferior talent is in the paternal position in both these instances; but still it is talent—superior intellect—descending from father to child; while the mother, as far as we know, had nothing to do with the matter. With facts of so decided a character in the opposite counsel's hands, the case for the ladies seems to have a poor chance. On the other hand, Catherine of Russia, a woman of masculine ability, if ever there was one, gives birth to—the wretched Paul! And Lady Mary Wortley Montague is the mother of an eccentric gentleman, only remarkable for whimsical conversation and wearing a beard!

Instances of poets and philosophers who have had fathers, either of decided and often kindred talent, or showing some kind of tendency to intellectual distinction, are plentifully sown over the biographical dictionaries. We see, in Pascal, the son of a father who was esteemed for his scientific and literary attainments. Tasso's father, Bernardo, had attained universal fame in Italy as a poet, before his son had begun to write; and it is only owing to there having been a second and superior Tasso, that the first is now little heard of. In our own land, the poetical gift passed from the Earl of Dorset, the first of the Elizabethan geniuses in point of time, to a great-grandson, well known as the friend of Dryden. Sacchi, the Italian painter, was the son of an artist, who taught him. The fathers of Mozart and Beethoven were both musicians: men no doubt inferior to their sons, but from whom, nevertheless, we can conceive their talents to have been derived, only experiencing a great improvement in the transmission. And this is no uncommon case among the cultivators of the fine arts. Lot fixes the man of moderate abilities in an obscure situation, perhaps below his deservings; the son, more fortunately placed, more ardent, and having some benefit from early tuition, springs forward and makes a figure before the world. The father of the celebrated Sebastian Bach was a musician, in good esteem, though

not famous. Sebastian, in his turn, gave birth to two sons, both of whom were eminent in their art.

In 'the north countries' there have been several remarkable instances of a transmission of talent through paternal channels, and that for more than one remove. An Aberdeenshire clergyman, who lived early in the seventeenth century, was the progenitor of a family of Gregories, who have ever since kept their name before the public as professional and learned men. First, there was James Gregory, inventor of the reflecting telescope; and an eminent mathematician; next, three nephews of the preceding, David, James, and Charles, all of them professors of mathematics. Then we have another member of the family, though the precise relationship is not stated—1st John Gregory, professor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh, but best known to the world by a small book called 'A Father's Legacy to his Children.' Dr James, the son of the above, was of unapproached eminence as professor of medicine in the same university, and as a physician in our city. His son, Dr William Gregory, now flourishes in the chair of chemistry. This is a surprising series of learned men, all of one line, and there is of course no need to suppose that the talent has gone otherwise than from father to son, or at least passed in the paternal line. We have, however, a curious admission to make as to the Gregories—that the talent of the first or geometrical batch came in through the honest minister's wife, a lady named Anderson, whose paternal ancestors had been noted for mechanical ingenuity and a taste for mathematics. The anatomy-teaching Monroes are hardly less remarkable than the Gregories. Three generations of this family, bearing the same Christian name, have now possessed this chair in the Edinburgh university for a hundred and twenty-five years; and with the word Monro is associated no small portion of the distinction of our city as a medical school. Passing to literature—we see, in Mr P. F. Tytler, author of the History of Scotland, a third generation of penmen; his father having been the accomplished Lord Woodhouselee, and his grandfather the 'revered defender of beauteous Stuart.' *Vires acquirit eundo.* Allan Ramsay too, the writer of the one unapproached pastoral of the world; to him was born a son of the same name, who perhaps showed his abilities less as a painter than in the private effusions of his pen and his lively conversation, which made him the favourite of the highest literary and political circles in his time. Only two months ago did the line of the author of the Gentle Shepherd become extinct in his grandson, General John Ramsay, who was also a man of social qualities, removing him far above the mass of his fellow-creatures. In him, however, there had been an infusion from a different fountain, the clever Stormont family, his mother having been a niece of the Chief Justice Earl of Mansfield. If any feel surprised at the blood of a Scottish bard ascending to mingle with that of the Scottish nobility, he must be referred to ancient gossip for an account of a certain young painter being employed not long after the middle of the last century in teaching drawing to the children of a Sir Alexander Lindsay of Evelick, when it chanced that one of the young ladies formed a violent attachment to him, and took him, against her parents' wishes, for a husband. This, however, is a digression: to return. We may only further advert, under this head, to a singular fact which rests upon the authority of sundry sepulchral inscriptions—that the duties of master mason, or architect to the king, were performed in Scotland by eight generations of a family of Mylne, the last of whom seems to have lived early in the eighteenth century.

* What Phidias or Apollo could have done
In brass or marble, that could be in stone.

says the epitaph of one of them who rebuilt Holyrood Palace in the reign of Charles II. A scion of the family was the architect of Blackfriars Bridge. There might not be a high talent at work in all of these generations; but still the duties must have called for a degree of ability and taste which it is surprising to think of as persisting, without failure, throughout eight generations.

Against a host of instances so large, which yet, being only drawn from the memory of a single person, might easily be extended, it will be impossible for the theory any longer to stand.* We do not, indeed, know in all these cases that the mother was not a woman of unusual ability; but it is a good rule to be content with what explains the point which may be in question, without passing beyond that into needless surmises of other causes. The father in these cases being notably a man of talent, ought to go far to satisfy us. We only, however, come to conclude, that abilities are derived from the father in a certain class of instances. There are doubtless many in which they come from the other parent. Thus we find the mother of Scott to have been superior to her husband. But, on the other hand, of the couple who dwelt in the clay cottage at Alloway, and there gave birth to a wonderful genius, who seems yet to have gathered but half his fame, any intellect that exceeded the ordinary, lay unquestionably with that shrewd, hard-headed old gardener, who argued so stiffly on doctrinal points; while the simple mother only tended household work. Gilbert was the mother's son; Robert belonged to his father, as far as he belonged to anybody besides Nature. Since such is the case, may it not be safest to suppose that, as children bear an external resemblance, some to one parent, and some to another, so, in cases where there is a superior intellect, it may be from either parent as it happens? To put the idea in different terms: there may be supposed to be an equal chance for its being derived from either, unless, indeed, it may have passed over an intermediate generation, and be derivable from some grandfather or grandmother.

If we admit this view, we can be at no loss to account for both men and women of ability having commonplace children. In these cases the other parent is most probably the source of the dullness. How little is this reflected on by great men! Chesterfield seems to have never doubted that his son, who was a lump of commonplace, could be made a brilliant character; and even Burke, whose lamentations for the youthful heir of his name are so touching, is understood to have greatly over-estimated the youth's abilities, and his likelihood of distinguishing himself. A Cromwell sees his name betrayed, as it were, into the possession of a spiritless changeling, who is truly the mother's child, not his, and therefore utterly disqualified for holding the reins of government after him. The ardent hero of Agincourt is nominally, and but nominally, represented by the innocent Henry VI. It were well if great men would open their eyes to the possibility of disappointments from this quarter, or only select wives who were sure not to produce simpletons. One of the last Hackstons of Rathillet became sensible of this when he found his wife's imbecility represented in an odd Tony-Lumpkinish son, at whose sallies he would sometimes observe, 'Ah, Helenus (for such was his name), ye ha'e o'er mickle mother wit.'

This is a sad attack which we are committing upon the fairer part of creation, but let them be quite at their ease. The general conviction of their being exclusively possessed of all the finer qualities of human nature, and able to transmit them to their offspring, is so rooted, that we have little hope of gaining even a fair hearing for

* The reader will find some speculations favouring the opposite view in an article entitled 'Clever Women,' which appeared in the Journal thirteen years ago (No. 30). We have since then reflected more deeply on the subject, and the present paper is the result of our deliberations.

these ideas. It will therefore remain as prevalent notion as ever, that eminent men owe all to their mothers. As usual with pertinacious theory-mongers, who can get nobody to listen to them in their own age, we enter an appeal to Prince Posterity.

TRAVELS IN LURISTÁN AND ARABISTÁN.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

FROM Behbahan the Baron de Bode proceeded by slow stages to the great plain of Mál Amir, and thence over several steep shoulders of the Bakhtyari mountains by a stone pavement or causeway. This, he says, although much impaired by time, and in several places scarcely passable, on account of the huge stones which have been cast down by the rushing of torrents from the heights, produces, even in its dilapidated state, a grand idea of him, whoever he was, who conceived and executed the vast project of carrying a stone road, worked in mosaic, across stupendous mountains, which seem as if they had been formed by nature as insurmountable barriers to the traveller. This road is now, and has been for ages, the high road for caravans; but history, which in general is so prolix in commemorating events that carry devastation and destruction in their train, has set apart no page whereon to inscribe the name of the man who deserved so well of posterity. The causeway is known by the name of the *Jaddehi-Atabeg*, or the high road of the Atabegs; but the Baron de Bode doubts whether the petty chiefs of Luristán, who bore that appellation from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, had the skill or the enterprise to form or carry out a design like this, which would have done honour to imperial Rome in the days of her greatest grandeur. He is more inclined to the opinion that it was the work of some of the Susanian monarchs, or even of an earlier date, although there is no historical evidence in support of his views. We learn from the Greek and Latin writers, that the followers of Alexander the Great, in their frequent marches and countermarches through theilly country between Susa and Persepolis, met with stone pavements in the mountains, to which they applied the name of the *Climax Megale*, or Great Ladder. Had Alexander himself been the constructor of these roads, his historians, who have enumerated all the cities of which he laid the foundations, would not have passed over a work of such vast dimensions, and it is therefore to be inferred that it is older than the time of that renowned conqueror; though we can scarcely agree with the Baron de Bode, unless he gives us some better reasons for our belief than he has afforded, that it was originally constructed by Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, who is mentioned in the 14th chapter of the book of Genesis.

On stopping at a ruined caravanserai in the midst of the mountains, he found great preparations going on for the reception of his friend the governor of Ispahan, who, it will be recollected, had agreed to meet him at Shushter. Here a small tent was prepared for him, and another for his attendants, on his expressing his desire to await the governor's arrival. The latter was greatly surprised to find him amongst the mountains, and especially in the company of the Bakhtyari tribes. He recollected the rendezvous he had given the baron when they parted at Ispahan, to meet again at Shushter, but imagined that, on arriving at Shiraz, the European would have been dissuaded from undertaking a further journey, on account of the uncertainty of the road. Undeceived on this point, he gave the baron some valuable information as to the route he should now pursue, and invited him to go back with him as far as the plain of Mál Amir, where he intended to make some stay, and where the chiefs of the mountains were to make some parade of their forces, both in honour of his arrival, and to show how formidable they might become if offended. To this proposal our traveller agreed, and retraced his steps accordingly.

On his return to the plain of Mál Amir, he visited

several natural caves in the sides of the hills, in which he found some curious remains of antiquity. In one, he noticed two colossal figures sculptured on the wall, but nearly obliterated by the water which constantly oozes through the fissures of the rock. One of the figures was in profile, and looked towards a smaller cave, with his hands clasped, and in an attitude of adoration, and round the base of his garment was an inscription in arrow-headed characters. The other figure had a long beard ending in two curls, and a lock of hair falling down the right shoulder. Between the two figures was an inscription in the same arrow-headed characters, extending to no less than thirty-three lines, each from eight to ten feet in length, and which, it is much to be regretted, the baron had no means of deciphering. He afterwards visited several other caves, abounding in similar antiquities; and finally taking leave of his friend the governor, and the Bakhtyari chiefs, proceeded towards the ancient city of Shushter, where he arrived after an uninteresting journey of three days.

Having a letter of introduction, he proceeded to the house of the civil-governor, Aga Mahomed Ali Basha, the head of one of the principal native families of Shushter. By this personage he was received with great cordiality, and in him he recognised one whom he had known three years previously in another part of Persia. Shushter was formerly a very populous city, but suffered so greatly from the plague in 1831, and the cholera in 1832, that its population does not now exceed 5000. Another cause of its downfall has been the preference given to the neighbouring city of Dhiẓful as the seat of the government of the province. Its aspect, says our author, is original. The dwellings are generally two storeys high, with spacious terraces surrounded by parapets. In the interior of the courts, lofty covered passages run along the walls of the buildings. The vaulted cells of the houses are deep and capacious, and to these in the summer-time the inhabitants resort during the heat of the day. The *ark*, as the fortress of the city is called, stands apart on a rising ground, facing the river Kuren, which lower down passes under a stone bridge of forty-four arches. Shushter had in former years large cotton plantations, and furnished the raw material for numerous native looms; but since the introduction of English cotton stuffs, the cotton looms have been brought to a stand-still. The sugar-cane was also cultivated here with much success at one time, but is now entirely abandoned.

The inhabitants of Shushter have the reputation in Persia of being very quick and witty in their repartees; and as the people are of a gay, lively character, the town swarms with buffoons, dancers, musicians, and jugglers of all descriptions. It is added, that the place is not more remarkable for the wit than for the profligacy of its inhabitants; and that even in Persia, where morality is at a low ebb, Shushter is notorious for the want of it.

The baron only stayed one day in Shushter, and departed at midnight, in company with a very intelligent young Persian nobleman, who tried to keep him awake by his jokes and vivacity, but whose name he very ungratefully 'forgot to remember.' He was in the shah's military service, and had been a pupil of Colonel Stoddart; and, when he learned that the baron kept a journal of his travels, was exceedingly anxious that not only his name, but his good sayings should be recorded in it—an anxiety which makes the baron's forgetfulness the more unpardonable. The next place of any note where he stayed was Dhiẓful, about four hours' hard riding from which are the ruins of Shushi, the ancient Susa, and, next to Persepolis, one of the most interesting spots in that interesting country. Shushi is situated south-south-west from Dhiẓful, on the right bank of the river of the same name, and thither our traveller proceeded early on the morning after his arrival, accompanied by a guide and several attendants, all on horseback. 'Although,' says the baron, 'we went at a pretty brisk trot, we were outstripped by a turbaned old Arab, riding on a donkey

at a swift amble, with a thick iron nail in his hand, with which he urged the animal forward by pricking it under the mane. This turned out to be the mutavelli, or guardian of the tomb of the prophet Daniel, who was thus hurrying on before them to do the honours of the place, as reap the benefit. On approaching the ruins, they overtook several groups of Arab families, who were hastening in the same direction to the shrine of the prophet, to whose memory equal honour is paid by Christians, Jews, and Mahomedans. His supposed tomb, surmounted by a white conical roof, similar to the section of a honeycomb, was discernible amid a grove of palm trees as they approached. On arriving at the gate, they found the platform swarming with men, women, and children, from some neighbouring black tents, all pressing forward to enter the inner court, which was likewise full of people. The scene was highly picturesque. The white turbans, negligently twisted round the heads of the men, contrasted with their dark complexions and jet-black hair; while their broad striped *abbas* or cloaks hung loosely over their shoulders in graceful plaits. The women and girls, who appeared with their faces uncovered, wore black turbans, and were dressed in the gaudiest colours—red, yellow, and dark-blue predominating. The children ran about in red shifts, without any other apparel. The baron's appearance excited some curiosity among them, and they made no opposition to his entering the chapel where the coffin of Daniel is said to be deposited, on learning that the Christians acknowledge the holiness of his name, and admit his pretensions to the sacred character of a prophet. The tomb is of modern architecture, and bears no traces of its antiquity, with the exception of the fragments of some marble pillars, with the leaves of the lotus carved upon them. In the interior of a four-cornered cell stands the coffin, a high box of a dark sort of wood, surrounded by a grating, on which are hung several boards, inscribed with quotations from the Koran. It is stated that the natives, although ignorant of the value of, and otherwise indifferent to, the ancient monuments of their country, hold it as sacrilegious to allow them to be carried away; and the traveller noticed that they narrowly watched his movements while in the tomb of the prophet, whenever he touched any of the marble fragments which lay scattered about on the ground.

Beneath the apartment containing the coffin is a vault, the entrance into which is from the outside of the court, and is said to represent the den of lions into which Daniel was cast by the order of Darius, king of the Medes and Persians. Into this, however, the Baron de Bode did not enter.

The western wall of the edifice is close to the left shore of the Shapur or Shover river—the same with the Eulcus of ancient writers, and the Uai of Scripture. It is a narrow but deep stream, with high banks, and is navigable to its junction with the Kuren river near Ahvaz. Close to the water's edge are three white marble fragments. The first is the capital of a column, with chiselled ornaments in the form of the lotus leaf; the second is a slab, with arrow-headed inscriptions; and the third is a bas-relief, representing a human figure and two lions, very roughly sculptured, and evidently intended, at some subsequent period, to commemorate the events mentioned in the book of the prophet.

The ground about Shush (which, it is to be regretted, the baron has so imperfectly described) is very uneven, and numerous mounds, called *tepehs* by the natives, are scattered in different directions to a considerable distance; some of them being partially covered with brushwood. The highest among them is supposed to be the place where the palace stood in which the prophet Daniel had his vision (Dan. viii. 2). 'And I saw in a vision, And it came to pass when I saw that I was at Shushan in the palace, which is in the province of Elam, by the river of Uai.' From the top of this mound are seen the ruins of Ivani Kherk, beyond the river of Kherkeh, about five miles to the west. A column, with the ruins of Shapur, is likewise discernible in a north-westerly

direction. An oblong white slab, with inscriptions in arrow-headed characters, of thirty-three lines, like those at Mal Amir, lies on the slope of the mound; and a few more marble fragments are found at the foot of it, nearly overgrown with grass and brushwood. Our author learned from the Arabs who accompanied him, that old coins, tombs, and blocks of marble, were often found in the adjacent country, but they could give him no particulars concerning them.

Dhizful, where the baron stayed one day on his return from Shush, is on the left bank of the river, and bears, in the general features of its architecture, a great resemblance to Shushter. A number of water-mills project far into the stream, and are built on rocks which jut across the river, and produce rapids. These little islets are united by narrow bridges; and at the approach of night, when they are all lighted up by the millers, there is a complete and very pleasing illumination. The great bridge across the river consists of twenty-two arches; and its construction is attributed by the Persians to Husheng, one of the ancient kings of the Pishadian race, and their first legislator before Zoroaster.

For four days after leaving this town, the baron traversed a portion of country which has been described by Major Rawlinson and other travellers; but on arriving at the ruins of the ancient town of Joider, he congratulated himself on reaching a 'terra incognita'—or at least a country of which, to his knowledge, with the exception of the one town of Khorremabad, no particular account had previously appeared. In half an hour after leaving this point, he reached, with some Ilyat guides whom he had hired to accompany him, the banks of the large river Kashgan. Ten athletic men from a neighbouring hamlet came to tender their services and show him a ford. The river at this spot presented two channels, having, nearly in the middle, a long strip of land, or narrow island. His new guides stripped off their clothes, and with loud cries of *Ya Allah!* (God help us!) soon cleared the first channel; the traveller and his train following on horseback. When they came to the second channel, they declared it impossible to cross, but after a time some of them ventured in. They soon, however, lost their footing, and were carried down the stream. The remainder of the party, by dint of perseverance, afterwards found a ford; but it was so deep, and the river was rising so rapidly—as is generally the case after noonday with streams that are fed by the melting snow in the mountains—that the whole of them prepared to swim. They disengaged themselves of the greater part of their apparel, which they tied in a bundle on their heads or backs, and with some difficulty gained the opposite shore. The baron, when the time came to remunerate these guides for their trouble, offered them some gold coin, but to his great wonder, found them totally ignorant of the value of that metal, and they preferred to take a few silver *sahib-corans*, each of less value than a shilling, which he had about him, although the recompense was greatly inferior to his first offer.

During the next three days he crossed and recrossed several times the river Kashgan, and various of its tributaries, and arrived, late in the evening of the third, at the town of Khorremabad. This, according to Major Rawlinson, is a singular place. A range of rocky hills stretches across the plain in the usual direction of north-west and south-east, and appears to have been suddenly broken through to admit the passage of the river (of the same name as the town) for the space of about three quarters of a mile, leaving in the centre of this open space a solitary rock of about 1000 yards in circumference. This rock is very steep, and near its summit is a most copious spring. This forms the fort of Khorremabad. It is surrounded by a double wall at the base, and the summit where the palace is built is also very strongly defended. The modern town, which is small, containing not more than a thousand houses, is built below the fort, upon its south-western face. The river, a broad shallow stream, passes to the south-east

of the fort and town. The banks are covered with gardens, amongst which are to be seen the ruins of the old town, once the capital of the Atabegs of Luri-Kuchuk. The town contains four mosques, eight public baths, and has a separate quarter assigned for the Jews, the number of whose houses averages from forty to fifty. It carries on a trade in *chubuks* for pipes; in the skin of the otter, which animal abounds in the rivers of Luristán; and also a considerable traffic in the juice of the pomegranate, the produce of its gardens. On the left side of the river is a spacious garden, remarkable for its rows of splendid cypress trees, to which a superstitious belief is attached. The inhabitants imagine that every year, on a certain day (the 10th of Moharem, when the Imaum Hassan, the son of Ali, was slain), these trees are supernaturally agitated, and shake as if a violent wind were blowing, although there may not be a breath of air at the time.

From this town to Búrújird, the next place of importance, is a distance of twelve or thirteen farsangs, or from forty to forty-three miles, in a north-east direction, which it took the baron two days to accomplish. On the second day (February 22) they were in sight of the lofty chain of the Alverd mountains; and as the rain of the previous day had been followed by a heavy fall of snow, it was doubtful whether they could succeed in crossing the mountains. However, eight stout peasants were at last procured to lead the way, and, there being no road, to tread the snow under foot, and open a path for the horses. Fortunately, the weather cleared up as they were ascending; but the difficulties and fatigues they had to encounter during their progress appear to have been most severe. Notwithstanding the efforts of the men to form a beaten track, the snow was not sufficiently solid, and it was so deep, that the horses were continually sinking up to their girths. There being no possibility of riding, the party dismounted, each leading his horse. Man and beast stumbled every moment, falling, sinking, and plunging, to extricate themselves from the snow. Mountain seemed to overhang mountain as they passed, and far away the loftiest summits looked over all, clad in the white mantle of eternal winter. Though it was a chilling sight to look around, the party was far from feeling cold. The perspiration ran down their faces in consequence of their violent exertion, while columns of steam rose from the bodies of their panting horses. They arrived at last at a summit, where the guide, to their great relief, told them that the greatest difficulties had been overcome; then gradually descending into a valley, they stopped to refresh themselves at a small village called Búzihú, in which a colony of Lurs is settled. From this place they continued their road across a secondary range of mountains, of a clayey and chalky nature, and at last descended into the plain of Búrújird, studded with villages, and having plenty of pasture-ground.

Búrújird lies out of the line of the high road, between the capital and the principal cities of Persia, and is seldom visited by European travellers. It is governed, together with the province of the same name, and the adjoining provinces of Meloir and Hamadan, by Behmen Mirza, the second brother of the reigning shah. The province contains, besides its capital, 386 villages, great and small, and pays a yearly tax of 50,304 *tomans* in cash (about £25,000), and 3832 *harvars* of grain, amounting in value to 5748 *tomans*, or about £2600 additional. The town is renowned for its manufactories for printed chintzes, which, although inferior in quality to those of Ispahan, are much in request all over Persia. The dyes used are chiefly the produce of the country. A red dye, for which there is a great demand, is made from the root of a plant which grows wild in the fields, called by the natives *renji runos*, and which is sold at the rate of twopence-halfpenny a pound, English money. Indigo is brought from Shugher, and sometimes imported from India. The yellow dye is obtained from the rind of the pomegranate, and the green from the

same, mixed with indigo. Cochineal is imported by means of the Russian trade. There are fifty establishments altogether in the town for printing cotton stuffs. The greater part of the cotton is grown in the ninety-four villages of the neighbouring and rich district of Túsúrkán. The manufactories are all in the hands of private individuals, forming a powerful corporation. The yearly revenue of the crown from these, amounts to 2000 *tomans*, which sum is paid by a person who farms it of the government; he himself being satisfied by the manufacturers, who pay him in kind, at the rate of one piece of cloth out of every sixty they manufacture. It is a flourishing place, though out of the beaten track, and maintains an industrious and happy population.

From Búrújird the baron proceeded by easy stages to Kum, and thence to Teheran; but his travels after this point possess no feature of interest. He arrived at the latter city on the 28th of February, after an absence of sixty-seven days, of which forty-six had been spent in actual travelling, and the remaining twenty-one either in resting at Ispahan, Persepolis, and Shiraz, and examining the antiquities of those cities and their neighbourhoods, or in visiting the country around Behbahan, Mál Amir, Shush, and Dhizful.

WORDS BORROWED FROM THE FRENCH.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE English language is a curious compound of tongues blended together with more or less harmony. We point to the Norman conquest for the infusion of many French words into the Anglo-Saxon vernacular; but this infusion did not take place at once; it was the work of centuries. So has it been with every new element in the composition. The change from rude to polished styles of speech and writing, has been exceedingly gradual, and no one can say that the language is yet by any means perfect, or that it ever will be complete. This is a fact quite in accordance with the national character, which is one of advancement and improvement. Unlike some of the continental nations, the English do not set themselves to prevent the intrusion of new or foreign words into their ordinary speech. They pick up, naturalise, and make good use of any form of expression, as they would of any fact in science, which suits their taste or necessities. Liberal and compromising, their language increases in richness and variety of terms, in the same manner as the nation and individuals increase their general resources. And thus has the English language continually extended its boundaries, and still is beneficially extending them.

It is interesting to observe how a word makes its way into our language. The people are too conservative to receive the new expression till it has run through a preliminary course, and been, we might say, rendered respectable by familiar use. Many words commence as a kind of slang, and are not for half a century perhaps found in any dictionary. Of this class *mob* and *lure* are fair examples. *Mob* (an abbreviation of *mobile vulgus*, 'the easily-moved vulgar'—a phrase which took its rise in Charles II.'s time) has gained a lodgment, and is now an accepted expression, which it once was not; while *bore* is only in the way of gaining a footing, and may not get into dictionaries for a quarter of a century. That it will gain admission into them, nobody can doubt, for it expresses an idea, and it is the genius of the people to abandon no idea that is really natural. On the same grounds many French phrases cannot escape naturalisation, especially those which express ideas for which we happen to possess no English word of an old date. A few of these it is our purpose to instance and explain.

Aide-de-camp.—The French being, historically, a great military nation, who have carried the science of war to a high point, it is natural that many of the words used by other soldiers should be borrowed from them;

just as most of our nautical terms are taken from the Dutch, at one time the greatest naval nation of Europe. The above is in most frequent use, and signifies literally a 'camp-assistant.' In the English service, a field-marshal is entitled to four aides, a lieutenant-general to two, and a major-general to one. Each general officer, with these assistants, is called a staff. The duty of an aide-de-camp is chiefly to act as a sort of messenger in conveying the orders of his principal to inferior officers, and to report what is going on in the various parts of the field to which his duties may have sent him. In the French army an adjutant is sometimes called an *aide-major*, because he assists the major in his duties. Nor in its native language is the word *aide* confined to military affairs; it is used in many trades and professions: thus, in the art of cookery—which the French excel in quite as much as in that of war—a *chef-de-cuisine*, or head cook, being commander-in-chief of the kitchen, has his *aides-de-cuisine* as well as the field-marshal. In like manner, the bricklayer's labourer is called an *aide-de-maçon*; and so on.

Attaché.—This is a diplomatic term, borrowed from the French from sheer necessity; for there is no English word which would so well express the office of a man who has comparatively nothing to do. An *attaché* is a part of the train of an ambassador; but his official duties are not very clearly defined. In the morning he occasionally does a little translation of state documents—that is, if he happen to understand sufficiently the language of the court to which he is accredited—and issues the invitations for the ambassador's balls and parties. In the evening, he goes out to diplomatic dinner-parties, to pick up floating political news. When company is received at the embassy, he waltzes with ladies whose papas or husbands are in the cabinet; or makes the fourth for a rubber of whist (which is now played in every civilised court), to oblige a minister of foreign affairs or a princess-dowager. In short, the designation of his office sufficiently expresses the lightness of his employments: he is neither a secretary to write despatches, a clerk to copy them, nor a courier to convey them. He is simply *attached* to the embassy—an ornamental appendage rather than a useful adjunct.

The word is not, however, wholly monopolised by diplomacy. It is gradually creeping into more general use. Thus, the especial admirers of a reigning beauty are called her *attachés*: the members of what is vulgarly termed the 'tail' of a popular member of parliament, are also occasionally designated by the more refined word *attachés*. These, with many other applications of French words, were ingrafted upon our language during the fashionable novel mania which raged so fiercely about twenty years since. In those books, some of the characters were made to converse in a sort of slip-slop polyglot, consisting chiefly of slovenly English, bad French, and worse Italian. Some of the French words, however, managed to retain their hold.

Au fait.—Quite acquainted with the subject in hand. The vulgar idiom, being 'up to' the facts connected with various matters, is the best equivalent to *au fait* we could instance.

Badinage is a delicate modification of our word 'rillery,' and means a sort of half-carnest jesting. As established in that sense, it is a good word, for it expresses a meaning, for which we have no exact equivalent. *Badinage* is of early adoption, for we find it in Cole's dictionary, published two centuries ago; but at first it was employed to express mere 'foolery.' Lord Chesterfield, however, gave it its true application in one of his letters—'When you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm,' he says, 'put an end to the dispute by some genteel *badinage*.' The French employ the term in many senses collateral to the above. We can think of no better illustration of the sportive way in which they use it, than the proverb, *Le mariage n'est pas un badinage*; which is a truth conveyed in a pleasing bit of irony; namely, 'Marriage is no joke.'

Bagatelle has been naturalised in England for at

least a couple of centuries and a half, and means a trifle. Howell, in his 'Instructions for Foreign Travel' (1610), remarks, that 'the nuns will entertain discourse till one be weary, if he bestow on them some small *bagatels*; as English gloves, or knives, or ribbons.' Jeremy Taylor uses the word in 'Artificial Handsomeness,' but spells it *bagatelloes*, and makes it mean toys. Since the time of these writers, the term has gained popularity, and is made so completely English, that Dr Johnson gives it a place in his dictionary, with the definition—'A thing of no importance.' Besides this general signification, the word '*bagatelle*' is specifically applied to an effectual mode of trifling away time, by thrusting, with a mace or wand, a few ivory balls into holes indented in a small table lined with green baize. The game is, in fact, a puerile modification of billiards. The French use of the word is in all respects the same as ours, with this addition, that they sometimes utter '*bagatelle!*' interjectionally upon such occasions as when an elderly English gentleman would say, 'Poo, poo! nonsense!' or a more impatient one—'Pshaw!'

Beau.—'Handsome, graceful,' says Boyer; from which signification we derive '*beautiful*;' but to the borrowed monosyllable we give a slightly derisive tinge. A *beau*, writes Dr Johnson, 'is a man of dress—a man whose great care is to deck his person.' He is, in fact, an elegant dandy. What, however, is unworthy of a man's too exclusive attention—such as adorning his person—is quite proper and necessary for a woman to cultivate; hence *belle*, the feminine of *beau*, does not carry with it the smallest implication of dispraise. It is indeed rather a complimentary term, signifying a gracefully-fashionable young lady. *Beau* is frequently compounded with other French words for various purposes. *Beau-monde* is applied to the fashionable world. *Beau-ideal*, 'the standard of the ideal,' expresses the height of conceivable perfection. The French compound it to designate marriage relationships—as *beau-fils*, 'son-in-law'; *beau-frère*, 'brother-in-law'; *beau-père*, 'father-in-law'; in which respect they are imitated by the Scotch, who say 'good-son,' 'good-mother,' &c.

Billets-doux are those tender effusions of which so many are penned during courtship. The words, literally rendered, mean a 'sweet letter' or note, and has been in fashionable use since the reign of Charles II., whose court—so famous for such misfires—probably imported it. Pope was the first to make it classical, by introducing it in his 'Rape of the Lock.' The heroine is awake by her lap-dog, after Ariel's warning of the impending evil—

'Twas then Bellinda, if report speak true,
Thy eyes first opened on a *billet-doux*.'

Valentines come under the denomination of *billets-doux*; and on the 14th of every February, some hundred-thousand sheets of soft nonsense pass through the post-office of Great Britain. That courtship as well as more tangible things should contribute its quota to the revenue by means of *billets-doux*, may seem unromantic, but it is nevertheless true.

Blasé is the preterite of the verb *blaser* (to surfeit), and is said of a shattered beau, who has, from excessive indulgence, lost all relish for pleasure, or even for existence. It is a modern introduction, having gained additional currency from a clever and popular farce, which points a good moral. The hero, whose every sense of enjoyment is worn out, meets with an adventure which, to save his life, demands the utmost activity. He is obliged to fly his home, and take shelter in the country. For the sake of disguise, he hires himself as a farm-labourer—he ploughs, thrashes, and drives carts; and, though the work is hard, finds it far more agreeable than his former indolence. When the danger he apprehended is over, he continues an active life, as the more preferable to that of *blasé* inactivity.

Bon-gré.—'With a good grace; willingly'—of which *mal-gré* is the antithesis. We often borrow both expressions, and say that so-and-so has been obliged to do something *bon-gré*, *mal-gré*—whether he would or not.

Bon-mot is literally a 'good word,' but the adjective being used in the sense of 'clever,' the expression is applied to a 'smart saying,' with a dash of satire in it. At least this is the idea the French have of their own word. The author of the volume of *'Ana,'* belonging to the *'Encyclopédie Française,'* defines it, we must think, a little harshly, when he says that 'a *bon-mot*—(good word) ought perhaps to be designated (*mot-malin*—(bad word)); for it sometimes consists in giving a ridiculous aspect to a praiseworthy motive.' The same hostility to professed jokers must have suggested the proverb, '*Diseur de bons-mots, mauvais caractère*'—(Utterer of *bon-mots*—bad character); and also the notion, that '*Il aime mieux perdre un ami qu'un bon-mot*'—Such people 'would rather lose their friend than their joke.'

The word *bon-mot* has been received into the English language for at least two centuries, as Lord Chesterfield's use of it implies. He tells his son, with his usual good sense, that 'the jokes, *bons-mots*, and little adventures which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious when related in another.' The significance we give to it would scarcely justify any of the severities with which it is visited in the above examples from the French. *Bon-mot* is used in English to imply simply a saying sufficiently apt and ready to be humorous without being witty; and which may or may not be satirical. We should place it, in the scale of meaning, between the puerility of a pun, and the brightness of a piece of wit. Other expressions have been borrowed from the French to express nicer shades of the same meaning: a *jeu-de-mot* partakes more of the character of a pun; a *jeu-d'esprit* is something vivacious and lively merely. A *double entendre* is an expression to which two meanings may be attached.

Bonne-bouche.—Something 'good' for the 'mouth'—a tit-bit.

Brochure.—A stitched book: from the verb *brocher* (to stitch). All books, it must be admitted, are stitched; but some are bound also; hence *brochure*, designating those which are stitched only, is the borrowed appellative for a pamphlet.

Brusque is one of those words which has been adopted into our language to take the place of its exact equivalent, for the purpose of conveying a more softened meaning. The French employ it when we should say of a man that he is 'blunt,' or of a woman that she is 'pert'; but we soften the harshness of our censure by using a foreign word, and applying the term '*brusque*.' Our forefathers Anglicised it, as appears from Sir H. Wotton's Letters, wherein he says, 'We are sorry to hear that the Scottish gentleman who has been lately sent to the king found, as they say, but a *brusk* welcome.'

Chef-d'œuvre.—The chief work, a master-piece.

Ci-devant.—Formerly. We apply this word very nearly in the same manner as the prefix *ex* is used. Of a minister who has resigned, or an army captain who has sold out, we say the one is an ex-minister, and the other a *ci-devant* captain.

Chaperon.—New customs require new words to designate them, and as the duties of a 'chaperon' were never so systematically defined or performed as they have been during the present century, the above very expressive word was adopted. The history of this adoption is somewhat curious. Literally, a chaperon is a hood, and was confined for a long time to the head-dress worn by the knights of the Garter, and to the masks of headmen, as described in Howell's Letters, thus:—'The executioner stands by, his head covered with a chaperon, out of which there are but two holes, look through.' Some years later, we find the term used with a similar meaning to that we now attach to it. 'Chaperon,' says Todd, 'denotes a gentleman attending a lady in a public assembly,' whilst Boyer affords us, in very plain terms, its present signification. According to him, a chaperon is 'an elderly person who accompanies a young female, for decency's sake.' Thus,

then, arises the word;—*Chaperon* is a hood; *chaperonner* (see Boyer) is to 'hoodwink'; hence we derive the name of a fashionable female character whose business or pleasure it is to take timid young ladies under her wing, and introduce them into society; to *get*, in short, as a hood; to hide their blushes, and to conceal their little defects from admirers by a species of clever hoodwinking. The old-fashioned term for these useful ladies was 'match-makers.'

In giving the etymological history of this expression, we are of course bound unswervingly to the truth; but we must hasten to add, that the uncomplimentary impression it conveys is not quite correct as to chaperons of the present day. They are important members of society, as a short explanation of their utility will prove. The natural chaperon of every young lady is of course her own mamma; but it may occur that, when the time comes for the damsel to make her *debut* in the world, her lady-mother may be indisposed, or have withdrawn herself from society altogether. In that case, a friend (generally one who has been successful in forming good alliances for her own daughters) is selected to take charge of the young belle. The chaperon's first step is to have the debutante's name engraved under her own on her visiting cards, and to take her on all her visits. She also introduces her at court, at Almack's, and at all the fashionable parties. Should, in process of time, an approach to a preference be shown by any gentleman, the chaperon inquires into his character and pretensions, and advises the young lady how to act. If everything prove favourable, the chaperon negotiates the preliminaries, provides the wedding breakfast, and performs the last duty of her office by supporting and comforting the bride during the interesting and trying ceremony; laying down her office on the steps of the nuptial altar.

Congé.—Leave, permission to retire, a polite loan from the French, always applied to leave-taking; which, however, has been so long in use, that custom has made it almost English. Indeed some of our old writers, especially Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*), has Anglicised it by spelling the word *congie*. Spenser writes it (*Fuery Queen*) in its Gallic form—

'So courteous, *congé*, both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.'

Shakspeare turns it into a verb in '*As You Like It*.' Among the 'sixteen businesses' which Bertram boasts of having despatched in one evening, he says, 'I have *conged* with the duke, and done my adieux with his nearest.'

Besides its literary use, the word occurs in ecclesiastical law, with many others introduced into our jurisprudence by the Normans. *Congé d'élire* (leave to elect), is the permission of the crown forwarded to a dean and chapter to choose a bishop. The king was formerly patron of all bishoprics, and chose whomsoever he pleased; but in process of time the election was made over to others, under certain forms and conditions, one of which was, that they should ask the king's leave or *congé* to elect the prelate they had selected. The whole ceremony is at present a mere form; for the real patrons are the ministry for the time being in power. Addison, in the 475th Spectator, makes a playful application of the phrase in the case of people asking leave to do a thing which they have already resolved upon doing at all events. 'A woman,' he says, 'when she has made her own choice, for form's sake sends a *congé d'élire* to her friends.'

In common conversation, the word *congé* has never been wholly out of use. It is employed in the passive voice in the case of a treasury clerk or a lover when they are dismissed. They are said to have had their *congé*. In the active voice, a person, on going away, is said to have made his *congé*. In paying visits, the leave-taker inscribes in the corner of his address-card the letters F. P. C.; an abbreviation of the words *pour prendre congé*, signifying that he has called 'to take leave.'

Cortège.—A train of attendants either on foot or in

coaches (for if on horseback, the term 'cavalcade' is substituted). It is much used by the court-newsmen in his descriptions of the movements of royalty.

Coup.—There is scarcely a word in the French language which does such severe duty as *coup*. In the dictionary of the Académie, two closely-printed columns give its meanings, and examples of its varied use. The primary signification is a 'blow'; but this is so extended, as to make it mean any sort of sudden action, especially when compounded with other words. So many of these compound expressions have we borrowed from our neighbours, that on the present occasion only a list of the more popular can be given. *Coup-d'éclat*, a stroke of cleverness; *coup-d'essai*, a trial stroke, a first attempt; *coup-d'état*, a piece of state policy; *coup-de-grace*, the finishing stroke; *coup-de-main*, a stroke of the hand, applied mostly to military exploits of a desperate character, but otherwise to anything done with promptitude and vigour; *coup-de-main*, a master-stroke; *coup-d'œil*, a stroke of the eye, a rapid glance; *coup-de-plume*, a dash of the pen; *coup-de-soleil*, a stroke of the sun; *coup-de-théâtre*, a clap-trap. One of the most successful *coup-de-théâtre* on record was performed by Mr Burke during the debate on the Alien bill in 1792. He declared that three thousand daggers were being, at the moment he was speaking, manufactured for certain aliens, who were connected with the French Revolution, then fiercely raging. In the midst of his fiery peroration he suddenly plucked one of the daggers from under his coat, and threw it on the floor of the house. 'These,' he exclaimed, 'are the presents designed for you! By these are freedom and fraternity to be propagated! But may Heaven avert such principles from our minds, and such daggers from our hearts!' The effect thus produced on the minds of the auditors was seldom surpassed; yet the orator must have previously obtained the dagger and secreted it about his person, for the purpose of giving an extrinsic effect to his arguments. It was indeed a genuine clap-trap, or, in more polite parlance, a *coup-de-théâtre*.

Crochet.—The diminutive of *croc*, a hook. This word has recently come much into use, in consequence of the universal knitting, knotting, and embroidery practised by the fair sex as an amusing occupation. Some kinds of this pastime are performed by means of a small hook, by which the loops of network are pulled through each other; hence called *crochet*, pronounced in the French style. From this term we derive crotchet, a crooked fancy or whim, and one of the characters of musical notation which formerly terminated in a small hook.

DOMESTIC ERAS.

A CERTAIN cashier in a London merchant's office was for forty years so punctual in the discharge of his daily duties, that the monotony of his life was only relieved by a single circumstance:—When the principal became lord mayor, the cashier was appointed his lordship's private secretary. From that wonderful year the formal clerk reckoned all the other events of his existence. He did not, for example, date his marriage, and the birth of his children, from certificates and parish registers, but according as those little circumstances took place before or after the great era. It was the same with public events. Inquire of him when the capture of Seringapatam took place, and he would tell you that it occurred so many years before he had the honour of being intrusted with the confidence of the great civic functionary. Ask him about the battle of Waterloo, and he would give you its date as so many years after it was his privilege to act as private secretary to the lord mayor. If, therefore, his biography were to be written, it would contain exactly one remarkable event.

The majority of families have their monotony broken by the occurrence of little out-of-the-way events of a like nature. Accidents or unforeseen happenings to themselves or trifling, are, by the force of mere contrast, magnified

into great epochs in the smooth current of parlour existence, and serve to fix the chronology of lesser events, just as effectually as the Olympic games regulated the Greek calendar, and the Hejira that of the Mahomedans. These waves in the straight line of domestic routine, are to a quiet household what the battle of Bunker's Hill is to the annals of the United States, or the last earthquake to the history of Lisbon. My late revered aunt, for instance, sole keeper of a christening bowl which had remained in our family for ages, and which it was my childish misfortune to shiver, made that catastrophe her register to the day of her death: it was her Hejira—her earthquake. When at a loss for a date, the fracture of the china fixed it. If you asked her when I was born, she would answer, so many years before the porcelain went to pieces: inquire when my brother went to India, and she replied, so many years after. When young, and living a life of excitement, I used to smile at my aunt's china calendar; but now that I am old, and exist in a scarcely varying round of domestic sameness, I feel the use of such insignificant resting-places for the memory. My chronology, therefore, is chiefly confined to the glorious call-dinner I gave when donning my wig and gown (the only professional event of my life, for I never had a brief); the publication of my first book; my marriage; and lastly, the birth of my eldest boy—for, since his advent, births have become ordinary instead of remarkable events.

Of late years things have gone on with little variation. The dismissal of a cook, the hiring of a new nursery governess, my son's launch into the world as an articulated clerk, and my eldest daughter's departure to finish her education in Paris, have been the chief events in the history of Clover Hall for the last dozen years; but a small circumstance which has recently happened has worked a great change. The last remarkable event was the return of my daughter Clotilda from France. When Clotilda departed she was a girl; she has returned a woman. From a theoretical education, she has entered upon a practical one. This is our last remarkable event; for by it the whole of our domestic arrangements have been more or less unsettled.

Mrs Johnson, having retired from active service, has resigned the commissariat and *ménage* of our household to Clotilda. I regret to mention that the young lady's arithmetic has been found sadly deficient. The tradesmen's accounts sometimes show that twice two sovereigns make fifty shillings, and that tea is five guineas a pound. Punctuality has also fled our roof. The dinner-bell, which has so regularly drowned the sound of the clock whilst striking five, never rings now two days running within the same half-hour. The truth is, that (may I say?), unfortunately, Miss Johnson is an accomplished young lady. She is a very average pianoforte player, and sings Italian scenes whenever people are patient enough to listen. She is comely too. Mrs Johnson's expression for her is, 'a lovely girl'; and I must so far agree with her as to say, that when the child departed for Paris, she was a decided improvement on her mother at her age. Her return, alas! threatens to be our great era: when at a loss for a date, every one in the house, from the errand-boy upwards, refreshes his memory by saying such and such a thing happened so many days, or so many months, before or after Miss Clotilda came back from Paris. I have ceased to buy almanacs; for my family takes no note of time, except as it bears reference to my daughter's French expedition.

But it is not families and lord mayors' secretaries only who date by remarkable events. Professional people have also their time-marks. The lawyer dates by the great causes which have happened in his time. When Mr Latitat of Lincoln's Inn is at fault for a date, he gets at it by referring to the various stages of the great Small and Attwood cause. As the action of Poebles against Plainstones was the almanac of the plaintiff, so the celebrated Douglas case serves as a whet to the memory of the Scottish writer.—The medi-

cal man dates by the bad celebrity of a great gentleness, and helps out his recollection by references to the 'cholera year,' or the 'fever season.'—The amateur of the turf keeps a regular racing calendar in his head, and gauges the minor events of his life—such as the breaking of his arm, his marriage, or succession to his property—by the winners of the Derby stakes at Epsom. Of the lesser occurrences he will say, they happened in the 'Bloomsbury' year, or the 'Little Wonder' year, or the 'Mazeppa' year.—Collegians also have a similar sort of chronology. They date by their examinations—by their 'little goes' or their 'great goes,' or by their matriculation. Thus, if asked when Mr Little or Mr Scamper took his degree, they will reply, 'Oh, he went up in my year.' Or if asked when a gentleman first entered the university, they reverse it, and say, 'He came down in my year.'

An amusing instance of this kind of help to memory existed in a certain opulent knight of the city of London, who took a pride in having risen from low estate by unaided industry and perseverance, and who occasionally shocked his less unassuming wife and daughters by dating his little stories by the four remarkable events of his life. Reminiscences of juvenile pranks he would commence thus: 'When I went as an errand-boy in Clerkenwell,' so and so happened; or, 'When I was put apprentice in Bowling-green Lane, I did such a thing. Anecdotes of his middle life often had this beginning—'A year or two after I set up for myself in Jerusalem Passage,' while his stories of more mature years commenced with, 'A month after I was knighted at St James's Palace.' Besides these four occurrences, no other markings of time does he appear to have heeded. A similar instance is recorded of Napoleon. When he was dining with the many crowned heads who were brought under his thrall at Leipsic, he had the bad taste to humble them (it is said purposely), by dating the chronology of an anecdote with, 'When I was a sous-lieutenant of artillery.' Many events so truly remarkable had occurred since he held that humble rank, that it had been urged he might have selected one of a more noble and elevated character instead. But it is a nice question whether he did not, in looking back and recalling the feelings with which he received his lieutenant's commission, estimate it at the moment as one of the most impressive, and therefore remarkable events of his brilliant career.

LIEUTENANT WAGHORN AND THE NEW LAND ROUTE FROM INDIA.

WHEN a mere man of letters of the present day be-thinks him of arraying the spirits of the age before the public eye, he selects a number of poets and tale-writers, some of whom, perhaps, have hardly been heard of beyond the set amongst which they are worshipped. The true spirits of the age are not writers at all, or at least are not spirits of the age, by reason of their being writers. They are the men who take a lead in operations calculated to bring about great social changes—such men as Stephenson, Hudson, Cobden, or the subject of this sketch. We learn from an interesting article in the *Pictorial Times*, that Mr Waghorn passed his earlier years of manhood as an officer in the service of the East India Company, in which capacity he took part in many desperate battles, and got some severe wounds, but only with the effect of hardening him to the most enterprising in which he has since been engaged. Having several times had to pass from India to England, and back, when it was a four-months' voyage, his impetuous nature felt keenly this loss of time, and he resolved to effect the means of a quicker transit. It cost him seven years to bring this to bear, and a full recital of his difficulties would form a most interesting narrative.

'At the outset,' says our authority, 'his attention was directed to an extraordinary man—whose natural talents are such, that in other circumstances they might have made him the Napoleon of his age—who had accumulated a large amount of wealth and power, who had built up an army and a fleet at a vast expense, and who might, had he pleased, have interposed stupendous obstacles to the accomplishment of Lieutenant Waghorn's design. This man was Mohammed Ali, the pasha of Egypt, whose character and position would have extinguished all hope of success in a mind less determined than that which was now absorbed in contemplating a mighty work, and inflexibly determined on its achievement. He entered the service of the pasha, conciliated his esteem, secured his confidence, and then—knowing that none could cross the desert from Suez to Alexandria, a distance of between seventy and eighty miles of sandy waste, without being friendly with the Arab tribes—he proposed to Mohammed Ali the hitherto impracticable task of establishing commercial relations with the freebooters of the wilderness, the wild descendants of Ishmael.

'The appeal was successful. Lieutenant Waghorn was appointed by the sagacious ruler of Egypt his secret emissary to the Arabs, and to that people he went, without a single attendant. Among them he lived three years, and in the course of that time exerted so much influence upon them, as to induce them to exercise forbearance, and to treat that mysterious thing, a letter, with due respect.

'His next step was to prevail upon Mohammed Ali to open a house of agency in Suez, which, being situated at the northern extremity of the gulf of its own name, which is also at the north-west angle of the Red Sea, would be of great importance as an outpost on the proposed route. Caravans were then to be established at different spots in the desert; and in this project also he was successful. Lieutenant Waghorn subsequently built a house at Cairo, to be employed as an outpost. This town is the modern capital of Egypt, and the second city of the Mahommedan world; and being near the eastern bank of the Nile, and containing a large population, it was of great moment to have a station here. Alexandria also being a town of great importance, it was necessary that another should be constructed there; which was accordingly done. Most complete were all these arrangements; and, after a while, Lieutenant Waghorn had the high gratification of conducting the late Earl of Munster and a party of officers by the new route across the desert, by way of the Red Sea, and through France, direct from Bombay. Various improvements in the means thus employed were gradually effected; and so permanent were the advantages secured to the parties immediately concerned, that it became a matter of interest with them to secure their continuance. Mohammed Ali learned so much from what had been accomplished, that every existing facility was continued even during the war between Great Britain and the pasha. A slight notice of his generosity at that time must not be omitted. During the attack on the castle of Gebail, on the night of the 12th of September 1840, and in the midst of the firing, a white flag being seen hoisted in the town, hostile proceedings were instantly suspended; but on the boat's reaching the shore, the Indian mail, which had arrived by way of Bagdad, was handed to the officer, with "Suleiman Pasha's compliments to Admiral Stopford." The latter, on his part, immediately forwarded a warm letter of thanks to the

pasha, and accompanied it with a package of foreign wine, which had been seized in an Egyptian vessel directed to Suleiman. This interchange of courtesies being ended, firing was at once resumed, and the result is well known. For the feeling thus displayed during this arduous war, Mohammed Ali afterwards received an 'honourable tribute' from the merchants of Britain, who justly felt that conduct so unexampled deserved its prompt and hearty approbation.

The result, in short, of Mr Waghorn's exertions was the establishment of a communication from India, by Egypt and Marseilles, to England, occupying about thirty-five days. Such at least was the route used for letters, and available for travellers also, unless they preferred, for cheapness, to take the steamer by Gibraltar. It was unlucky, in this arrangement, that the route passed through France, for the French, animated by hostile feelings towards England, clogged that passage with as many difficulties and humiliations as possible. Indignant at the vexations thus experienced, Lieutenant Waghorn lately determined to try if it was possible to find another and equally convenient line of transit across the continent. Convinced that such a course was practicable, he communicated his ideas to many, but received no assistance in carrying them out. The British government was unable to entertain it, from the diplomatic difficulties which invariably occur in moving the complicated political machine for such an object. Many persons, indeed, denounced the project as wild and absolutely impracticable.

To pursue the intelligent narrative in the *Pictorial Times*—Nothing was more clear to the eagle eye of Lieutenant Waghorn, than that it was very desirable to effect the transit without touching on the French territory, and that there would be an actual saving of 240 miles by way of Trieste over that of Marseilles. The former is the principal seaport town of the Austrian empire, and is situated near the north-eastern extremity of the Adriatic Sea. The depth of water is such, that ships of 300 tons burden can lie close to the quays, those of greater size being moored in front of the city. Lieutenant Waghorn considered, too, that the saving of a mile, or the gaining of a minute, in so great an enterprise, was of the utmost importance; and on the accomplishment of it in the shortest possible time he set his heart. That great and petty governments might thwart or retard his movements, he did not forget; but, with fixedness of purpose, he communicated with them, and, as the result, succeeded in allaying their prejudices, dispelling their fears, and stimulating their hopes of great and ultimate advantage. Two years have been spent in these arrangements, and he has just been permitted to reap their first and most gratifying fruits.

The requisite preparations having been made, Mr Waghorn sailed for Alexandria to receive the mail, which started from Bombay on the first of October. This was brought, as usual, by steamer to Suez, by Arab couriers across the desert to Cairo, and thence up the Nile and canal by steamers to Alexandria. Off this place Mr Waghorn awaited the mail in the Austrian steamer 'Imperatore,' and it was placed in his hands on the twentieth day of its transit from Bombay. The steamer instantly made off across the Mediterranean, where it encountered extremely rough weather and head winds; nevertheless, in six days and thirteen hours it reached the head of the Adriatic, and ran into Dwino, fifteen miles nearer to London than Trieste, which had been his first destination. The whole European continent was now before the lieutenant, and he hastened to begin his journey across it. We learn from the *London Illustrated News*, in which an accurate sketch of his route is published, that, making his way from Dwino through Inspruck, Ulm, and Burchall by post-chaise, thence to Mannheim by railway, and from the latter place to Bergen by steamer down the Rhine—where an accident prevented him from continuing his voyage—he landed and posted to Cologne, and went on to Ostend by railway. Here

the 'Hemco' steamer waited to convey him to Dover; and he arrived in London by railway, after one of the most rapid journeys ever made across Europe. It occupied, despite delays and accidents, only ninety-nine hours and forty-five minutes.

On the 1st of October another mail was despatched from Bombay, with extra speed, by the route *via* Marseilles, to see which would arrive in London first. That was anticipated by Mr Waghorn by two days, thus proving the superiority of the German over the French route. He is of opinion that he shall be able, in his next attempt, to complete the same journey in twenty-five days; and, with less than two years' experience, despatches will be in London on the twenty-first day from Bombay.

This new route will be an extremely useful variation from the French one. It secures an overland transit to India in the event of anything occurring to interrupt that by way of Marseilles; besides giving travellers their choice as to scenery, and the countries they would wish to get a glimpse of. As it will be much to the interests of the various states which the road passes, they will doubtless alter their passport system, so as to do away with the necessity of a separate document for each frontier, and will in all probability combine their ambassadors' and agents' signatures on one passport, for the special accommodation of each traveller intending to go to India. Still, the new route could never wholly supersede the Indian traffic through France. The truth is, there are some natural difficulties of an important kind attending the German route. The experiment tried by Mr Waghorn during the fine season, will be far more difficult during mid-winter. The storms so frequent in the Adriatic, and the snows which cover the roads of Germany, will present impediments to the progress of the mails which they do not encounter in their passage through France; besides, at no very remote period, the railway between Marseilles and Calais will greatly shorten the distance. For these reasons, no very speedy change in the bulk of the communication with India is to be anticipated, since the new road opened by Mr Waghorn is only available when the state of the sea and the fine season combine to insure success.

The new triumph of rapidity in travel is entirely accomplished by private enterprise. The proprietors of the *Times* newspaper supplied the pecuniary means, and Lieutenant Waghorn did the rest. It may seem anomalous at first sight that an undertaking so purely national should be left to individuals to carry out, and not be prosecuted by government; but it is one of the blessings of this nation that an adequate elasticity is given to individual enterprise; for without it, the greatest undertakings could not be accomplished. Had, for instance, the cumbrous machinery of state been set to work some dozen years ago—when Mr Waghorn commenced his negotiations with Mohammed Ali—it is probable the route would not have been opened yet. To preserve peaceful diplomatic relations with foreign powers, the utmost caution is required in state negotiations: there must be preliminaries, protocols, and stipulations out of number, before the wished-for 'ratification' is effected; whilst to have brought the mail through France, a separate treaty would have been required. Whereas the English private gentleman, in the person of Mr Waghorn, was enabled to make his own bargains and his own stipulations, without involving his native government any further than if he were a person travelling, and hiring post horses or dromedaries for his own pleasure. Again, in the present instance, had government taken the new route in hand, complicated negotiations demanded by state policy would have been opened with Austria, Switzerland, Bavaria, Württemberg, Nassau, and Prussia, and the Foreign Office would have occupied several years in accomplishing what the irresponsible Mr Waghorn managed in two. In this case, therefore, the advantage of the *laissez-faire* principle, so extensively adopted by the British government, is fully illustrated.

We are happy to see that a testimonial is in progress to Mr Waghorn, to enable the public to make their grateful sense of the eminent services of, without doubt, the most rapid and useful traveller of modern times.

THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.

Among the educational measures which have from time to time received the sanction and support of the government, may be instanced, as not the least important, the Schools of Design, which have been for some years in active operation, imparting 'the best instruction at the smallest amount of payment.' From the central school at Somerset House, an annual report of the managing council is issued, giving a general account of the proceedings of each school, the progress of the pupils, financial statements, and other matters worthy consideration. We shall avail ourselves of the third and fourth reports, embracing a period of time from May 1843 to June of the present year, to bring the position and prospects of these useful institutions before the readers of the Journal.

The school at Somerset House was 'originally established as a school of design in ornamental art, for the special purpose of teaching its application to manufactures; and a systematic plan of instruction was adopted, by which the students were divided into elementary drawing, and other classes, having reference to the particular objects of their studies. A certain position in the school is assigned to them on entrance, from which they work gradually onwards, commencing with elementary drawing in outline, which they are not permitted to leave until they can draw with correctness; the next step is to the class for shading, at first from the black, so as to induce skill in the use of the chalk; after which they pass to drawing from casts, modelling, the study of colour, chiaro-oscuro, water colours, and painting from nature; to this succeeds drawing the figure, perspective; and the highest class, in which is acquired a knowledge of 'the history, principles, and practice of ornamental design, and its application to the various processes of manufacture, including the study of oil, tempera, fresco, encaustic, or wax painting; and the practice of the various branches of decorative art.'

This, it will be acknowledged, opens a valuable course of study, which, it is gratifying to observe, is not confined exclusively to the male sex; for female schools, conducted by ladies, under the general supervision of the director appointed by the council, exist as parts of the central and provincial establishments; thus offering to the gentler sex an advantage which, in their present want of profitable occupation, promises to be important and elevating.

The fees of admission to the central school are four shillings per month for the morning classes, and two shillings per month for the evening; the hours of attendance being, for five days in the week, from ten till three in the one case, and from half past six until nine P.M. in the other; thus giving those whose occupations prevent their attendance in the day, an opportunity of doing so after working hours. The fees at the branch school in Spitalfields are just half of those paid respectively at the central establishment for the same period of study; and the subscription to the female school is not more than two shillings monthly, for which their course of instruction includes, in connection with that already detailed, 'the practice of pattern design and designing, for those branches of industry which are most suited to the pursuits of females—such as lace, embroidery, &c.; and instruction in drawing on wood, for the purpose of engraving, cross-hatched lithography; porcelain painting, and other kinds of ornamental work, in the execution of which they may be advantageously employed.'

In order to secure as far as possible the legitimate

ends for which the schools were established, 'candidates for admission are required to be recommended by two respectable individuals, and are expected to leave with their application one or more drawings, as specimens of their ability.' Blank forms of certificate may always be had if applied for, which, when filled up, and properly signed, must distinctly state 'the present and proposed occupation of the applicant.' No pupil under the age of twelve is admitted; and we find from the table in the third report, that the whole number of students in the central school in 1843-4, comprehended, from 12 to 15 years, 40; 15 to 20 years, 189; and 46 above the latter age; while the attendance showed an average monthly increase of 48 over the preceding year, with a proportionate increase in the amount received for fees. The report for the present year proves 'that schools of design, as the means of attaining improvement in the productions of ornamental art in this country, are very highly estimated throughout our commercial communities; and that there appears to exist in the minds of all who are most competent to judge, and most interested in the prosperity of our national manufactures, a decided conviction of the practical importance of continuing and extending the instruction which it is the object of schools of design to impart'—there being an average monthly increase of 33 in the attendance throughout the year, with a corresponding augmentation of the total amount of subscriptions. Of these students, 31 are from the age of 12 to 15; 159 from 15 to 20; 104 from 20 to 25; 24 from 25 to 30; 12 from 30 to 35. It will thus be seen that the largest attendance is among the young, from whom, their habits being yet unformed, the most is to be hoped.

The occupations of the pupils are given in a tabular statement, from which we learn that twenty-three are arabesque painters and decorators, nine cabinetmakers, twenty-three ornamental wood-carvers, twenty-two architects, eight joiners, four carpenters, three upholsterers, fifteen copperplate engravers, seven builders, nine clerks, five wood engravers, eighteen designers for manufactures; of weavers, watchmakers, smiths, surveyors, and engineers, one each. These are but a few of the whole number, of which forty-four come under the head of 'occupation undetermined.' It is expressed in the fourth of the printed rules, that 'no student be admitted who is studying fine art solely for the purpose of being a painter or sculptor; and we are further informed that, 'in opening national schools of design for the almost gratuitous instruction of the industrial classes, it was by no means intended to afford accommodation to such as seek only to acquire a little knowledge of fine art as a mere educational accomplishment.' These regulations, though open to evasion, must have the effect of confining the instructions more particularly to the large class for whom they are specially intended, and lead to the creation of a numerous body of ornamentists, who may be able to place British art in a position of high excellence.

The pupils are expected to provide themselves with the requisite drawing materials at their own expense; but this is compensated for by the free use of a library connected with the schools being afforded to them; of which we read, that 'the utility of small lending libraries, in educating ornamentists, is found to be highly appreciated in all the schools established by the council; and this appreciation appears to proceed from considering that such education implies considerable development, cultivation, and training of the mental powers, as well as mechanical exercise of the hand and eye; for, although the ornamentist is to be educated not to write, but to work, he is required to work intelligently; the degree of excellence of that which his hand executes being dependent on a correspondent superiority of his suggestive and thinking faculties.' This object is further effected by access to the works of arts contained in the schools: among them are 'casts of the most important Greek sculptures; busts, masks, and portions of statues; examples of alto and basso-relievo from Greek, Roman,

and middle-age monuments; architectural ornament of every style and era; specimens of Byzantine decoration; Gothic enrichments; and a very extensive collection of engraved and lithographed drawings.* But examples of ornament in casts and prints are not all that is necessary for the purposes of schools of design. Real specimens of various kinds of ornamental manufactures and decorative work, are found to be indispensably requisite, both for teachers and learners, in the education of practical ornamentists. With this conviction, the council have already procured, as the commencement of a more important collection, some very useful and valuable specimens of this nature, chiefly from Germany, France; and Italy, consisting of patterns of stained paper-hangings, rich embroidered silks, and tissues of silk and glass, printed calicoes, wood-carving, ornaments of lacquered embossed metal, models in papier maché, imitations of antique stained glass from Nuremberg, iron castings in panel-work, fancy earthenware, enameled tiles, and several examples of decorative painting in tempera, enamel, fresco, encaustic, &c. including some valuable coloured tracings from fresco ornaments in Mantua.

The school is open to the inspection of the public every Monday, between the hours of one and three; and at all times is visited, not only by those who take a zealous interest in the improvement of ornamental art in this country, but by a numerous class of persons whose practical pursuits and employments as manufacturers of articles of ornament, or decorative artists, induce them to apply to the director for information and useful suggestions. To all such applicants the examples of designs possessed by the school are freely shown, and the permission to examine and copy them is accompanied by every endeavour on the part of the director to render them practically serviceable, by explanatory observations.

Under certain restrictions, and 'with the view of developing talent and exciting emulation, and as a means of indicating to what extent the students have advanced in improvement, the council have always deemed it beneficial to the school to appropriate a small portion of the funds at their disposal to the distribution of prizes.' In the year 1843, twelve prizes, amounting to £31, 10s., were awarded; the value of the list advertised in 1844 was £94; and for the present year, £185: the latter were distributed at the annual meeting in July, on which occasion it was stated that the specimens showed an improvement in taste and execution far exceeding that of any former year. Among the names of the successful competitors were those of nine females; thus satisfactorily proving that women are fitted for other pursuits than those of the needle.

At the time of the late 'Exposition' at Paris, the council, being desirous of keeping pace with the progress of improvement, deputed the director to visit the French capital for the purpose of providing 'more efficient collections of appropriate examples of ornamental art for the metropolitan and provincial schools, most of which are yet very inadequately supplied with normal examples and specimens;' of which purchases were made to the amount of £1,300, in all the departments and varieties above enumerated. As some difficulty was experienced in properly apportioning this supply among the whole of the schools, a selection from it, with other examples, was formed into a collection, 'to be sent successively to each of the provincial schools for exhibition during a limited period; and the council has reason to conclude, from expressions of satisfaction conveyed in various communications from the masters of the schools, and from eminent manufacturers interested in the progress of ornamental art, that this mode of affording to the designers and workmen of the provincial towns opportunity to examine and compare specimens of superior merit, is calculated to be very serviceable in suggesting points and means of improvement.

The advantage and desirableness of good designs are shown in the very high appreciation of them by the

principal manufacturers, many of whom find it expedient to devote very large sums to the purchase of foreign designs, and the payment of professional designers. The sum expended by the manufacturers of Manchester alone in French designs, is stated to amount to at least £20,000 per annum; and instances may be adduced of single firms whose annual expenditure for English and foreign designs, and for the services of designers and draughtsmen, amounts, to thousands of pounds. French, and especially German painters, are employed by the principal house decorators in London, and foreign draughtsmen are found in the warehouses of Manchester.

During the past year, various applications have been made by manufacturers and others for draughtsmen; and from time to time students in the school have been recommended, and engaged as apprentices, to practical designers and other parties employed in ornamental work, to whom it is found to be a great advantage to obtain youths as apprentices whose usefulness, with regard both to artistic qualifications and propriety of conduct, can be at once ascertained by inquiry in the school, and by inspection of their productions previous to engagement, instead of depending, as appears to have been the usual mode of proceeding, upon the chance of finding by experience, *after* engagement, that the youth possesses the requisite disposition and talent. Several instances can be adduced in which the services of apprentices selected from the school have been highly satisfactory; and here it may be remarked, as relating generally to all the schools, that instances continually occur of students who possess superior natural endowments, with competent knowledge of art, and power of execution, but who, from deficiency of that technical information respecting manufacturing processes which can be effectually learned only by actual experience in the factory and workshop, cannot procure from manufacturers the employment they seek, as ornamentists, draughtsmen and designers. Those who, to the general knowledge they have acquired in the school of design, have found means to add the requisite information as to the practical application of it to particular manufactures, readily obtain engagements; but with regard to many others, who possess in general the prerequisite qualifications of good designers, it is to be regretted that manufacturers are not more generally disposed to meet the views of such candidates for their service, and to afford them such facilities and liberal encouragement as would serve to secure, for the purposes of ornamental manufactures, much available talent, which, in default of such encouragement, is often withdrawn from the further study of ornament, and directed exclusively to the pursuit of fine art.

The very munificent remuneration which designers receive from manufacturers in France, is commonly, and no doubt correctly, assigned as one of the principal causes of the comparative superiority which is displayed in French designs; and it is to be hoped that, in England, the development of talent for ornamental art will be promoted by a higher estimate of its commercial value.

The certain promise of valuable employment here held out, should have the effect of awakening the attention of artisans in every part of the country, but more especially in the manufacturing districts, to the existence and advantages of these schools, of which there are already nine in the provinces, namely, at Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Sheffield, Nottingham, York, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Glasgow, and Norwich.* It is also in contemplation to form a central institution for Ireland, in the building of the Royal Society of Dublin, from which beneficial improvements may be expected to result to the manufactures of that part of the kingdom.

* Applications have been received by the council praying for an additional branch school for London, to be established in Southwark; and from Hanley, in Staffordshire, signed by upwards of 600 artisans and artists in the Potteries.

The greatest proportion of those who attend either the male or female provincial schools, is of course found amongst those occupied in the prevalent manufactures of the place. At Manchester, we find 6 designers to calico-printers, 23; youths intended for ditto, 18; while those engaged in cotton, woollen, and silk manufactures, comprehend two-fifths of the whole number of students. At Birmingham, the greatest proportion lies among die-sinkers, japanners, and architects; at Coventry, intending designers and draughtsmen; at Nottingham, lace-makers; at Glasgow, pattern-drawers, warehousemen, clerks, and schoolboys. Should it become generally known that the schools already in progress, or those which may hereafter be established, are supported by annual parliamentary grants,* we may fairly expect that every town which can boast of a mechanics' institute, will also have its government school of design, especially as the council express themselves ready to give any information towards the laudable object.

To numerous classes of artisans and operatives employed in ornamental manufactures, a practical knowledge of drawing is, in fact, of the greatest value and importance; it being evident that, however excellent may be the pattern supplied by the professional designer, its effective and successful execution in the required material must greatly depend upon the educated eye and hand of the workman. The excellence displayed in many of the ornamental productions of France, is evidently attributable to the superior competence of the workmen; while among our manufacturers, especially of metal, it is a common source of complaint that, in the reproduction of the best designs, the peculiar delicacy and sentiment exhibited by the designer are not only unappreciated, but destroyed, by the workman.

As we manufacture for every part of the world, commercial speculation has led to much enterprise in imitating foreign manufactures. In Glasgow may be seen printed cotton dresses for Ceylon, and other Indian possessions, exhibiting in some instances very beautiful designs, to suit the peculiar tastes of the people of those countries. This species of enterprise is so extended, that even religious idols have been manufactured and exported to some of our foreign possessions; and the ornamental buttons which distinguish the costume of the Chinese mandarins, have been supplied from the workshops of England. But, as the agents employed by commercial parties to procure patterns for imitation and reproduction are not always persons of correct taste, the best specimens of foreign manufactures are rarely introduced.

In England, the more highly educated classes have acquired a refined taste, which in many instances cannot be satisfied by the present knowledge, taste, and skill of our own manufacturers and artisans, who are merely beginning to receive some of the advantages which have long been possessed by many of their foreign competitors in ornamental work; and the costly and extensive public museums, and excellent schools of art, to which all classes in the more advanced nations of the continent have gratuitous and ready access, are doubtless the primary means by which our neighbours have been enabled to excel us in the various ornamental departments of industry which demand superior knowledge, taste, intelligence, and training. In the Louvre are galleries not only of pictures and statues, but of choice specimens of ancient manufactures, carved work, brass, steel, and iron-work, and numerous examples of the productions of industrial art in general.

We have not hesitated to quote largely from the report, whose circulation being limited, necessarily operates against the just appreciation of a subject so to be found in a wide diffusion. We are willing to believe that a numerous class of our artisans need only to have their deficiencies pointed out, to induce them to take effectual measures for their instruction and improve-

ment; and in no case can the fostering aid of government be more legitimately applied, than in the support of educational institutions whose influence may rouse the toiling millions to a perception of the beautiful in art and the pure in morality.

THE PLEDGE REDEEMED.

TOWARDS the close of the reign of Louis XIV., a plant of Mocha coffee was brought to the king's garden, which very soon increased; and the genius of the government of that day thought that, by transplanting into their West India colonies this shrub, an immense source of riches might be opened to the country. The carrying out of this idea was intrusted to Chevalier Desclieux, who, provided with a young coffee-plant, set out from Nantes, thence to convey it to Martinique. Imbedded in its native mould, the precious exile was placed in an oak-wood box, impenetrable to cold, and covered with a glass frame so formed as to catch the least ray of the sun and double its heat; and in case the sun did not shine, a small aperture, hermetically sealed, could admit heated air when it was thought proper to do so. We can imagine all the charges Desclieux received when he entered the ship in which he was to embark: but he did not need them; he saw at a glance all the distinction he would gain by this expedition, which would secure to his country an inexhaustible source of riches. It was then, with a really patriotic feeling, that he took the plant under his care, promising to devote himself to it as he would to his country, and to all the duties of his profession. And when the skiff, after having quitted the vessel, returned again to renew the charge, and to remind Desclieux once more that the plant must be watered every day, and that copiously, he pledged his honour that, rather than fail in this, he would himself die of thirst.

The ship sailed: the crew was composed of about one hundred men, and of some passengers about to settle in the Antilles, amongst whom was an amiable family, consisting of father, mother, and their only daughter Louisa, a beautiful and accomplished girl of eighteen. In a vessel where people are so much thrown together, meeting constantly for a length of time, destined perhaps to share the same death, but little time is required to form an intimacy which often ripens into lasting friendship; and thus it proved in the case of the parents of Louisa and Desclieux. Scarcely had they passed the lighthouse of Cordouan, glittering in the twilight of a lovely evening, when they were already friends. Already this fresh and delicate plant, interesting as an exile, as a flower transplanted from its own soil, as a child torn from its mother, became a mutual object of attraction. It was thus that Louisa pointed it out to her parents as it lay on the deck in its glass-case, exposed to the mid-day sun. She charmed the tedium of the voyage in hourly watching the progress which she believed visible in the feeble offset. She had felt interested in it from the moment Desclieux had shown her all the glory he was to gain by it for France, and then she had become attached to it; for it is a beautiful proof of the magnanimity of women—their love for all that is glorious. Even during the five days they had been at sea, the little coffee-plant had evidently increased; two small leaves of a most delicate green had appeared; and every morning Louisa's first thought after prayer was the cherished plant; but she could not see it till Desclieux had left his room, for he always kept the sacred deposit with him. Every evening he watered it abundantly, and then let hot air into the frame by means of the tube, as he had been directed: he kept it as close as possible to him at night, that even during sleep he might administer heat to it. Never did bird brood over its young more fondly, never did nurse cherish more tenderly the new-born babe.

As soon as Desclieux appeared on deck in the morning to lay his precious charge in the sun, Louisa im-

* At the close of the late session of parliament, the sum of £4011 was voted for the schools of design.

immediately ran thither. She delighted to point out to her mother its growth during the night, a growth imperceptible to indifferent eyes; but she had become attached to it; and as the slightest emotions are visible to us in the features of those we love, though unperceived by strangers, so she discovered the least change even in the thickness of the stalk or the length of the leaves; and Desclieux, seeing the young girl thus attaching herself to what had been confided to him, and what he so cherished, felt touched and grateful.

They met with a terrible assault when close to Madeira. It was about the middle of a dark night, though not stormy; the vessel was gliding along noiselessly; and all on board were asleep except the officer on watch—and indeed he too perhaps slept, or he would have heard the noise of the level cutting the waves as a bird's wing cuts the air, and he would have cried 'Ship ahoy!' A ship was indeed quite close to Desclieux's vessel, and the token it gave of its vicinity was a cannonade which awoke up every one in a moment, both crew and passengers. It was a pirate vessel of Tunis, a poor chebeck, but formidable in the night—a time that magnifies every fear—and formidable, too, from the desperate bravery of the handitti who manned her. Believing themselves assailed by superior forces, the ship's crew prepared for a resistance as vigorous, as desperate as the attack. Better far to die than to be carried slaves to Africa! All the passengers were at prayer, distracted, trembling, or half dead. Louisa alone remained calm, for she was sustained by the thought that to her Desclieux had intrusted his precious charge. The fight commenced; the ship fired eight cannon on the chebeck; and it was time, for already the captain had boarded the French ship, but was immediately cut down by Desclieux's axe. A last discharge of guns on each side, and the firing ceased. The pirate felt its inferiority, and retreated, while the conquerors continued their course.

Two hours of torturing suspense had passed since the terrible awakening, which but served to make the feeling of restored security the more delightful, and the remainder of the night was spent in relating the events of the rencontre. Louisa's was not the least interesting: she had been regardless of danger during the combat, while watching over her charge; then she took it to Desclieux, who admired her the more—loved her the more; for courage, always beautiful, has a still greater charm when displayed by a woman.

It was a lovely morning; the sun was unusually bright and warm, and Desclieux left the plant on deck, the glass frame half raised to admit the fresh air and reviving heat, while he, with Louisa and her parents, sat near and enjoyed seeing it expand its pretty-leaves, and, as it were, smilingly greet the sun's rays which infused into it such genial warmth, and seeming to thank them for their care. But Desclieux's brow now kindled with higher thoughts. In this feeble offset he saw the pretty little starry flowers, then the perfumed berries, and the negroes gathering it abundantly, and then the ocean bearing vessels to France laden with its produce. All this he could see in the few small leaves scarcely above ground. Enthusiastically did he tell these bright visions to Louisa, and as she kindled in her turn, the coffee-plant became dearer and dearer to her, and she lavished as tender care upon it as she would upon a new-born brother. She seemed to have common sympathies with it, and if she felt that the heat might be too much for its slender stem, she drew over it little curtains of green silk which she had made expressly for it, just as a tender mother curtains the cradle of her infant. And then she read to Desclieux and her parents a long account of the coffee of Mocha, and pictured vividly to their imagination the tree to grow out of the nursing whose infancy they watched over. Sometimes the conversation took a different turn, and the parents of Louisa spoke, as if to an old familiar friend, of their fortune, of their family interests, of their views for the establishment of their only daughter; and Desclieux in

return imparted to them his plans. By degrees these communications led to projects of marriage between him and Louisa. It was no unpleasant thought to either, and the very day they crossed the line, a declaration was made, and an engagement formed, and it was agreed that their union should take place immediately on their return to France.

We may well think that Louisa became more attached than ever to the plant, now become a source of distinction in which she would one day share: imagine, then, her consternation when, one morning, she beheld it languishing. She said nothing, hoping it might revive; but the next morning found its leaves still more withered. She did not trust herself to speak of it to Desclieux, who also had but too plainly seen it. At last the thought occurred to him that, whilst in the intense heat of the tropics, the plant would require more water; he therefore poured on it almost his whole allowance. The effect was immediate in restoring its life and verdure, and Louisa was again happy. The ship was still some hundreds of leagues from Martinique, when a violent tempest arose, apparently the last of a fearful hurricane which had raged through the Antilles. It was found that the ship had sprung a leak; the pumps were not sufficient: they were in imminent danger, and the necessity of lightening the vessel was so urgent, that they were forced to throw overboard almost all the merchandise, a part of the ballast, and even several barrels of water. This last sacrifice was an appalling one: it was with a solemn feeling they made it, similar to that with which one hears the earth fall upon a coffin, or gives to the departed one the ocean for its tomb. Indeed these casks of water carried with them the lives of many individuals, who had now no escape from a cruel death by thirst. Desclieux, impressed, like the others, with this idea, only thought of his precious coffee-plant. However, they were not very far from port, and, with a favourable wind, might get in in a few days; and in effect the tempest being over, and the leak closed with great difficulty, a fresh breeze sprang up, and for a day and a night they sailed fast, and the stormy state of the atmosphere had produced on the coffee-plant the usual effect. It might almost have been said to have flourished the more for the tempest. Louisa and Desclieux contemplated it with a sweet joy, as at once the emblem and the omen of domestic happiness amid the storms of life. But, alas! the wind suddenly lulled—not the least breath to fill the sails, not a wave broke against the motionless vessel: an awful calm succeeded; and what is more terrible upon this scene of continual agitation than a calm unwonted and too often fatal? The dead heat of the tropics was felt in all its power by the helpless voyagers; they languished and fainted with a continual thirst; and, horrible to relate, the water was failing, for they had thrown so much overboard, that they were limited to a very small allowance—a cupful at most.

If men, notwithstanding their energies, sunk under the sufferings caused by the intense heat and burning thirst, what must have been the state of the poor little plant which faded away before the eye! It had its allowance also, but it was not enough; and every morning and evening Desclieux gave it his, only for which it would have died. Louisa was astonished to see the feeble plant yet bearing up; but Desclieux carefully concealed from her the means he was using, lest she also would deprive herself of water for it, and that he did not wish; he preferred suffering alone; and a long sojourn in the hottest parts of Arabia had in a great measure inured him to the climate, so that he did not feel it so much as others. The calm was uninterrupted, the remainder of the water was nearly exhausted, their situation was become dreadful, and there was no hope, in their case, of any relief from another vessel, for all were alike becalmed; and it was sad to see the ocean without a sail in the horizon, or, if there was one, it too was motionless. Their ration of water was now reduced to one small liqueur glass. One drop only, just

to moisten his lips, and Desclieux poured the rest on the plant, now apparently dying.

'Alas! how you are changed!' said Louisa to him one day: 'how pale you have become. You are suffering: this heat is killing you.'

He knew it; but he had promised to water the plant, even though he himself was to die of thirst; and he was faithful to his word. One evening, when Louisa and her parents were questioning him, he thus answered in a feeble voice, 'You are right; I die of thirst, that my charge may live. It is my duty;' and saying these words, he laid his parched lips upon its withered leaves, as one would kiss the hand of an expiring friend, and continued, 'You have all promised to love me: if I do not live, be careful of this coffee-plant, which held out to us such brilliant prospects. I ask it of you as a favour, and bequeath to you the distinction I hoped to have gained by it.' At the moment they were distributing the scanty portion of water, and though he was perishing, he threw the whole of it upon the shrub—Louisa did the same. It was, as it were, a sacred bond between them—an indissoluble tie. I am convinced that many of my readers have frequently felt a lively and almost inexplicable pleasure in watering a flower dried up by the scorching sun, and, in seeing it revive, have felt as if benefited themselves. What pleasure, then, it must have given to Desclieux and Louisa to see their plant raise its sickly leaves once more!

At length the wind began to rise lightly, and the vessel moved, though slowly. Desclieux was ill—in a burning fever; but he continued to share with the plant his allowance of water: and Louisa added hers. It increased their happiness that it owed its recovery to their mutual self-denial; and it seemed as if their household life had begun in a common endurance of suffering.

The breeze still freshened; and when the vessel anchored in the port of St Pierre, there was not a single drop of water on board. But the coffee-plant was saved; the colony enriched by it; Desclieux's pledge redeemed; and, three months after, Louisa was his wife.

FESTIVAL OF AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

THE following pleasing account of a festival lately given by C. B. Wall, Esq., M.P. for the borough of Guildford, to his tenants, agricultural labourers, and others, at his mansion of Norman Court, Hampshire, occurs in the letter of a lively correspondent to the League newspaper, and will doubtless interest all who feel concerned in the interchanges of kindly sentiments between different classes of the community:—

'Mr Wall's festival occurred on Tuesday the 17th of September. Having breakfasted at the Greyhound, or the Hare and Hound, or the Dogs—I am not sure which it is; but the traveller who likes a good breakfast, the freshest of water-cresses, and eggs, and bread and butter, and coffee and cream, will not make any mistake, as it is "the house of the village," [Broughton]—having breakfasted, and read, while at breakfast, the printed rules of that day's vegetable, fruit, and flower-show, the competitors in which were all to be labourers living in cottages rented from Mr Wall, in Broughton, the two Tytherleys (east and west); for which show a liberal and comprehensive scale of premiums were awarded—having breakfasted, and also read at breakfast the catalogue of the Norman Court Lending Library, which library consists of 500 or more volumes, provided at Mr Wall's expense, the only qualifications to obtain which is a desire to read, and a request to be allowed to borrow a book—the books consisting of the best periodical and serial works of the day, and of the standard works in religious, moral, and scientific biographies, poetry, instruction, and so forth; having also, when at breakfast, listened to what I have often done since, not only in Broughton, but in all the villages and districts around Norman Court, to the respectful, grateful, almost reverential remarks on Mr Wall, as a kind landlord and liberal helper of all who need a rich man's help—as an employer of many men, and a payer of good wages—as the protector not only of the living, but of the dead—the restorer of grave-stones, of churchyards, and of churches—having breakfasted, read, and listened to

all these things, I, with some other friends, drove off in a "trap" for Norman Court.

'Up Broughton-hill, westward, we toiled, one or two getting out, that the horse might have less toil. Having surmounted it, and left the wide expanse of woodless farmlands behind, turning only round to look down upon Broughton in its nest of trees for a minute, and upon the three Wallops, in their bourne farther north, and upon "Lennard's Grove" (the cross roads which so named tell their own tale), between us and the villages of the Wallops, we looked westward and southward into a country all different from that east and north of us. A succession of woodlands, now in hollows and now in heights; now with open fields and elsewhere with winding glades; now humble and copse-like, and again lofty and majestic, lay before us and below us, over a distance of six miles, bounded by another bold range of chalky hills, resembling that which we had just come over. By turns we went down, and again up; to the left and to the right, and on forward, turning again and again. Elderly men and women were standing aside to let us pass in the narrow woodland roads, or sitting down to rest themselves with their baskets of vegetables which they were carrying to the show. Boys with clean "smocks" on, or new jackets, were pushing on as fast as they had breath to Norman Court, and shouting as we passed; old and young, male and female, rich and poor—most of the rich, who had horses at home, walking as well as the poor, lest there might be no stabling for all the horses expected there; all these peopled the roads; and each gave the other joy of the fine day, as they journeyed onward.

'We arrived near the front of the mansion, commanding a magnificent view southward over woods and meadows and fields, dells, eminences, openings, thickets, and through noble park trees, amid which the carriage-roads led off, and lost themselves. On the side of the mansion next us, extending over a dozen acres or so backward, and now on our right hand, was a green smooth sward embosomed in lofty lines of trees, these lines being but the front-rank men of deep thickets. Into this we turned, and drove to the tent of Mr Lane, from Broughton, which stood fronting downward and towards us.

'On our right hand, at entering under the trees, was the sign of the Lion (Mr Beauchamp, from West Deng); and half way up, in front of the trees, was the Black Horse (Mr Fowkes, from West Tytherley). Varieties of other smaller tents with confectionary, and exhibitions of natural curiosities and such like, were in the intermediate spaces. But the grand attraction were two tents of Mr Wall's, on the left-hand side, near the centre: one was for the show of vegetables, fruits, and flowers; and the other was a kind of store, at which Mr Wall himself presided, furnished with a variety of fancy and useful articles, to be given as prizes to those who might win them at such games as archery, for which there were six targets, with bows and arrows in abundance; such games also as cricket; and nearly all kinds of ball-playing, puff and dart, quoits, hurdle-racing, leaping, and so on. There were generally such chances as twelve shots for a penny; the men attending to the targets, &c. receiving the pennies, and giving a ticket to the winners, who carried it to Mr Wall, and received prizes according to its amount. If it was a 2s. 6d. or 3s. ticket, there would be a silk handkerchief, and a knife perhaps, or a hat, or a waistcoat. For the children there were swings and roundabouts; and ropes with seats on them were suspended between the venerable trees, that young people who wished to swing might swing there.

'The vegetable and fruit show was exceedingly good, and would have done credit to many professional gardeners. It certainly did credit to Mr Wall's cottagers, of whom about 100 were competitors. The judges were Mr White, the gardener at Norman Court, and two other gentlemen, whose names I now forget. The beautiful fuchsias, and other flowering plants from the cottage-windows, showed favourably for the domestic neatness and taste. So did the garden products tell for cottage industry. But if all dwellers in humble houses had as good dwellings and gardens, with as good a squire, and as good a steward between them and the squire as they have, there would be more comfort, and more industry exercised to obtain it, throughout England than there now is.

'As visitors arrived, some in carriages, some in vans, and some in holiday wagons, others in gigs and trap-carts, from distances varying from one to ten miles, those who were known had tickets given them by Mr Sergeant, the land-

steward, to the dinner. A yeoman cavalry band, in their uniform, played music, which the goods re-echoed, or would have re-echoed, had there been less din of human voices, and a lower breeze of wind. There were several policemen of the County Constabulary on the ground, but, as it was observed at the time, every man was his own constable; no mischief was done.

The chief dinner was spread in the courtyard of the mansion twice, from 250 to 300 dining each time. The great body of the people, however, dined in the tents on the green, having tickets which paid for their admission and their fare. Each party dining in the court passed into the mansion, and went through the splendid suite of rooms on the ground-floor by way of exit. On a former occasion, the house was left open to every person indiscriminately. They did no wilful damage, but there being many thousands of them going in and out for a whole day, they did damage to elegant furniture, whether intending it or not. On that occasion, a gentleman staying on a visit with Mr Wall had left his bed-room door open, not expecting that any of the strangers would penetrate there; also he left his money, in sovereigns, and his jewellery, lying open on his table. The staring wonderers, who had never before been in such a house, went, hundred after hundred, into that room, as well as into others; but there was not there, nor in the house, a single act of theft committed. Yet these people had the full complement of poachers, petty thieves, and loose reputations among them; persons who were honest against their inclination, because they saw and felt they were trusted.

On the present occasion, Mr Wall sat down at one of the tables, but did not preside; the presidency and several other offices of honour devolved on some of the principal tenants and the farm-steward. The domestic servants, from the house-steward downward, waited on and served the visitors with alacrity and kindness; as much so, indeed, as if the kind spirit of their master was thoroughly infused into them.

On Mr Wall's health being given, he delivered a short address, "thanking the people for coming to see him and dine with him," and hoping to see them again and again, and to see a closer bond of friendship established between persons of all ranks than there ever yet had been.

The sports upon the green went on. Every minute some prize was won at one or other of the games. The floor of the tent in which the vegetable show had been was boarded for dancing, with a platform for the band. Accordingly, there was dancing. And when night closed in, there were fireworks; and these were on a scale of grandeur rarely excelled, if ever excelled at all. Artists of first-rate ability were brought from London to conduct their exhibition. Fire-balloons went off and away; and rockets went up and shot off, and showered down brilliancies that illumined the wondering country. While the multitudes gazed and admired, devices in fire of all shapes and colours, and of many meanings, succeeded each other, rockets firing all the time with a magnificence that would have made Vauxhall clap hands and shout. But there was little shouting here, and not a hand was clapped. The excessive wonder at such prodigies done in fire constrained to silence.

The fireworks at Norman Court were sublime; and the people who looked upon them, upwards of 2000 in number, seemed at a loss whether to have most gratitude to Mr Wall for his kindness, or most admiration for his unrivalled liberality. They gave him the best return they could give: they went all to their homes without mishap or disturbance, all pleased with the day's entertainment, and pleased with one another.

PECULIARITIES OF LANGUAGES.

In all hot countries men use, in speaking, a multitude of vowels, which are all pronounced by greater or lesser apertures of the mouth, in breathing and in speaking, and use very few consonants, all of which are produced by more or less complete interruption of the breath, and contact, or even closure of parts, among the organs of speech. Any one who examines the Italian language, will find, therefore, about sixty vowels in every hundred letters; and in the Otaheitean (Tahitian) language, which sounds very like Italian, there are even more; it is said about seventy-five or eighty vowels in every hundred letters. The proportion is very different in English, in which consonants preponderate; and if we examine the language of Lapland or Green-

land, or of the Arctic-American Esquimaux, we shall find that there are an enormous number of consonants in their more than sesquipedalian words, and that most of these are guttural, as they do not like to open their mouths to the cold air sufficiently to pronounce the labial, dental, or lingual consonants, much less the vowels, and least of all the more open of the vowels. This is a universal law; though immigration or colonisation, or the ancient transplantation of a whole nation by a tyrant conqueror, may sometimes present an apparent exception or anomaly, by our finding a language or a people, originally temperate or torrid, in a frigid zone, or *vice versa*.—*Medical Times*.

SONNET.

[BY S. W. PARTRIDGE.]

We toil unduly: labour's ponderous wheels
Even on the blessed Sabbath grudging rest;
The twilight o'er the weary earth that steals,
And woos the songster to his welcome nest,
Scarcely can man allure from toil unblest:
Mercy in vain against the wrong appeals;
Against repose his painful heart he steels,
His own worst foe, self-burdened and oppressed.
We get to live; ah no, we live to get:
Ambition, Avarice, Ostentation goad
Our panting feet along life's flinty road,
Self-yoked, at Mammon's car to tug and sweat.
To buy and sell—is this earth's best employ?
To calculate and gain, its chiefest joy?

EFFECTS OF CROSSING ON THE CONSTITUTION.

Those classes of the human race which preserve their blood free from mixture with strangers, while they have less variety in external appearance, and perhaps less variety in the scope of mental capacity, than those who cross and recross at pleasure, have more endurance in action, firmer attachments to purposes, and less desultory impetuosity. This is a physical truth. The explanation of it is difficult; but it may be illustrated and comprehended in some degree by those who study the animal fabrick; and who are acquainted with the laws of animal economy. In brute animals (horses, sheep, and cattle), the mixture of different races is observed to change the qualities, to improve the beauty, and to enlarge the size: it diminishes the hardness and the security of the physical health. In man, the mixture of different races improves beauty, augments the volume of the bodily organs, and even perhaps expands the sphere of intellect. It diminishes the power of enduring toil, and renders the habit more susceptible to the causes of disease.—*Jackson's Economy of Animals*.

SINGULAR MODE OF INCUBATION.

Mr E. J. Eyre, in his journals of several expeditions he undertook into Central Australia, proceeding with a guide and several other natives, he came in one place to a large circular mound of sand, about two feet high and several yards in circumference: this his companions immediately began to explore, carefully throwing away the sand with their hands from the centre, until they had worked down to a deep narrow hole, round the sides of which, and imbedded in the sand, were four fine large eggs of a delicate pink colour, and fully the size of a goose-egg. I had often seen these hills before, but did not know that they were nests, and that they contained so valuable a prize to a traveller in the desert. The eggs were presented to me by the natives; and, when cooked, were of a very rich and delicate flavour. The nest was that of a wild pheasant (*Leipos*), a bird of the size of a hen-pheasant of England, and greatly resembling it in appearance and plumage. These birds are very cautious and shy, and run rapidly through the underwood, rarely flying unless when closely pursued. The shell of the egg is thin and fragile; and the young are hatched entirely by the heat of the sun, scratching their way out as soon as they are born; at which time they are able to shift for themselves.

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A VISIT TO THE SLAVE MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

NOTHING could be more beautiful than the rising of the sun over Constantinople on the morning of the 5th of May 1845. From the hotel in which we had already passed some days, I could watch to the greatest advantage the effect of his rays, as they stole down from the deep blue sky, and gradually lightened up the varied scene of enchantment that lay at my feet; gliding over the clear waters of the Bosphorus, glittering on every tree and flower of its innumerable gardens, and rendering visible the graceful caïques that were shooting to and fro beneath their shade.

Soon the soft light had caught on every slender minaret and golden dome. St Sophia's, towering above the rest, stood out in strong relief against the clear sky. The exquisite effects of light and shade, produced on the Seraglio Point by the contrast of the dark cypresses with the fresher green of the luxuriant shrubberies, became beautifully striking; and the palace itself, with its admirable Oriental architecture, added not a little to the singular loveliness of the scene. On leaving the sea of Marmora to enter the Bosphorus, I own I had been thoroughly disappointed with the first view of the city. This was partly caused by the weather being dull and gloomy; for the Bosphorus, without sunshine, is like a fair face without a smile: but it is also certain that no one should judge of this queen of eastern cities from the first view of her position; it is not till the Seraglio Point is fairly passed, and Europe and Asia lie on either side, like a vast garden divided by a mighty river, that her unquestionable beauty bursts on the mind, and Venice and Naples sink into utter insignificance in comparison. I had already had ample time to become convinced of this, and yet, on the morning of which I speak, as I looked down on the bright Oriental city, I could not help applying to it the words of the poet—'The fairest things have still the worst fate.' This reflection was caused by my having that day made arrangements to visit what has been aptly termed the plague-spot of this fair land—the slave market. Surely it is a bitter thing to think that the most beautiful city of which Europe can boast, should also be the scene of her most degrading and revolting commerce; that the spot where nature has lavished her most luxuriant loveliness, should be defaced by the foulest stain on humanity. I had little idea of what the slave-trade in European Turkey really was, notwithstanding my long residence in the East, until this day, when I visited the seat of it. I own it seems strange to me that the many travellers who pour every day into Constantinople should, in their published accounts of that city, show themselves so singularly indifferent, or perhaps so politic, as to touch very slightly

on what, at least to those who profess the name of Christian, must be a most painful sight. I believe the simple recital of what I saw will justify me in speaking strongly on the subject.

On the morning, then, of the 5th of May, I set out to visit the slave market, in company with a fellow-traveller who, by his great talent and extensive information, has already attained an elevated position in his own country, and who, if he lives to follow up his brilliant career, will undoubtedly give to France a name that all Europe will delight to honour. I had already visited most of the lions of Constantinople in his company, a pleasure greatly enhanced by his sound and original observations. All that the city possessed of splendour had been displayed before us—the Seraglio, St Sophia's, and the singular and somewhat repulsive magnificence of the tombs of the sultans, who have been laid down to rot and decay in their gorgeous sarcophagi, in what is neither more nor less than an elegant lady's drawing-room. All this formed the subject of our conversation as we toiled along the villanous streets of Pera, mutually agreeing that there was very little real comfort in all this Oriental magnificence. We passed through several of the bazaars, long covered passages, with stalls on either side, and crowded at that early hour with half the population of the 'quartier.' We had some difficulty in pushing our way through the very phlegmatic Turkish crowd; but our guide, who was a Frenchman long established in the East, walked stoically on, armed with a long stick, with which he vigorously attacked the stupid wolfish-looking dogs which lay literally in masses on the streets. At length we reached the place of our destination. It was a long low building, forming a square of considerable size. We mounted a few unsteady dirty steps, and found ourselves on a large wooden platform, running the whole length of the building. It was divided into pens, shut in by wooden railings, in which were confined the black slaves; whilst through the open doors leading into the house itself we could distinguish the veiled forms of the white women grouped behind the wooden screens. On benches, so placed as to command a view of both, were seated the buyers, for the most part heavy, ill-looking Turks, dressed in the hideous costume introduced by the late sultan, and occupied as usual in smoking, though the quick glance of their calm, piercing eyes, seemed to take in everything around in complete detail. The sellers stood before them, vociferating and gesticulating in the true Oriental manner. The court below, which we were to visit afterwards, was filled with all the less valuable part of this human merchandise, consisting of those afflicted with any infirmity, very aged persons, and young children. It was some time before we comprehended the scene in all its details: it is not to be wondered at that we were stupified in witnessing such

a sight on European ground. At length we approached one of the pens, determined to examine, to the fullest extent, into all that was revolting and horrible in this market of human life. It was filled with young Circassian women, some of whom were remarkably handsome. They were seated close together on the ground, seemingly in an attitude of listless despondency, with their long white garments flowing round them. As we came up, they fixed their large dark eyes upon us, and I certainly never met a gaze of more unutterable sadness. The conviction thrilled through me, as my eyes met theirs, that these unfortunate beings are not, as modern philanthropists would have us believe, utterly unconscious of, and incapable of feeling the dishonour and wretchedness of their fate. I felt, as I stood before them, and encountered their soft melancholy glance, that they looked on me as the free and happy stranger come to gaze on them in their infamy and their misery. Presently the slave-trader, to whom the poor creatures belonged, came up, followed by a tall phlegmatic-looking Turk, with the unmeaning features and coarse corpulency which are so characteristic of his nation. The merchant advanced, and seizing one of the slaves by the arm, forced her to stand up before this personage, who, it appeared, wished to buy her. He looked at her for a few minutes from head to foot, whilst her master descanted on her merits; then he placed one hand on the back of her neck, whilst he jerked her head rudely with the other, so as to force her to open her mouth, that he might examine her teeth; he roughly handled her neck and arms, to ascertain if the flesh were firm; and, in short, the examination was such, that I do not hesitate to declare I have seen a horse or a dog more tenderly treated under similar circumstances. After all, the decision was unfavourable, for the Turk turned away with a contemptuous movement of the head, and the slave-dealer, in a rage, thrust back the unfortunate creature, who sunk down trembling amongst her companions in misery.

Neither my friend nor I had uttered a word during this scene; we stood silent side by side, and mechanically followed our guide, who led us into the adjoining enclosure. Here we became witnesses to a sale that was just about to be completed. A most interesting group presented itself before us: two young female slaves, both with most pleasing countenances, stood together, closely embraced, the arm of the one round the neck of the other; their attitude, as well as the strong likeness between them, pointing them out at once as sisters. By their side was an African slave-dealer, in whose ferocious countenance it seemed impossible to discern a trace of human feeling: he was armed with a large heavy stick, with which he drove them to and fro, literally like a herd of animals. Three or four Turks were discussing, with considerable animation, the price of one of the women, but the bargain had been struck just before we came in, and one of the party, a stout good-looking man, was paying down the money. When this was completed, with an imperious movement of the hand he motioned to his newly-purchased slave to follow him. It was the youngest and the most timid of the two sisters whom he had selected: nothing could have been more painful than to watch the intense, the terrified anxiety, with which both had followed the progress of sale; and now it was concluded; and they knew that the moment of separation was arrived. She whose fate had been sealed, disengaged herself, and, turning round, placed her two hands on her sister's shoulders with a firm grasp, and gazed into her eyes. Not words, not tears, could have expressed one-half of the mute, unutterable despair that dwelt in that long heart-

rending gaze. It were hard to say which face was most eloquent of misery: but the Turk was impatient: he clapped his hands together. This was a well-known signal! A slight tremor shook the frame of the young slave; her arms fell powerless at her side, and she turned to follow her master. The voiceless but agonised farewell was over. In another moment we could just distinguish her slender figure threading its way through the crowd, in company with the other slaves belonging to the Turk. Her sister, had hid herself behind her companions, and now sat on the ground, her head sunk upon her folded arms. Our guide would have led us into another pen; but we had seen enough: we hurried through the various groups till we reached the open court; then for the first time we addressed each other, and the same words burst simultaneously from the lips of both—'C'est infâme!'

'But I have heard,' I said, willing to relieve myself from the painful oppression this sight had caused, 'that these poor slaves are brought up to this situation from their infancy, and, knowing nothing else, do not feel their degradation or their misery.'

'Let us ask Joseph,' said my friend, shaking his head incredulously; 'he is an intelligent person, and can doubtless initiate us into the mysteries of the slave-trade. Are these wretched creatures born in captivity?' he asked, addressing the guide; 'or, if not, how are they procured?'

'Very easily, monsieur,' said Joseph composedly. 'None of these are born slaves, and they are all procured in the same manner. Any pacha who wishes an addition to his establishment, mans a vessel with a well-armed crew, and sends it over to Circassia. They go on shore, penetrate some little distance into the country, attack the first quiet village they come to, burn it to the ground if they meet with any resistance, and carry off all the women and children. They throw them in a heap into the hold of the ship, and bring them to Constantinople. The pacha chooses what he thinks fit for himself, and then sends the rest to the slave market. Some of the more extensive slave-dealers often undertake such expeditions on their own account.'

'But after they are bought, they are well treated, are they not?' I asked.

'In many cases they are. It depends entirely on the temper of the master; he has the power of life and death over them; and at all events the bastinado is always more or less in use.'

'And what is the fate of the children who are brought in such numbers into the world in consequence of this most infamous system?' asked my friend.

'They are sold as slaves,' said Joseph.

'Do you mean to say that they sell their own flesh and blood?' I exclaimed.

'Certainly they do. They can acknowledge them, and give them their freedom if they choose; but they never do. They have the children of their wives to provide for, and that is enough.'

We asked no more questions, for we had heard quite sufficient, and willingly turned our attention to the inhabitants of the court in which we now stood. The sight which presented itself here was even more revolting than what we had already seen. Huddled together on dirty mats, and exposed to the full power of the burning noon-day sun, lay a number of miserable-looking beings—blind, lame, and deformed; some crawling about on crutches, others unable to use their distorted limbs; and, in short, afflicted with every imaginable infirmity. Nothing can be conceived more wretched than their fate. They are considered as almost quite worthless by their masters, and are starved and beaten in proportion as their misfortunes render them unprofitable. This lasts till they are bought in lots for a mere trifle by some one who takes them as a sort of speculation, trusting that, amongst several, one or two may be found of use: the treatment of the remainder may be imagined! We distributed a few paras amongst them which they begged from us in tones of the most

pitious intreaty, and then left the slave market, to embark in the caïque which was to convey us to visit the vast burial-grounds of Scutari; and we had ample time, whilst traversing the quiet waters which separate Europe from Asia, to reflect on all we had seen and heard.

The inhuman system of the slave-trade had been fully displayed before us, and imagination pictured to us the brutal servants of yet more brutal masters coming down like a pestilence on the happy repose of some quiet Circassian village—disturbing the peace of innocent and harmless lives—trampling under their rude steps the dear home which had been perhaps for years the sanctuary of domestic and natural affection—rifling these rustic dwellings of their brightest treasures, and tearing, with the ruthless power of armed force, the wife from her husband, the bride from her lover, and the child from her parents. And when every tie which makes life dear is broken, and the chains of a hopeless captivity are securely riveted on the limbs of the broken-hearted slaves—when they have been subdued by blows, and have ate the food thrown to them as to a dog—when they have been displayed for sale, and the living, palpitating flesh and blood has been bought and sold like the vilest merchandise—then what is the fate reserved for them? The facts I witnessed were too deplorable and too palpable to admit of temporising or hiding a bitter truth under the colourless refinement of modern 'convenience.' These beings, formed in the image of God, go forth to make a trade of their very wretchedness, to gain their bread by a life of infamy, and to bring into the world a miserable offspring, stigmatised from their very birth, and destined to the same unnatural existence. And where is it that this commerce of human life is carried on, day after day, in all its unconcealed details of refined brutality? In Europe! in civilised Europe! within fifteen days of Paris and London, under the very eyes of thousands of travellers, who openly go to witness this 'curious sight,' and as quickly return to free England and liberal France to publish the 'interesting account!' Surely these nominally Christian countries are strangely apathetic on this subject? But the reason is most obvious: the abolition of the slave-trade in European Turkey would necessarily involve a great political question. 'La Question d'Orient' is of too much importance to the three Great Powers—who have chosen it as the field of their diplomatic manoeuvres—to admit of mere humanity weighing in the scale. Yet I think were there a few more honest revelations of some of the secret doings of the Sublime Porte, no one could visit Turkey without at least earnestly wishing that this beautiful and valuable country might pass into other hands than those of the Turks.

Much has been said in favour of this people, and until I had sufficient opportunity of judging them without prejudice, I was decidedly prepossessed in their favour. The feelings with which I now regard them may therefore fairly be admitted to result solely from the actual facts witnessed. With some few redeeming qualities—honesty, cleanliness, and real respect for their religion, such as it is—it appears to me that the Turks are an essentially cruel, sensual, and unfeeling race. What I have mentioned on the subject of slavery, is but one of the many inhuman and cold-blooded systems which demonstrate this only too plainly. To give another instance, I may mention an atrocity currently in practice, though perhaps not generally known. In order to prevent the inconvenience or the danger of there being too many members of the royal family in the direct line of succession to the throne, all the children of the sultan's various brothers and sisters are systematically strangled a few hours after their birth, and the infant forms, still warm with the life which is torn from them ere well received, are thrown into the Bosphorus.

Oh, could they speak, those beautiful, serene, and voiceless waters, how many an awful tale of blood and

infamy they would reveal! Could they but open and display to the stoical gaze of the travellers who glide in such delicious ease over their glassy bosom, the putrifying mass which loads their hidden depths, formed by the mangled bodies of those innumerable victims! It seemed to me as the light caïque which bore me shot over the scarce rippling waves, that I beheld the venerable form of the good old patriarch (who, twenty years before, was flung there, warm and bleeding, from the hands of his executioners) floating by with his white hair dabbled in blood, and his hands still uplifted in the last vain prayer for mercy. I know not if this appalling history is generally known, but the blood of that holy old man alone would suffice to leave an indelible stain on the Turkish nation.

It was at the period of the first outbreak of the war of independence, whereby Greece attained her nominal liberty; the news had reached Constantinople of the revolt of some of the more distant provinces; it was, I think, on Easter Sunday, or some other high festival of the church; thousands of the Greeks inhabiting the city were assembled at the cathedral where the venerable patriarch was administering the communion. The Turks, infuriated on finding that the slaves they had so long crushed beneath their haughty feet had still retained in their degradation some spark of the unextinguishable love of liberty, now rushed to the church, crying out for vengeance. The Greeks, whose necks were still too completely under the Moslem yoke to attempt resistance, even had their numbers been adequate, fell back before the irritated crowd. The patriarch, bending beneath the weight of eighty years, stood on the steps of the altar, his withered hands uplifted to bless the people; the Turks rushed towards him, they seized him, and tore him down to the ground; they twined their sacrilegious hands in the flowing white hair that fell round his venerated head, they dragged him over the stone pavement of the church, through the open street, to the foot of the nearest tree—and there, still in his pontifical robes, with the last accents of the half-uttered blessing trembling on his withered lips, they passed a common rope round his neck, and hung him, along with three of his cardinals! It did not take long to extinguish the feeble spark of life in that aged frame. As soon as he was dead, they cut him down and flung him into the Bosphorus. By some strange accident the body did not sink. That same evening a Russian vessel was sailing towards the entrance of the Black Sea, on its way to Odessa; suddenly a sight presented itself which caused the superstitious crew to fall on their knees, seized with a reverential awe. Gently borne along by the current, the body of the murdered patriarch came floating by. The holy old man lay on the bosom of the waters, still and serene as a child in dreamless sleep. His pontifical robes were folded decently around him; his hands were yet in the posture of prayer; his hoary head moved slowly with its undulating pillow; and the distinctive mark of his priesthood, the long snowy hair, flowed over the wave. With a respect amounting to worship, the Russian sailors drew the corpse from the water, and carried it to Odessa, where he was buried. He has since been canonised, and is now considered one of their most powerful saints.

But it were indeed useless to multiply instances of Turkish barbarity; any one at all acquainted with the modern history of the Ottoman empire cannot be ignorant of them. Would it were rather possible to suggest some means by which the most fertile and beautiful countries in Europe might be rescued from the hands of a race whose social systems, whose religion of crimes permitted and sensuality authorised, whose government of open despotism and concealed intrigue, have succeeded in rendering it the abode of the most deep-seated and corroding evils. In fact, the Turks, delists in theory, are materialists in practice. But such was the policy of the wily founder of their creed: it is evident that he well understood the bent of the human mind,

and felt that he could not fail to render his own name immortal by giving them a religion essentially formed to administer to every selfish passion.

But alas! though slight the tenor by which the indolent Mussulmans keep possession of their promising and fertile country, at a time like the present, when expediency, and expediency alone, is the mainspring of every government, we may not look to see it wrested from their loose and easy grasp. So carelessly, indeed, do they sit in possession, so perfectly sure that no nation will ever be audacious enough to attack them, that their empire is in fact already crumbling into dust beneath their feet; and assuredly it would require but a very slight movement on the part of any one of the great European powers to conquer and subdue it entirely, if the resistance were only from the internal force of the country. How many a brave old Palikar in Greece makes it his dream by night and his thought by day, that he may yet behold his countrymen march triumphant into the land to which they claim a prior right! Doubtless this is of all dreams the most futile; yet had Greece, which may well be compared to a frail and tempest-driven bark, been provided with a wiser pilot at her helm, she might perhaps have deemed the vision not altogether vain. As it is, I think the wishes of every unprejudiced visitor in Turkey will limit themselves for the present, to the earnest desire that those travellers who so assiduously publish their observations, would at least frankly and openly relate what they see; and when the flimsy veil which diplomacy has thrown over the actual state of the Ottoman empire is raised for them, as to a certain extent it must be for every intelligent observer, let them not, complying with the culpable policy of the present day, conceal or extenuate the actual and most painful truths which must present themselves before them.

THE THREE FRIENDS—AN OSAGE LEGEND.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

AUTHOR OF 'THE TRAPPER'S BRIDE.'

THE tribe known as the Osages, or Wa-saw-sees, as they denominate themselves, wander perennially round the head waters of the Arkansas and Neosho, or Grand Rivers, hunting, fishing, and trading with the Americans at Fort Gibson, the outermost south-western fort on the frontier of the United States. Tall, even gigantic in stature, they have many qualities which excite the admiration and applause of their white brethren. Like most Indians, they are brave and warlike; but their peculiarity consists, in rejecting the customs of the whites, particularly the use of whisky. Wearing their wild and primitive costume, they stalk amid the hunters, squatters, trappers, and trappers that frequent the neighbourhood of Fort Gibson, overtopping them in general by a head, but still more surpassing them in the essential virtue of sobriety and temperance—a failure in the exercise of which would doubtless soon remove them from the pre-eminence they now enjoy.

In a secluded valley, through which a stream that fell into the Neosho wound its way, lay some time back one of the villages of this nomadic tribe. The wigwams were about a hundred in number, scattered over the narrow plain near the mouth of the valley, and surrounded by a rude picket. Built of bark and reeds, they were evidently constructed simply for the necessities of the summer season, during which the warriors chased the deer and buffalo for immediate consumption, and to lay up in store for winter. Overlooking the village was a grassy mound, that narrowed the mouth of the valley, and caused the rippling stream that flowed at its feet to turn abruptly from its course. From the summit of this hillock, the lodges wore the appearance

of a huge congregation of bee-hives, while the eye rested pleasantly on many adjuncts to the scene, which rendered it agreeable and picturesque. The village was alive with a busy throng of women, few if any men being discovered; while children were seen at every point, adding still greater animation to the picture. The first were all actively employed. Some stood at the entrance of their wigwams, busily engaged in cooking; others were drying and packing the results of the hunting of the warriors; while others, again, were laboriously occupied in cleaning fresh buffalo skins, preparatory to their being cured for use as robes. Not a married woman was idle. Not so, however, the maidens. They were yet enjoying the sweets of a liberty which, however, despite the hardships incident to the married state in the wilds, they were no less anxious to sacrifice than are many bright-eyed beauties nearer home. The Osage girls—and many of them were exceedingly pretty—were congregated near the edge of the stream, in which dozens of little urchins were bathing. Dancing was usually their chief amusement; but on the present occasion they were spectators of a scene which possessed more immediate interest.

Somewhat apart from the maidens was a group, on which the Osage girls gazed curiously and enviously. Three Indian youths, all under twenty, nowise related by blood, but connected only by the bonds of friendship, stood on a rising bank in deep abstraction. Nah-com-shee, Koha-tunha, and Mun-ne-pushee—for such were the names of the young men—had at an early age contracted for one another one of those peculiar affections which inexplicably arise sometimes between persons of the same sex, and which often are more sincere and durable even than love. So wedded were they to this feeling, as to have publicly declared their intention of never marrying, in order that their unity might suffer no division. Their hearts, they were so occupied by friendship, that love could not find the remotest corner to creep into. How many smiling faces were clouded by this strange announcement, we cannot say; but sure we are, if any had before suffered them to occupy their thoughts, this resolution increased the number of their admirers manifold. Indian girls have ways and means of setting their caps at young men, as the phrase is, as well as more civilised damsels, and the Osage maidens were not idle on this occasion. Besides, that many really loved the youths, the honour of the sex was concerned. It was not to be borne that friendship should triumph over love, and it may therefore be readily conceived what an artillery of bright eyes was reproachfully opened upon the three friends. They, however, remained insensible to all the attractions of female society; they joined not in the dance, nor told nor listened to the tale of love or war by the evening fire; but rode together, hunted together, trapped together, and earned the highest renown as indefatigable and bold huntmen.

The ambition of the three friends, however, reached to higher flights than emulating the first hunters of their tribe. They wished to equal in renown the greatest warriors of the Osage nation; and it was a knowledge of the fact, that they were about to start on a marauding expedition, which created so great a sensation in the throng of maidens. The three youths had been deeply engaged in discussing their plans, and were, at the moment we speak of, uttering a silent prayer to the great Manitou for success in their undertaking. Tall, erect, and admirably proportioned, they presented an excellent group for a statuary. While their shaven heads were adorned with the helmet crest and eagle plume, they bore round their necks ornaments of the gayest kind. A magnificent cloak of buffalo skin adorned their shoulders, while a spear, shield toma-

hawk, bow and quiver, formed their arms. Leggings, moccasins, with wampum garters tied below the knee, completed, with the waist-cloth, their attire. Three fine horses were tied to an adjoining tree, showing that they were in every way ready for the expedition. It was still morning, and many miles of ground were to be crossed before night, the youths having signified their intention of making an excursion into the Pawnee Pict territory.

As soon as their silent invocation was ended, the Osage braves stalked gravely towards their richly-caparisoned steeds, and mounting them, rode slowly from the camp. For some miles, their course was along a wide-spread rolling prairie; but soon the presence of trees gave sign of their approaching a river. It was not, however, until nightfall that they gained the banks of the Arkansas. Hitherto, their progress had been open and bold, being within the hunting-grounds of their own people; but now the frontier line of the Pawnee Picts lay before them, in the shape of the dark rolling waters of the Arkansas, and it was time to use caution and artifice. It was determined, as their horses were somewhat fatigued, and as they depended on them for escape in case of need, that they should seek repose upon the friendly side of the river, and cross the Arkansas in the morning. Their horses were accordingly tethered, a diminutive fire lighted in a deep dell or hole, and every other needful preparation made to pass the night. A frugal repast was consumed, and then each warrior leant against a tree, and, smoking his pipe, gravely conversed upon the best mode of acquiring distinction and renown. Many opinions were given: but nothing less than surprising a whole Pawnee village, slaughtering the inhabitants, and returning to their homes loaded with scalps, appeared to the heated imaginations of the youths a sufficiently glorious enterprise to satisfy their ambition. At length the fatigues of the day overpowered them, and the three friends fell into a deep sleep.

The sun had just risen with gold the summits of the trees, the voice of the cuckoo was crowing in the woods, the thousand choristers of the forest were pealing in rich harmony, when the Osage warriors awoke. They smiled grimly on one another, and then started, each man mechanically placing his hand upon the back and crown of his head. Their scalp locks, helmet crests, and eagles' plumes had all disappeared. Petrified with astonishment, they started to their feet. Who could have done so daring a deed? Not an enemy surely, or they would have taken the lives thus placed within their power. The friends wasted their thoughts in vain conjecture, and then, burning with indignation, turned to seek their horses. The long sweeping tails of these animals had also been cut off. That it was the Pawnee Picts, they no longer doubted; and fearful was the ire of the Osages at the contempt with which they had been treated. The trail of their night visitors was plainly marked, and led towards a copse, where they had evidently left their horses. It then turned to the river bank, and was lost. Nah-com-e-shee, however, glancing his eye over the opposite plain, gave a cry of delight, and pointed out to his companions the flashing of spears in the morning sun.

To plunge into the river, to reach the other shore, and to ride madly over the plain in chase of their audacious foes, was the work of an instant. In vain, however, they strained their eyes to catch another glimpse of the retreating party, until again the flashing of the spear-heads was seen near at hand, and plunging over the next hillock, the friends found themselves in the presence of three lances stuck in the ground. The Indians boiled with passion before, their rage now knew no bounds: they vowed, with little consideration for the possibility, or probability of the matter, to exterminate every Pawnee Pict from the face of the earth. This resolution being unanimous, a halt was made, and a council of war held. Some ten minutes were passed in discussion, and then away went the Osages on the trail

of their foes, just as they caught sight, in the rear, of a perfect cloud of horsemen pouring over the plain in the distance. It was a war-party of the Pawnee Picts, about twenty of whom came riding fast in pursuit of the three friends. A thickly-wooded ravine lay about a mile distant. Towards this the Osages hastened for refuge, their souls bounding with delight at the prospect of a contest which now opened before them.

The ravine was soon reached. It was narrow, and on both sides thickly wooded, while several clumps of timber lay near its mouth. The Osages saw that the only hope of coping with a superior force was by defending the entrance; and, accordingly, dismounting from their steeds, turned them loose, and strung their bows. On came the Pawnee Picts, riding furiously over the prairie. The intentions of the Osages were too plain to be mistaken, and none of their pursuers ventured to brave the discharge of arrows which was ready for their reception; but, imitating the example set them, cast loose their horses, and sought the shelter of a copse. The unequal struggle now commenced, and loud war-whoops rung through the valley. Arrows flew constantly from foe to foe. The Pawnees, having a great superiority in numbers, succeeded oftentimes in wounding their adversaries. Still they gained not upon them; the Osages, though soon severely hurt, preserving the same undaunted front, and returning their missiles with unabated vigour.

At length, however, their arrows were spent, and clutching their tomahawks, the friends, casting a glance of stern but undying affection on each other, prepared to die like men. On came the Pawnees, yelling the fearful war-whoop, and waving their hatchets on high. Already were a dozen of them within a few yards of the devoted trio, when their yell was echoed from the forest, and three of their foremost warriors lay low, slain by a flight of arrows from the top of the ravine. Back turned the Pawnees to their shelter, while the Osages, taking advantage of the confusion, snatched the usual trophy of victory from their fallen foes, and then, catching their steeds, mounted and fled. Guided by the trampling of horses, they rushed in pursuit of those to whose timely assistance they owed their lives. In vain, however, did they urge their steeds; their unknown assistants were not to be overtaken. For about an hour the three friends continued their ride, and then halted to bind up their wounds, and conceal themselves for the rest of the day.

The spot selected was admirably adapted for the purpose, being an open glade in the forest, surrounded on all sides by trees. Here they turned their horses loose once more, and lay down upon the grass, weary and faint. To find herbs, and with them to form a kind of poultice, fastened on with bark by means of ligatures of grass, was their first duty, and then the inner man was considered. None of them had tasted food since the previous night, and there was none in their possession. Nah-com-e-shee, being the warrior who was least severely wounded, and having picked up several Pawnee arrows, started into the forest in search of game. With the keen perception of an Indian, he selected that side which appeared a little inclined to descend, as it naturally excited his suspicion that a stream lay in that direction. This was the more probable, that a little purling spring that bubbled up in the green open glade tended thither. Nor was the warrior's sagacity at fault, for a smart walk brought him to the banks of a narrow and slowly-running river. Within sight of this Nah-com-e-shee concealed himself, prepared to wait even for hours the passage of a deer or elk. His patience was not, however, put to so severe a test, as, ere long, a rustling in the bushes opposite attracted his attention. Raising his eyes from their fixed position, he saw the antlers of a buck rearing themselves over a thicket of brush, and next moment a noble deer bounded to the bank to drink. An arrow pierced its heart from the Indian's unerring bow ere its lips had touched the water, and Nah-com-e-shee

rushed eagerly towards the spot. Three mounted warriors were before him, and while he sought cover, captured and bore away the prize.

The Osage knew that it was useless to remain on the watch any longer, and, pursuit being madness, turned back and sought his companions, who were more indignant than ever at this new outrage. Repose was, however, absolutely necessary, and was now sought, all trusting to the keenness of their senses to awake ere they could be surprised. It was dark night ere they awoke, and then the three friends groaned with rage that was absolutely frightful. Each felt himself ornamented by a squaw's petticoat, thrown loosely over him. Burning with passion, they grasped one another's hands, and vowed terrible vengeance.

At this instant a dim light was seen through the trees, blazing up at a considerable distance in the forest. It was the fire of a camp, and the hearts of the Osage warriors were at last glad. They had been so often outwitted, that the utmost caution was used. Each divested himself of every unnecessary article of clothing, while their tomahawks were the only arms they preserved. Clutching these, they crept stealthily, and with a serpent's tread, into the forest. As they advanced, the glare of the fire grew brighter; and at length, when within a couple of hundred yards, they could plainly hear the green wood crackling in the full stillness of evening. A faint odour of broiled venison came pleasingly to their nostrils, and then three figures were plainly discerned round the fire.

Between the spot occupied by the Osages and the hostile camp lay a rough piece of ground, full of holes and natural ditches. Across this the three friends began to crawl, holding their breath, and clutching their deadly weapons, while their hearts beat with anxiety lest their victims should escape. Half the distance was passed over, and still more strongly was the cooking made evident to the hungry senses of the creeping Osages. Still the unconscious warriors moved not, but kept their backs turned to the approaching foe. They were evidently eating, and holding converse at intervals. At length, as the friends came still nearer, they appeared to finish their meal, and sunk gradually on the leafy ground to rest. The Osages breathed more freely, and advanced with less caution, until at length, when within half-a-dozen yards, they rose, gave the terrific war-whoop, and leaped madly upon the camp. It was vacant—their victims had escaped. The friends, amazed, were about to fly from their dangerous proximity to the light, when three distinct laughs were heard.

The Osages stood immovable, gazing at one another with a grim, half-angry, half-comic expression, and ere they could speak, three maidens disguised as warriors stood meekly one before each brave, a horse's tail in one hand, and the other trophies in the other. The friends tried their utmost to look angry; but the countenances of the girls were so meek, and yet so malicious, that the gravity of the braves was overcome, and they laughed heartily at the conclusion of their expected deadly struggle.

The girls then explained that, for reasons of their own, disapproving of the celibacy of the three friends, they had resolved to excite their admiration and interest, that they had followed them immediately after their departure, had crept on them in the night, and divested them of their crests, &c. and played them every other trick which has been recorded in this legend. The warriors listened, and when they narrated how they had saved their lives in the ravine, seemed each struck with the same sudden conviction; namely, that the lives thus preserved belonged to the preservers, and at once made public their opinion. The damsels laughed gaily, and promised to entertain the notion; but recalled their lovers to a remembrance of their hungry state. Merrily and blithely supped the three maidens and the three friends that night beneath the greenwood tree; and when in after years they met at eventide,

all happy husbands and wives, with dusky boys and girls crowding round them, that it was the brightest moment of their existence, was the oft-repeated saying of the THREE FRIENDS.

SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.

THE inhabitants of London occasionally come to a pause in the midst of their hurrying pursuit of wealth, commerce, or pleasure, and look round, apparently in a state of uncertainty as to their real position, morally or physically. At such times they generally become aware of the existence of some inconvenience or crying abuse, which they apply themselves to remove or remedy; public meetings are called, long speeches made, strings of resolutions moved and adopted—and there the matter ends; they settle down to their usual routine, to wake up again at the end of twenty years, and go through a precisely similar state of ebullition.

This phenomenon, however, shows itself, in some instances, connected with really important objects, as in the meetings which have been held from time to time on the question of the supplies of water for the daily consumption of the metropolitan population—a thoroughly legitimate subject of inquiry. They who know anything of the water drunk in London, must remember how vapid and unrefreshing it is, when compared with that obtained in the country, or in other towns where the supply is less polluted. But this is not the worst; insipidity and unsavouriness are but a small portion of the evil, which resolves itself into positive unwholesomeness and deleteriousness: and so loud have, at times, been the manifestations of complaint, that many practical measures have been suggested which would tend to the purification of an element so essential to healthful existence.

Water for the use of the inhabitants was first drawn from the Thames in 1568, by machinery erected at Dowgate Hill. From this date the evils complained of went on accumulating, up to the time of the first authorised inquiry in 1819, subsequently continued by a Royal Commission, and Committees of the House of Commons, down to 1834; but without leading to any beneficial result, for the water of the Thames was more polluted at the termination of their proceedings than at the commencement, owing to the greater number of drains that discharged themselves into the river; which, in the words of the report published in 1833, 'receives the excrementitious matter from nearly a million and a half of human beings; the washings of their foul linen; the filth and refuse of many hundred manufactories; the offal and decomposing vegetable substances from the markets; the foul and gory liquid from slaughter-houses; and the purulent abominations from hospitals and dissecting-rooms, too disgusting to detail.'

The plans which had been suggested for the supply of water of a less objectionable quality were, purification by filtration or subsidence; pumping from a part of the river above the contaminated districts; or to 'draw the supply from other sources than the Thames, and convey it, by means of extensive aqueducts, to London.' These propositions were objected to as imperfect, ineffective, and too expensive; and a meeting was called to discuss a plan devised by Mr J. Martin, which, it was said, completely realised all that the public required, and, to quote again from the report, 'consists in diverting altogether from the river every possible source of pollution within the London district; so that the water supplied from it to the inhabitants by the existing water companies, shall become as unobjectionable as a noble river in its natural state ever offered to man.' This was to be effected 'by the construction of a close sewer, twenty feet wide, and of adequate depth, along both banks of the river,' from a point near Vauxhall Bridge, and terminating respectively in large receptacles to be situated in Limehouse and Rotherhithe, after running by the side of the stream for a distance of five miles and a quarter, completely

preventing the discharge of offensive matter into the tideway, by depositing all the drainage in the two grand receptacles, in which provision was to be made for the destruction of noxious effluvia, and the ventilation of the sewers, by large fires burning over grated openings.

To show the necessity for so great a work, a large amount of evidence was published as to the actual state of the water derived from the Thames; which will apply equally well at the present day, as the best portions of the metropolis, or four-fifths, are exclusively supplied from that source. It was shown that one company drew their supply from the river immediately opposite the mouth of the 'great Ranelagh sewer,' and another at a short distance below it; and although it was urged that the companies allowed time for the 'deposition of the water by subsidence,' yet proofs were adduced that complete purification from the deleterious particles held in suspension did not take place. Calculations were made, which, going beyond the ordinary generalities, showed that upwards of three millions of pounds of impure matter, solid and fluid, were poured into the Thames every day; to which must be added, 'the impure water resulting from the bodily ablutions of at least half a million of people who wash daily, and of the rest of the inhabitants who do so less often—no mean source of pollution, charged, as the water must be, with the excrementitious matter from the surface of the body.'

'The evidence goes to show that this sickening mass of filth was not removed by the tide, as had been asserted. A witness, Mr Evans, in speaking of the sewers, observed, 'that these discharge their horrid contents into the river Thames; and that the progress of the tide defies any complete clearance, no one can attempt to deny. The filth, in fact, is carried as far down the river as the tide will carry it, and again, by the next tide, brought the same way back; so that the river Thames, as far up as the tide flows, can be considered neither more nor less than the great common sewer of London, and the sewage must be the source from whence the water ought to be taken for the use of the metropolis.' Dr Lister, another witness, stated, 'that he had understood, by the engineers conversant with the subject, that the tide, near London, produces rather an oscillation than a change of water; that, in fact, the water remains very nearly stationary near the metropolis, being, as I said, backed up when the tide rises, and when the tide falls, a certain portion is suffered to escape; but there is only a *very gradual transmission or interchange of water.*'

With regard to the purification of the water by subsidence, Dr Granville testified—'Within the last few weeks, I had occasion to clean the upper cistern at the top of the house, on account of some fracture in the bottom lead, when I found two inches of thick, filthy, and foul-smelling deposit in it; although the operation of cleaning the same cistern had been performed only twelve months before. Indeed the water in the said cistern, placed at an altitude of ninety feet from the street, does never look otherwise than like dirty pea-soup, owing to the frequent stirring up of it by the coming in of the fresh supply three times a week.' 'Supposing that the companies were to establish reservoirs of such magnitude as to allow the water to be lodged undisturbed therein, during a period of time sufficiently long for the depurative process by spontaneous fermentation to take place, which is to destroy all animal impurities in it, they would still supply the public with what, although clear and odorous, would contain enough of chalk and plaster of Paris to multiply, and render more severe, the various and innumerable degrees of derangements of the stomach and bowels which so generally prevail in, and are almost peculiar to, this metropolis. Would any one knowingly, and with cheerfulness, drink a tumbler of water from a river-spring which should have previously run through a succession of cess-pools, and afterwards been filtered through sand and gravel, because it may then

appear clear and transparent? Yet such is the case with us collectively, who drink, in some way or other, the Thames water of the London district!'

Other advantages comprehended in the proposed plan were of equal importance with the purification of the water, and would have supplied a great want under which London labours to the present day—open embankments, and public thoroughfares along each bank of the river. The report states that one of the improvements would have been, 'the erection, over the two sewers, of a line of colonnaded wharfs, which will afford, in front of the present wharfs, additional room; increase the convenience of the merchant and the labourer; facilitate the operations of trade; give greater security to property landed from vessels and barges; improve the navigation of the river by the assistance of the subjacent sewers, which will constitute uniform embankments.' It was further contemplated to convert the roofs of the colonnaded wharfs just described into parapetted thoroughfares, serving the purpose of a magnificent and extensive public walk along both banks of the Thames, unequalled in any part of Europe; to which the public will be admitted gratuitously on Sundays, and at the smallest rate of charge on every other day in the week.' In this way it was hoped to realise the often-expressed wishes of 'parliamentary committees, of affording to the mass of the population the luxury, salubrity, and recreation of great public walks in the very heart of London, together with 'the formation of collateral public baths, which shall induce persons to abstain from bathing in the Thames,' all to arise from 'the saving of a vast quantity of the most fructifying manure, which, employed on cultivated soil, will nearly double its produce.'

It cannot be doubted that this scheme, if carried out, would have made London the most magnificent capital in Europe, while the advantages offered to the health and recreation of the inhabitants would have been without a parallel. This latter consideration was urged in the report—'It cannot be necessary to point out how requisite some public walks or open spaces, in the neighbourhood of large towns must be, to those who consider the occupations of the working-classes who dwell in them. Confined as they are during week days, as mechanics and manufacturers, and often shut up in heated factories, it must be evident that it is of the first importance to their health, on their day of rest, to enjoy the fresh air, and be able to walk out in decent comfort with their families. Deprived of any such resource, it is probable that their only escape from the narrow courts or alleys (in which so many of the humbler classes reside) will be to those drinking-shops where, in short-lived excitement, they may forget their toil, but where they waste the means of their families, and too often destroy their health.' Dr Granville's evidence shows that 'want of the means of taking exercise produces, moreover, in the same classes of people a melancholy and morose disposition, and a spirit of dissatisfaction, increased by the want of domestic attraction and impaired health. . . The remedy lies in the establishment of public walks and public recreations, by means of which the classes of people alluded to are enticed into the open air. At present, the banks of the Thames, and the various narrow streets which run parallel or at right angles with them, are justly considered as unhealthy situations to live in. Medical officers of dispensaries, and amongst them myself, who during the last twenty years have acted in the capacity of physicians to three medical institutions, can testify to the inferior degree of health generally found among the inhabitants of these districts; where aguish and low fevers, scrofula, and all such complaints as depend on the action of foul effluvia on the human constitution, are much more common than in the more elevated sections of the metropolis.'

It will be remembered that the subject of supplies of water received a large share of attention from the Health of Towns Commission, to whose labours we

have frequently adverted; and from the foregoing statements, we find that it has, at various times, been made to involve many highly important considerations. It will long be matter of regret that a scheme offering so good an opportunity for the embellishment of the capital, and increase of its commercial resources, while contributing to the wellbeing of the population, should not have received efficient support from the legislature. From the financial tables accompanying the report, we learn that the whole expense of the works was calculated at a little more than £1,200,000, for which there would have been an annual return of nearly £400,000; half of the amount being produced by the sale of the manure prevented from running to waste in the river. Valuable statements were published of the great value of this species of manure in agricultural operations; among others, reference was made to the manufactories of the French, who 'prefer, for the sake of easy and convenient transport, to dry the substances in question down to a powder, which bears the name of "poudrette," and which is forwarded to different parts, from the neighbourhood of the capital, and sold at a high price. The success of the establishment for the manufacture of the poudrette alluded to, first formed near Paris forty years ago or thereabouts, has been such, that in almost every part of the kingdom similar undertakings have been entered into, and nothing is now wasted.' The committee, in referring to these facts, explained that 'the drainage received into the great receptacles before mentioned will be converted into manure, according to the method and practice very extensively adopted in China, on the continent of Europe, and, of late years, also in some parts of Scotland. This will be conveyed, by well-devised arrangements, and under the influence of scientific measures, to different parts of the country in covered barges or properly-constructed land-carriages. The value of this species of manure is almost incalculable. The best authorities place it far above every other, as containing, in much greater abundance, the very elements of which vegetable substances are composed, and on which their existence and growth depend. By saving, therefore, the vast quantity of it which has hitherto been wasted in the metropolis, a most important benefit—that of fertilising and rendering the land considerably more productive—will be conferred on the public, through the identical plan which alone can secure to us the luxury of drinking wholesome and unpolluted water.'

THE OFFENDED.

EVERY one is ready to admit the duty of not giving offence to others. It is one of the universally acknowledged laws of the society in which we are units, to live peaceably and harmoniously with all around us, and to avoid anything which may cause estrangement, and produce angry and bitter feeling; and he who wantonly violates this law, and needlessly irritates and provokes, proves himself unworthy of the blessings which civilisation and society were intended to secure. If every one acted in an offensive manner, the component parts of society must be broken up, and man must again retrograde into solitariness and barbarism; for it is only by mutual respect and good-will that society can cohere and exist.

But though every one is ready to admit the duty of not giving offence, few consider the obligation of a duty which is of little less importance, namely, that of not taking offence. Offenders are numerous enough, but the offended are innumerable, and the same consequences ensue in the one case as in the other; namely, estrangement and ill-will, and a tendency to sap the harmony, and even the existence of society.

The mischief resulting from a proneness to take offence, is the more to be regretted, from the character of the agents who produce it. The offended are not, for the most part, the vulgar-minded and the unscrupulous, as is too often the case with the offenders, but

estimable, refined, and conscientious people, who would be deeply pained at the idea of offending any one, but who, through an excess of proper feeling, a morbid sensitiveness, and an undue self-respect, are continually finding something at which to take offence. Persons of such temperament not only make their fellows 'offenders for a word,' but construe an imaginary look, a peculiarity of accent, into insults; thus reserve and estrangement ensue, and often entail more lasting ill consequences than a violent quarrel, inasmuch as there is nothing to reconcile, and the offender is wholly unconscious of having committed any offence.

Were it not for the sad effects resulting from such an unfortunate temperament, it would be not a little amusing to observe its manifestations, and the absurdly frivolous grounds on which the imaginary insult is often based. One good lady, on returning from a casual visit, declares she will never darken her friends' doors again; they offered her nothing to eat and drink; they were as cool as if they had not known her: they asked her if she had dined certainly; but it is easy to tell by people's manner what they mean, and she could see in a moment that she was not wanted. Another sensitive gentleman thinks every one is insulting his poverty. If any of his friends well to do in the world do not notice him, they are proud upstart creatures—not that he cares for them, or wants their attention, but he hates such pride. If, on the other hand, they are polite and affable, he wants not their patronising nods; their lordly civility is little better than an insult; and for his part he has no notion of accepting invitations to dinner which can only make himself appear contemptible, and serve to contrast with their ostentatious greatness. An easily offended young lady vows she will visit her gay young friends no more, for their dress is so fine, it is quite disagreeable to sit in their company, and be quizzed after she is gone, as no doubt she is. Although perhaps their own dress may be only what is perfectly accordant to their station and prospects, and they neither think of quizzing her while present, nor making remarks on her when absent, and any idea of giving offence is the furthest from their thoughts or intentions.

Thus too often do these in many respects estimable people strenuously fight with phantoms which they themselves have conjured up, and complain of insults which only exist in their own imaginations. The world soon becomes with such a burying-place for friendships, the habit gains strength, and the morbid feeling of offence and insult grows into a hateful activity, inimical to peace of mind, cheerfulness, and good-will. For want of a kind interpretation of action and conduct that were never intended to give the slightest offence, how often the friend of youth ceases to be the friend of age; the once familiar companion is passed without recognition; families that once conmingled, withdraw to cold distance from each other; and men who once shook each other by the hands as warm-hearted friends, now meet one another with averted eye.

'It is the glory of a man,' says the sacred proverb, 'to pass over a transgression;' and it is the truest wisdom and the best philosophy sometimes to shut our eyes to an insult, even when there may be some reason to fear it was not entirely unpremeditated. At all events, we shall meet in the world with quite enough of offences, unless we are more than ordinarily fortunate, without seeking out imaginary insults, and wasting our strength and destroying our peace by fighting with the wind. Our severest scrutiny is best turned to ourselves, that we may not be offenders, and our most favourable judgment formed respecting the conduct and actions of others, that we may not be offended. While we may be sure that, in the crowded path of life, we ourselves do not intend to run wilfully against others, though we may sometimes stumble against them, so we must hope and believe that they in turn have no intention of offending us, though they may sometimes accidentally jostle us in their turn. The duty of endurance has undoubtedly its proper limits, but it is a wise determination

not only not to offend, but also not to be easily offended. Every one desires that others should interpret his actions kindly, and where any may be of doubtful import, to hope the best; and such is the way in which their actions should be regarded by us. Were the duty of not taking offence more thought of and better understood, the peace of individuals, of families, of communities, of nations, would rest on a firmer foundation, and something would be added to the general amount of human harmony and happiness.

WORDS BORROWED FROM THE FRENCH.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Débris is an expression which geologists and civil engineers have borrowed from the French, to express the remains of rock and other matter which have been broken up either by the sudden agency of bygone catastrophes, by gradual decay, or by mechanical violence. It means strictly the remains of anything which has been destroyed. If a lodger in French apartments break anything, he is called upon to pay for the *débris*; because, having given the full value of the article in its perfect state, he is made quite welcome to the fractured remains.

Début signifies an entrance, or a first appearance. A young lady who is allowed to appear for the first time in a grown-up party, is said to have made her *début* in society; and her first presentation to royalty is called making her *début* at court. An actor who appears for the first time on any stage, is called a *debutant*. Though this is a comparatively new word in our language, we find it in Todd's Johnson, which is, we believe, its *début* in an English dictionary.

Déjàgé.—A gentleman whose manners are of the free-and-easy school—a penguin,* who has but little diffidence to prevent him from addressing a duke or an earl with familiarity; one who will take the place of the hour at table, and help himself to wine without waiting for the waiter—a person of that class is said to have an *air déjàgé*. We have no English word which expresses that kind of man so well: it means 'disengaged,' that is to say, free, unbound; having no compact with modesty, timidity, or with the nicer conventionalities of society. As the character it describes is of modern creation, so the word is of new introduction. Fifty years ago, the formalities of 'etiquette' would not have allowed of the sort of penguinism which the removal of cold and irrational restrictions has admitted into society.

Déjeuner, or *Déjeuné*.—This—the French word for the morning-meal—is applied, in fashionable life, to breakfasts which take place in the middle of the day, or breakfast-parties. The more substantial sort, which are two meals in one, and answer for luncheon as well, are called *déjeuners à la fourchette*—because meats requiring *forks*, and by consequence knives, to eat them, are there introduced. *Déjeuner* is commonly thought to be a modern Gallicism; but this is a mistake, for it occurs in Ben Jonson's 'New Inn,' wherein one of the characters is recommended to 'take a *déjeuné* of Muskadel eggs.' Old-fashioned Scotch people also to this day talk of their *digne*. In the 'Wife of Auchtermuchty,' a droll poem of the sixteenth century, it is said of the heroine—

'Then in the morning up she gat,
And on her heart laid her *digne*.'

Devoirs.—'Duties,' used in a sense nearly equivalent to our old English term 'respects.' A dependent is said to pay *devoirs* or court to a patron: thus Pope—

'Awkward and supple each *devoir* to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a day.'

The word is most frequently used in reference to the complimentary attentions paid to the fair sex. Addison,

says, 'Gentlemen who do not design to marry, yet pay their *devoirs* to one particular fair.' Hood's inimitable 'Young Ben,' on returning from sea, and visiting Sally Brown, is described as going

—'to pay her his *devoirs*,
When he devoured his pay.'

When first adopted into the English language, the term appears to have been taken to mean service. In the 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' by Beaumont and Fletcher, we find the following passage:—

'Madam, if any service or *devoir*
Of a poor errant-knight may right your wrongs,
Command it.'

Distingué.—'Distinguished.' A person is said in France to have an *air distingué*, in whom a natural nobleness or intellectual superiority shines through the accidents of dress and circumstances. We speak of a man or woman as *distingué*, who has from outward or inward qualities an appearance strikingly removed above vulgarity. And it would appear as if the French also partly admitted this more general sense, if we can trust to an anecdote of the congress of Vienna. On that occasion, most of the plenipotentiaries were attired in gorgeous uniforms, covered with orders and costly ornaments. The English legate, on the contrary, was dressed in plain black, with the ribbon of the Bath lying across his chest. On one of the officials ridiculing this as commonplace, Talleyrand said—'You are quite wrong. His lordship's tasteful simplicity makes him the most *distingué* amongst us.'

Douceur.—The literal signification of this word is 'sweetness,' in which sense it has been employed by some English authors. Chesterfield advises that we should 'blame with indulgence, and correct with *douceur*.' But the secondary meaning attached to the expression in its native language, is that in which it is best understood with us; namely, 'lure,' or 'inducement.' A person in want of a situation very often advertises for one, and, heading the announcement '*Douceur*,' offers the inducement of a sum of money to any one who will procure the desired appointment. Induced the term is scarcely ever used now, except on such occasions.

Éclat.—Two meanings are attached to this word by the French—'a sudden noise,' and 'lustre.' They apply it to human conduct in the sense of a high approbation. Thus, if a gentleman has been involved in unpleasant charges, and stood the test of a searching legal investigation, he is said to come off with *éclat*. Amongst us, the word is applied on various occasions, often with reference to very small matters: for example, we say a gentleman has come off with *éclat*, if he has given a witty or pleasant turn to any half-serious accusation brought against him. We do not find *éclat* used by English authors earlier than Pope, who praises Homer for 'the *éclat* of his battles.'

Élite.—That which has been chosen or taken by preference, was originally the sense conveyed by this word; but in modern French it signifies the highest of best, as *l'élite d'une armée*—(The flower of an army). Its earliest appearance on this side of the Channel is in the old Scottish chronicles, as applicable to an elected bishop. Wyntoun, recording the death of Bishop Arnold, says that—

'Rychard Byschop in his stede
Chosen, he was concorditer,
And hit was yhere bad sctyr.'

The term has descended to the service of the chroniclers of fashionable movements in the English newspapers; who speak of an assemblage of great folks as the *élite* of fashion.

Empressement.—Amongst the French expresses a rapid or eager movement. A Parisian, learning that a dear friend had come to town, would go to him with *empressement*. With us, the word implies merely a more than usually earnest or affectionate manner. We would say of two friends who met after a long absence, they shook

* See our article on this genus, vol. iii., p. 385, new series.

hands with *empressment*. A lady, told that a female friend of hers was about to be married, and at the same time informed of the gentleman's name, remarked—'Oh, I now remember, when I was present with her at Mr. —'s visits, I used to think he came into the room with a great *empressment*.'

Ennui—Weariness, the sense of tedium; sometimes implying also a mixture of vexation or care. In England, the word is applied solely to weariness. Gray defines it in his letters, when he says of something, 'The only fault of it is insipidity, which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing.' *Ennui* is an inconvenience only felt by the leisure classes, as Mrs Austin designates people in easy circumstances. It arises from a want of some sufficiently attractive occupation, or of energy to set about what is not immediately attractive. When novelists or painters wish to depict the feeling, they portray a person lying on a sofa with a book, which, tired of reading, he has thrown on the floor, indulging at the same time in an extensive yawn. The Countess of Hahn Halin, in her amusing travels, 'Tra los Montes,' makes a powerful use of this expression. Describing the skulls in the catacombs of Bordeaux, she declares 'that their mouths yawn as if they were shrunk back by the incomensurable *ennui* of eternity.'

Ensemble.—The result of a union of parts; 'the totality as distinguished from the details.' Of a good musical band we would say, 'the *ensemble* was perfect'; that is, the various parts required in a good band were all present in just proportion, and thoroughly in accord with each other, so as to produce a correct and satisfactory whole. A famed beauty may be allowed to have one or two unfortunate features, and certain faults of figure; but yet the *tout ensemble* may deserve to be admired. That is, take her all in all, she is a fine woman.

Façade—Borrowed from the French by architects, and applied to the chief frontage of a building.

Feu-de-jôie—Literally 'a bon-fire,' but amongst us applied to a mode of musketry-firing practised by the military on occasions of rejoicing. When well executed, the firing goes in an uninterrupted succession along the line.

Gauche—The left—the designation of the opposition in the French chamber of deputies. The *extrême gauche*, the appellation of the most 'liberal' of that party, which takes its position farthest from the tribune and seat of the ministers. These words have obtained a certain currency amongst us, to express the corresponding political sects of our own country. *Gauche* had, however, an acceptance with us from a time antecedent to the existence of these parties, being employed to describe those who, from want of handiness and tact in small matters, are always meeting with little misfortunes, as they are pleased to call them. When filling a lady's glass, for instance, they spill the wine; in sealing a letter, they burn their own or somebody else's fingers; they knock over vases, overturn inkstands; in the ball-room tread on cherished frounces; when asked to hold a bouquet, let it fall, and then most likely tread it to destruction. All these little accidents are called *gaucheries*; because, as Talleyrand observed of one of the class, 'this sort of people seems to be born with two left hands.' We have borrowed another expression for these unfortunates—*mal-adroites*.

Gourmand—A mild substitute for 'glutton.' Milton uses the word in one of his political pamphlets; and Bishop Hall declares of a contemporary that 'this *gourmand* sacrifices whole hecatombs to his paunch.' In some of the flimsy productions of the fashionable-novel school, we have seen this word used indifferently with *Gourmet*, which means a connoisseur of wine.

Gout—Literally 'taste'; but borrowed by us to mean 'relish' also. Todd indignantly calls it 'an affected cant word'; and certainly its use does occasionally betray affectation, as when Woodward, in his work on

Fossils, speaks of 'catalogues for a direction to any one that has a *gout* for the like studies,' in which passage our own word 'taste' would have been more expressive than the French term. It is, however, useful in the sense in which we find it most frequently employed; for example, 'He follows the sport of angling with *gout*.' In this sentence there is no English word which would express the required meaning. The English equivalent certainly would not; for it could never be said of an angler that he catches fish—though he may eat them—with 'a relish.' It is remarkable that the Scotch use the word to imply merely a taste or savour.

Hauteur—Literally 'height.' In morals, the French sometimes use the word to express a good quality—Voltaire, for instance, speaks of a spirit full of justice and *hauteur*, meaning elevated thoughts—and sometimes to convey the idea of a haughty insolence. Used in the plural, the word expresses acts of insufferable superciliousness. The English have introduced *hauteur* as a convenient term for a proud manner, not uncommon in the higher classes. They are also beginning to make considerable use of the phrase *De haut en bas*, by which the French graphically depict a contemptuous manner, as if that of a man always looking down from a height on persons below him.

Haut-ton—'High tone' or 'style,' applied to the upper circles of society.

Hors—A prefix, meaning 'out of,' and except. We say of a soldier when wounded, and removed from the field of battle, that he is *hors-de-combat*. In fortification, a work removed from the main body of defences is called *hors-d'œuvre*; an expression which is also analogously employed by cooks to comprehend 'side-dishes,' little enticements supplementary to the more solid parts of the feast.

Mauvaise-honte—'False shame,' especially indicative of that sort of shamfacedness which arises less from real modesty than from a want of honest confidence. Hence *mauvaise-honte* is substituted for the less complimentary term 'sheepishness.' *Mauvais-ton* (a bad manner or style) is applied to persons who are ill-bred, as *bon-ton* is employed to designate good-breeding. *Mauvais-goût* means 'in bad taste'; *Mauvais-sujet*, literally a 'bad subject,' is one of those expressions which enable ladies, and persons of delicate nerves, to say what they mean without seeming harsh or vulgar; its English signification is simply—'a scamp.' The term, however, which a British lady would resort to by way of delicacy would be avoided by a French lady, because, across the Channel, it awakens as unpleasant associations as its English equivalents do with us.

Messieurs—The plural of 'monsieur,' which has been taken as a prologue to the names of persons associated together in business. The prefix *Mist*—Brown, Jones, and Robinson, wants euphony; hence the French word, *Monsieur*, its singular form, has no exact counterpart in English; for its literal rendering is, 'My Sir,' which we never say in conversation, and only make use of at the beginning of a letter, with the intervention of the word 'dear.' The history of *Sire*, *Sieur*, or *Sir*, is one of gradual decline. From having been the style of addressing a king only, it is now indiscriminately used to all classes who are *not* noble.

Naïveté, says a contributor to the 'Ana' of the Encyclopédie Française, 'is the expression of frankness, simplicity, or of ignorance, and often of all three at once.' Anecdotes will illustrate a part at least of this complete definition. The French jest-books relate that a gentleman not overburdened with sense awoke one night, and told his servant to look out and see if it were daylight. The man did as he was told, and, stepping in from the balcony, declared that he could not see any signs of approaching day. 'Pool! pool!' exclaimed his master, 'I know it must be dawn. Light the candle, and you will be able to see it better.' This sort of *naïveté* arises from stolidity. Another anecdote supplies an instance of it when taken to shadow forth simplicity. A certain class of persons and children are

said always to tell the truth, and that peculiarity is precisely expressed by the word *naïveté*. We were once dining with a gentleman who talked much of the extent and choiceness of his stock of wines, and whose interesting little daughter was our next neighbour. When the champagne was opened, one of the guests refused it, upon which the *naïve* little lady exclaimed, 'Pray, take some champagne, Mrs —. There is another bottle in the cellar!' This simple disclosure prevented the host from saying another word about wine for the rest of the evening. There is no English word by which such interesting simplicity could be expressed; hence *naïveté* is a most useful addition to our vocabulary.

Nonchalance is a French term for indolence, an indifference as to taking trouble about anything. We have come to use it with reference to a cool carelessness of manner, and a want of sensibility to danger. At the Battle of Toulon, a lieutenant was selected by Napoleon (then chief of artillery) to write a despatch. The young soldier knelt, and was penning it from dictation on one knee, when a cannon ball passed close before him, scattering a cloud of sand over the paper. Instead of starting back, the amanuensis turned over the leaf, exclaiming, 'Bravo! What capital pounce this sand makes!' This *nonchalance*, as we would call it, though the French would rather perhaps say *insouciance*, made the fortune of young Junot, for Napoleon kept his eye upon him, and he became finally Duke of Abrantes.

Outré, exclaims Todd, 'is a most affected and needless introduction to the English language.' The words 'exaggerated' and 'overstrained' seem to bear out this opinion, for they convey, when used in their proper places, all that *outré* is capable of expressing. This, it may be remarked, is another of the French words which found their way to Scotland in old times, and are now familiar to the humblest classes in that kingdom. An unnecessarily eccentric man is said by the Scotch to be very *déjà*: 'exceeding the last syllable.'

Par excellence. 'By excellence,' the French translation of an old Latin phrase, *per excellentiam*, meaning with regard to a special quality or attendant circumstance. We have adopted the French term, because the literal translation of *per excellentiam* does not convey that peculiar idea. A gentleman acquired the old nickname of Uncle throughout the circle of his acquaintance. He had so many nephews and nieces who were frequently speaking of him in society, that he came to be considered as Uncle *par excellence*; hence his name.

Passé.—The preterite participle of the verb 'to pass'—a word terrible to single ladies of a certain age. When cruelly applied to such of the fair sex as can be by no stretch of polite exaggeration termed 'girls,' it implies that their charms have gone by—'passed.' To say that a lady is *passée*, is to describe faded beauty and beginning decay, and to pronounce a judgment of old maidenhood—to ban her, as it were, from the hymeneal altar. We have no equivalent for this ungallant word in English. Another inflection of the verb *passer* has also been in frequent use for at least two centuries and a half, namely, *en passant*—'in passing.' It is used to denote anything that is said parenthetically, or by the way.

Patois.—With the French, the peculiar language spoken in any of the provinces, usually something very different from the classic French of Paris; with us, the mere variety of intonation which marks men reared in Scotland or Ireland. The term is useful. We could not, for instance, say of an Irish lady that she spoke with a brogue: we therefore admire her *patois*. An Irish author of aspiring character, who figured some years ago in London gay life, allied himself with another fashionable writer, for the purpose of conducting a periodical work. The English gentleman was slightly deaf. The Irishman, who wished to sink all association with his country, and believed that he had wholly expunged the brogue from his speech, was one evening launching out before a brilliant party on the unfavour-

able effect which the least trace of national peculiarity of tongue was calculated to have upon an Irishman or Scotchman, with regard to his advances in society; when his friend broke in with—'Oh, my dear —, don't speak so strongly of your *patois*, for no one ever thinks the worse of you for it. The modification of the wouldn't-be Hibernian may be imagined.'

Penchant.—An inclination—a word not without its use. The nearest approach to one of the senses in which we employ it, is the inelegant phrase, 'a sneaking kindness.' It also stands for a weak propensity, and we hear in common conversation of a man who has a *penchant* for the pleasures of the table, the turf, &c.

Précis.—A summary or abridgment, very much in use by Scotch lawyers.

Prestige.—The original signification of *prestige* is a piece of jugglery or imposture; and the word was borrowed by some good English writers of the old school for exactly the same sense. Thus Warburton speaks in his sermons of 'the sophisms of infidelity, and the *prestiges* of imposture.' But of late, the word has been received in a new acceptation in both languages—that of a prejudiced and sentimental faith. The military successes of Napoleon were said to have invested him and his soldiers with a *prestige*: it was thought they had been destined never to be beaten. When the disastrous reverses in Russia took place, he exclaimed, 'Alas! the *prestige* of the army is gone.' We speak of an author's name bearing a *prestige* in favour of any new works to which it may be attached.

Programme.—This word—borrowed from the Greeks by the Romans, taken from the latter by the French, and lastly from the French by the English—properly denotes 'a preface' (*programma*, a word, *pro*, before); but is now exclusively adopted for the printed synopsis of the performances at concerts, or the proceedings of public meetings.

Protégé.—One who is protected or taken by the hand by a superior. The *clients* of ancient Rome were protégés. This is a good adoption from the French; for we have no word which comes in such complete apposition to the term patron: hence it is much wanted.

Qui-vive.—The cry of the French sentinel, equivalent to our 'Who goes there?' As it is his duty to be constantly on the alert, to prevent surprise, his interrogatory has been borrowed by us to express extreme watchfulness. A person whose vigilance never relaxes, or a vessel which we are told never sleeps with its eyes shut, is said to be on the *qui-vive*.

Rapport.—To be placed *en rapport* with another, is an expression which owes its English currency to the mesmerists. It implies a sympathy of sensation which is supposed to exist between the operator and his patient, when the latter has been placed in what is designated the mesmeric state. 'Affinity' or 'similarity' of thought, are the only expressions which in our language convey the same idea; and as they are not nearly so apt, *en rapport* may be regarded as a useful addition.

Recherché.—The past passive participle of *rechercher* (to search), meaning to be much sought after, and to be out of the common. This word is not of all old date in our tongue. To the fashionable novelists must, we believe, be conceded the merit of introducing it.

Renaissance.—'Regeneration,' or 'new birth,' the revival of anything which has long been in decay or extinct. The term is specially applied in France to the time of the revival of letters and arts, and still more particularly to the style of building and decoration which came into vogue in the early part of the sixteenth century.

Rendezvous.—'I know not,' says Bishop Hurd, 'how this word came to make its fortune in our language. It is of an awkward and ill construction, even in the French.' It seems to be a substantive form of the imperative mood of the verb *rendre* (to render), and means a place of appointment, as if men then rendered themselves into a general account. The word is most in use amongst naval and military men, who sometimes make

a verb of it, by saying that 'the fief is ordered to *rendezvous* (or to assemble) at such a place.' (Clarendon gives to it a military application. 'The king appointed his whole army to be drawn together to a *rendezvous* at Marlborough.' Sprat, in his history of the Royal Society, by adding to it a plural termination (which no other author has ventured to do), gives it a ludicrous sound. He talks of the fellows having their *rendezvous* after the Wednesday lectures of the astronomy professor. So completely has this word been incorporated into English, that it is found in Johnson's and every succeeding dictionary.

Séance.—A 'sitting,' of which it is the exact synonyme. The word, which is of recent introduction, is usually applied to a meeting or sitting for some kind of scientific or artistic purpose. In Scotland, the Latin word *sedesunt* has a similar meaning, but is applied to the sitting of the chief court of law, whose private acts for their own regulation are called acts of *sedesunt*.

Soirée.—Literally, 'an entire evening,' but used in England to describe an evening passed in social enjoyment. The want of such a word was proved by the eagerness, with which it was adopted into our vocabulary when once introduced. First, the fashionable world took it into service; now it is used by all classes. Its congener, *matinée*, is used by the upper circles alone, morning entertainments not being practicable amongst the humbler orders.

Tableau.—A 'picture,' but when pressed into our service, it is made to designate a group. Thus we observe of the groups of a procession, that they formed 'interesting tableaux.' A pleasing amusement was lately in vogue amongst the higher classes, which consisted of representing the finest and best-known pictures of the great masters by means of living figures attired in the proper costume, and arranged precisely in imitation of the painted original. These displays were called *tableaux-vivants*, or living pictures.

THE SHOE-MENDER OF PORTSMOUTH.

ONE day, in passing along the streets of London, I was arrested by a crowd at a print-shop window. It is perhaps not altogether 'respectable' to be seen forming one of such assemblages; but every man has his failings, and one of mine is, to take a peep at any very nice-looking prints which the sellers of these articles considerately put in their windows for the public amusement. On the present occasion, in taking a survey of the printseller's wares, I was much interested in observing a print which differed considerably from anything else in the window. Hanging between an opera dancer and a general—both pets of the public—was the representation of an old cobbler sitting professionally in his booth, with a shoe in one hand and his knife in the other, while, with spectacles turned up over his brow, and head averted, he was apparently addressing a ragged urchin who stood beside him with a book. In the background was a miscellaneous collection of books, lasts, old shoes, and bird-cages, interspersed with the heads and faces of a crowd of children—the whole forming a unique combination of a school and cobbler. Beneath was the inscription, 'John Pounds and his school.' I was, as I have said, interested, and I resolved to know something, if possible, of John Pounds and his seminary. On making inquiries accordingly, I discovered, through the agency of a little pamphlet (sold by Green, 50 Newgate Street), who John Pounds was, and what kind of a school he conducted.

John Pounds was born of parents in a humble rank of life, in Portsmouth, in the year 1766. In early life, while working with a shipwright in the dockyard, he had the misfortune to have one of his thighs broken, and so put out of joint as to render him a cripple for life. Compelled, from this calamity, to choose a new

means of subsistence, he betook himself to the shoe-making craft. The instructions he received in this profession, however, did not enable him to make shoes, and in that branch of the art he was diffident in trying his hand. Contenting himself with the more humble department of mending, he became the tenant of a weather-boarded tenement in St Mary Street in his native town.

John was a good-natured fellow, and his mind was always running on some scheme of benevolence; and, like all other benevolent self-helpful people, he got enough to do. While still a young man, he was favoured with the charge of one of the numerous children of his brother; and, to enhance the value of the gift, the child was a feeble little boy, with his feet overlapping each other, and turned inwards. This poor child soon became an object of so much affection with John, as thoroughly to divide his attention with a variety of tame birds which he kept in his stall. Ingenious as well as kind-hearted, he did not rest till he had made an apparatus of old shoes and leather, which untwisted the child's feet, and set him fairly on his legs. The next thing was to teach his nephew to read, and this he undertook also as a labour of love. After a time, he thought the boy would learn much better if he had a companion—in which, no doubt, he was right, for solitary education is not a good thing—and he invited a poor neighbour to send him his children to be taught. This invitation was followed by others: John acquired a passion for gratuitous teaching, which nothing but the limits of his booth could restrain. 'His humble workshop,' to follow the language of his memoir, 'was about six feet wide, and about eighteen feet in length; in the midst of which he would sit on his stool, with his last or lapstone on his knee, and other implements by his side, going on with his work, and attending at the same time to the pursuits of the whole assemblage; some of whom were reading by his side, writing from his dictation, or showing up their sums; others seated around on forms or boxes on the floor, or on the steps of a small staircase in the rear. Although the master seemed to know where to look for each, and to maintain a due command over all, yet so small was the room, and so deficient in the usual accommodations of a school, that the scene appeared, to the observer from without, to be a mere crowd of children's heads and faces. Owing to the limited extent of his room, he often found it necessary to make a selection, from among several subjects or candidates, for his gratuitous instruction; and in such cases always preferred, and prided himself on taking, in hand, what he called "the little blackguards," and taming them. He has been seen to follow such to the town-quay, and hold out in his hand to them the bribe of a roasted potato, to induce them to come to school. When the weather permitted, he caused them to take turns in sitting on the threshold of his front-door, and on a little form on the outside, for the benefit of the fresh air. His modes of tuition were chiefly of his own devising. Without having ever heard of Pestalozzi, necessity led him into the interrogatory system. He taught the children to read from hand-bills, and such remains of old school-books as he could procure. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing, yet a creditable degree of skill was acquired; and in ciphering, the Rule of Three and Practice were performed with accuracy. With the very young especially, his manner was particularly pleasant and facetious. He would ask them the names of different parts of their body, make them spell the words, and tell their uses. Taking a child's hand, he would say, "What is this? Spell it." Then slapping it, he would say, "What do I do? Spell that." So with the ear, and the act of pulling it; and in like manner with other things. He found it necessary to adopt a more strict discipline with them as they grew bigger, and might have become turbulent; but he invariably preserved the attachment of all. In this way some hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they have ever had, and which has

enabled many of them to fill useful and creditable stations in life, who might otherwise, owing to the temptations attendant on poverty and ignorance, have become burdens on society, or swelled the calendar of crime.

Will the reader credit the fact, that this excellent individual never sought any compensation for these labours, nor did he ever receive any? Of no note or account, his weather-boarded establishment was like a star radiating light around; but of the good he was doing, John scarcely appeared conscious. The chief gratification he felt was the occasional visit of some manly soldier or sailor, grown up out of all remembrance, who would call to shake hands and return thanks for what he had done for him in his infancy. At times, also, he was encouragingly noticed by the local authorities; but we do not hear of any marked testimony of their approbation. Had he been a general, and conquered a province, he would doubtless have been considered a public benefactor, and honoured accordingly; being only an amateur schoolmaster, and a reclainer from vice, John was allowed to find the full weight of the proverb, that virtue is its own reward. And thus obscurely, known principally to his humble neighbours, did this hero—for was he not a hero of the purest order?—spend a long and useful existence; every selfish gratification being denied, that he might do the more good to others. On the morning of the 1st of January 1839, at the age of seventy-two years, when looking at the picture of his school, which had been lately executed by Mr Sheaf, he suddenly fell down and expired. His death was felt severely. 'The abode of contented and peaceful frugality became at once a scene of desolation. He and his nephew had made provision on that day for what was to them a luxurious repast. On the little mantel-piece remained uncooked a mugful of fresh sprats, on which they were to have regaled themselves in honour of the new year. The children were overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow; some of them came to the door next day, and cried because they could not be admitted; and for several succeeding days the younger ones came, two or three together, looked about the room, and not finding John, went away disconsolate.' John Pounds was, as he had wished, called away, without badly suffering, from his useful labours. He is gone to await the award of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

A WORD ON EMIGRATION.

We frequently receive letters from individuals making inquiries respecting emigration,—whether it would be advisable, in their circumstances, to emigrate; what countries we should recommend them to go to; and so forth. For everything like details, we usually refer our correspondents to the sheets on emigration in our Information for the People; but we are less able to offer any distinct advice as to the countries most eligible for the intending emigrant. At one time, we were favourable to schemes of emigration to Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand; but the financial disorders in the two former, and the ruin from other causes of the latter, now dispose us to entertain different views. New Zealand, in particular, we recommend no one to proceed to. That that naturally fine country might, at this time, have been one of the most prosperous English settlements, we had, like everybody else, reason to expect; but the conflicting and disastrous policy pursued in regard to it, has unfortunately ruined its prospects, at least for a time; and until its affairs are rectified, and placed on a satisfactory footing, we imagine no man, who values his life or property, will select it as a field of enterprise.

Shut out in a great measure from these remote Australasian countries, the only choice, we presume, is

between the United States and Canada. In either, the emigrant will find lands to suit his fancy, and we should have some difficulty in recommending him to select one country in preference to the other. It is, however, fair to confess, that were we to emigrate, we should, for reasons of nationality, &c. wend our way to Canada; or, to speak more precisely, that part of western Canada bounded by Lake Huron on the north, and Lakes Erie and Ontario on the south—a district fertile, and perhaps more agreeable in point of climate than others open for settlement. The comparative advantages of situation are, in general circumstances, less important than the means of selection and settlement. There are thousands of admirable spots, if emigrants could only find them out, and get them readily under culture when they reached them. There, in our opinion, lie the chief difficulties in the way of emigration. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is the want of a comprehensive and rational plan of operations. At present, no one knows what another is doing, and the best energies of men are spent in individual, and often useless efforts. A number of individuals, who are known or unknown to each other, as the case may be, take a passage on board a vessel for Montreal. Having escaped from the fangs of the skipper and his associates—almost every one of whom aims at preying on passengers—the emigrants fall for the most part into the hands of land jobbers and false advisers, who waylay them on landing. Many are stripped of the principal part of their money while inquiring and bargaining for land, and either sink into poverty in the large towns, or return home dispirited. Others, more acute, and impressed with the necessity for pushing off into the country, proceed westward, and drop away in different directions; till finally, after a world of trouble, they respectively secure lots of uncleared ground, on which they propose to settle. Each man, however, is separated by many miles from those who have been his companions in his journey, and perhaps he is pitched in a spot far from any village or civilised neighbours.

Let us for a moment picture the condition of a man placed in these circumstances. Freshly arrived in a strange country, he is in the midst of a forest, surrounded by his wife and children, and the few moveables which he has been able to drag along with him. He looks about him in a kind of stupor approaching to despair. The land he knows is his. He is the owner of a small estate; but the soil is encumbered with trees standing pretty closely together, each of great thickness, and almost as tall as a church steeple. To his dismay, he cannot see more than twenty or thirty yards before him; and if he climb to the top of the tallest pine, he will most likely see nothing but one unbroken black mass of tree-tops to the very verge of the horizon. The stillness, the solitariness of the scene, is awful. There is something grand and poetical in the situation of such a man. He possesses some share of heroic enterprise, otherwise he would not have been here; and that in itself renders him respectable. Disconsolate though he be, and poor as are his immediate prospects, he is independent. Having thrown himself loose from his moorings in society, he is now his own master, and altogether untrammelled as to his proceedings. Seated in the midst of the little group of beings who claim his aid, he is prospectively apatriarch, the first of his line—the man of the wilderness, from whom a race is to spring. Other things, however, now occupy the poor fellow's mind: the great question is, what is to be done? This is already solved on looking at his wife, who, worn out with fatigue, is in the act of hushing baby to sleep under the leg of the largest trunk. A house of some sort must be erected. To it he goes, hacking away at trees with his axe, and lopping off branches; and after several

hours' toil, he is able to look with a degree of complacency on a hovel which rears its verdant roof over his family and chattels. This structure, called a shanty in backwoods phraseology, would be considered much too bad for a pigsty in England; but John's ideas of what a person may be brought to put up with, have been a good deal altered since he left home; and the shanty, all things considered, is pronounced passable. It must at least serve till something better can be achieved. Carrying forward our imagination to the second day, we see John emerge from his den on all-fours, and commence operations on that terrible black forest which surrounds him. Observe him, after eying a tree, making the woods ring with the sharp stroke of his glittering axe; look how manfully he lays on, making the splinters fly about him; and what a gash he has already made! That tree is doomed! You may take your last look of it. But what dreadfully-fatiguing work it is to lay it in the dust. Wiping his brow, and fetching a long breath, John gives an inquiring look around; but it is useless, nothing of the kind is to be had. He was thinking how satisfactory it would be to have a pull at a pint of porter. He could drink a gallon, let alone a pint; and how he is to cut down some hundreds of trees, all equally productive of thirst, is more than he can possibly comprehend. Thus the poor man goes on, tugging with his lot, toiling worse than a slave, living in a condition little superior to that of one of the lower animals, and prevented only by a small gleam of hope, from throwing up the whole affair and returning to Old England.

The early sufferings of settlers in the backwoods are often appalling, and they serve to discourage hundreds ere they have made a fair trial of the country. Laying the more laborious toils aside, there is much to dishearten before land is got into crop. Frequently, the settler has to purchase every mouthful of food for his family for twelve or fourteen months after his arrival. This of course robs him of his means, or, what is worse, he gets into debt, and then he is fairly done for. Any way, he is placed at a great disadvantage. He cannot afford to hire labour; and, by not having had a fair start, he toils on for fifteen or twenty years, before he can make headway against the circumstances which come streaming on, one after the other, against him.

We do not think it creditable to the age, that the settlement of new countries should be conducted in so hap-hazard and disheartening a way. Here, we have a country overflowing with people and with capital; there lies a fertile country, wanting only people and capital to render it productive and valuable. Why are not the three things—the land, the people, and the capital—brought together? Passing over several schemes designed for this purpose, which have been found too refined to be workable, we feel justified in bringing the following practical-looking hints before our readers; they appear in a recent Kingston newspaper:—

'The emigrants to Canada this year appear to be more respectable than in former years. Many of them have, apparently, considerable means, and it is to be deeply regretted that proper steps have not been taken, in many cases, for the proper application of their little capital. The Canadian summer is now far advanced, and ere these persons can be settled on land, the season will have gone by for planting and sowing, and, consequently, they will be obliged to purchase all their food for at least a twelvemonth, which will prove a serious drain upon their funds. To obviate this, and a host of minor evils, we should like to see something like the following plan adopted, which, in a great many instances, would be quite practicable. We will suppose that there are a number of families intending to emigrate from some particular locality in Great Britain or Ireland; that each family will have at least £100 at their command when they arrive in Canada. We would recommend such persons to depute one of their number, in whom they can place confidence, to come out to this country one year in advance of the main body, and purchase a block of land, say 150 acres for each fa-

mily; employ hands to clear and sow five acres on each lot with fall wheat, which will cost about £15; during the winter clear up five acres more, and erect a good shanty on each lot; the land to be planted with potatoes, and sown with oats in the spring, which would probably cost £20, making in all, for the two acres under crop, and the shanty, £35. When the emigrants arrive in midsummer for whom these locations have been made (say six to twelve families), they proceed direct to their farms, under the guidance of their deputy, who will probably meet them at Quebec for the purpose, and, to save them from imposition, there they will find a roof to shelter them, their crops growing around them, their fall grain nearly ready for the sickle, and their roots requiring the immediate use of the hoe or plough. They go to work immediately; they are at hand to cheer and assist each other in cases of sickness or distress; old associations are continued; and everything goes merrily on. They have no more than two months' food to purchase, and that, where a quantity is required, can always be bought on more favourable terms than in moieties. This little settlement will in the next year be able to employ the heads of at least a dozen poor families to assist in enlarging their clearings, and in a short time they will be able to support a clergyman amongst them, a well-qualified teacher to instruct their children, and a physician to cure their bodily ills: they will possess all the elements of a thriving settlement, improve their own condition by emigrating to the province, and at the same time contribute to its wealth, intelligence, and consequent prosperity.

'This is by no means a highly-coloured picture of what might be the almost immediate condition of thousands who emigrate to Canada, did they only pursue the course we have pointed out. It is thus that the Germans, and the Swiss, and the New England Americans emigrate to the western states, and hence their success. There are thousands of acres of the best land in the province to be obtained in the way referred to, and on the most reasonable terms; indeed proprietors generally would be willing to accept 20 per cent. less, than to sell their lands by piecemeal.'

There is much good sense in this proposal, and we can see no other obstacle to the plan being executed on a wide scale, than the difficulty which families may have in finding sufficiently trustworthy and intelligent agents among their number. It would, we think, materially lessen any such practical difficulty, if the Canada Land Company were to relieve families of all trouble in making the preparatory arrangements. Let this company enter into engagements with clusters of families to furnish them with farms on which there are cleared and cultivated spots, and log-huts ready for occupation; undertaking at the same time to carry the families at an appointed season to their locality, free of all expense. Such an arrangement might be in the form of an assurance, a certain payment being taken in advance from the parties. If the payments commenced three years previous to embarkation, and were made in small sums monthly or quarterly, under the usual forfeiture in the event of death or demission of payment, there cannot be a doubt that many thousands of persons would embrace the offer. Either, then, by the plan proposed by the Canadian editor, or by that we have indicated, emigrants would be conducted with tranquillity and satisfaction of mind to their respective new homes, and spared the ruinous loss of time and money, not to speak of the dreadful bodily toils, to which they are now exposed.

The present month of December seems a favourable opportunity for intending emigrants forming associations, and preparing to take active steps in spring. Should they decide on intrusting the execution of their scheme, whatever it be, to the Canada Land Company,*

* The address of this company is 13 St Helen's Place, London; or 22 Hill Street, Edinburgh.

they may, according to all testimony, rely on the integrity of that association for receiving the most courteous and honourable treatment.

GREGARIOUS AVARICE.

Avarice and the other selfish passions do not, like those which are more social in their workings, become emboldened when they move great masses at once. On the contrary, their repulsive features become exaggerated when they take possession of crowds. Of all the passions, avarice is the one which to first thoughts appears most exclusively the source of solitary enjoyment; yet, in fact, more than any other of the unamiable emotions, it is found to derive augmented power from companionship and example. It is not to sympathy, but to emulation, that this is owing. The avaricious herd together and goad each other on by the stimulus of rivalry alone: they are jealous of each other, waspish even in their co-operation. Avarice must have been the devil that entered into the herd of swine, and urged them down the steep into the sea where they were drowned. The avaricious epidemic is of frequent recurrence, and has many exciting causes. It was gregarious avarice that drew shoal after shoal of Corteses, Pizarros, and Almagros, to rob and murder in America. It was gregarious avarice that urged men into the bubble mining companies, and frenzied projects of founding new states among the swamps of Poyais in 1825. Gregarious avarice goaded Portuguese, Dutch, and English, to pillage the natives of the Indian Archipelago, and murder each other for the booty, from the time that Cape Horn was first doubled, down to the crowning massacre of Amboyna. The disease does not always appear in a simple form; its feverishness is mixed up with, and concealed by, more generous excitements. The leaders of the crusades were animated by a great and generous, though mistaken idea; but the love of booty among men of the sword, and the cool callous calculations of the traders of Venice and Genoa, brought them as many recruits as religious enthusiasm. It is when least mixed and qualified with more generous emotions, that gregarious avarice appears most hateful and contemptible. The Mississippi mania in France, the South-Sea mania in England, the present railway mania throughout Europe and America, have scarcely any redeeming features about them. City satirists harp on the 'stage' and their shifts; they are the 'numerous class among those who are sick of avarice even to the death; their small game is little more than the chronic avarice always lurking in the social frame. If you would see the real ugliness of railway speculation, go to a meeting of some respectable company. The scene is the largest hall in some crack London tavern. The body of the apartment, the spacious music-gallery, is crammed with proprietors. They are substantial men. Three mustaches may be detected on a close scrutiny—our coat, with suspicious-looking laps of sumptuous velvet, ostentatiously folded back—one huge double breastpin, of paltry stones, on a frayed and faded neckcloth: but the mass consists of seemingly bourgeois, with shrewd, healthy, pleasant countenances, well arrayed in broad cloth. They are in outward appearance the *élite* of the trading and manufacturing class. They are obviously in a state of high excitement. Groups start up in different parts of the hall, and look eagerly towards the outskirts of the crowd whenever a rustle is heard. At last the whole mass rises with a simultaneous cheer. A shrewd hard-featured man, preceded and followed by a dozen well-dressed attendants, proud as peacocks of their proximity, enters and takes the chair. Amid rapturous applause, he proceeds to develop the course of action recommended by himself or his brother directors. 'It evinces no comprehensive views of general utility, not even a high degree of mechanical skill. It is merely a sample of skillful jobbing on a grand scale—dexterous reconciliation of discordant selfish interests, in order to bring a numerous body to work together. And its great recommendation is, that it will raise the price of shares. The imitative herd, who speculate without knowledge, merely through greed, because they see others gain, place their necks beneath the tread of their instructors or carry him on their shoulders. They gloat upon him with admiring glances; they subscribe thousands to his testimonial. And yet he is not even an inventor or improver of the system by which they hope to profit. His talent is simply the cleverness or luck to hit on profitable schemes, or to associate himself with those most likely to win. In

the age of Elizabeth, Spenser and Jonson unconsciously breathed a spirit of poetry into their conceptions of Mammon; but the incarnation of Mammon in our age, the last avatar of the Brahms of Avarice, is merely grasping, greedy, imitative; there is nothing of intellect or imagination about it. A scene such as we have been describing, and have lately witnessed, does not excite indignation, but a melancholy contempt.—*The Spectator*.

COACH TRAVELLING.

A retrospect on coach travelling will not be unwelcome in these days, when all the empire is thinking about it. Bourne's history of the Birmingham Railway furnishes us with the following:—The reign of Elizabeth is usually assigned as the period when coaches were introduced into England; but vehicles with wheels, under the denomination of chares, cars, chariots, coaches, and whirlicoots, had been long previously employed. The term chariot seems formerly to have denoted a sort of wagon; and in the will of Bartholomew Lord Burghersh (1383), the bier or other conveyance on which his corpse was to be carried is spoken of as a chariot. Henry, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, was accompanied in his journeys by no less than thirty-six horsemen and seventeen carriages, conveying the household furniture and other necessaries. Queen Catherine, the first, and Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII., were each conveyed to Westminster in litters; that of the latter being 'of white cloth of gold, led by two palfreys, and on each of these occasions, 'chariots covered, with ladies therein, accompanied the litters.' When Cardinal Wolsey visited France in 1527, we find that the king's mother, the dame regent, entered Amiens 'riding in a very rich chariot, and with her therein was the queen of Navarre, her daughter.' A train of ladies on horseback followed, besides many ladies—some in rich horse litters, and some in chariots. Vehicles called chares were prevalent at the same time; but Mr Markland observes, that the 'litter appears to have been the more dignified carriage, and was generally used on state occasions only as a conveyance for a single personage of high distinction. The last notice of the litter met with by Mr Markland is by Evelyn, under the date of 1640. Stow informs us that the first coach built in England was in the year 1564. In 1572, Queen Elizabeth visited Warwick in a 'coach or chariot,' and in the following year, we find a member of the Kyton family, of Hengrave in Suffolk, paying £34, 14s. for what is called in the account 'my Mres Coche, with all the furniture thereto belonging, except the horses.' In 1619, the Duke of Buckingham first drove a coach with six horses, whereupon his rival, the Duke of Northumberland, set up another with eight. Although the use of coaches was at first deemed effeminate, they increased rapidly in number, as shown in a curious pamphlet published in 1636, called 'Coach and Sedan Pleasantly Disputing,' wherein the number of them then used in London and its immediate vicinity is computed at more than 6000. Dekker and others satirise the citizens' wives for riding in coaches; and Taylor the water poet appears to consider their introduction as a national calamity. Speaking of the breaking up of large households, he says, 'The witchcraft of the coach has transformed, in some places, ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, or one hundred proper serving men into two or three animals.' Wagons conveying both goods and passengers are known to have been in use so early as 1564. The first notice of coaches for public accommodation alluded to by Mr Markland is from Sir W. Dugdale's Diary, under the date of 1659, where the *Coventry coach* is mentioned; but that gentleman thinks they were employed some years earlier. Dugdale's Diary mentions the *St Alban's, Chester, Bedford*, and other stage-coaches between 1662 and 1680 (*ut supra*). In a letter from Edward Parker of Browsholme, in Lancashire, to his father (dated 1663), the writer complains of severe indisposition, caused by his being compelled to travel in the *boot* of the stage-coach. In the *Harleian Miscellany* (vol. viii.), a writer urges the propriety of suppressing the multitudes of stage-coaches and caravans which were travelling in 1673.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION OF MUD.

The smaller lakes of America, whose wild and solitary shores attract the tourist, have some singular physical peculiarities. One of the early explorers of its northern regions, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, was the first to notice the attractive power of the mud at the bottom, which is sometimes so great, that boats can with difficulty proceed along the surface. This extraordinary fact is thus stated:—At

the portage or carrying place of Martres, on Rose Lake, the water is only three or four feet deep, and the bottom is muddy. I have often plunged into it a pole twelve feet long, with as much ease as if I merely plunged it into the water. Nevertheless, this mud has a sort of magical effect upon the boats, which is such that the paddles can with difficulty urge them on. This effect is not perceptible on the south side of the lake, where the water is deep, but is more and more sensible as you approach the opposite shore. I have been assured that loaded boats have often been in danger of sinking, and could only be extricated by being towed by lighter boats. As for myself, I have never been in danger of foundering, but I have several times had great difficulty in passing this spot with six stout rowers, whose utmost efforts could scarcely overcome the attraction of the mud. A similar phenomenon is observed on the Lake Saginaw, whose bottom attracts the boats with such force, that it is only with the greatest difficulty that a loaded boat can be made to advance: fortunately the spot is only about 400 yards over. This statement has received confirmation from the experience of Captain Back during the recent Arctic land expeditions. A part of Lake Huron likewise, in the same district, appears to be the centre of a remarkable electrical attraction. There is a bay in the lake, over which the atmosphere is constantly highly charged with electricity, and it has been affirmed that no person has ever traversed it without hearing peals of thunder.—*The Gallery of Nature.*

THE TEST BY BUTCHER MEAT.

If we take the market of the metropolis, we shall find that the number of cattle and sheep annually sold at Smithfield has doubled within the last century, whilst the weight of the carcass has also more than doubled in that interval. In the early part of last century (1710), according to an estimate made by Dr Davenant, the nett weight of the cattle sold at Smithfield averaged not more than 370 pounds, whilst calves averaged about 50 pounds, and sheep 28 pounds. In 1800, the nett weight of the cattle was estimated at 800 pounds, of the calves at 140 pounds, of the sheep at 80 pounds. Again, in 1742, we find 79,601 head of cattle, 503,260 sheep, to be the numbers sold at Smithfield; in 1842, the numbers had increased to 175,347 cattle, 1,438,960 sheep. According to the calculation which Mr McCulloch adopted for the amount in 1830, when he sets down 154,434,850 pounds for the supply of butcher meat required in London, if we assume the population to have then amounted to 1,450,000, exclusively of some suburban districts, we should find the average annual consumption of each individual to be very nearly 107 pounds. The returns obtained by the Statistical Society of Manchester as to the cattle sold in the markets of that town, furnish an annual consumption of not less than 105 pounds of butcher meat for each inhabitant. In Paris, on the other hand, the quantity has been estimated by M. Chabrol at from 85 to 86 pounds per head; and in Brussels, it is supposed to average 89 pounds. We thus find that the consumption of animal food in the towns of England far exceeds that of foreign cities; and as this consumption has gone on steadily increasing, we are warranted in concluding that the labour of the English people is not only more efficient as compared with that of other nations, but is daily acquiring greater efficiency, if the present be contrasted with previous results.—*Tests of a Thriving Population.*

THE RATIONALE OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION.

So many Americans migrate from north to south for the sake of mild winters, or attendance on congress, or the supreme courts of law at Washington, or congregate in large watering-places during the summer, or have children or brothers settled in the Far West; everywhere there is so much intercourse, personal or epistolary, between scientific and literary men in remote states, who have often received their university education far from home, that in each new city where we sojourn, our American friends and acquaintances seem to know something of each other, and to belong to the same set in society. The territorial extent and political independence of the different states of the union, remind the traveller rather of the distinct nations of Europe, than of the different counties of a single kingdom like England; but the population has spread so fast from certain centres, especially from New England, and the facilities of communication by railway and steamboat are so great, and are always improving so rapidly, that the twenty-six republics of 1842, having a population of seventeen millions, are

more united, and belong more thoroughly to *one nation*, than did the *thirteen* states in 1776, when their numbers were only three millions. In spite of the continued decline of the federal authority, and the occasional conflict of commercial interests between the north and south, and the violent passions excited by the anti-slavery movement, the old colonial prejudices have been softening down from year to year; the English language, laws, and literature, have pervaded more and more the Dutch, German, and French settlers; and the danger of the dismemberment of the confederacy appears to all reflecting politicians less imminent now than formerly.—*Lyell's Travels in America.*

THE TEETOTALLER'S RHAPSODY AT THE PUMP.

On spring of pure delight, and fount of biles,
In spite of bottle-imps and all their scandal,
While thus I quaff thy liquid happiness,
Fath would I sing thy praise—thy poor pump-Handel!

Spirit of water, aid my feeble lay,
And condescend to speed my sober mission;
Nymphs of the fountain, teach me what to say—
A humble member of the T division.

The chubby children come with ugly mugs
To thee, great pump, and all thy noble pump-kin;
With open mouths, wide throats, and ready jugs,
Thou welcom'st all alike, both squiro and bumpkin.

To ye, great Tees and Tay, I drink to ye,
And all the glorious family of rivers;
And thou, Drinkwater, mayst thou live to see
Gin-ocracy all scattered into shivers.

Beer—'tis worth nought but as a butt for fun,
And brandy suits but hog's heads, as we've taught her;
Rum shall a punchcon have, and that alone,
And—sotting rascal!—Half-and-half no quarter!

Ah, when shall every chest a tea-chest be,
And Gin no more in his pale corps enlist 'em?
All to our simple game of draughts agree,
The sober converts to the cupping system?

Oh for the loan of that famed Wapping Tunnel,
To light a fire in, and to heat the Thames!
'Twould suit tea-parties to a T, good Brumel—
Just stand our friend, and place it 'mong your gums.

For friends, alas! we need, the truth to say,
So numerous are our foes, and such hard hitters;
They quote Val. Max. to scour our Milky Way,
Because we will not share their gin and bitters.

Because we scruple not their drams to curse
(And, differing on these pints, we can't refrain),
They call us fish, Aqualri, and worse,
And tell us we have water on the brain.

But with our pot and kettle soon we'll speed us
Far hence to Assam—pure and temperate spot!
'Where no gin-bibulator shall impede us,
Nor pour contempt on our gunpowder plot."

A. W. S.

TRUTH.

The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning in a lie. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies.—*Cassius.*

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THE POPULAR MAN.

It is often said that no successful ambition of any kind produces entire satisfaction. I had lately an amusing illustration of the maxim presented to my attention. Not to tire the reader with a long story, I may tell him that, returning a few months ago to the city where I had studied for my profession, I renewed acquaintance with a gentleman who had been the bosom friend of my student days. We were then both poor, as I, speaking comparatively, am still; but my old friend had, in the twenty intermediate years, blossomed and thriven wonderfully, and was now not only a wealthy, but a highly respected citizen. It was gratifying to find him standing high in half the lists where the leading men of his community were enrolled. He had also published a work which, though of local celebrity, was sufficient to make him a great man in his own circle. One day, after dining at his family board, and when we had been left by ourselves to discuss old recollections, I ventured to remind him of the days when he was an obscure and friendless youth, whose merits were known only to our two associates like myself; and I added, 'Surely success like yours must have for once made a happy man—you—you on whom fortune and the world smile, and whose domestic circumstances are all of so agreeable a kind—you surely are happy?'

'Well,' said he, laughing, 'I am afraid I am not. Even with me, whom you think so fortunate in many respects, there is no want of vexations.'

'Strange that it should be so,' said I; 'but what, may I ask, is the drawback in your case?'

'You will think it very odd,' replied he, 'but I believe my case may be described in two comprehensive words—I have an over-good character.'

'An over-good character! Pray, how in the world should that affect you?'

'Why, it affects me in many ways. It harasses me almost every hour of my life.'

'Enlighten me with particulars, if you please.'

'You will laugh at me, and I daresay, justly; but it is a serious matter for all that. First, then, you can readily understand what it is to be reputed as a person of an obliging disposition. Don't suppose that I take any credit to myself for being of this character: it is only a part of my unfortunate case, which I must explain to you, if I would enable you to understand why my lot is not one of entire happiness. I am, then, one who is, for his sins, or those of his forefathers, afflicted with a desire to make himself of service when any other body's benefit is to be promoted, or evil avoided, or when anything can be done to advance a philanthropic object. The consequence is, that not a day passes when I have not my patience taxed, and my time occupied, with such duties. You would be amused at the

offices I have to undertake for persons who unluckily cannot help themselves. Sometimes they involve an anxious correspondence—sometimes a journey over half the town—often I must beg, or at the least *bore*. Occasionally the business I have thus to undertake is almost of a servile kind—yet it must be done. The compulsion of a habitual feeling, nay, a kind of regard for consistency, admits of no shying. I do it, half blaming, half laughing at myself the while—so mixed may our feelings be. It would equally surprise you to be informed of the public business which falls, in like manner, to be attended to and executed by persons who have any goodness of heart about them. There are some modern persons, I believe, of an Arcadian degree of acquaintance with the world, who represent the possessors of means and influence as systematically unrelenting towards the poor and unfortunate. Happy delusion! I wish I knew that blessed spot below, where one could live four-and-twenty hours without either having to do duty in this way, or to pine for being unable to accomplish what one would wish to do. It is not in this portion of the earth at least that the middle or upper classes can manifest a sublime indifference on these points.'

'Well, but there must be great satisfaction to repay all these labours—the sense of having mitigated the woes of your fellow-creatures—their gratitude—the public approbation even, though that is of course not the object.'

'That the object! My dear friend, don't speak of it. If it were possible to do any good in this world, and have no fame from it, I should have an easy life. The great misfortune of the obliging and philanthropic men is, that their good deeds, spite of their teeth, get wind, and so bring fresh loads of duty upon their backs. The new applicant always comes encouraged by hearing of your kindness in other cases. It is only because you last week spoke and subscribed at a meeting for the relief of the sufferers by a conflagration, that you are this week pressed to do the same at one in favour of those who have lost their all by a flood. Case begets case—there is no end to it once you begin. My own wish? I assure you, is for obscurity. I wish I could do what I choose to do in a mask, and thus escape that which oppresses me in the doing. Would that I could "do good by stealth"—trust me, I do not "blush," but "groan to find it fame."'

'And how is it, then, as to expenditure of money? for of course this must be an element in your unfortunate position.'

'It is so. And here it is equally unnecessary to be delicate in explanation. The fact is, that the miseries and miseries of mankind lay an indefinite tax on the comparatively limited class who have anything to spare, joined to an inclination to spare it. There is

no use for mincing the matter: it is what every such person experiences; it is a recognised feature of our social economy. And so, as hardly a day passes without its duty in behalf of some unfortunate, or bringing some public object of benevolence above board, so does hardly one elapse which does not see me compelled to give away money, and that often in not inconsiderable sums, either in a public or private manner. It is amazing how one's resources are thus drained. For my part, I sometimes think of declaring myself a rebel against society for the errors which I cannot help tinkering must be involved in it, before such severe americiaments could become necessary with all those who are what is called well off. Either this money should not be got by them at all, or there should not be a need for giving it back to the less fortunate in a way that impairs their self-respect. But to speak more particularly of my own case—here also behold the effect of over-good character. One benefaction leads irresistibly to scores. It is hopeless to attempt to conceal such things. There is a system of secret information among the unfortunate which makes knowledge of one the knowledge of the whole, and with a celerity like that of wildfire. What should be a pleading for mercy towards you, that you have given to one, or given before, only serves as an encouragement for an application calling upon you to give to another, or to give again; for, unluckily, necessity admits of no discretion. All this time, the men who have a bad or indifferent character as givers, are very snug. No one thinks of pestering them. And it is the same when any benevolent effort is to be made by a combination of citizens. The whole duty and expense come upon the soft-hearted few, while the men so lucky as to be able to bear the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures with tranquillity, are never even applied to. Oh, my friend, for the luxury of a stingy character for a single quarter of a year! Not so much for the money, as for the cessation of this continual dunning, the relief were inexpressible.

'You quite amuse me with your earnestness on this point. But tell me, is your over-good character productive of any other inconvenience?'

'Ay, plenty of it. Have you any idea, from your own experience, of being too much liked?'

'Why, no. I think I have been rather moderately in favour with my fellow-creatures all my life.'

'Lucky for you, I am so unfortunate as to be that unhappy being, a general favourite. And this, joined to my being a little famed as a writer, lecturer, speech-maker, and so forth, makes my case truly dreadful.'

'Why, one would think such popularity rather enviable than otherwise?'

'Ah! you can have no idea of the inconveniences it creates. In the first place, by way of a small evil to begin with, one who acquires any note on such grounds becomes a kind of lion, and is, as it is called, run after by all sorts of people except the sensible and the charming, whom he would like alone to meet with. He has to keep up a constant struggle with these followers, in order to get clear of their worship: that is to say, his good nature has to be put to violence twenty times a day to maintain even a decent privacy. If he lectures, in a place where he is a stranger, six or seven always wait after the dispersion of the audience, and surround him on the platform, congratulating him, telling him of the good he is doing, and beseeching him to do something for the local auxiliary association of so-and-so. Then the whole class of the Unconfined are let loose upon him. Some come to interest him in hopeless lawsuits; some to consult him about the publication of epics exolling Homer, or philosophical speculations putting down Newton, which they expect him to read carefully before he can give an opinion worth having. Others wish to enter upon some great new trade, which they only require a little money to commence, and this, as you are a man with a reputation for benevolence and liberality, they expect

you to furnish. But these I regard, after all, as trifling annoyances, compared with what I feel at the various meshes of restraint which gradually invest a man who is a favourite with the world. Such a man, being appreciated for a particular presumed character, cannot act in any other, however slightly divergent, without incurring odium. He has no freedom of speech or act. He is the victim of character: and this is because it is ten times more disagreeable to forfeit approbation once gained, than to live without gaining any. I think, then, that I could have lived far more happily in obscurity, than now as a favourite public man; for I should have been comparatively free, and never have known what it was to dread falling in the esteem of the world. The effect of this tyranny of reputation, this committal to past appearances, and the light in which the public has accepted a man, must be productive of extreme vexation to many who appear as floating gaily on the tide of popularity. No such man but must have misgivings about past views, and tendencies towards greater and better conceptions of what is good for the common weal; assuredly, then, must his spirit often quail with self-contemning bitterness under the promptings of the stern monitor which tells him he must keep the course, if he would not be driven ignominiously from its boundaries. Alas, my friend, you who pursue your private career in perfect independence of mood, can have but a slight idea of what is sometimes felt by men whose horror of encountering a change from universal smiles to universal frowns, condemns to that worst of slaveries, a slavery where one's self is master!'

'Truly,' said I, 'it seems to be no joke to have such popularity as yours. You present the matter in quite a new light to me. But tell me now, are you not, after all, happier in doing what you can for the good of individuals and masses, than if you were to lead a close and sordid life, as do many who have means equal to yours?'

'I don't know. They follow their nature, and are content; and were I of their temper, I might be content with their mode of life also. What I say is, that even the life which makes benevolence one of its ruling principles, is not unattended with vexations.'

'But it is delightful to have to give, and to give it.'

'I allow that the pleasure of doing good is great; but, then, is one sure that he is really doing good? He may be doing harm, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary. My nature, for example, impels me to be continually lending a hand in benevolent projects, but I am often conscious that the best-looking scheme is only a futile attempt to improve the condition of those whom, from natural imbecility, there is no preventing from going down. Others, more selfish, or with less susceptible feelings, are seen standing by, with the sneer on their lips, and considering you little better than a fool for all your pains. Ever and anon they ask you for results, and perhaps you can only show a series of feeble, though well-meant efforts. All these things are vexing. Even the applause that is obtained distresses; for you know painfully well how imperfectly it is deserved.'

'Every one, however, will allow that it is well to stand high in the general esteem. Since it is what all men may be said to aim at, success in this line must surely be a source of gratification?'

'Well, you have heard my experiences on that point. They lead to a contrary conclusion; and such, I fear, must ever be the consequence of what is called popularity. The fact is, one cannot rightly in this world be generally liked. From the great diversity of men's minds on what is worthy of regard, it is not to be expected that a consistent decisive character will stand favourably with any large portion of mankind. One only can do so by modifying himself to suit the many, and thus sacrificing much that is necessary for inward satisfaction. Show me, then, the popular man, and I will show you a man who must needs be ill at ease, if he have any

respect for himself. I fear, my friend, we are thought to be great men when we are only weak, as I am sure we are full of pain when men think us supremely happy.'

I went home from my friend's house with somewhat different notions about his position in life, from what I had entertained. 'Well, thank my stars,' said I, as I broke the smouldering coal in my little parlour fire—'thank my stars I am totally unknown, and only a favourite with poor Snap.' Next morning, however, I reflected maturely on the conversation of my friend, and became convinced that, while there was much truth in what he said, it was not the whole truth. The obliging and popular have no doubt their troubles, and what my friend said might be considered as an exposition of them, given with a certain pungency from the feelings of the moment; but the life of active serviceableness towards good objects, public and private, must be, after all, the happiest, seeing that it speaks of a wide range of sympathies in the course of continual gratification. Every good thing has its seamy side: this was the seamy side of a life upon the whole enviable.

PRISON ADVENTURES OF LAFAYETTE.

THE Marquis de Lafayette entered upon the scenes of the French Revolution with the idea fixed in his mind, that republican institutions were reconcilable with a monarchy. He was, therefore, a friend to the royal family, at the same time that he promoted the reforms which were successively conducted by the States-General and Legislative Assembly. His chivalric fidelity to Louis and Marie Antoinette was powerfully tried on the 5th and 6th of October 1789, when, as commander of the National Guards, he protected them from the populace who had assailed them in their palace of Versailles. Subsequently, when the king was deposed and imprisoned (August 1792) Lafayette then with the army on the frontiers, endeavoured to induce the soldiers to march upon Paris, in order to restore the throne, and put down Petion, Danton, and their associates. But the revolutionary tide, impelled as it was by the fears of the people for the foreign armies pressing on the country, was too strong to be thus resisted; and a few days thereafter, Lafayette was obliged to seek his own safety by flying from the kingdom.

He and the officers of kindred sentiments by whom he was accompanied, had scarcely passed the frontier, when their further progress was arrested by a body of the Limburg volunteers; and the national cockade, which, unthinkingly, they had retained, betraying them to the leader, they were, by his command, arrested and conveyed to the prison of Luxemburg, from thence removed to Wesel, then to Magdeburg, and lastly to Olmütz.

On the plea of Lafayette having been seized on neutral ground, and that, having ceased to be a soldier, he could not properly be considered a prisoner of war, strenuous efforts from all quarters were made to obtain his release; but the emperor of Germany, who regarded him as a principal instigator of the Revolution, as well as one of the chief instruments of the insulting degradation and subsequent death of the royal family of France, was not to be moved. The vengeance of Robespierre for the loss of his victim was, meanwhile, wreaked with savage inveteracy against the unfortunate wife of Lafayette for no sooner was the escape of her husband known, than that unhappy lady was arrested and thrown into prison. She escaped death by something like a miracle; different members of her family perished on the scaffold; and she herself, for the space of fifteen months, endured all the horrors of a noisome confinement. On the

death of the tyrant she was released from prison, and so soon as her health was sufficiently reinstated to allow of her undertaking so long a journey, without servants, or the means of procuring the most necessary comforts, she, accompanied by her children, set out for Vienna, and, throwing herself at the feet of the emperor, implored his influence for the liberation of her husband.

What Francis III. had denied to the various authorities interested in the fate of Lafayette, he yielded to pity; and, raising the suppliant, he granted her request, allowed of her repairing immediately to Olmütz, and held out the prospect of the speedy deliverance of the prisoner. Whether the emperor afterwards regretted the clemency he had shown, or that other powers were interested in prolonging the captivity of Lafayette, does not appear; but so far from obtaining his hoped-for release, Madame de Lafayette found herself and her daughter immured in the same dungeons that contained her husband. I have, however, anticipated this event, for it was not until within two years of the release of Lafayette, that his wife and family were thus unexpectedly made the partners of his imprisonment.

Two years of solitary confinement had, from the period of his capture, been dragged on by Lafayette, when the romantic scheme of procuring his liberation was formed by one, an utter stranger to the prisoner, and a foreigner. From motives of pure compassion, and an earnest desire to free from so galling a thralldom the great promoter of liberty, M. Balman, a Hanoverian by birth—young, active, intrepid, and intelligent—repaired, alone and on foot, to Olmütz, there to gain such information as might enable him to judge of the best means of executing the purpose he had in view, and releasing Lafayette from the power of Austria. He soon found that, without an able coadjutor, the difficulties that presented themselves were insurmountable, and repaired, therefore, to Vienna, where he devoted himself exclusively to the society of young Americans; for among them, from their veneration of the character of Lafayette, he hoped to find one who, with enthusiasm like his own, would dare the great undertaking.

What followed is interesting as a proof that the spirit of nationality may engender a principle of gratitude. Lafayette, as is well known, had in his early youth proceeded to America, and served in her armies. Shipwrecked at his first arrival, he had been kindly received into the house of a gentleman named Huger, residing in Charlestown. And by him was the youthful votary of liberty introduced to the American army. By chance, a son of this gentleman was now in Vienna, and to him did M. Balman apply. Although a mere child when the shipwrecked party visited his father's house, the young American retained a vivid recollection of, and the highest admiration for, M. de Lafayette; and he entered, therefore, with all the zealous ardour of youth, and the enthusiasm of a generous nature, into Balman's scheme for the release of his favourite hero.

From the vigilance of the Austrian police, and their jealous watchfulness of strangers, it was necessary that the greatest caution and secrecy should be maintained; and the scheme proposed promised well for the completion of their design. Huger assumed the pretence of ill health, and M. Balman, who had already adopted the character of a physician, was upon this account to travel with him. In company with only one servant, who was not intrusted with the secret, and mounted upon the best horses money could procure, the friends set out on their tour; and visiting different places, the better to conceal their real purpose, and confirm the idea that curiosity was the motive of their journey, they lingered so long at each, that a considerable time had elapsed before their reaching Olmütz.

As they had desired, a rumour of their insatiable curiosity had preceded them thither; and, acting up to

their assumed character, after viewing everything worthy of notice in the town, they repaired to the castle, examined the fortifications, and, having made acquaintance with the keeper, obtained permission to visit the interior of the prison on the following day.

Thus their first step being happily achieved, they continued, by frequent visits, to improve their acquaintance with the jailer; and now trusting that any suspicion of their intentions, had it ever existed, must be lulled to sleep, they ventured carelessly to inquire what prisoners were under his care. Among other names, that of Lafayette was mentioned, and they expressed curiosity to know how he contrived to occupy himself, how he bore his imprisonment, and whether greater indulgences were granted to him than to captives of lesser note. He was, they were informed, strictly confined, but, on the plea of bad health, had obtained permission, under charge of an armed guard, to take daily exercise without the walls. Besides this, he was allowed the use of books, pen, ink, and paper. M. Balman then remarked, that some new publications he had with him might afford amusement to the prisoner, and inquired whether he might be allowed to make the offer.

The jailer agreed, upon condition that they were sent open, so as to assure himself, he said, that no conspiracy was to be carried on against the state. This caution was complied with, and the same evening a book and open note, addressed to Lafayette, were sent to his care. As afterwards appeared, he was unacquainted with French, the language in which the note was written; but, suspecting no treachery where all was so openly carried on, he conveyed it to Lafayette. It contained apologies for the liberty thus taken by strangers, but as they were anxious, they said, to contribute to his happiness, they hoped he would attentively read the book they had sent, and if any passages in it particularly engaged his notice, they begged he would let them know his opinion.

This unusual mode of expression attracted, as was intended, the attention of Lafayette, and carefully perusing the book, he found in certain places words written with a pencil, which, being put together, acquainted him with the names, qualities, and designs of the writers, and requiring his sentiments before they should proceed further. He returned the book, and with it an open note, thanking them for their civility, and adding that he highly approved of, and was charmed with the contents.

Having thus commenced a correspondence, no day passed in which open notes were not written and received. Some of these were brought for the inspection of persons acquainted with the French language; but so carefully were they worded, that no cause of suspicion appeared, and the correspondence was allowed to continue. A greater difficulty, however, now appeared, for the plan of escape being at length arranged, they were at a loss how to acquaint Lafayette with particulars that could not be hazarded in an open note. A happy expedient presented itself; the whole was written in lemon juice, and on the other side of the paper, a note of inquiry after Lafayette's health concluded with these words, '*Quand vous aurez lu ce billet m'écrite le au feu.*' The experiment was a hazardous one, but it succeeded. The note was conveyed to Lafayette, and, obeying the injunctions given, on holding the paper to the fire, the writing that appeared made him acquainted with the well-digested scheme of his unknown benefactors.

The day following was that fixed for the attempted escape, and all the caution used by M. Balman and his friend was in truth required, to hold out any chance of success. The city of Olmütz, about thirty miles from Silesia, is situated in the midst of a plain extending three miles on either side, and bounded by dark woods, so that the smallest object on any part of the level ground is distinctly visible from the walls. Sentinels, too, hold a continual guard, for the purpose of giving the alarm should any attempt at escape be

made, and the whole people are bound to assist in the pursuit, while the successful individual is liberally rewarded for the recapture of a prisoner.

These obstacles to the success of their scheme were well known to the adventurous friends of Lafayette; but they were not intimidated, and the hour of exercise allowed to the prisoner was that selected for its completion.

In company of an officer, and attended by an armed guard mounted behind the carriage, Lafayette was in the habit of daily driving in an open cabriolet on the plain, and had so far won upon the confidence of the officer, that when at a distance from the walls, they used to quit the carriage and walk together.

The plan determined upon was as follows:—Balman and Huger were to ride out on the plain, the latter leading a third horse, while Lafayette was to gain as great a distance as possible from the town, and, as usual, quitting the carriage with the officer, draw him imperceptibly as near the boundaries as might be, without awakening his suspicion. The two friends were then to approach, and, if necessary, to overpower the officer, mount Lafayette on the led horse, and ride at full speed to Bautrapp, a town at the distance of fifteen miles, where a chaise had been prepared to convey the party to the nearest town on the Prussian dominions. In the morning, Huger had attempted to ascertain the precise time at which Lafayette would leave the castle, and then, with beating hearts, they set forward on their expedition; but having almost reached the wooded country, and still no carriage appearing, they believed some unforeseen accident had led to their discovery, and hesitated how to proceed, till, recollecting that their movements were in all probability watched from the walls, they slowly retraced their steps, and, on nearing the town, beheld, to their great satisfaction, the wished-for cabriolet pass through the gates. It contained two persons. One was in the Austrian uniform, and a musketeer as usual was mounted behind. Neither of the friends being personally acquainted with M. de Lafayette, a signal had been agreed upon between them. In passing, it was made, returned, and the carriage moved on, they continuing for a time their ride towards the town, and then slowly following the cabriolet at such a distance as to allow of Lafayette's executing his part of the agreement. Upon the two gentlemen quitting the carriage, and continuing their exercise on foot, the friends gradually approached, and perceiving M. de Lafayette and the officer engaged in earnest conversation about the sword of the latter, which Lafayette held in his hand, they seized the favourable moment, and, putting spurs to their horses, galloped forward. Their rapid approach alarmed the officer: he attempted to draw Lafayette towards the carriage; and finding that he resisted, struggled to repossess himself of his sword. At that moment Huger reached the spot. 'You are free,' said he; 'mount this horse, and fortune be our guide;' but the words were scarcely uttered, when the sun, glancing on the naked blade of the sword, startled the horse he led: he reared, broke his bridle, and galloped across the plain. M. Balman, in the vain hope of overtaking the frightened animal, rode after him, while Huger generously insisted on Lafayette mounting his horse, and making all speed to the place of rendezvous. 'Lose no time,' he exclaimed; 'the alarm is given; the peasants are assembling; save yourself.' Lafayette obeyed, and mounting Huger's horse, he left him on foot, and was soon out of sight. M. Balman had, meantime, pursued the flying animal, but perceiving it had taken the road to the town, he gave up the chase as hopeless, and returning to Huger, he sprang on the saddle behind him, and they galloped off together. But the double burden proved too much for the already wearied horse. He stumbled and fell; and M. Balman, thrown to some distance by the shock, was so injured, as with difficulty to be raised from the ground. Once more the gallant Huger, with the same forgetfulness of self that had characterised him through the whole un-

dertaking, sacrificed the chance of his own safety to secure that of his friend, and, assisting Balman to remount, he insisted that he should follow Lafayette, and leave him to make his escape on foot; for, as he was a good runner, he said he could easily reach the woody country, and then find a safe place of concealment. His friend consented with reluctance; but there was no time for argument: the whole occurrence had been seen from the walls, the cannon had been fired, the country was raised, and the plain covered with men, women, and children, all eager to join in the pursuit. By pretending to follow in the chase, Balman contrived to escape unsuspected. Huger was less fortunate. Noticed from the very first by a party who never lost sight of him, his fleetness of foot was of no avail; for his pursuers being constantly joined by new comers, fresh for the chase, they soon gained upon him, and at last, breathless and exhausted, he sank upon the ground. He was instantly seized; and further resistance being now hopeless, he was conveyed back to Olmütz in triumph; and while secretly consoling himself with the idea that, whatever might be his own fate, he had rescued from tyranny and oppression the man who, in his eyes, was one of the first characters upon earth, was consigned to one of the dungeons of the castle as a state prisoner.

M. de Lafayette had, meanwhile, followed the directions given by his gallant deliverers, and, without any obstacle, had reached a small town about ten miles off; but here the road dividing, he unfortunately took the wrong turn, and suspecting he had mistaken the way, inquired of a person whom he met the road to Bautrapp. The appearance of Lafayette, his foreign accent, the inquiries he made, and his horse covered as it was with foam, led the man to suspect the truth, and directing him to a narrow lane which, by a long circuit, led back to the town he had just left, he himself hurried there by a shorter cut; and thus, when about to regain, as he thought, the road which would secure his retreat, Lafayette found himself surrounded by a guard of armed men, who, regardless of his protestations, conveyed him to the magistrate. In collected manner, the plausible answers returned to the interrogations put to him, and the apparent truth of his story—that, belonging to the excise at Trappau, he had visited some friends at Olmütz, and having exceeded his leave of absence, was now hurrying back under the fear of losing his office—all so won upon the faith of the magistrate, that he was about to dismiss his prisoner, when the good fortune of Lafayette again forsook him. As he was about to retire, a young man entered the room to have some papers signed, and after fixing his eyes for a moment on Lafayette, he whispered to the magistrate that, having been present when the French general was delivered up prisoner to the Austrians, he could not be mistaken, and that the person now before him was he.

Lafayette intreated to be heard; but in vain. The indignant magistrate directed that he forthwith should be conveyed to Olmütz, where his identity would be ascertained; and, disheartened and hopeless, the unfortunate prisoner was thrust again into those miserable dungeons which but that morning he had left with so true a prospect of liberty. M. Balman, the first instigator of the whole scheme, was now the only one who had successfully avoided the search of his pursuers. He reached in safety the place where the chaise had been ordered to wait their coming, and finding it still there, yet no appearance of Lafayette, he forebode evil. For some time he lingered, in the hope of their coming; and then dismissing the chaise, trusted that his friends, having made their escape by a different route, might still meet, as had been agreed upon, on the frontiers of Prussia. Three days from that time a rumour reached him that Lafayette had been retaken, and, eager to learn the truth, he took the road to Olmütz. He was not long left in suspense; the whole story of the attempted escape and the recapture of the prisoner, was well known; and in addition to this he learned the fact

of his generous and disinterested friend, the young and gallant Huger, having shared the same fate.

This last seems to have been too much for the sensitive mind of M. Balman, and, in despair at having been the primary cause of misfortune to the young American, he resolved, since he could not rescue his friend from captivity, to share it with him, and voluntarily surrendering himself, he was committed a prisoner to the castle. Such was the unfortunate issue of a plan which, for skilful projection and generous self-devotion, merited a happier close. But even now, the friends little apprehended what was to follow. Being directed to prepare for examination, they believed that, having told their story, and declared the real motives of their attempt, they might be subjected to perhaps a short imprisonment, but no more; and great, therefore, was their amazement on finding themselves accused of having entered into a conspiracy against the Austrian government, and that they were consequently to stand a trial for life or death.

Huger was first placed at the bar. As he was unacquainted with the Austrian language, the examination was carried on by means of an interpreter—a young man who, by his looks and voice, seemed to compassionate the situation of the prisoner, and who, when repeating his answers to the court, omitted such expressions as he thought might tend to his disadvantage. Huger quickly caught at the good intentions of his new friend, and resolving to rely on his judgment, he took the kindly hints as they were intended. One examination followed another; and the repeated exhortation of the magistrate to prepare for the worst, for that there was little likelihood of a pardon being obtained, forced upon the unfortunate Huger the unwelcome conviction, that he had laid down his own life for the visionary project of rescuing a stranger from imprisonment. The severity of his treatment also exceeded that even of Lafayette; the dungeon in which he had been placed was without light, he was fed upon the coarsest food, during the night was chained to the floor of the vault, and his own clothes, which had been taken from him, were replaced with those worn by many an unfortunate predecessor.

For three months he dragged on this miserable existence; but at the end of that time there was some amendment in his condition; he was removed to a better room, into which was admitted a small but welcome light; better clothes, and more wholesome food, were allowed him; and altogether, his circumstances were improved; but he still continued in total ignorance as to what his future fate was to be; for the jailer, the only human being he ever saw, was unable or unwilling to answer any questions on the subject. At length one day, much to his surprise and joy, his young friend the interpreter entered his cell, and nothing could exceed the delight of the poor prisoner at once again meeting with a kindly face. Huger now learned for the first time the total failure of their scheme—that Lafayette had been retaken, and that Balman, a fellow-prisoner, was under the same roof with himself. Shortly afterwards, he discovered him to be in the room immediately above his own; and, after various efforts, he succeeded in holding communication with him, in a manner as venturesome and ingenious as that adopted with M. de Lafayette. The window, which threw a borrowed light into his own cell, served likewise to light that of Balman, and, with a piece of lime taken from the wall, Huger contrived to scratch a few words upon a black silk handkerchief, which, by fastening to a stick, and clamping up the side of the room, he raised as near the common window as he could. It attracted the attention of M. Balman, and, after many efforts, making himself master of it, he returned an answer by the same method. From this time no day passed without their holding communication with each other; while to the exertions of the friendly interpreter they were indebted for the means of making their situation still more comfortable. By small presents and occasional bribes of money, he

had secured the good offices of the wife of the jailer, so that, secretly, she provided them with books, food, wine, and warmer clothes. Through her interest also the two friends procured a long-wished-for meeting. At first, the visit was short, but by degrees becoming less timorous, they were permitted to pass some part of every day together.

The government being at length satisfied that the attempt to liberate Lafayette had been planned independently by these two adventurers, and was not, as was supposed, a plot laid by the secret agents of France, they were remitted to receive sentence from the supreme magistrate of Olmütz. In this condition they were permitted every indulgence but that of liberty; and, in the enjoyment of each other's society, and the hope of a speedy release, were already beginning to forget past suffering, when, by a visit from their newly-found friend, the kindly interpreter, they learned with dismay that the intended punishment was to be heavy indeed, seeing it was no less than imprisonment for life. A hint was at the same time conveyed that, if by any means they could procure money, that sentence might be changed for one much less severe, as it was in the power of the magistrate to make it what he chose, and even to release them entirely.

This information seemed to bode the unfortunate prisoners little, at least of immediate good; for Balman had no fortune, and Huger being without credit in Austria, could not, within a short time, receive a remittance from England. Their friend, however, did not desert them; he withdrew, promising to use all his influence for their release; and it is probable he had already formed that design, which the generosity of another, equally a stranger to the prisoners, whose name, instead of being unknown, should be published aloud, enabled him afterwards so happily to carry through. A Russian nobleman of large fortune, residing near Olmütz, was perhaps, from a resemblance in character, the most intimate friend of the young interpreter, and from him had learned the whole story of the projected release of Lafayette, of its failure, and of the generous conduct of the two friends. To him W—, for the initial only has been given for the name of the good Samaritan, flew for assistance in this new difficulty; and having stated the case as it then stood, he was about to intreat, in his own name, a loan for the use of the prisoners, when he was interrupted by an offer of whatever sum might be required to secure their release.

Judging the heart of his noble friend by his own, he hesitated not for a moment to accept the offer, and scarcely affording himself time to speak the gratitude he felt, he hurried off to sound the sentiments of the magistrate. His situation as interpreter afforded him the desired opportunity, and he soon discovered that the hints thrown out of the chance of a large reward, led the upright judge to listen favourably to any proposal for mitigating the severe punishment of the prisoners. The show even of delicacy was then laid aside; an exorbitant demand was made; and, after some further discussion, W— withdrew to arrange preliminaries, first with their generous benefactor, and lastly with the prisoners themselves. Matters now were soon settled; the term of their imprisonment was first fixed at fourteen years, then shortened to seven, soon after to one, then to a month, and lastly to a week, at the end of which time they were released from prison. The first use they made of restored liberty was, as may be supposed, to seek an interview with the Russian nobleman, and pour out their grateful acknowledgments for his unlooked-for and welcome munificence; while from the noble-minded and generous W—, to whose kindness they owed all the comforts they had experienced in prison, and to whose friendly and humane exertions they were ultimately indebted for their liberation, they parted with those feelings of esteem, admiration, and gratitude, which never afterwards faded from their recollection.

The principal hero of the tale did not, however, meet with so speedy a conclusion to his misfortunes: it was not till the year 1797, when, a peace taking place between Austria and France, that Lafayette was released from confinement at the request of the then General Bonaparte.

THE POTATO.

It is singular to think that, not more than two hundred and fifty years ago, an insignificant plant, in size not larger than our common weeds, of no external beauty, with a nauseous odour, and a juice of a poisonous quality, should have grown among the crevices of the rocks which bound the shores of Chili, unknown to the world at large, and all but neglected by the rude natives; and that this same plant, transferred to the soil of Europe, should have become one of the most important articles of human food, so much so, as to have greatly influenced the population of half the globe.

There can be no doubt that the potato is a native of America. It is found in its wild state in several parts of that continent, especially in Chili and Peru. Don José Pavon says that it grows in the environs of Lima, and fourteen leagues along the coast; he also found it in the kingdom of Chili. A late traveller in that region, Mr Darwin, also mentions that he saw this plant in such situations, and under such circumstances, as seemed to leave little doubt of its being in a state of nature.

The potato belongs to a natural family of plants (the *solanaceæ*), most of which, as the deadly nightshade, possess poisonous qualities. Indeed the juice of the leaves, stem, and even skins of the tubers of the potato, are of a highly poisonous nature. In its native state the plant is small, and the tubers seldom exceed the size of a walnut or common chestnut. They are also of a moist waxy consistence, and have a slight bitterish taste. The colour of the blossom is generally white, and rarely of the red and purple hues of the cultivated sorts. These tubers are not the roots of the plant, but are true underground stems; and their use in nature appears to be to afford another means of propagating the plants besides that of the seeds, which are contained in the fruit or apple. The tubers contain germinating points or eyes, just as aerial stems have leaf-buds, from which young shoots spring forth. These tubers, after their maturity, are washed out of the soil by rains, and carried by the torrents along the crevices of the rocks, and into the intervening valleys, where they take root, and give rise to new plants. Such is their primary use; but, like many other productions of nature, they have no doubt been destined by the beneficent Contriver of Nature to serve also in a secondary capacity. By the careful cultivation of man, these small waxy and bitter tubers have been swelled out into large farinaceous palatable potatoes—one single stem producing many pounds weight of a sort of food nearly resembling, and little inferior to, that of wheat, or oats, or barley. There never was such a gift bestowed on man since Ceres is fabled first to have brought the grains from heaven. But although three centuries have not yet elapsed since the introduction of the potato into Europe, strange to say, the name of him who first introduced the root rests upon nearly as doubtful authority as that of the planters of the cerealia more than three thousand years ago. It seems to be generally believed that the expedition sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to explore America in 1584 first brought the potato to Britain; but then it would appear that it had been introduced into the south of Europe before this period. In the Chronicle of Peter Cieca, printed in 1553, it is stated that the inhabitants of Quito cultivated a tuberous root called *papas*, which they used as food, and that this root was then cultivated in Italy, where, in common with the struffle, it was called *taratuffa*. Gerard, an English botanist, mentions in his Herbal, which was published in 1597, that the cultivated

in his garden the potato, of which he gives a drawing, and calls it the Virginian potato, to distinguish it from the sweet potato or *bata*, which was common to Europe. Another curious circumstance in the history of this root is, that for more than a century after its introduction into Britain, it was little known, and less prized. For some time it was confined to the gardens of botanists and the curious, and when used at all as food, only at the tables of the rich, as a rare vegetable rather than as a standing dish. The potatoes furnished to the table of the queen of James I. bore the high price of two shillings per pound. Afterwards, though patronised by the Royal Society, and recommended by some of the leading men of the day, the culture of the potato was long of being generally adopted. In 1687 Woolridge thus writes of the tubers:—"I do not hear that it has been yet essayed whether they may not be propagated in great quantities for the use of swine and other cattle." In Mortimer's *Gardeners' Kalendar* for 1708, the potato is directed to be planted in February; and it is added, "the root is very near the nature of the Jerusalem artichoke, although not so good and wholesome; but it may prove good for swine." Several reasons besides mere prejudice may be given for this neglect. Cultivation had not yet perhaps improved the wild stock to its present perfection; the proper mode of cooking, though simple enough, had not perhaps yet been hit upon; and vegetable food of any kind, except bread, was less sought after, or rather less within the reach of the mass of the people than now. In time, however, the grand discovery began to be made, that this esculent was pre-eminently the poor man's food and comfort. In Ireland, in Lancaster, and the western districts of England, and in Scotland, where land was portioned out in small parts on the cottier system, the potato culture, once begun, rapidly advanced, and spread over the whole country. A cottager in Stirlingshire, of the name of Lrentice, about the year 1728, was the first to introduce the profitable culture of the potato among his fellow-labourers; and in 1734 the first field-crop was grown in the same county. This man made a little competency by selling seed potatoes to his neighbours, and thus was the means of spreading their culture among his countrymen. Within the last fifty years, such has been the rapid extension of this culture, that now there is not perhaps a table spread on any one day throughout the year among the many millions of Great Britain, from the prince to the peasant, where this root is not to be found.

Of the potato there seems to have been originally but one species; but by culture, an endless number of varieties have sprung up. These varieties are produced by planting the seeds of the apple, and when once obtained, are preserved by propagating by the tubers only. The potato grows in every kind of soil, and in all varieties of climate. It is now to be found in every corner of Europe; its culture is rapidly extending in India; it is abundant in North America, in Australia, and wherever an English colony settles. It thrives in low grounds, in elevated situations, in dry soil, or even in mossy lands with a superabundance of moisture. If it has a choice, however, the uplands and light arenaceous soils are much better adapted for the perfection of its tubers than strong rich lands or adhesive clay soils. In sharp, light, pulverisable soils, it seems to meet with its natural nourishment, and the potato is generally of a dry rich flavour, though small. In rich soils, with abundance of manure, it attains a large size, but is apt to be moist and waxy. A newly-improved soil produces better potatoes than land that has been long cultivated, even though in high condition. It is not, like the grain crops, so apt to be injured by autumnal rains or cold summers, and hence it is a sure produce for the cottager or small farmer. For seed, good middle-sized potatoes should be selected, and these are cut into pieces of not less than two ounces weight, each containing a single eye, which, according to Mr George Lindley, will produce a stronger stem than when two

eyes are selected. The tail end of the potato should be rejected; indeed, in Lancashire, where much attention is paid to this root, both ends are cut off, and only the middle portion used for seed. A good largesetting is always found to produce the strongest and healthiest plant. Some recommend planting potatoes whole. This may succeed well in a very rich soil, but in inferior soils, several stems proceeding from the same root are found to injure the ultimate growth of the whole. It is, besides, an expensive plan.

The potato, like all other cultivated plants, is liable to disease. The most common is that termed the *curl*, which consists in the leaves, after the plant has grown up, curling inwards and decaying, followed by a decay of the stems, and of course the failure of the crop of tubers. This curl ensues most frequently from imperfect seed, giving rise to a feeble and diseased plant. The seed may be too small cut, or it may have been kept too long in a heap after cutting, by which fermentation may have been caused; or, lastly, the quality of the potato may have been such as to prevent a proper germination. It has been found that, when seed is allowed to be too ripe, it will not readily germinate; and that the best seed potatoes are those that are taken up out of the ground before they are fully matured. A frequent change of seed also is much recommended, and particularly a selection of seed from high-lying mossy or mountain soil, for a crop to be planted in low-lying fertile grounds. An occasional recourse to seedling plants is also recommended; although it is consistent with long experience, that if sufficient care be taken in the selection of good and not over-ripe tubers, a healthy plant will, under other favourable circumstances, be almost invariably insured. But it sometimes happens that, notwithstanding all due care in the selection of seed, and after the plants have shown a healthy appearance, the *curl* will seize them. This appears to be owing to peculiar states of the atmosphere; and on such occasions wheat and other grain crops are also affected with disease. In the highly luxuriant, we may truly say forced and unnatural, condition which vegetables are brought to by the art of culture, where every pore and cell is full to overflowing of nutritive juices, it is not surprising that certain extremes of temperature, or of moisture and dryness, and perhaps, more than all, of electric conditions of the atmosphere, should exert a deleterious influence. From atmospheric influences of this kind the juices, instead of obeying the vital actions of the plant, commence a fermentive or chemical process. This deranges their structure; the leaves become feeble and inactive; myriads of minute fungi and animalcules take up their abode in them; the disease passes to the stem, and at last to the roots. Such is the nature of the rust and smut in wheat, and such, there are strong reasons to believe, is the nature and origin of the disease which has this season so extensively seized on the potato crops.

It cannot be peculiarities of soil, manure, or seed; for the disease is too universal over Britain and the continent to lead to the supposition of such partial causes. The only general apparent cause, then, is atmospheric influence; and there has certainly been sufficient peculiarities in the changeable nature of the past season to warrant such a supposition. There have been great excess of moisture, sudden variations of temperature, and great electric vicissitudes, indicated by the almost daily changes of wind from east to west, and the prevalence of two conflicting currents in the atmosphere. This disease of the potato has appeared first in the leaf, which shrinks and withers, then in the stem, and lastly in the fading of the tuber. The affected potato evidently appears to have lost its vitality; the starch proceeds to the saccharine fermentation; and after this destruction of vitality, a minute fungus takes up its abode in the plant. These minute vegetables multiply by millions; and thus the rapid spread of the disease.

It is remarkable that those potatoes raised on dry light soils, where of course the juices of the plant were not superabundant, have escaped.

The chemical analyses of the potato hitherto made, show that rather more than one-half of the solid substance is a pure starch, the rest being fibrous matter and mudlage. It is probable, however, that more minute researches will indicate a considerable proportion of amylaceous matter in its composition, for otherwise, the well-ascertained facts of its very nutritious qualities could not be well accounted for. The potato also contains a small portion of a peculiar essential oil, which no doubt gives it that slight odour or flavour which it possesses, more especially in its uncooked state.

CITY TIME.

Among the many peculiar features which distinguish city from country life, not the least striking is the different estimation in which time is regarded. In the country, the rustic plods along the road, or leans over a stile, unknowing and uncaring for the hour, much less the minute. The deep tones of the church bell tell their tale to very careless and inattentive hearers; and the countryman thinks his watch correct enough if it be within a quarter of an hour of the village clock, in whose accuracy he places as much confidence as if old Time himself had the winding-up of it every day.

Very different, however, is the manner in which time is estimated in a large city. There, where thousands of persons congregate, and where business of great magnitude is hourly transacted, it is of importance that strict punctuality be observed—that the standard of time be correct—and that time, even in its most fractional parts, be not despised. Of course, without this arrangement, no plans or purposes could be satisfactorily carried out, and all would be disorder, uncertainty, and disappointment.

It is, however, in a colossal city like London that we see to perfection Time exercising his uncontrolled dominion; and perhaps no city in the world could furnish such striking illustrations of its paramount importance. Here it is not enough that your watch is right by the parish clock; the question is, is it in accordance with St Paul's, or the Horse Guards? No genuine Londoner would think of passing either of those chronological standards without setting his watch right by it; which, having done, he talks of the time with authority, and 'right by St Paul's' is an assertion which cuts short the dispute. In passing along the streets too, what anxious pulling out of watches by evidently-belated pedestrians is observable on every hand; what rating of omnibus-conductors for having stopped for 'full five minutes.' Here a traveller, with his greatcoat and carpet-bag, and his face glowing like a red coal, urges his way along the crowded street, fearful of being too late for the train; and there a cab is stuck fast in a crowded thoroughfare, the inmate of which raves that the steamer will have started in another three minutes. Here a tradesman from the west end is hurrying to get his cheque cashed at the banking-house, the appointed hour for closing which is even now ready to strike; and there a country gentleman has arrived, just in time to see the door of the public-office whither he was bustling closed against him. Appointments are made to the minute; and a delay of five or ten minutes in keeping one, is at the hazard of disarranging the next. Clocks are conspicuous in most of the better description of shops: watches are ticking in every business-man's pocket. 'How goes the enemy?' is one of the commonest inquiries; and everything testifies to the immense importance of time in the social arrangements of a great city.

As in the immense establishments with which London abounds, and especially in the government offices, punctuality is of the first importance, some amusing illustrations of the value of time, even in its vulgar fractions, are there exhibited, which, to the eye of a stranger, are very striking, and are probably, from the national superiority of our business-habits, unique.

In the morning, at the clock is about to strike nine, omnibuses and stages draw up in the vicinity of the bank, filled with well-dressed, gentlemanlike men. The

'thousand and one' clerks are arriving, all of whom are required to be at their post by the precise time, under pain of a fine. The old stager who has filled his situation there for the last quarter of a century, and fears lest, peradventure, something on the road might detain him, and who prides himself not a little on his punctuality, always contrives to leave his house in the suburbs, where most of the clerks reside, a few minutes before the necessary time; but some of the younger ones, who are not so wary, show by their flushed faces the quick step they have been obliged to adopt in order to arrive in time. Another and another omnibus unburdens itself of its load; quick as thought the 'thirteen inside and five out' are hurrying to the bank gate; gouty old gentlemen hobble up to the entrance with all the quickness they can muster; and at ten minutes past nine, the twice five hundred men are at their desks ready for action.

Still more animated and striking is the scene at the General Post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening. At a quarter before six, the fray has scarcely commenced; there is ample time, and few care to hurry themselves, except it be some unaccustomed dame, who eagerly inquires whether she is too late to post her letter. But the minute-hand silently moves onwards, and boys arrive with bags of newspapers and packets of letters, which are poured in at the all-receiving window. Onwards, onwards moves the minute hand; only five minutes to the hour—and boys and men come hurrying in from all parts with letters and papers, the young urchins glorying in just 'nicking the time.' Bag after bag is thrown in at the window, at the peril of the official who stands there to receive them, packet after packet of letters being aimed at him by their respective and irrespective bearers. St Paul's clock strikes—*one*; still more and more come, running up the steps—*two*; a cab draws up, and a sack of newspapers is hastily hauled out and thrown in at the window—*three*; a portef puffs up at his very quickest speed with a bag of letters—*four*; a panting, meagre horse arrives, and another sack of papers is safely lodged—*five*; a young bare-armed paper-capped urchin pours in his armful of *Suns* and *Globes*—*six*; the window-keeper unceremoniously slams to the shutter, and the score of surrounding urchins, having safely deposited their burdens, salute with a shout of derision the disconsolate lad who rushes up to the place with his packet one minute too late.

A MORNING AT MORNINGSIDE.

ONE of the strongest impressions which remained after leaving the ball at the Morningside Lunatic Asylum, described in a late number, was curiosity to see more of the institution; and having been invited, we inspected it more at leisure on the Monday morning after the soiree.

As our first visit was on a moonless night, we had little opportunity of noticing the general aspect of the place; but now we took means to supply that deficiency. The visitor is admitted through a *port cochère* into a gravel walk of moderate length, bordered by two primly-trimmed hedges. At the end of the hedge to the right stands a neat cottage, similar in every respect to a suburban villa. This is occupied by a single patient, who has a regular establishment of servants, a carriage, and indeed everything in the same state and order as if he were not an inmate of the establishment. Continuing along the avenue, the visitor finds, facing him, a handsome and extensive building, designed for such persons as have the ability to pay for their accommodation. This edifice, from its situation, is called the 'East Department,' and its inhabitants pay £56 per annum, as an ordinary charge; though separate sitting-rooms entail an additional expense. On the other hand, when patients are

in straitened circumstances, a yearly deduction of ten, or even of twenty pounds, is made from the ordinary rate. The newer and larger building, situated at some distance westward from this (hence called the 'West Department'), is filled with patients of the humbler orders, whose friends or parishes pay for them from L.15 to L.20 per annum. The Morningside Asylum, therefore, is available to all classes except the very rich. The total of inmates at present residing within its precincts is 406.

Having been received by one of the principal officers in his study, we proceeded under his guidance to inspect the arrangements of the mansion designated the East Department. A short flight of stairs conducted us to a small vestibule of semicircular form, the flat side being occupied by the stairs. Opening a door, and then closing it carefully after him, our conductor ushered us into a gallery. 'This suite of apartments,' he remarked in a low tone, while pointing to the doors which lined the passage, 'is occupied by females. Each has a bed-room to herself, besides access to a common sitting-room.' We were then admitted into one of the chambers. Nothing could exceed the neatness of the furniture, or the cheerful aspect of the scenery from the window. Its inhabitant joined us, and with the most unreserved politeness directed our attention to the prospect, praising it very highly. As this sleeping-room is the counterpart of all the others, we went immediately to the sitting-room; which is well furnished, and has a pianoforte for the amusement of the patients. 'Except by two unhappy women afflicted with dementia, who sat one on each side of the instrument in a state of unconsciousness, the parlour was unoccupied, as most of the ladies were taking their morning exercise in the grounds.

From this gallery we followed our guide to one opposite, occupied by a man; and observed that its plan and general arrangements are precisely like the one we had just quitted. In the sitting-room were several patients, amongst whom little sociality seemed to exist; according fully with our experiences at the ball. No conversation was going on. One lay on a sofa, apparently in deep thought; another, seated on a chair with his hands thrust into his pockets and his legs protruded on the carpet at full length, was intently contemplating the toes of his boots. A third was engaged at the bagatelle board; but as he had no antagonist, the game seemed not to be interesting him much. Others were reading; nor did our presence disturb their studies. In this room we recognised two as having been at the ball. There, their countenances occasionally exhibited gleams of animation; but here, a settled listlessness was apparent: they looked like the victims of a want of something to do; though, in reality, they are not; for every plan it is possible to put in practice is adopted to entice them to employment; in some instances successfully; in others—like the present—not. Want of energy, and not want of occupation, therefore, prevents them from shaking off the tiresome ennui they were labouring under. In the way of amusement there is, for fine weather, a bowling-green; whilst at the top of the house a billiard-room is at the service of all who may choose to play. For more active exercise, and for those who are fond of horticulture, a botanical garden has been formed. Every inch of it was dug by the voluntary labour of some of the patients of the East Department, under the direction of a practical gardener; and by them it is kept up. As, however, it happens with the rest of the world, so it is with the insane: to

be industrious from choice is the exception—to be idle from inclination the rule.

Once more in the vestibule, we were introduced into a small apartment, possessing an interest of a more abstract character than that awakened by the objects of insanity we had hitherto seen. This was the museum; the contents of which are extremely curious. The first thing the eye lights upon is a row of casts; some taken post-mortem, others from the heads of living patients. They are sixty in number, and are continually being added to. In viewing them one after another, one is struck with their characteristic physiognomies. No person could behold these lifeless effigies without saying that the originals had been afflicted with a disease of the mind; for even the cold, white, motionless plaster appears expressive of insanity. Some of the heads are by no means abnormal in appearance, either in shape or feature; many, again, are remarkably small; whilst others are as remarkably large; one in particular—taken from an idiot—bearing a not flattering resemblance to the head of Sir Walter Scott. A few are very deficient in symmetry; whilst several would be considered good heads. 'In some,' says the physician in his last report, 'the character of the insanity has corresponded remarkably with the phrenological development; in others, such connection cannot be remarked.'* These casts, when sufficiently accumulated, and carefully observed upon, to justify a sound generalisation, will form a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge on psychology and cerebral physiology. It is to be hoped that similar collections are in progress in other institutions, so that the experience and deductions of each physician may be eventually compared and generalised. Besides the casts, the striking physiognomical manifestations of insanity make graphic portraits of patients not without their value, and many are deposited in this little museum, together with drawings of diseased organs taken after dissection. A library is also in course of formation of all the works which have as yet appeared on the subject of insanity, for the benefit of the medical students who are admitted to assist the regular medical staff of the establishment. Plans of other asylums have also been collected, in case of additions or alterations in the building we are describing. To these some degree of importance is attached, for much depends, in regard to the care, comfort, and recovery of the inmates of a lunatic asylum, on its construction.

The two galleries we had visited being precisely the same as the apartments of the other inmates, there was no necessity for a farther inspection of the East Department. We were therefore conducted through the grounds to the larger and more modern structure set apart for the insane poor. In this department the new system of things is much more strikingly exemplified than in the one we are now quitting; it having been erected since 1840. In the older building various traces of the restrictive plan are observable. Within the door of each gallery is perforated with a glazed peep-hole, through which the keepers of the old school were wont to watch the actions of the patients in a manner that rendered them objects of suspicion, and consequently of dislike; without, it is surrounded with high walls: but the moment the Eastern boundary is passed, the aspect of the premises is totally changed. Everything is open and unconfined. A low wooden

* The phrenological doctrine is, that comparative size of brain, other circumstances being equal, indicates comparative capacity. From lack of attention to the specialty in Italy, many are led to misapprehend the value of form and size as a demonstration of character. In reality, large size is often of no avail, in consequence of inferior quality of brain, lymphatic temperament, or disease. Violation upon the heads of insane persons is therefore disclaimed by phrenologists.—Ed.

pulling, which a child might overleap, is all that separates the grounds from the open country; and as we were passing along, the doctor pointed to a field beyond the enclosures of the institution in which a group of persons were digging: they were all patients except a gardener, who directed their operations, and an attendant.

The new edifice is calculated to accommodate 400 inmates, in equal numbers of both sexes; and, owing to its being subdivided into apartments of a large size, the number may be diminished or increased according to circumstances, without materially affecting the general arrangements of the institution. Another and still more important advantage of this plan is, that the inmates are enabled to enjoy greater comfort, and the attendants to exercise more efficient control, than is attainable under the cell system of construction hitherto adopted.

Passing to a side entrance, our cicerone opened a door, and introduced us to some eight or ten shoemakers, all busily plying their trade. When we entered, they gave the doctor a sign of friendly recognition, and appeared pleased to see him. This happened in nearly every room which we afterwards visited, showing the new relations which have been established between the officers of lunatic asylums and their unfortunate charges. Formerly, their presence produced a shudder, or some equally significant token of dread. On the present occasion, one of the patients, addressing us in a pleasing tone, handed a shoe for our inspection: it was well and strongly made; and on some remark of that sort being uttered, a neater and lighter article was produced; 'for,' said our informant, 'we can do light as well as heavy work.' Indeed he seemed quite proud of his own and his companions' productions. He then resumed his seat, and lustily plied at his lapstone. All the others were equally busy, and were so much absorbed in their occupation, that our departure was scarcely noticed.

The tailors' shop was occupied by about a dozen patients busily stitching. Another sat by the fire with his hat on, and seemed to have installed himself into the office of director-general of the whole proceedings. He was the first loquacious patient we had seen; but his remarks and admonitions were not in the least heeded by his hearers, whilst we noticed that a single word uttered by the regular attendant of the room, was paid the utmost attention to. This is invariably the case; and it has always been found impracticable to appoint ever so comparatively sane a patient to any office of supervision. The others know well enough that he is, like themselves, mentally diseased, and pay him no respect whatever. The volunteer director of the tailors, finding his instructions thrown away, turned his attention to us, and after a short chat on 'things in general,' in which the doctor joined, we retired.

On certain days of the week the patients are allowed visits from their friends, and the next apartment we inspected was that used for receiving them. It is well furnished; and in a neat glass-case are displayed several fancy articles, such as silk purses, worsted reticules, d'oyleys, embroidery, toys, &c. made by the female patients. These are for sale to such visitors as may wish to become purchasers; the proceeds being allowed to accumulate—'all enough' is collected to purchase some article of luxury, perhaps a pianoforte, for the use of the West Department. From the visitors' receiving-room we were conducted to the kitchen, in which all the victuals for the establishment are prepared.

Respecting the food of the insane, the practice at Morningside is wholly subversive of the old system. Depletion by means of low diet was formerly employed, to keep down the muscular strength of those from whom the least violence was expected. Here, on the contrary, the rule is—good and sufficient food. Experience has proved that low diet tends to increase insanity: in hot climates, indeed, it produces it. We learn that a number of the Milanese peasantry are, at a particular season, brought into the Milan Lunatic Asylum in a

state of raging mania; which is invariably cured by the administration of a sufficiency of wholesome nutriment. This fact fully bears out the theory and practice of the Morningside physician, who strongly advocates that pauper lunatics should have a more genial diet than that to which they were accustomed when sane. In his last annual report he says—'All observation shows that, in a large proportion of the insane, the constitution has been originally weak; and that where it has been otherwise, the disease has the effect of weakening and depressing it. This remark applies particularly to the insane poor, for whom remedies of a tonic nature are most frequently attended with beneficial effects; and the exhibition of wine itself is often found to allay, rather than to increase excitement.' So completely subversive is this of old theories, that had the worthy physician advocated an abundant dietary for the insane twenty years ago, it would have been thought very good evidence of his own insanity.

We found the kitchen and its appurtenances in admirable order, and the distraught domestics attending to their business with the same attention and propriety as exist in every well-regulated cuisine. This part of the institution is never without a supply of assistants; for of all classes of the community, none appear to be so liable to insanity as domestic servants—a fact exhibited in the statistics of almost every lunatic asylum for the poorer classes. In the year 1844, there were admitted into the Morningside establishment 162 persons, of whom 55, or almost one-third, were servants; namely, 26 females and 29 males.—The washing-house adjoining was also in full use—about twenty women being employed at their tubs. They seemed more cheerful than the rest; and we found it to be a rule, that the more active and constant the occupation of the patients at work, the happier they seemed. One extremely communicative old female gave us a glowing account of a visit she had been allowed to pay the day before to her relations at New-haven; and was particularly anxious to impress upon the doctor that she had reported to all her friends how comfortable she was, and how kindly she was treated. A kind word to some of the other washers from the doctor (of which they seemed both proud and pleased), and we adjourned into the laundry. Here an inmate was pacing up and down with a stately tread: she scarcely deigned to notice us; and, as she was at that time the only person present, we left this section of the building to ascend to the galleries, in which the other female inmates resided.

The social, as opposed to the cell system of treating the insane, was fully developed in the galleries into which we were now shown. Besides eating and sitting rooms, common to all the inmates of each gallery, they have only two dormitories. These consist of large rooms, along the sides of which are ranged about twenty beds, in which the patients take their nightly rest, with no more than two attendants. In no other institution has the dormitory system been carried so far; and here it has been signally successful. Amongst other good effects, it tends to establish a kindly feeling between the patients and attendants; the latter, be it remarked, being in no dread of personal injury; for it is a peculiarity of the insane, that they seldom combine to do mischief. On the contrary, when one is inclined to become troublesome, his companions take part against him, and support the attendants. There are few inmates who, whilst they believe themselves to be hardly dealt with by being secluded from the rest of the world, do not possess a thorough conviction of the lunacy of their fellows; hence they, fancying themselves the sane, do all they can to keep the insane in order. For these reasons it is that the dormitory system has succeeded. On the other hand, a certain number of single apartments is absolutely necessary for the violently maniacal; but in this institution it is always esteemed a step towards improvement or recovery when a patient is transferred from the cell to the dormitory.

In the sitting-rooms of the first gallery we visited several females, who were busily employed in various sorts of needlework. Some were making articles of dress, others knitting and constructing such tasteful articles as we had seen for sale in the visitors' room. A few were reading, and fewer still were altogether idle; but were to all appearance incapable of employment. All seemed pleased at the appearance of the doctor. In a gallery for men, we found several parading in a state of complete idleness. Amongst them was the inmate whose performances on the violin contributed so much to the success of the Thursday night's ball. In a modest tone he announced to our companion that he had a favour to ask. 'The fact is,' he said, 'I have very important business to transact with Dr ———; and as his residence is so near this, I trust you will allow me to call on him.' The physician received the request with the earnest consideration he would have shown to a sane person, and replied that he would have had much pleasure in granting it, only Dr ———, having retired from public life, does not receive visitors now. 'But, sir,' continued the applicant earnestly, 'he will see me, I know.' To this the doctor replied soothingly, 'Very well, very well; we will see about it,' and we walked away. It is a part of the system of treatment neither to contradict a patient, to treat his delusions with levity, nor 'to laugh him' out of his fancies. One clause of the printed instructions to attendants runs thus:—'The delusions of a patient are on no account to be made the subject of merriment or amusement; they are, as a general rule, not to be contradicted, but when introduced by the patient, his attention is, if possible, to be directed to some other subject.'

When we stepped in from the verandah in which the above little colloquy occurred, our guide was greeted with great hilarity by a patient, who inquired 'what he had done to be kept there?' 'Done?' echoed the doctor with affected surprise, 'nothing; but the truth is, Mr ———, your health is not very good, and—' Here he was interrupted by a hearty laugh from the merry patient. 'Ha, ha! I know what you mean, doctor; but as to *health*, as you are pleased to call it, I'll be bound I am quite as well as you are!' and with another laugh he turned away. He seemed perfectly happy and contented; yet his jocularity produced a more painfully affecting sensation than the profoundest melancholia. The quickness with which he took up the doctor's delicate allusion to the state of his mind, showed that he must have known where he was, and that he was deemed by the world a lunatic. With these convictions, it is difficult to believe that his hilarity could have been anything but forced. Still, it is consolatory to observe, that the wretchedness and depression which it is usual to associate with insanity, was by no means observable on the countenances of the majority of the patients. Most of them appeared contented and happy, even amidst their abstraction.

Connected with the next apartment which we visited, is one of the most interesting features of the institution. It was the printing-office, whence is issued 'The Morningside Mirror,' a monthly sheet, whose literary contents are supplied wholly by the inmates. Our readers are already aware of the possibility of the insane producing sane and sensible lucubrations, from the extracts we made from a similar work issued from the Crichton lunatic press.* A quotation from the sheets before us will strengthen this conviction. The second number of the Morningside Mirror is chiefly occupied with an account of a trip to Habbie's Howe, which a select number of the inmates were allowed to take in the summer, under proper guidance.† The scenery is described with minute accuracy, and there are a few playful hints and puns which would not disgrace the habitual writers of

facetious 'articles.' From the poets' corner of the sheet we extract the following lines:—

SUNSET.

The sun, the blazing sun is setting,
Fading in the west away,
The clouds, the thringing clouds are getting
Glozy from his bright decay.

Thick and wide o'er all the heaven
Spread the clouds in dull array,
Save the brilliant space that's given
For the sun to close the day.

He disappears; but still he sendeth
Glory far above, around;
Hues to every vapour lendeth
Brighter than on earth are found.

* * *

Far away the sun is wheeling
To begin another day,
And I gaze with add'ning feeling
On the latest lingering ray.

Gone—the azure vaults darkling,
Night enshrouds yon mountain dome,
Bright a silvery star is sparkling;
I must bid him to my home.

Our inspection closed with a peep at the carpenters' shop, where we had the pleasure of being introduced to one of the poetical contributors to the 'Mirror,' who was busily employed with two companions amongst the shavings. A timid physician of the old school would hardly have been persuaded to trust himself with lunatics surrounded by, and handling instruments capable of the deadliest uses. Axes, chisels, and saws, were in busy requisition, in defiance of the ancient prejudices against allowing edge tools to be within the reach of fools. On leaving this place, we saw an amusing specimen of exclusiveness: on a board was painted, 'No attendants admitted here on any pretence whatever.' The carpenters were not to be disturbed at their work by the merely sane.

From all we had seen of this establishment, it was manifest that the main object of those to whom its management is intrusted, is to maintain the inmates in a condition as nearly similar to that in which they existed when at large as possible. Not only is the general rule of personal non-restraint unreservedly followed out, but each patient is allowed to follow the bent of his inclination, as far as is consistent with the wellbeing of the whole establishment. Though opportunities are provided for such employment as they have been used to, they are not *obliged* to work; persuasion, and the example of others, being the only incentives resorted to. Even from the most refractory and noisy patients, every symbol of restraint was removed when the present chief physician commenced his duties. Besides the blessings conferred on the patients by the change, its good effects have proved of no less importance on the attendants. Formerly, when the lunatic became troublesome, the easiest way of rendering him quiet was to pinion and gag him, and by these horrible expedients the attendant was relieved of a vast amount of vexation; but now he has no such resource to fly to. He knows that moral means only are at his command; hence in the worst cases his vigilance must be unceasing to soothe and divert the mind of his charge; at the earliest stages of its appearance, from the irritating cause. At length, in consequence of incessant attention and perseverance, the predispositions to excesses become of unrequited recurrence.

At Morningside, in short, nothing is left undone to banish from the patient's mind that he is in confinement. High walls do not bound his view of the surrounding country; no harsh words are employed towards him; his delusions are treated with respect; and no promises are made, or enticements held forth, which are not to be rigidly fulfilled: the very name of 'keeper' is abolished, and that of 'attendant' substituted; occupation is supplied for his mind, and exercise for his body.

From the list of the professions of patients appended to

* See No. 81, p. 43, new series.

† Many such trips were taken by different parties of the inmates during the summer.

the report; we perceive that there are some of nearly all the useful trades, which are industriously followed; so that the Morningside asylum supplies most of its own wants. It is a little world, almost complete in itself; which, instead of being some two hundred millions of square miles, is only about fifty-six acres in extent.

FINDEN'S BEAUTIES OF MOORE.

THE most superb Christmas book of the year which we have seen is *The Beauties of Moore*, a series of imaginary portraits for the heroines of the author of *Lalla Rookh*, engraved chiefly by, and wholly under the direction of, Mr Edward Finden, from paintings by Frith, Elmore, Egg, Middleton, &c.; each portrait being accompanied by a slight piece of pleasant letterpress, half critical, half descriptive. The impression which this volume gives of the state of the arts in England is really cheering; the portraits themselves are exquisite things—twenty-four variations of feminine loveliness and feminine character—and even the decorations surrounding the pictures are strikingly beautiful. On opening such a book, one wonders at the vast amount of artistic talent of high character which modern invention and enterprise now bring into the service of what may be called the Many, as compared with the few for whom artists once plied their pencils. The very binding of this volume is a work of grace, beauty, and originality.

The literary sketches accompanying the portraits present here, and there remarks worth listening to. For example, under the portrait referring to the verse,

‘The brilliant black eye
May in triumph let fly
All its darts, without caring who feels ‘em;
But the soft eye of blue,
Though it scatters wounds too,
Is much better pleased when it heals ‘em’—

we have an exception pointed out. ‘We confess our reluctance,’ says the writer, ‘to differ from such an authority, but we must testify to having found a blue eye mischievous beyond all telling—lurking in ambush beneath the silken tresses, natural *jalousies* given in Nature’s merriest mood, for the express purpose of facilitating such trickery—sparkle forth with a laughing indifference, a needless mockery—an utter rocklessness of intense suffering; and then, with a downcast lid, and a lip trained to smiles, look as unconscious as though never embarked in a single love-chase. We protest that we have found blue eyes cruel to the very extent of cruelty; and, taught by experience, we never now venture on a soft whisper, or even a simple quotation, without having first ascertained to a nicety the colour of the orb; and though

‘The black eye may say,
“Come and worship my ray;
By adoring, perhaps you may move me”’—

we have found the black eye, when moved, steadfast as brilliant; while the blue eye was, to us, as uncertain as the meteor dancing through the sky, whose hue it borrowed. We add our testimony to the truth of these observations. The associations of the poet with the various colours of female eyes are not, we believe, associations of recollected experience, but of other ideas in his mind with respect to the colours in question.

Having occasion to allude to the Irish air of the *Little Harvest Rose*, the writer relates the legend connected with it in the following charming style, reminding us of an Irish female writer well known to fame. The heroine, ‘having wearied herself by gathering flowers, fell asleep; and, behold! the month was changed from sunny June to weeping April; and a mysterious hand held forth to her a tender rose-bud, and a voice whispered in her ear, “It is love!” and the half-blown flower looked so charming, with little globules of dew looking from each fragment of moss, that she logged to take it and place it in her bosom; and so she was about to do, when the fairy who had presided at her birth sprang between her and the proffered gift, exclaiming,

“Touch it not, darling of my heart! it is too weak to enjoy a long life; and if you watch, and have patience for a minute, you will see it fade and wither; young love is never lasting.” And she took the advice of her fairy god-mother; and truly the rose faded and died before her eyes. And again she slept—and it seemed to her that the same hand presented to her another rose—a full-blown flower, of splendid dye, but small fragrance; and the same voice whispered, “It is love!” and her fancy inclined her to take it; but again the fairy (and, be it remembered, that as an Irish fairy may be supposed to do, she spoke warmly, and mingled English and Irish together) interposed and said, “Jewel, avourdeen, deash! touch it not—it’s forced by the sun into unnatural life, without a morsel of rare love in its heart for anything but itself: so let it alone—a false love would wither up your young pulse; and no blossom, jewel, is fragrant that hasn’t been steeped in showers.” The maiden turned from the rose, though she began to apprehend that the fairy was singularly difficult to please: fearing that her youth would fade, and she should have no true love of her own wherewith to pass her life, and end her days, she thought she would sleep as often as she could on the seat of dreams; and she repaired thither frequently; but sleep did not come at her desire for many weary hours: yet at last, as the evening sun was setting, she fell into a deep sweet slumber, that pressed upon her eyelids as softly as the leaves that shade, without crushing the blossoms of the purple violet. And again the hand came forth, and presented to her a rose; and again the voice whispered, “It is love!” and though the rose was not delicate, like the first, nor large blossomed, like the second, its petals were full of the richest perfume, and bowed beneath a weight of dew; and the fairy appeared as before, and said, “You’ve waited through wisdom, and your wisdom is crowned. The rose did not come forth until strength was given it for long life; nor was it forced into blossom by the art of man; but has been perfected by nature. Take it, avourdeen!—let it be your love: it has gone through the rain of spring and the heat of summer—take it, and keep it; the clouds and mists that others cannot endure, increase the beauty and fragrance of the Little Harvest Rose.”

The superstitions connected with Irish brides are drolly sketched off. ‘She [young Kitty] should have been told that on her bridal morning it was dangerous to rise before the sun; such an act indicating, strange as it may seem, that she would become a shrewish wife. She should have been taught the old rhyme’s instructions to the Bride of May—

“When the sun shall rise,
Uncover your eyes.”

She should have waited until the warm sunshine had driven away the “murky spirits” that work mischief to young maids, and then the poor butterfly would not have been sacrificed, nor would the heart’s-ease have escaped from its sweet confinement beneath her zone. Yet omens, far more prophetic of evil than the two which made young Kitty thoughtful—and, for a moment, sad—might have crossed her mirror and her path. Being Irish, she might have heard the croaking of a raven in her dreams, and seen the shadow of his wing flit through the twilight of a summer morning; she might have heard the death-watch, or the knock of the invisible hand three times, nightly, at the same hour; or have seen the elaborately-notched winding-sheet curling down her candle as the clock struck twelve. The ruby in the ring that circled the engaged finger of her hand, might have faded into the pallor of a pearl whenever he who bestowed the gift drew near; or she might have encountered a red-haired woman on the first of May; or crushed a *turn-tail* on St Martin’s eve—the loathsome beetle that, according to Irish tradition, stole the Virgin Mary’s apples, and whose death bodes fire and pestilence; or the ringlet, when tied into a true lover’s knot, and pressed beneath her pillow, might have been found there in the morning in the likeness of a

serpent; or her prayer-book might have opened at the burial instead of the bridal service; or—but it is to be hoped she learnt the art of overcoming ill omens by creating good ones—a mystery well worth the study of maid or wife.

In this princely volume, it is surprising to find, after all, so little of Moore; in general, a couple of lines, and in some extraordinary instances a stanza, from the poem or passage referred to by the pictured 'beauty,' is all that is given, where, as a matter of course, one would expect to see the poet's entire description. This is strangely disappointing; and the effect is not palliated, but rather enhanced, when we find some awkward prose paraphrase of the original presented instead. Let this, however, be gited as no disparagement of the book, but merely as an illustration of the footing on which men of letters and publishers now stand with relation to each other. To have given extracts from Mr Moore's poems in connexion with these splendid engravings, so complimentary to his standing as a poet, would have been held as an invasion of literary rights. A question of pounds, shillings, and pence, comes to forbid the banns between picture and poem. A modern author cannot afford to write a single line for nothing, and never must word of his be put into type without a 'consideration.' Hence it sometimes happens in these prosperous times of literature, that where one author thinks to do a courtesy to another, by quoting a passage from his writings, the second man cries, 'Halt, my good friend—much obliged to you, but you will first settle with me for leave to reprint that said passage.' Or, what comes to the same thing, a publisher, who has possessed himself of the author's copyrights, interposes the same demand. The representation of everything by money, which marks our age, is shown as strikingly in such matters as in any other. How different from the days when Robert Burns, living in Dumfries on an income of seventy pounds a-year, positively refused a farthing of remuneration for some hundred songs which he poured out in the course of three or four years, and which to this day remain unapproached as specimens of verse for music.

Column for Young People.

THE DIFFICULT DUTY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME GUIZOT.

MONSIEUR DE FLAMMONT said one day to his children, I am going to tell you a story I have just been reading, and I want you to give me your opinion of it.

Henry, Clementina, and Gustavus, immediately came and seated themselves around him, when he related as follows:—

A tradesman named Paul, the father of three children, whom he supported by his industry, was walking on the banks of a rapid river, swollen by the rain. A whirlpool was under one of the arches of a bridge close by, which was drawing into its vortex the wreck of a boat laden with planks, which had been broken to pieces. Paul beheld the torrent, and said within himself, 'If I were to fall in there, I should find it hard to get out again; yet Paul was a good swimmer, and had more than once saved the lives of persons who were in danger of being drowned in the same river; but at that moment, in spite of his courage, he felt that there was really cause for fear. Then he thought of his children, who depended upon him for their support, of his eldest son, twelve years old, who promised to become a good workman; but if he lost his father, would have no one either to instruct or to protect him. He thought of his daughter, whom he hoped soon to be able to apprentice, and of his youngest child not long weaned, and whom his sister took care of, as they had lost their mother. He reflected with pleasure that they were all well and comfortably supported, and in good health, and could not help thinking how different their situation would be were they to lose him. He instinctively withdrew from the water's edge, as if afraid of trusting his footsteps. As he walked along, he saw a man on the bridge carrying a parcel of old iron on his shoulder; he was looking at the river, and watching a plank that

was approaching the bridge; he leaned over the parapet to see if it threaded the arch, but, leaning too low, the iron on his shoulder impelled him forward, and he fell into the water, uttering a piercing shriek.

Paul also cried out in despair, for he felt himself retained upon the bank by the consideration of his children, while at the same time he would willingly have endeavoured to save the unfortunate man, whom he saw in such danger of perishing. He looked about in inexpressible anguish, and seeing a long pole, he seized it, and taking it into the water as far as he could without going beyond his depth, he tried to push a plank over towards the man. But all his efforts were in vain; the river was furious, and, after a few ineffectual struggles, the poor man sunk, rose again, and then sunk to rise no more in life.

Paul stood immovable upon the shore, with his eyes fixed on the spot where he had seen him disappear; he remained there until night, and then returned home, deeply grieved, but saying that he did not think he could have acted otherwise. He was for several days without being able either to eat or sleep, and scarcely answered those who spoke to him. His neighbours who saw him in this state inquired the cause. He told them what had occurred, when the greater number said he had done right; others said that he had done wrong, while he still maintained that he did not think he had. What is your opinion?

Clementina.—He certainly did right to take care of himself for his children.

Henry.—Oh yes; it is always easy to find excuses when people do not act as they ought.

Gustavus.—But he owed nothing to that man, who fell into the water by his own awkwardness; he did not even know him.

Henry.—Papa has often told us that we ought to do all the good in our power to others, and Paul might very well have tried to save the man; he was not sure that he would perish with him.

Clementina.—Ah! but then it was very probable.

Henry.—There would be no great merit in performing brave actions, if we were sure that there was no danger in them.

M. de Flammont.—But consider, my son, that in exposing himself to this danger, which was undoubtedly very great, and in which he would probably have perished, he likewise exposed his children to the danger of dying from want, or of becoming bad characters, in consequence of having no honest means of earning their bread. Do you not think that this consideration was sufficiently important to counterbalance the desire he might have had to save the drowning man?

Henry.—That is very possible, papa; but still I am sure that a person who risked his life to save another, would be thought much more worthy of regard than he who would so well consider all the reasons for not doing so.

M. de Flammont.—That is easily accounted for; we have an unquestionable proof of the courage of him who performs a brave action, while we cannot be sure of the motives by which another may be prevented. But suppose it was satisfactorily proved to you that Paul had every desire to jump into the water to save this man, and that he was only withheld by the consideration of his children, do you not think he would be more deserving of esteem than of reproach?

Henry.—I only know that I should be sorry to find myself in a similar situation.

Clementina.—I think one would hardly know how to get out of it.

Gustavus.—Well, and while you would be deliberating, the man would be left in the water, and so it would be all the same to him.

M. de Flammont.—Indecision is surely in such a case what is most to be avoided, and it is therefore necessary that we should accustom ourselves to reflect upon the order of our duties, that we may have no doubt as to which is the most important.

Henry.—But when we meet at the same time with two, which are equally important?

M. de Flammont.—That is what there cannot be, for we are never obliged to do more than is possible. For instance, do you think that Paul could at the same time have thrown himself into the river, and not have done so?

Gustavus (laughing).—Ah, that would be quite impossible.

M. de Flammont.—Do you think, then, that we can at the same time be obliged to perform an action, and do what would make that action impracticable?

Henry.—Certainly not.

M. de Flammont.—It is then quite clear, that if we were necessarily obliged to perform one of those actions, our duty would be to discard everything that could prevent it, even what might appear to be a duty in another case.

Clementina.—And you think, papa, do you not, that the duty of maintaining one's children ought to precede every other?

M. de Flammont.—No, not every other, assuredly. The first duty is to be an honest man—never to injure any one, or to betray the trust committed to our charge.

Clementina.—But people are intruded with the interests of their children.

M. de Flammont.—Their own integrity is their first concern, for no other person can be intrusted with that. We are commanded to be just to others; but not doing all that they require from us, is not doing them injustice; therefore Paul was not unjust to the man who wanted his assistance, because he took care of himself for the sake of his children.

Henry.—Because his children also wanted his assistance? But, papa, according to what you say, neither would it have been injustice to his children not to have done all in his power for them; and they were not in greater need of him than the man who was drowning, and had no other person to help him.

M. de Flammont.—Certainly not. But do you think you can do good to every one?

Gustava.—To do that, we should have to spend our days running about the streets, giving to all the poor people.

Clementina.—Yes, or even travel abroad, and spend all your fortune in giving to all who most want your assistance.

Henry.—I am sure that is a subject which has very often puzzled me.

M. de Flammont.—That is because you have not considered that each man, being but a very small part of the community, can only be specially charged with the very small portion of good that he can do in the world. It is even the only way that he can do any good, for if every person were to undertake to do everything, they would not know which to attend to; every person, therefore, should examine what is the particular portion of good with which he is naturally intrusted. Thus, if it were not our imperative duty to attend first to the interests and welfare of our own family, it would be a duty of common sense; for it would be ridiculous to neglect the good we can do at home, for the sake of doing good abroad; we must first fulfil our duty there, and then see what means are left for accomplishing those which are to be considered afterwards as benevolence and kindness towards those who have no claim upon us, except that they require our assistance.

Henry.—After all, papa, I cannot understand that because a man has children who require his care, he must give up assisting others whenever it exposes him to the least risk.

M. de Flammont.—You are right not to understand that, for it is not the case; a man even so circumstanced may, and certainly ought to be willing to expose himself to some degree of danger in order to confer a great benefit. For instance, had the river been calm, or had he seen a good prospect of being able to save the man, Paul would have acted wrongly not having sworn to his assistance.

Clementina.—But since he might have been drowned, he would have run the risk of neglecting his duty to his children.

M. de Flammont.—Undoubtedly, but he would also have risked the loss of an opportunity of saving a man, when it was probable he could have done so without injury to his children.

Clementina.—Ah, that is where the case again becomes difficult.

M. de Flammont.—It is then that duties may be compared and balanced one against the other. But suppose you were told that, by subjecting your children to a trifling loss, such as being not so well dressed or well fed, you could save a man's life, do you not think you ought to do so?

Clementina.—Certainly.

M. de Flammont.—As it is impossible for us to know how matters may turn out that are liable to danger, I think we should do that which offers the most probable chance of being the greatest benefit, and look upon a trifling danger as we would upon a trifling loss, so which we would subject our children, for the sake of conferring a great benefit upon another. Are you satisfied, Henry?

Henry.—I think not, papa; I must only try to become very clever and very courageous, that all dangers may appear trifling to me.

M. de Flammont.—That will be well done; but I must finish the history of Paul.

Clementina.—What, is it not finished?

Gustava.—Ah, tell it then, papa.

M. de Flammont.—Paul, as I told you, was almost inconsolable; he would sometimes say to himself, 'the river was not so high; I was too easily frightened; we might both have been saved; and he never could bring himself to walk by the river-side again, and would often go a long round to avoid it. He sometimes heard of persons being drowned while bathing in that river; a thing which too frequently happened, as those who were not well acquainted with it, by approaching imprudently too near the whirlpool, were drawn into it and ingulfed. Then Paul would feel as if his heart would break; but the most singular thing was, that his late adventure had given him quite a dread of the water, and he was continually thinking that if, after having done so much for his children, he should then be lost to them, it would all go for nothing, and he would avoid every danger with the most scrupulous care. People scarcely knew him to be the same man, he had become so cautious and timid. His neighbours all said, 'It is very extraordinary, but Paul has become quite a coward'; and they thought it was from cowardice that he had not saved the man. He was, besides, more assiduous than ever at his work, never losing a moment in trying to put his children in a way of providing for themselves, as if he felt afraid that he should die before he accomplished it.

He succeeded very well in bringing them up, and establishing them; his son became a good tradesman, and married and settled in another town; his daughter married a shopkeeper in good business, and of excellent character; and the youngest son, being a good scholar, the schoolmaster of the town, who was very fond of him, took him when he was fifteen as an assistant, and promised that, if he conducted himself well, he would give him up the school in a few years. The day that Paul established his son with the schoolmaster, and that he could consequently say that all his children were provided for, and would no longer be exposed to want, were they to lose him, he felt him as if relieved of a great weight, and in the joy of his heart, the courage seemed to return to him which for twelve years had appeared lost; for it was twelve years since the event occurred which had made him so unhappy. He left off work earlier than had been his custom, and went out to walk alone. For the first time he turned his steps towards the river, and thought of the different persons he had drawn out of it before the fatal day which had robbed him of his peace. It was an autumn evening; the weather was gloomy and cold; the rains had swelled the river, and it was agitated by a violent wind; it was nearly in the same state as when he had last seen it. He approached, and considered it attentively. 'The river is much swelled,' said he; 'well, if I were to fall in to-day, I am sure I could get out of it,' and he said this because, not having the fear of losing his children destitute, he did not think of danger, but only of the means of getting out of it. On raising his eyes mechanically to the bridge, he saw a young lad approaching the parapet. The youth looked at the water for some time, and Paul could not take his eyes off him. At length he mounted upon the parapet, and his legs seemed to totter under him. Paul cried out to him, 'You will fall'; but at the same moment the youth made a sudden spring, and jumped into the river. Paul, as if he had felt a presentiment, already had his hand upon his coat; he threw it off, and was in the water almost as soon as the youth himself, and swimming over to the spot where he had fallen, he tried to reach him before he should be caught in the whirlpool, where he well knew that they would both perish. He reached him just in time, and, supporting him with one arm, he swam with the other. The wind was at the time extremely high, accompanied by violent rain, which impeded his view; the wind and the current were both drawing him towards the vortex. Paul redoubled his efforts; he felt himself animated with extraordinary vigour; and at length succeeded in reaching the bank, and landing in safety. The youth appeared to be quite dead; but Paul, from the experience he had had in similar cases, knew how to restore animation. He laid him under a thick tree, to shelter him from the rain, and then gave him all the assistance which such a situation would allow. His efforts succeeded; and

as soon as he was in some degree restored, he took him on his shoulder, and carried him as quickly as he could to his own house, where, by dint of care, he soon quite recovered. He was about seventeen, and appeared emaciated from poverty and sickness. When he was able to speak, Paul asked him what had induced him to throw himself into the river. The lad, whose name was Andrew, replied that it was misery and despair. He told him that, twelve years previously, his father, who had been a travelling tinker, was drowned, it was supposed by accident, in the same river, where his body had been found a few days afterwards. Paul shuddered when he heard that, but he said nothing. Andrew continued to narrate that he had lived with his mother, who supported him as well as she could by her industry, until he was ten years old, when she died, and left him friendless and destitute. He then endeavoured to gain a subsistence by working here and there, sometimes at the harvest, and sometimes attending masons; that he had suffered a great deal, had often been in want, and at last fell sick, and was taken into an hospital. When, upon his recovery, he was discharged, he had neither food, money, nor shelter, and had been obliged to lie in the fields, and pass two days without food, which had reduced him to the extremity of weakness. It was on the evening of the second day that, finding himself on the bridge from which his father had fallen, and feeling scarcely able to go any further, he was seized with despair, and determined to end his existence. While listening to this melancholy recital, Paul thought that, as he had saved the son, he might also have been able to have saved the father; but then he recollected that if he had perished, his children would have been in the same condition as Andrew. He rejoiced greatly in having saved him, and hoped that, after this new trial of his strength, he should never again feel afraid of the river, especially as his children no longer depended on him.

He was not able, however, to put his resolution into practice, for the day after he had saved Andrew, he was seized with a violent fever, and acute pains all over his body. On coming out of the river, being solely occupied in attending to Andrew, he had remained so long in his wet clothes, that it brought on a rheumatic fever, which for three days increased by violence, so that his life was despaired of. Occasionally he was delirious, when he would express great uneasiness about his children; but when he came to himself, and recollected that they were all provided for, he appeared, notwithstanding his pain, to be quite happy. Andrew, who began to recover his strength, nursed him attentively, and would often weep at his bedside when he witnessed his sufferings. Paul at length recovered, but remained subject to rheumatic pains, which sometimes entirely deprived him of the use of his limbs. 'How thankful I ought to be,' he would say, when unable to use his arms, 'that my children are all settled in life!' Andrew, when he kept in his house, and who possessed both good feeling and intelligence, soon learned his trade well enough to assist him when he was able to work, and to work under his directions when he was ill; and the shop prospered more than ever, as the people became much interested for Paul and Andrew. Here M. de Flammont stopped, and the children waited a minute or two in silence, to know whether the story was finished.

'Ah,' said Henry, after a deep sigh, 'I am very glad of the end of that story.'

Clementina.—Yes; but then poor Paul remains crippled with the rheumatism.

Gustavus.—His good action has, I am sure, not been very well rewarded.

M. de Flammont.—It has been, in the only way we should expect our good actions to be rewarded—by the consciousness of having done right. This is the reward that must result, and is quite independent of any consequences that may afterwards arise.

Clementina.—It is, however, melancholy to see a good man suffering for having acted well.

M. de Flammont.—It would be more melancholy to see him suffer for having acted badly. Would you rather that he had not saved Andrew?

Clementina.—Oh no!

M. de Flammont.—It was also possible that Paul might have died. Even in that case, could we have regretted that he had saved Andrew?

Henry (*superbly*).—No, certainly, we could not have regretted it.

M. de Flammont.—That proves to you that the reward is, as I told you, quite independent of the action. Were a

tradesman to work for a person who did not pay him, you would regret that he had done the work, because his wages are the natural reward of his labour, whereas you could never regret that a man had performed a good action, even when it turned out badly for himself, because you would always feel that the action brought its own reward.

However, my children, added Monsieur de Flammont, you must not think that virtue is always so difficult. Our real duties are generally placed around us, so that we can fulfil them without any very great efforts. But as it is possible that circumstances may arise, to render efforts necessary, we ought to be prepared to meet them. We should accustom our minds to look upon duty as equally indispensable when it is difficult as when it is easy; we should at the same time be careful not to augment the difficulties, so as to render it impossible we should ever exaggerate one duty at the expense of others; but, once convinced that there cannot exist at the same time two duties opposed to each other, we must, in cases of difficulty, apply ourselves to the most important point, and however we may regret that we cannot yield to impulse, and gratify our feelings, we must beware how we regard that as a duty which another duty forbids our performing.

MANUFACTURE OF GUNPOWDER.

The saltpetre is taken to the mill, placed on the bed of the trough, and broken to pieces by a hammer; the millstones being then set in motion, it is reduced to the state of coarse powder, in which condition it is removed to another mill, very much like that used for grinding corn, and reduced to impalpable powder. The charcoal and sulphur being pulverised in a similar manner, all these ingredients are taken to the mixing-house, and weighed out in proper quantities. Then the charcoal is spread in a trough, and the sulphur and nitre being sifted upon it, all these ingredients are incorporated by the hand. The ingredients being thus imperfectly mixed, are taken to the powder-mill, which is a brick building with a light boarded roof. In the midst of this apartment is a circular trough, provided with a cast-iron or stone bed, on which revolve two millstones attached to a horizontal axis, and each weighing from three to four tons. Manufacturers are forbidden by law to employ in these operations more than forty-two pounds of composition, on account of the frequent accidents which take place. The danger varies according to the degree of trituration to which the materials have been exposed; usually, however, it is mixed, or if mixed not grained, and in all cases damp, a little water being purposely added during the operation, not enough, however, to form a paste. The time during which the operation must be continued differs according to the goodness of the powder required, the nature of the atmosphere, and some other circumstances. At the government mills the time is usually three hours, and in general terms we may say from one to six hours. Time, however, is never made a criterion, but great attention is paid to a plasticity which the mass ultimately acquires, when, in the workmen's language, it is said to be *alive*. It then glides from beneath the stones without attaching itself to them, and, under the name of mill-cake, is broken up and conveyed to the press-room. The next operation consists in spreading this mill-cake on alternate copper plates, in layers of three inches thick, until the press is full, when a compressing force is applied, either by the screw and capstan, or by Bramah's hydrostatic engine. The latter was first employed for this purpose by Sir W. Congreve, and of course is much more powerful than any other; but it is found that the extremity of compressing force capable of being exerted by this machine is not to be applied, for in that case the mass is rendered so compact as materially to interfere with the rapidity of combustion: in other words, the resulting power is deteriorated. The next operation is that of corning or graining—a very ingenious contrivance, without which gunpowder would burn so slowly as to be inapplicable to most purposes. The graining is accomplished in the following manner. In the graining-house are sieves, the bottoms of which are made of thick parchment, prepared expressly for this purpose from bullocks' hides, and perforated with small holes. These sieves are so arranged that they can be put in rapid circular motion by the aid of machinery, and each sieve contains two discs of lignum vite. Into the sieves is placed the mill-cake just described, which, by the circular motion to which it is subjected, and the friction of the discs of lignum vite, is forced

through the minute holes of the parchment in the state of grains. These, however, are not all of the same size, but require to be separated into various lots by the agency of different sieves. The next operations are drying and glazing, without the latter of which gunpowder would look dull. Glazing is accomplished by placing the grains in a barrel fixed on a horizontal axis, and made to revolve with great velocity. It will be seen from this that the glazing is due to friction, consequently some powder-dust must result. This is separated from the grains by means of a gauze cylinder, into which the whole material is put, and subjected to violent rotation, during which the dust flies off, and the polished grain remains in the cylinder. The operation is now finished.—*Polytechnic Magazine.*

NICE POINT.

It is asserted, but with what truth I cannot pretend to state, that the inhabitants of Inishakee [a small island on the west coast of Ireland] are exceedingly prone to litigation, and a curious legend of a lawsuit is told upon the mainland, illustrative of this their quarrelsome disposition. A century ago, two persons were remarkable for their superior opulence, and had become the envy and wonder of their poorer neighbours. Their wealth consisted of a flock of sheep, when, unfortunately, some trifling dispute occurring between them, a dissolution of partnership was resolved upon. To divide the flock, one would suppose, would not be difficult, and they proceeded to partition the property accordingly. They possessed one hundred and one sheep; fifty fell to each proprietor; but the odd one—how was it to be disposed of? Neither would part with his moiety of the other; and, after a long and angry negotiation, the animal was left in common property between them. Although the season had not come round when sheep are usually shorn, one of the proprietors, requiring wool for a pair of stockings, proposed that the fleece should be taken off. This was resisted by his co-partner; and the point was finally settled by shearing one side of the animal. Only a few days after, the sheep was found dead in a ditch. One party ascribed the accident to the sufferings of the animal from cold having urged him to seek shelter in the fatal trench; while the other contended that the wool remaining upon one side, had caused the creature to lose its equilibrium, and thus the melancholy catastrophe was occasioned. The parties went to law directly, and the expenses of the suit actually devoured the produce of the entire flock, and reduced both to a state of utter beggary. Their descendants are pointed out to this day as being the poorest of the community, and litigants are frequently warned to avoid the fate of Malley and Malone.—*Wild Sports of the West.*

WHIRLPOOLS.

Whirlpools appear to be occasioned by currents meeting with submarine obstacles, which throw them into gyration. When the movement is rapid, the centre is the most depressed portion of the rotating circle, and objects drawn within it are submerged in that point. Several small whirlpools, capable of whirling round a boat, are seen among the Orkney islands. That of *Corragroshie*, in the narrow channel between Scarba and Jura, in the Hebrides, is caused by a rock of a conical form rising abruptly from the bottom, where the depth is 600 feet, and reaching to within ninety feet of the surface. This obstruction, in a tortuous rocky channel, causes a succession of eddies; and when the flood-tide sets in, with a fresh breeze in the opposite direction, the eddying waters rise in short heavy waves, which are highly dangerous to boats, and even to decked vessels. The *Melroy*, on the coast of Norway, near the island of *Meløy*, is a whirlpool of a similar kind, the perils of which are probably much exaggerated. The flood-tide setting from the south-west among the Lofoden islands, especially when it meets with a strong gale from

the north-west, produces a great agitation of the waves, and a whirlpool is formed, the roaring of which is heard at the distance of many miles. Its agitated vortices are dangerous to vessels, and it is said that seals and whales, when caught within its eddies, are unable to extricate themselves from destruction. It is now well ascertained that *Charybdis*, in the straits of Messina, owes its terrors to the imagination of seamen in the infancy of navigation, and all its celebrity to poetic fancy.—*Trail's Physical Geography.*

PRUDENCE AND GENIUS.

That a genius inferior only to a Shakespeare or a Milton, should not be able to keep a coat on his back to save himself from starving amid his poetic fire, at the same time that an honest citizen, whose utmost reach of thought only enables him to fix a reasonable profit upon a piece of linen or silk, according to its first cost and charges, should, from nothing, raise himself to a coach and six; to account for what in theory seems so strange, it is to be considered of what consequence it is towards a proper behaviour, that a person apply a due attention to all the minute circumstances, and seemingly inconsiderable particulars, in the conduct of life. Let a man have what sublime abilities he will, if he is above applying his understanding to find out, and his attention to pursue, any scheme of life, it is as little to be expected that he should acquire the fortune of the thriving citizen, as that the plain shopkeeper, who never applied his mind to learning, should equal him in science. There is no natural incompatibility between art or learning, and prudence. Nor is the man of learning or genius, who is void of common prudence, to be considered in any other character than that of a wrong-headed pedant, or of a man of narrow and defective abilities.—*Dignity of Human Nature.*

INGENUOUS APPLICATION OF SNOW.

During the severe and protracted snow-storm of 1838, Mr Robert Miller, market-gardener at Gorgie, near Edinburgh, was completely successful in preserving his cauliflower plants in the open border, by the simple expedient of heaping snow over them to the depth of eighteen inches or two feet. Occasional slight thawings were followed by intense frosts, when the cold was from 20 even to 10 degrees Fahrenheit; but the only effect was the glazing of the surface of the snow with a thin coat of ice. The plants remained imbedded below at an invariable temperature of 32 degrees, which they could well enough sustain, and ran no risk from the expanding effects of freezing.—*Neill's Horticulture.*

PRIDE VERSUS TRUTH.

There is no single obstacle which stands in the way of more people in the search of truth than pride. They have once declared themselves of a particular opinion, and they cannot bring themselves to think they could possibly be in the wrong; consequently they cannot persuade themselves of the necessity of re-examining the foundations of their opinions. To acknowledge and give up their error, would be a still severer trial. But the truth is, there is more greatness of mind in candidly giving up a mistake, than would have appeared in escaping it at first, if not a very shameful one. The surest way of avoiding error is, careful examination. The best way of leaving room for a change of opinion, which should always be provided for, is to be modest in delivering one's sentiments. A man may, without confusion, give up an opinion which he declared without arrogance.—*Burgh.*

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